



LAURA LINNEY FARTS + 2

BY

LESLIE BRAMM

WHY I LIKE IT: *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes... Leslie Bramm writes with such wit and flare, one might almost overlook the sometimes scathing nature of his controversial subject*

matter. For instance, Yoko Ono may be an easy target, but she just might be a serviceable example of when creative endeavors become too arcane. "If you need to scream / "I live in my art!", / you probably don't." Laura Linney is an engaging actor, but this does not stop Bramm from reporting on what may have been a polite irrepressible poot to Flatus Maximus as she embarks from a taxi cab: "The national weather service lists it as / an LLF category 4, and issues costal / flood warnings." --it is gut-splitting, bellyaching, uproarious. And lastly, the inside track on rats as 'The OG' (original gangstas) as they terrorizing the subway tunnels of New York gulping cocktails of blood and sand. (Spacing is poet's own.)

LAURA LINNEY FARTS

Standing on the corner of 69th and York
an Uber pulls up directly in front of me
Laura Linney gets out of the car,
I'm a fan, as much as I can be a fan of anyone
She steps up onto the curb,
she gives me the celeb glance,
the glance famous people develop
as soon as they've made the choice
to give up all their privacy for the sound
of clapping hands, money too, I guess
She shoots me that Linney look,
"please don't talk to me, yes, I am who
you think I am, but leave me alone",
look

As she steps to pass me she lets it rip
(probably not on purpose) a Congo, Sully,
Primal Fear, Big C, Ozark, level fart
all the while wearing the same orgasm look
she sports in P.S.

It's hot and humid so the fart lacks delicacy
it gathers force in the thick moist air, and
instead of an expected celebrity waft away
it builds to hurricane force as it tears
down York Avenue

Cigarette butts, old masks, pigeons, a toddler,
pizza crust, the front page of an AM New York,
rice from the Halal truck

all get spun up in its vortex

The national weather service lists it as
an LLF category 4, and issues costal
flood warnings

It twists past Sloan Kettering ripping
IVs out of the

arms of sick 9-year-olds, and knocking off the
hats of Rabbis and Yankee fans

It makes its way down past Turtle Bay where

the glass is blown out of the UN's windows
it is the 5th estate, the other man, the breach
the savage
Mark Ruffalo is so deeply affected he starts a
foundation at the same time slamming
her lack of veganism
meanwhile
Topher Grace recalls an unpleasant filming
episode and tweets for pity
(which he does not get)
The LLF hits the East River,
the Brooklyn Bridge sways
hipsters topple off
the Statue of Liberty is ripped from
its foundations
screaming at the patriarchy as it's sucked
into the swirl
Finally it spins out to sea
where it flattens out, is
absorbed by the ocean
and raises the Atlantic's
temperature by 2.5 degrees
God, I hope the strike is
over soon

OH NO, YOKO AGAIN

I have known many
creative souls in my day

It is an honor to hang them
on my walls
hear them come up on my
iPod shuffle
see their spines on my
books shelf
dancers,
writers,
painters,
actors,
musicians

Each has an enviable
abundance
of talent
a level of craftsmanship
a palpable relationship
with their work

a couple of them burn with
a madness
that some call genius
that's not me,
I'm not burned with
that abundance,
but I do sit in excellent
contrast

60 years, coupled
with knowing these
souls
has taught me:

If you need to scream
"I live in my art!",
you probably don't

"I am an artist",
you're probably not

"I create "art",
then for sure you won't
or
might,
but most likely
by accident

These others souls,
they just are
they just do

they are their own
validation

THE OG

I play ball with a guy who works for the MTA
He's a track cleaner
He and his crew get down in the brown
and clean up all the garbage
that we, New Yorkers, throw
onto the tracks
it's a full time job

Part of his job is to clean up
after someone has fallen, or was pushed
onto the tracks
a "negative incident with train"
This happens more often than
you would you think

"Crushed, mangled and severed"
were the words he used

After the ME takes the body,
and/or
body parts away
he and his crew deal with cleaning
up the blood
This is done by throwing sand on the
blood pools and like
a litter box, the sand mixes
with the blood and clumps

That's when the second shift gets to work

Rats

The rats clear the clumps by eating them
according to my guy they wait and
watch
as soon as the blood clumps he and
his team have to jump
back up on the platform while the
rats start to pour in

If you're thinking-
Subway Rats have developed a taste
for human flesh and blood
you would be correct

These same Rats can squeeze through
a hole the size of a quarter,
leap six feet sides ways and fall 7 stories
without being hurt
they are indestructible
they are camouflaged
they drink the track water
they do not get sick
they do not falter

they do not fail

Keep this in the back of your mind the next
time you're a bit too relaxed on the platform
the OG are always
watching
and
waiting

THE POET SPEAKS: *I try to write the poem in a single breath. Not too much revision once it's written. A touch here and there, but It's mostly a stand-alone effort. When all is said and done, it either stands up straight or collapses down to its foundations. I hope it either stands or falls. The worst is watching it slouch its way to the trash bin.*

AUTHOR BIO: Leslie Bramm is the author of over 25 plays which have been produced, workshopped and/or developed, regionally, independently, and internationally, including at: Three Crows Theatre, The Present Company, The Penobscot Theatre, The Actor's Theatre of Louisville, Boomerang Theatre, Emerging Artists Theatre, Nicu's Spoon, The Edward Albee Last Frontier Conference, Rattle Stick, Reverie Productions, Playwrights Horizons/Tisch, Shelter Theatre Group, Gold Coast Theatre in Australia, M.T. Pockets Theatre, Theatre La Monde in Paris, The West End Theater in London, the Colorado Fine Arts Center, and Variations Theatre Group. Bramm is the recipient of a Stanley Drama Award (Oswald's Backyard) A Paul T. Nolan Award (Islands of Repair) A Tennessee Williams Literary Award (Big Ball). He is published by JAC Publications, Smith and Krause, Brooklyn Publishers, One Act Play Depot, The New York Theatre Experience and Indie Theatre Now. Bramm and actor Kevin Corrigan co-founded indie rock band Diz Dam, where they sang and played guitar. Diz Dam recorded an EP, and gigged around New York in the 80s and 90s. Bramm is also a published and an award-winning poet, as well as a middle-aged power forward playing New York City street ball. Bramm attended the Lee Strasberg Theater Institute and The Julliard School of Music. He is a member of the Dramatist Guild, and the Actors Studio, Playwright/Director Workshop. His play A.B.C. was banned from the curriculum at SUNY college. www.lesliebramm.com