

# Would you like a friend?

By Christopher E. Ellington (aka in the trenches CEE)

*Poetry Editor Hezekiah writes:*

*If trees can be blasted so can voices and here is one clawed from the deepest reaches, so wrenching raw and corvidal it scrapes skin off our sensibilities with its dirty mind and dirty claws and smiles that leaks blood and honey: delinquent, unholy, full of gristle and excelsior. Read Ellington's mind-warping works where the prospect of a friend rivals the ephemeral nature of seeding "sea monkeys." "Miserable human beings / Don't generally live in misery" And here we have redemptive lines: "For all the hearts I never broke / All the misery I never caused / All tears never brought by my sins" **Her name, was "Shock"** reads a malenky bit like a narrative from 'Clockwork Orange' Why scramble for mind? I just found the truth here. Dig in...HS (Spacing is poet's own.)*

CEE  
11 lines

## Would you like a friend?

Maybe  
Depends  
What does it do,  
And if it doesn't  
Can I kill it?  
Because I've heard about this  
"Friends" stuff,  
When I was little, a comic book  
Fooled me into buying  
"sea monkeys"  
Sounds a lot the same

## Every Guy Over 45

Sixth graders  
When I was a high school senior  
Let alone any guy I then knew  
Look now like  
The guy from *Breaking Bad*, or  
The other guy from *Breaking Bad*  
I think there was a lesser, third guy  
Or a few stock henchmen, same look  
Every guy surrounded  
By a gang of Outlaws, then  
Beaten senior with sawed off  
Ugly cues  
Looks like one of those actors,  
That show won 16 tons of awards  
But I never got anything out of it  
Outside of  
“I could write like that by sixth grade”  
And  
“I don't want to know anyone to talk to  
For the rest of my life”

CEE  
25 lines

## **Fuck It List**

There's one item  
hello

Miserable human beings  
Don't generally live in misery  
So, 40-year-old convo  
With friend about enemy  
Makes no sense, until its end,  
I delineate logic of  
Removing from the planet  
An individual sad (wrong)  
Despised (by us, maybe)  
With nothing to look ahead to  
A life bereft, and void  
(only if that accurately describes  
the whole Human Condition)  
Paying out with,  
"It would be mercy killing!  
You know, it's like shooting a horse!"  
Friend: *"Somehow, I don't think  
A judge is gonna buy that!"*

The justice and legal systems  
Combined with  
Dying not being clockwork  
Make for grandmaster chess  
Save me, Bobby Fischer

CEE  
26 lines

## **Damn It All to Hell**

If I state in my terms  
Characterize, categorize  
Say why I did not take up so many  
Interested parties  
When young  
A reasonably impressive tot  
Of offerings of free service  
Forbidden fruit dancing before me  
Wearing a sandwich board  
“Open For Business”  
Backing away, instead  
Seeking daylight, escape,  
If I speak truth, it's way worse than  
Inconvenient,  
Distilled to its nicest, it was only  
“GO AWAY!!”  
But, if one instead takes that as  
Gold Star A+ Attaboy  
For all the hearts I never broke  
All the misery I never caused  
All tears never brought by my sins  
I did something rather right,  
Now, point, in a perfect world  
Of perfect applicants  
I'm dripping evil, an incubus, a criminal  
But we know there's no such world

## **Her name, was "Shock"**

Rorschach of WATCHMEN  
In his 1.0, was outfitted with  
An entire super suit of blot-morphs  
Pretty clear why it wasn't used,  
But, here's another story idea:  
Runaway outsider girl accepts  
Being Rorschach blot inked  
From crown to sole  
It's done of course in stages  
Masterwork, perfect symmetry  
And she wanders, naked blot creature  
Grounds of a rich man's rural estate  
And, then...he dies...and life goes on  
As does title and occupancy  
And the creature, hopelessly insane  
Haunts the property and, feral,  
Nearby lands and farms,  
Flaw? No possible genuine ending but  
Canned 50's police climax, 80's-style  
This ain't Jodie Foster Meets Compassion  
(chickabee, chickaboo)  
It just makes a point how many rely  
On one, continued breath and its  
One, caring heart  
Or Social Security check

