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By Heikki HuotAri

WHY I LIKE IT: *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes... Heikki Huotari is entirely brilliant, he must know it, but perhaps you're unaware, as I was--more's the pity. Don't take my word for it, here are some of his... "Having talked to God you're happy for a / time..." "If all your biped friends were wearing tutus / and surrendering to gravity would you?" "You constantly neglect to read my mind and that's not fair." Wouldn't you just love to crawl inside his mind...plenty of room for headspace. "When I tire of / torture maybe I'll be made a saint." "The heart is not a sponge and usually is appropriately left inside the patient" "true selves need but entropy to buy off empathy" The man is penetratingly perspicacious, "If time and space would get a room I / would not suffer further their obscene displays" Scintillatingly sacaous: "I acquired a taste for fate at great expense / and sold it at half that." Exquisitely enigmatic, Heikki', divine spark is an inferno ablaze...fill your glass, another round of oxygen on the house ...take a long draw, I just love his firewater, earth and air. (Spacing is poet's own.) HS*

Second Person

Having talked to God you're happy for a time and then the earth is without form and void. The morning glory fades to pink.

I passed the exit when I thought it said "excite" and had a headache and had planned for weeks to laugh at you and wash my hair.

If all your biped friends were wearing tutus and surrendering to gravity would you? Would velvet ropes on stainless posts direct you to (as in a bank) or separate you from (as in a museum) your origin or final destination? Thou shalt, when the bell rings, go unto thy corner. Think about what you have left undone. Be happy now or else.

Sequel

With repetition hypnotize me while ye may,
with laws to be abided by and broken. When I
handed you the glass and thought you'd put more
milk in it, you casually slipped it in the warm and
soapy water in the sink. You constantly neglect to
read my mind and that's not fair.

I asked for exorcists and got exotics. They
were bringing knives to gun fights, so finite their
crimes. In case their speech flies out the window
they will ad lib badly and, if only simultaneous, the
canon balls connected by a sacred chain will mow a
row of sinners down. The future cherry-picks the
past.

Apotheosis 2

As we have nothing better to do with our time, in one-way windows my ambivalent detectives and I watch each other. When I tire of torture maybe I'll be made a saint. How beautiful the mountains I'll remove to make a level moral high ground. How fertile the distances I'll fix.

How clowns have love lives: my position and velocity or yours? I'll enroll with my login so all commendations may be channeled to me. The remainder of my species may start calling me spokesmodel any day.

To Him Who Waits

The heart is not a sponge and usually is appropriately left inside the patient, so the lungs.

With spheres and cubes of fruit suspended in translucent semisolids, true selves need but entropy to buy off empathy, so says the man that was an island and then, sizzling, succumbed.

The paradox is shifting. Will we have a new regime? As loitering was once illegal, so the *idée fixe*, but secret admiration was allowed. Let no man ignorant of ingress enter here and at long last how many light bulbs does it take to make that change?

Half Moon

To your home in an abandoned missile silo,
food and water may be borne. Be careful what year
you adopt the mannerisms of, because that year
may come around again and you'll be slightly off or
fit too snugly in.

So I might go the way of Tinker Bell if you
hear nothing in my stone-cold stethoscope, I'll be
allowed to operate, to add and subtract appendages,
when you open then close my piano. Memory and
prophecy, enablers created equal, one will cut and
one will choose.

One Lost Process

I'm taking Queen Anne's Laces at face value even as I'm burying my face therein. Unless you filibuster just to subject me to shame, as uniformly are distributed the happiest of accidents so whimsical the pixels in their soft warm niches.

I'll have one capacitor for opportunity and two accelerometers for circular inversion and my best guess is that I'm the tool of some lost process or, in case I had an overly intelligent designer, no process at all. If time and space would get a room I would not suffer further their obscene displays.

Crown Of Thorns

The probability of cats and dogs is almost one and the identical conditions occur elsewhere on the surface as the surface has no boundary, no perception and no overtone. The sun, a partially digested bolus, tumbles from one stomach to another then I'm howling at the virus in support of first responders though they're incompletely bundled.

I acquired a taste for fate at great expense and sold it at half that. Time off for good behavior is the subject of this sentence, since preemptively I'm dappled and beneath these three-day leaves would bide and Mother Nature would remember where she left me.

Statistical Inference

You stumble drunk on love and ask if there's another way to stumble drunk. Insatiable, you're mass produced and therefore amply spiritually correct. The bones of those into which life is breathed, who therefore are not weightless, are designed to hold their own bones' weight and then some.

And you're off and running and apparently the choice that you made was the best based on the information you had at the time.

The Bigger Picture Window

Why not render entities in lieu of sentiment?
I ask you if it's wrong because The Devil says it's wrong or does The Devil say it's wrong because it's wrong?

When I accept your premises but somehow eschew your conclusions, my hyperbole is in the process of EVISCERATING yours. Its liability is limited to acts of god, the company no misery would love.

There is no bigger picture to extrapolate to my friends, truth and justice, so move forward or move backward my friends, only move along.

One Wonder Of The World

Flesh was hanging from me, laughing with not at me. By the shining laws of physics I was moved. So maybe I saw Elvis but Napoleon I was. Napoleon, Napoleon, there's never too much love.

I did complain about the cooking so, congratulations to me, I'm the cook, so in the valley which was filled with shriveled mirror neurons an hallucination spake thus: May these mirror neurons live. Now in the land of the indifferent, pure malevolence is king.

THE POET SPEAKS: *Each of these poems is a linearly ordered collage. I start with a curve bedeviled by removable discontinuities then, from left to right, remove the discontinuities by supplying the missing words and phrases. I typically have many choices for a particular discontinuity-removal so I filter by sound and by tempo so as to contradict or reinforce the sound and tempo that has been established. John Ashbery is one of my primary influencers.*

AUTHOR'S BIO: In a past century Heikki Huotari attended a one-room school and spent summers on a forest-fire lookout tower. He's a retired math professor and has published poems in numerous literary journals, including Spillway, the American Journal of Poetry and Willow Springs. His fifth collection, When Correlation Is Causation, is in press.