

# From The Great Age of Sex

Et al

By

*David Earl Williams*

**WHY I LIKE IT: Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes...** *David Earl Williams (Dewie) hails from 'Absurdilachia.' From what few geo-logical roots are left of my suffixes and morphemes, I suspect '-ilachia' just might suggest 'mountain country.' But, what Absurdist doesn't spend most of his time between rocks and a hard places? The man is flawlessly, faultlessly pure Zen-zane, without being particularly adamant about anything. Let's zone, in 'FROM THE GREAT AGE OF SEX: . . . , 'oh, the furniture with leftover houseflies...' "her dark roots / her painted yellow hair / her inky-black curly pubis" . . . "things n people beg to be used" If simply the title of his second piece doesn't arouse a read, our site just might not be for you: 'MRS., WHO WAS ONCE A MR., SAYS, NOW LET US PLAY WITH WORDS LIKE WE PLAY WITH RECOMBINANT R.N.A. AND D.N.A' Just go for it either way. In 'ALICE AS SHE GROWS AND SHRINKS . . . , 'as a sex commodity" Lewis Carroll was never as curiouser nor curiouser. Whoa! In 'ANOTHER HEARTWARMING ALL-AMERICAN TALE FROM HANNIBAL, MO.,' "Becky says / I felt his hardness / it matched my wetness..." you just got to read on "happily not quite for-after..." Lastly, 'FUNDAMENTALIST WOMEN!. "Every Sunday / is like a Madame DeFarge convention..." Ol' Dewie is as buggy as a shopping cart in every Bestway. HUH! there's a caterpillar on my knee . . . ahh, it's just a stale, withered piece of rotini. Williams is as twisted as he is fusilli-proof. (To maintain poet's spacing each poem is on its own page.)HS*

FROM THE GREAT AGE OF SEX:  
EVERYBODY LIVES HERE  
ONE NIGHT AT A TIME

dear old ocean of moonoxide something...  
dear old potted gas meter n keys...  
oh, the furniture with leftover houseflies...  
oh, the cold yellow kitchen with the bare light bulb dangling  
in the one a. m. darkness...

her dark roots  
her painted yellow hair  
her inky-black curly pubis  
seems even bigger—  
bigger n bushier—  
in contrast

over there  
that's the pillow of blindness...  
of forgetting  
and forgiveness...

things n people beg to be used  
lips pucker to be licked n kissed by night wandering tourists  
like these two loose pennies...  
Harriette n Hairier  
out at midnight for a prowl  
before they are sold  
each to the lowest bidder...  
each other

unhook the brassiere  
staunch the wound with the wounded...  
comfort the lonely with the lonelier...

mouth to mouth resuscitate  
prick cunt tongue lips skin—  
when you are unholied  
and maybe even alive—  
return key to front desk or landlord...  
return to spouses— one /or both of you /or none

MRS., WHO WAS ONCE A MR. SAYS,  
NOW LET US PLAY WITH WORDS  
LIKE WE HOPE TO ONE DAY PLAY  
WITH RECOMBINANT R.N.A. AND D.N.A.

and here is a little list  
of the deeply-human-weird:

growing-up-dictator  
growing-up-sister's-death  
growing-up-grandmother-raised  
growing-up-architectural  
growing-up-The-Revolution  
growing-up-divorce-dichotomy-destiny  
i am writing on this page  
i have attempted to pierce the cloudy business  
the shape shifting business  
one — among a number of ones —  
i — a little one — don't you worry —  
i'm clear about that — 8 billion —  
8 billions and more and counting — an —  
insignificant #, that's me  
and i do not apologize  
a # of #-less tales  
a # of alchemies  
a # of countries  
a # of legends  
a # of loves, and kinds of loves  
a # of Emperors, immortalities,  
kinds of worship n wash-up  
a # of surfings, a # of shoppings, a # of  
babies, family strictures, binds that tie  
kissed by iron  
suspect by blood  
i have lived in this house  
i have slept in this bed

and as for the rest...

i'd just be guessing

and maybe serving myself...

so let's just say this...