CEE  
23 lines

## **Singing, "God Favors the Tenements"**

I was going to bring Halloween candy  
Just get out of the cab  
Go hang it on the door  
Hop back in, go home  
In that neighborhood, who knew  
If you'd ever see it, or your kid,  
If a BF, I know that drill  
I once lost a friend, last straw  
When I had Halloween candy  
Delivered to his kids  
And he justified eating of it first,  
But selfishness isn't the why not  
Not even my own, which is a beast  
Which cannot be given,  
No, as I said, it's the crime  
Two shootings on your block  
Just in good weather this year,  
I know why you live there  
If I dug all the way to China  
PEZ-face of Robin or Vampire Teddy  
Is just chemical taste, machine art  
Where you live is how you feel  
About yourself

CEE  
26 lines

## **I Love the Alphabet, But Not That Way**

It's impossible to know  
Who is online  
Who, sometimes a very definite  
'Who'  
Who knows You  
One whom you don't like at all  
Who'd better not assume even  
Ectoplasmic shape  
Or one perhaps who has been  
Forbidden with a capital  
DOMESTIC ABUSE  
To ever communicate with you  
Therefore, or  
The chatty Cathys and Chuckies  
Who don't know any other way  
Than to share as overseas  
American Telephone and Telegraph buds  
And dream a little dream of  
Using your textprint as fodder  
For wishing and then getting on with it  
Kind of a G-rated sexting,  
But it's much the same wawh-wawh  
Sad sax of what's the point  
As in The Day bus stop conversation  
Which you thought might be a movie  
And instead was static

CEE  
20 lines

## **Antisocial Fashion Warrior**

I said (of Faceass costume party photo),

*“What's the deal,*

*Them going as a Martian woman*

*And a clown who's not really trying?”*

She said (of Halloweening couple),

*“They're dressed as The Simpsons!”*

And I stared

And recalled Mom and Dad

Then Mom and Next Husband

As convict and sheriff

And Mom and buddies

As hillbillies

And I got truly ill, inside

Because other than what I've lived

THAT was my alternative

You can't “be anything you want”, nons

You can be The House of Usher-dweller

Or a Body Snatcher pod in a sea

Their way, you all dress Team Crappy

My way, you can even stay nude

## **THE POET SPEAKS:**

*How start?*

*It began with considering Typing to be a blow off class, counting on 1980 being the peak of Civilization. I'm lazy beyond the pale, and poetry, which I turned to in 2007, had few rules, depending on your chosen market. I learned on the fly. Almost never read any market to which I submitted. I experimented using the theory of an anarchist-friend: “The real test of a {poet}, is if you are prolific.” It's the “shit up against the walls” method. At that point, it becomes intensity/sincerity and grammar. Also, for the first 5 years, I could keep 'em short by default. You have to BE READ, so until you've done Johnny and gotten your sitcom, don't try to let your pants out a size. You Will Pay Dues, no matter the level of laziness permitted (Less So, Now!) or how cute your verbiage*



comes off.

*What write?*

*My overall themes are 1 = Man is a Monster; 2 = It's All Unfixable; 3 = The State Always Wins; and underlying everything 4 = All Reality, Exists in the Personal.*

*Recently, I've begun toward the pettiness most begin with. I've pretty much lost my internal argument, re: "if you do This Bad Thing, you're dead meat". Mrs. CEE (who is very ill) remains as force field. I make no further promises.*

*FYI, series of seeming forms (usually in titles) are only platforms I enjoy using. Early on, I dabbled in organic speech, but have mostly abandoned it. When I still had a stamp collection, I used it to write 246 poems in one week, just going on impressions...prior to this, I used the standardized Rorschach blots. I have sold most of these. Suggestion: Don't try to repair everything. Mindseye presents what it does, but some stuff just stinks.*

