

# Six (6) PoeMs (poems poems poems)

By Askold Skalsky

**WHY I LIKE IT: Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes...**

*‘Twas brillig, and the slithy toves / Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;’ In my opinion (and it may already be self-evident by these critiques), Gibberish is woefully underrated—has gotten a bad name, in the pejorative. Skalsky may be one of the humble few who agrees with me “‘...shun [by] / The rumious Bandersnatch!’” Charlie Dodgson got so good at it he optioned to adopt a pseudonym to avoid being trampled and trounced by trowels in his allotment. I certainly prefer nonsense speak to speaking nonsense. Speaking nonsense is widely practiced but nonsensical language can exercise and enrich the imagination. Why just last year the Lexicon Overlords added: Ecoanxiety, Freegan, Hodophobia, Sharent and Helacious. Amirite? (It’s rumoured that as many as a thousand new words are added to the dictionary every year.) Askold eases us into his alluringly aberrant reflections: “her pursy pear-breasts, tight-lipped aureoles / ... haunches / like sleek salamanders on a leash...a crotch of velvet” ...I couldn’t resist this as an exposé. Shock and value are a delicate balance. The genuine gibberish doesn’t start ‘til the “plode” prefixes and ensuing suffixes. There is way more in store for you, but I talk too much... Askold Skalsky scales our skies like an asteroid... ‘Logic has been omitted for the sake of clarity’ (ancient quote from a legend of an Aussie friend of Christopher Dunn’s). (To maintain poet’s spacing each poem is on its own page. Please scroll down.)*

DO NOT ENTER

I should have read the signs  
of that articulate, wordless flesh,  
clearly displayed, enunciated by  
her pousy pear-breasts, tight-lipped aureoles,  
and pretty, spider-freckled hips, haunches  
like sleek salamanders on a leash.

Jesus, I thought, a crotch of velvet  
and spun gold, and sent her afterwards  
some sonnets ripe with iambs and a few  
slick metaphors thrown in, erect  
like my old Schwinn handlebars  
propped on the grass and swelled

beyond the 32<sup>nd</sup> parallel with the  
schwung and schwill of her bright thighs  
like a shiny silvery schwann  
on cool water, its berserk wings  
folded for the night—O lovely lume,  
O Ulalume, loomed and lumined,

a not-quite ruined dream.

## STRESSOMATIC PARAPLOSION

Last night you sent me good advice. Not to implode.  
But what else can I do? Explode? There must be a form  
of such device that implies bursting sideways, yaw-ways,  
up or down ways. Very nice. How about transplode?  
Outplode or displode? I'm holding up, just fine. But if  
I think about it, I should have retroploded yesterday  
round eight or nine. Can one deplode or contraplude,  
you think? Turn it all backwards like a clogged sink  
or a stark reel run back amok? Alack! Regoad the lode  
until it stings, unloads its tensile episode? I like that ode.  
Why complicate things? Just plode. Plead for a plodelet.  
a plodoclysm or plodoclast. a circumplosive mega-blast.  
Pardon this sorry pllosion of my ramblingness. Ah, pressure,  
stress! What sins are committed in your dark recess.

## THE IDEOLOGY PILL: A PRAYER

Give me a techno-science supertruth  
for our dear youth to swallow  
and our elders to wallow in super-  
verity, in every uncouth and befuddled  
cavity, a sur-truth megavere of splendo-  
clarity, a hypertruth awash in over-  
truths of actuality, forsooth and verily.  
Let hyperology and hyperlogue  
clear up the hiding fog of a tautology  
from every potential supralogue  
and its tetralogy. And may the hyper-  
ologist my guru be, and gurulogue  
and long *studee*, a low-cost technific  
megaverity of logo-ism and hyper-  
savvy megatruth-severity. Out of this  
mythoplasm I can create the mytho-  
plastic universe of scoff and fulsome  
trough of mummery's perverse and  
nauseating bombinate, a morosoph  
head-deep in one's morosophy, the truth-  
monger's mongering minisophistry.

## WHITNEY'S BREASTS

I pay homage to her breasts that  
once I spied in their high tower  
at first glint of sunlit spring,  
their swelling tops rounded in a spate

of gush-blown flesh, transilient, pendulous,  
drawing my eyes with vamps of vigor,  
torso fresh and spilled between unbuttons  
of her open blouse, flounced as she sat,

fruit-billowed in the fondling air,  
my breath in tow, stopped in its tact,  
tracing her cleft of supple white,  
dune-whelked, glad-blossomed

like a willow curve, her shoulders'  
slender latitude, an atlas, rich and bouffant  
like a fetch of froth across her body's  
deep Atlantic sinuous flow,

two archipelagos of pristine land.

## ANGELS OF FULLMENT

The seraphim are harnessed  
the cherubim yoked

holy beasts waiting  
on our pleasement  
fanning our wantness  
pale-handed, invisible  
with no knowledge  
beyond consolation

if we didn't know better  
we'd call them elementals serving  
the weed-infested sabbaths of backyards  
to make us blissful with another brood  
of nerve-bound flutterment—

sprites, gnomes, lower-order elves  
on the prow through the ransacked  
auras of the possible

bloating us with satedness  
shudders of rhapsodic beautiment

weekend goblins  
swordless and tormented with their  
pumpkin smiles

wanting a worldness  
where we grow interminably light

magic horn of self  
filled with funness

richment foodment  
plenteous sexment  
excrement

## A CUNTICLE FOR QUEEN KUNTI

*The Oriental Great Goddess as Cunti, or Kunda, the Yoni of the Uni-verse ...*

The Woman's Encyclopedia of Myths and Secrets

Con me with your ken  
and can, your wisdom  
genus, gnosis-genitaled,  
genetic one; engender me  
with cunning, the gully  
dome of your wet cunny-  
vent, cuniculose, sweet  
kenning-haunted gnosco-  
goddess, cunnus cun.  
I seek you, suck in every  
culvert gash and groove,  
every cunicled and crevassed  
crack in your cunina cranny,  
mad cunabula and cradle-  
clefted col and cack.  
My love ditch, my cunette  
and cony gap, down on  
the soft veldt and vug  
of all your sissure-sacred  
ruts, engulf me, gulp me  
with your slinky gorge,  
the moist furrows of your  
quainted tongue between my  
cantos, my cuntic homonyms,  
Oh cunctipotent, cuniform.

**THE POET SPEAKS...** *There is an obsession to express something in passionate words, grasp a piece of felt truth, go beyond the very real sense of daily limitation, a clench through which I perceive myself as a shrunken halo of awareness, peeping out, bewildered, through the grid of a vulnerable body and a wandering mind and tangled in all kinds of conventions. This state is what the spiritual teacher Adi Da Samraj describes as the universal "self-contraction" of the separate ego-I that we presume we are and that keeps us from Reality. For me, poetry is one way of achieving that release from separation, a jab at delight with subjects high and low and in heightened language and its possibilities. Then it passes, and I start over, the clench always returning, unless something totally new can enter, beyond all poetry and every concern.*

**AUTHOR BIO:** Originally from Ukraine, Askold Skalsky is a retired college professor living in Frederick, Maryland. His poems have appeared in a numerous magazines and online journals in the USA as well as in literary publications in Europe, Canada, and Australia, including *Notre*

*Dame Review, Southern Poetry Review, The English Chicago Review, Tellus, and Poetry Salzburg Review. A first collection, The Ponies of Chuang Tzu, was published in 2011.*