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

GARBAGE CANS of his
bugrotly ears and the same old big
dumb plastic grin all jeedlere SKLEE as
he *gladly oh so magnanimous* tips
to one side inviting and so
as usual the beautiful blood-crimson
butterfly
vomits
all blishing quishly blooshingly slop
plop
down
into the crusted canal *slish/slock*
of spillage
on the chipping
clipping
hiffy/sliffy/pliggius tiles,
all the while
proclaiming herself to be
repeatedly repeatedly repeat after
me so you can be free merely
a muted
yellow
hummingbird
all around the frosted cupcake tree and
all on the sweet *fleederee teedleheehee*
sklee and skleedereeeeeee

THE POET SPEAKS: *Back in early August, a smattering of disparate and seemingly insignificant life experiences coalesced somewhere out in the uncharted wilds of my psyche. Teaming up with another ragtag assortment of thoughts, they formed a poem, which then walked up and introduced itself to me while I was in the waiting room at a doctor's office. The poem already had its own voice and personality, its own agenda. At that point, what business would I have had in questioning it or trying to put it under a microscope? What else was there for me to do but listen as closely as possible and take dictation? And in the course of that dictation I came to realize, as I often do, that the seemingly disparate thoughts and experiences in the poem were connected, and that they were symbols for deeper struggles in my life, struggles which were part of the human condition long before I arrived in this world.*

This is how it often happens for me. Of course, poems can come from many other sources as well—observations on human nature, interactions with the world, my love of crazy stories and situations, my various personality quirks. I am extremely fortunate that I continue to discover poems; for me, these encounters are some of the euphoric moments of Truth that make life's more mundane aspects (doctor's appointments, for example) all worthwhile.

AUTHOR BIO: With all its layers and idiosyncrasies, and even its occasional deficiencies, language nonetheless connects us to deep passions and Truths, and so I love it. And this is a fortunate happenstance, because poems keep finding their ways into my mind and out my pen,

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