Five dollars is a God in a little knot of sign.

A picture is an egg with a shell made of light.

A number is an argument nestled in its knitted nest.

Color is a coat that is worn by outlines.

Answers are a crib where you can rock the guilty  
alongside the innocent.

...the wind blows, the sun burns...  
my face between your hands...

i don't recognize where i am  
...i'm lost and  
i don't understand where i've been exactly  
...and honestly

I don't think I know what I think I'm doing...  
except talking talking talking

ANOTHER HEARTWARMING  
ALL-AMERICAN TALE  
FROM HANNIBAL, MO.

Tom says,  
I touched her tongue with mine...

and Becky says,  
or maybe it was vice-a-versa...

and Tom says,  
I tasted her lipstick  
inhaled her perfume...

and Becky says,  
I felt his chest against my breasts  
his arms round me  
I pressed against him/ and I opened...

and Tom says,  
I felt my erection against her...

and Becky says,  
I was wet...

and/ in the end/  
the tide rolled in  
and it rolled in  
and it rolled in/ and/  
a thousand hundreds of beautiful butterflies  
flew out of the head of Tom's penis  
all in a fluttering rush  
and Becky caught them all

ev-er-y one  
in her amazing net...

And later on that enchanted Sunday evening Tom carries Becky to “Mark Twain’s Fried Chicken” in his sky blue 19-64 Ford Mustang convertible...and then the baby comes And then they found “Mark Twain’s Fried Frog’s Legs” conveniently located “right next door” to “Mark Twain’s Tires” And they live in Hannibal, Mo. for a happily forever after time until the happily forevers end...or begin to end...

Then Huck comes home from VietNam worse for the wear with that wild broken look on his face and the steel in his leg and the limp N then Jim comes home, too, missing both middle fingers so he can hardly express himself, he jokes —And he comes home from the first AND the second civil war all at once just wanting to fuck it all and be done, finally, somehow, to make his own separate peace or truce or whatever you want to call it, says Jim And so they all move in together/ happily/ what else can they do?/ the world is SO fucked up/ and so it’s not quite happily/ what can you do?/ because nobody really is happy And they all move in together but with no promises of forever-afters to each other —at least there’s that!/ and so there’s no lies...no lies...at the beginning...

And then come more babies “One for each plus two for Tom” says Becky

And then she writes a famous book about it about it all/ alllll about “Mark Twain’s Mobile Homes & Trailer Park”/ and all the goin’s on up in there where’st they all live together except she’s changed the name — and it’s mostly all about them/ Becky and her 3 men Tom Huck Jim and their goin’s on and the kids and some of the hangers rounds and with everybody’s outraged Aunties and the Mayor n Injun Joe N the guy that ran the “Mark Twain’s Funeral Home & All-American Fun Center” who Becky just made up out of whole cloth

N then the boys just up n get the wanderlust— real bad like they’re Mormons from just up the road at Nauvoo itchin’ for the promised land and they finally leave/ just leave Becky n their kids and hitch a ride to San Francisco “to be free” n happy n to put flowers in their hair n they try to make it up a little by sending postcards n spare change to Becky who’s trapped with the kids /but only “because she chooses it”, they say, “Why, she could leave the kids with an Auntie couldn’t she?...If she wanted to/ to be free?...” All that unhappiness can’t be good for the kids...”they tell each other n Tom says “She could still get a man to paint her fence, if she wanted...” — “I know I could!” he says n laughs — n they all 3 laugh n all their new friends...

N all of it’s because of— Becky says, “...they’re being queer for one another!”

(7)

and she says it that way because it's 1971 were she's standing when she says it/  
and because she is still young n a woman being left with 4 children to support/  
and that is how they spoke in historical times/ as unenlightened and fearsome n  
feral as they were with their lives crashing all around n on top of them n not  
enough help or \$  
and that/  
is yet  
another story/  
something like  
the Dean  
and Caroline  
and Kerouac/  
plus Bob Kaufman stories...

