

Poems6Poems6Poems6Poems6Poems6Poems6Poems6

# Poems6Poems

By Neil Flory By Neil Flory By Neil Flory By Neil Flory By Neil  
Flory

**WHY I LIKE IT:** *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes... Mister Neil Flory is a flurry of fury in thought and words. He is hard for an old geezing, wheezing, gaffing, dodging codger (for arguments sake, say myself) with whom to keep-up. Still, he is as sustaining as stimulating. The man reads like a collage cut from the finest cerebral journals and magazines to which I have no business subscribing. (I am half-a-breath away from ending a sentence in a preposition—it is one thing to stand on one’s head, for the sake of syntax, quite another to have landed on it lo these so many years.) But, as for semantics most seminal, Neil is spot-on...on the spot? He is a minstrel-maestro of ill-conduct. Here are some of his lines giving cause to be thought of: “...get a load of / that old man / rust-tongue, / rot-breath,” Or, “forget patience / my virtues don’t need tending” “...cheesecake fancy milkshake clambake mask-and-wig shindig cut that rug and tip / that jug...” And, in Neil’s ‘Reality,’ “last time I checked / reality was some / old shitty damn offensive contamination kind of / rude out-of-the-gutter ten-horn-toed middle-finger thing like ass...” If you enjoy reading intricate maps without roads, wind you way around ‘scrapmetal’ and ‘1st and Main’ but be prepared to “lose the street and follow the angles...” Lastly, in ‘ears’ Neil once again waxes poetic...if you not quite, yet apoplectic.*

## ***Rot-Breath, Fellas***

whoa there can’t miss  
that get a load of  
that old man

rust-tongue,  
rot-breath,  
ev'rybody's dust-foot—  
ain't he all just shot through  
and bludgeoned somethin' terrible like  
a bloody wild whimper in the cold  
with that heaving  
too-familiar toil-smashed sweat-chant desire  
better downright lust of ages past and foretold in the old  
tall tales, call it  
the gruesome growling desperate stinkin' need  
and reach  
of good ol' lonely skewered  
rot-breath Death

*clambake*

yesiree johnny clambake of the mystical musings convex all-consuming spread out  
far into continental air masses the very molecules of raindrops happened-upon  
huff-puff manifestos, all that junk about chancy horticulture and the



rude out-of-the-gutter ten-horn-toed middle-finger thing like ass  
old spear cracking you rancid bad attitude that  
won't leave you alone some unfading really bad  
sour joke that sets up shop in your mouth,

I threw it out in the dumpster with  
some shattered whiskey bottles and putrid milk and moldy bread and  
oh such horrible enchanting vomit like today like  
I did no I didn't let that damn filthy bitching horribly unshaven  
menace of a trash man deal with it  
I always hear his mouth bitching but most  
definitely not now to pinpoint yes now some four or five  
laughing things to tell me inventing my own language lollygag  
around for an indefinite number of years maybe  
stage a big play or soon shifting between layers  
getting all messed up lying down drunk irrationality rock to  
hammer out into some big foamy thing drawing the same lines  
of the symbolization lose the street and follow the angles to  
meet the hard street and no no one talks to these lost feet not  
showing me that slip of continuity in the redder better  
getter saiding tray of trains flop onto a big frozen laughing crowd to  
some big pounding forcefully inquiring and in the night I really  
most certainly did not get seasick

### *scrapmetal*

Whoa catch those acrobatic avocado streetcleaners match  
the mandrake trombone marking vertical time silicone vantage  
advantage filtered out of the mastodon linoleum daguerreotypes all

partitioned through Indiana mildewpots through Cincinnati radiance  
mark witness far surge of industry ransacked the mastodon  
mansions snooze full of the loose shoelaces peanut warehouses  
breathing while epiphany-charged ecosystems of forging fortitudes  
lie in wait, convex plates of impossible subterranean tectonics