*How feel?*

*The world is a riceball of Evil and Drool. Some are plastic, or able to adopt the guise. Others can blink, blank, and walk away unmarred, as they have laundry in the dryer. Still others are able to make peace with the existential, do the "Russian bread and the earth/spooge and dirty feet" slog. Me, I have no forgiveness. No compassion. No empathy. Not anymore. I'm standing in the midst of cacophony, firing verbs, swinging adjectives. We own a custom, program-your-colors laser sign, which we use as a night lite, and it reads, "I Was Made of Custer / So Custer I Must Be." I realize I can't win. None of you will, either.*

*What poetry?*

*As I'm on record, "not media, but message"...because the cacophony exists, and each Self wants to be heard and we can't be, because no matter websites or talking heads, "media" has decided what it in Itself, is. So, thee and me are left with messages in bottles. Yelling "YOP!" (or "yawp", if you like), trying to speak our quintessential "I". My work ultimately says the "I" alone, is what's operable. It's all which remains. Because no one's ever gonna love you or deal decently or be fair. Even not bite. I had a phrase I used as far back as callow youth: "the lies people chant to themselves, in order to last another day". This is Narcissist Planet, and you and you and you. Which is why I anger so many. No one wants to hear they're not a good person. But of the 26 volumes I did wrong as a kid, lying was what really made my Sgt. Rock pop, go ballistic. I understand, now. I too am at war.*

*Why poetry?*

*Why fortune cookies? Why Twitter? If you won't shut up, neither will I. Planetary ADD promotes the short form. Mrs CEE and I are sleep farmers. Or you'd be reading my novels. They're pretty violent. I spent the 80's in movie theaters.*

CEE

## **AUTHOR'S BIO:**

*I am Christopher E Ellington, known in the indie press by the too-general pseudonym of "CEE" (I have used my initials since the 10th grade, but never counted on Mr. Green).*

*I am the author of 28 (theme) chapbooks, beginning in 2010 with 12 times 12 equals Gross, and ending in December of 2018, with Suture Feature. For listings with heavy splash, try me on Amazon ("CEE poetry" under BOOKS), and look for The Lost Religion of Men, Ironclad Beta for the Coming PPV, and Onderdonkey (search that last, by title only). In pursuit of chapbook publishing, I paid requisite dues, seeing print in Tales of the Talisman (David Lee Summers, NM), Not One of Us (John Benson, MA) and numerous issues of Dreams and Nightmares (David Merkel, AL). Over 1400 poems of mine have found a place in some venue, since I began, in 2007. I've also appeared in the international mailers of Marymark Press (Mark Sonnenfeld, NJ), incl. a broadside which went out with a chap by Beat poet, Kirby Congdon. I am a Pushcart Prize nominee, and published a "rant" column out of Austin, TX, for 2 years (2016-18). I am semi-retired due to health, but poems of mine will still appear through concerns, into 2021, so hoped to augment.*

**Official bio** (I have a few joke-bios, if you require brevity):

*CEE is a failed short story writer, failed novelist, and failed playwright. In the early 2000's, he developed Carpal Tunnel Syndrome, forcing him, by 2007, to fall back to the shorthand of poetry. Over 1400 of his poems have since seen some form of media. He has been printed in such divers publications as "bear creek haiku," "Jerry Jazz Musician," "Children, Churches and Daddies," "The Storyteller," "Barbaric Yawp," "The Iconoclast," and "Poises". His poem, "It's An Old Story," received a Pushcart Prize nomination in 2009. CEE is the author of 28 chapbooks, including "The Cannon-Fixers' Picnic", "I Am Not Sydney Carton", "VOX ARCANA", "Erasable Bond", and "The Tribes Joshua Drove Out of the Land". His last release, "Suture Feature", was listed at target.com, before their buyer discovered CEE was indie press.*

*P.S. Just to be completely grovel-ly and target this with accuracy (I hope), my early work was complimented by Indigo Hotchkiss of Haight Asbury Journal, although I failed to score publication, there.--CEE*