All mixed up  
further ON  
down THE ROAD  
out on  
Highway 61

where Becky wrote that one, wrote that story, too, finally, one day...  
14 years later when her failed forgotten books— miraculously start selling  
after Tom n Huck n Jim get famous by getting their biographies ghost written  
by a real ghost— Sam Clemons-Mark Twain—  
n after Tom's own books n fame/ n Jim's great poetry/n the Hucksters  
moviefame...

AND THEN COMES THAT FATEFUL KNOCK ON THE DOOR, KID...  
is what I'm tryin' to say

and that's where your grandmam n pop n your pap—  
and even later on than that—

that's where you come in, Darlin'...  
and why we are all of us where we are here today...

at this the exact right spot—



good n bad—  
where the Twains all meet

**THE POET SPEAKS:** *I come at all of this, at all of this poetry business by way of theatre, by way of Sophocles and Shakespeare, I reckon, but also B. Brecht and the idea of the estrangement effect applied to poetry. And by way of Chomsky's dictum that the only real difference between a dialect and a Language is that the Language has an army and a navy. And by way of Charles Olson's Projective Verse essay which also gave me another permission, I felt, to do what I wanted to do, which was to create little engaging, strange and absurd Shepardish stage monologues. Because I also come at this all by way of failure. I'm a failed actor, a failed stage director, a failed play-writer. NOT totally failed, but ---failed anyway. I made a living here n there, but finally, it got too hard...Poetry--- I can do. I can AFFORD to do it. Failure doesn't really matter. Failure is the nature of the business of living and getting on with living and writing poetry. ---(I recently had a run of 48 consecutive rejections. Ha!, I said, then cried into my pillow. Sob. --- As an old failed actor, I can tell you that your feelings are fickle, so don't put your hearts into ALL of them, Kids. GET ON WITH IT! IT'LL BE OVER SOON ENOUGH. "ROSEBUDS", RIGHT? ---). "Fail better", says Beckett, another great stage-poet. And I can take my time while living the menial life with poetry. Years of time. These three poems, like a lot of my pieces, have hung around in my notebooks for 10, 20, 40 years until I forgot them, and then came a day that's not too long ago and --- I rediscovered them, thinking , O, what's this!, and then I attached a new ankle bone to an old leg bone.... And, here we all are. Entertained, with a little spicy mustard on it, I HOPE. --- (And this seems like a good place to end because I am getting to be an old man and I COULD go on. And on. And on.) Is everybody confused enough? Cause that's a good place to be, too, I think. Let the piece itself tell you to do things you'd never think of doing on your own, I think Olson said that---? Right?  
XO.*

Recent or soon to be recent publications include: Aji magazine, The Decadent Review, Class Collective Magazine, Black Scat Review #25, Qwerty magazine, Incessant Pipe word press, and Millennial Pulp magazine.

**AUTHOR BIO:** His alias since birth has been David Earl Williams, D'Earl to some of his friends. Sometimes he's "Hey you! --- No! --- The Other guy!..." He is a grandson of a graduate of Leavenworth at Kansas with a federal degree in Moonshine. --- And the necessary matching majors in Poverty Studies and Existential Angst.

D. E. W., or Dewie, as he's known to some, grew up as far deep and down inside the Ethnocentric Gorge on the Ethnocentric River as you can get without drowning ...just like most everybody else, by the rules of sociology. He is a native of southern Absurdilachia.

He now lives at the north while he circles the drain, more or less happily, at North PoeLand. Though the Ravens do get on the last nerve occasionally with their constant caw caw cawing about one emergency after another ---evermore!--- NEVERMORE!!!! day and night, real or imagined, Oh, Great A-Gog bless their simple souls...

And, lastly, David is overly fond of Chomsky's dictum that the only real difference between a dialect and a Language is that the Language has an army and a navy. And he wants to share that with you.

All done now.

xo