rancid rainforests adorn scrapmetal sapphires all bronze out the  
Mississippi heatbrick yikes connect that stalwart conviction said  
counsel for the plaintiff council of the pacifists proclaim the  
blame asunder and expertly adjacent smooth the night-chants the off  
chance they pranced in the miniscule moments that anyone's  
chained to the resident lean-to of questioning scars, and O would  
that the trapezoid screwdriver hasten to celebrate the wasting  
of cataclysms O wheel forth the epicurean racetracks ontological  
mandolins all breaking multiplication in the sawtooth surf the  
Roanoke colossus taps Yakima desolation down to the brazen act  
of sticking your thumb out in that dusty highway through the  
treeless hills a sudden no-man's-land of the collective subvision  
subwhisper of a subdream's dream force of they cracked open  
the dam loosed the river of sludge shattered teacups pacifiers broken  
banjo strings treadmills and the like hey there's old Johnny from the  
aimless days didn't know you were still kickin' around well thanks a lot  
for the vote of confidence breed subdivision to springdew splinter such  
assumptions right down to the limestone core, breadcrumb on the  
floor wordcrumb soulcrumb the shuttlecock soars past ever-cheerful  
Minnesota cantankerous Snoqualmie backslide bastion diligence  
radicchio trampoline trash-swimmer halfscraps on the mudflaps roadlitter  
speech sparked of these miscellany scrap-piles teetering high in the  
mosquito air finally junkyards bare their truths when confronted  
center of dust surging synapses, hang on—

don't  
speak such time, some truths are  
too sublime too abrasive for this delicate  
air, they might tear it all to forlorn shreds and what would be left but  
void-pools on the edge of who-knows-what on the ledge of if-we-only-knew  
what but wait, even the mere suggestion, here there be ancient and ultimately  
haggard  
cave-dwelling questions

### ***1st and Main***

yeah that's above all absolutely the impact of it when the evident reality's solid just slams  
into you and it's just *twist-the-moon-over-silly-and-sideways ABSURD* splattering hard  
across your stunned face like the grapefruit paint of an absurdist parody parade

paraphernalia parsimonious parsley/chives/chickadees/chickpeas/chocolate shake of 35,000  
absurdist plays winding themselves out to inevitable across at least twice as many  
parallel universes spinning at half the rate of our own look at all these hysterical administrators  
foaming at the mouth like a pack of drunken ogres running full-tilt through the  
Louvre through the Forbidden City knocking over trampling everything in their path barking  
contradictory directives every 3 seconds or so yappy snappy bark of a blue  
seven-legged dog out there shivering loud on the corner of 1st and Main and hey  
there's a woman with a miniature Eiffel Tower in place of her right arm and a man with  
a greasy pizza pan in place of his head and a dog-sized spider with two legs and  
a giant crow with five wings and a skyscraper with a coal mine on its top floor and another with  
a thriving wharf on its roof witness such alkaline/earthquake/mandrake/diatom/divertimento  
sunset fishing expedition into the expendable soupy sarcophagus of all these  
passions/intentions/contentions/fears/smears against the weight of 37,048 bicycles all  
chained up to streetlamps and filthy park benches and the mayor's standing  
out in front of a liquor store giving a lecture on the benefits of older styles of electric  
toothbrushes but nobody's listening meanwhile a crowd of thousands has  
gathered in front of city hall to hear the owner of the liquor store deliver a lecture on polymetric  
and polytonal techniques in the symphonies of Charles Ives and you're running  
through the downtown streets full-tilt with your arms raised high your elongated  
tongue flapping in the wind wailing like a banshee or a cat in heat and suddenly beyond your  
influence your vocalizations take form flash into sledgehammers and pickaxes  
fly up bang shat ter th e h uge le ns no th e o ver whelm ing ra zor  
r ain shr ie ki ng th e w ild sha rds ev ery whe re de afen ing  
out rageou s de luge sur rou nds but if we su rv ive to th is  
tor re nt's o ther si de we m ight yet fi nd  
un prec e de nted ag gre gate d ecl amations co mpound sh ard-  
f usion sy n th esis all o ur la ng uage re con te xtual ized all ou r  
per ce ption at las t em b lazone d an ew far b eyond su ch  
scop e of a ny wea ry l ens of anywearyolddecrepitbrokenle ns

*ears*

gloopish  
muckly all chum-rancid  
the self-kilned



just as they've done for something like forty years now. I'm also interested in the wordless Truths and passions of the world, and I connect to these often through long hours of conversation with the piano, my old friend who can always intone a deeper layer than I can access on my own. Some of these musical and poetic passions have found themselves published, the latter in journals like *Fleas on the Dog* and *Down in the Dirt*. My passions are also given to teaching music at Jamestown Community College and to living life fully