

RECIPES and other poems...

By Jared Pearce

***Poetry Editor Hezekiah writes:** WOW, Whoa! Read these Pearce Poems. It is a cookbook of head-and-heart **Recipes**. To quote Will Ferrell, as James Lipton, they are "Scrumtrulescent." Yes, I am this shallow by any comparison, let a pedestrian walk you through. **Center Piece** is as fertile as it is furtive: 'Only the warped and warbled / will wrangle the dying rays.' Who could write this stuff(!) '...Meaninglessness is nothing to me....' Time is just the yardstick of **space**: 'so smiles like chimeless faces paled, / our hands turned only where gears wore.' Ouch! Don't miss the rest. These are jewels in the Fleas' crown. Jared's submission is received with an enlightened gratitude...It would be footling for me to critique the rest, and foolish of you if they remained unread...(Spacing poet's own) HS*

Recipes

They've been inventing pies,
cold cereal, cookie dough,
double-deckers, every day
another revelation pulled

from their wants and hot
for the knife, no method
or combination can't be,
nor limits to effect.

Maybe we all dreamt that
way, beginning with the base
hope, beating in a leavener,
whipping something smooth,

no cracks or burns or dying,
no sense in failing.

Center Piece

She cut all the mad zinnias,
those kinked and curved,
bushy and brute, and combed
them into a glass, their wild
limbs and breaking heads
still pushing against everything
the wrong way, still bold
for life against the settling

frost. The hibiscus, hydrangea,
ecinachea are rolled to their beds.

Only the warped and warbled
will wrangle the dying rays
here, in the dining room,
where she just wanted to talk.

Baby, I'll get as fast as I can.

She didn't directly fire
me; she wants me to fill
in the pink slip, push
it out of the ditch, shovel
a walkway through the ice.

When I empty my desk,
a pack of cards, some dice
are mine, and a stapler out
of staples, only gumming
books together. I'll take

the key to her, and she
can have the concrete,
the engine, and the building.
Meaninglessness is nothing to me.

Time is just the yardstick of space.

I used to love her pretty feet
until they kicked the clock in me,
and choked the chance from her romance,
and ticked the scale of difference,

so smiles like chimeless faces paled,
our hands turned only where gears wore
them so, the batteries dripping slow
toward dying talk, mechanic clunk.

I found no key to wind us up,
nor counter weight to rouse the bird,
the circled church, the kerchiefed maid
distracting him from life and work.

I will not be a second. Cast the minute out,
and drag me like an hurricane—
the world might mean at each degree,
so let's meet there and there be free.

Super Mario Sister

She sat me down for time
together; going first, her red
fist pounding the bricks,
fire from her face scorching
a path, her raccoon tail,
her shuttling tortoise shells,
her mouth mushroom full.

She turned to me, all green
to go, but I didn't know the jump,
the clackity rhythm, that keeping
my face to the ghosts kept
them, that stepping, not swatting,
bullets is key, that getting
to the end is not the point.

Don't let it get behind you.

Early thaw, dad and boy
training catch, oversized
ball between them.

The boy is to keep
his knees bent, eyes
focused, feet light.

It comes at him, a bounce
then quick roll, a flurry
of commands.

His reaction becomes
an instinct, a premonition,
prognostication.

A man's armor cinches
in back or flank;
the action is no surprise,

only the preparation
toward its coming
and fearing he'll have

to chase it, losing.
The sticks and dead
leaves don't help,

but they stay at it:
dad facing east, releasing
sunsets to him.

Having read a lot of abuse poems lately.

How the egg boils is what
I don't get: the heat,
pressure, and the bird
somehow alive inside
its cave and melds
death when the temp
scalds the yolk, stiffening
then freezing so
it stays in place,
silent and creamy.

Because I'm a man I can
find this, make it
sit, shake, beg a treat.
Once I've cleaned it up
I'll build it a little house
out back and hang
its name above the old towel
doorway. I'll leave
its food in a bowl,
water and walk every day.

I'll see how all the cars
go against me,
and I'll wonder at this,
which makes my heart
go weird as carrying
a dozen eggs, all wobbling
to take flight, feathers
drying into beauty,
hoping a splatter will
split them into song.

I wouldn't understand.

Homeless most of her life,
she slept with her pals
for a roof, she slept under
shrubs for love, boarding
schools and addict men

couldn't hold her. Her mom,
she said, had to buck
mid-century rules of dinner
time and party invitations
and the complicated codes

of dressing and undressing.
Mom was sad at her
chained stability, and she
seemed relieved with pain.

Last Stand

Dear *Poetry Magazine*, the long
piece themed, Dissatisfied
Black Man, was intensely dull,

and while reading it I recalled
watching a drama written,
directed, and acted by teenagers,

who had a lot to say, and said,
with an overthetop bravado,
queasy to witness, which brings

up a letter I wrote to the Romantics
some time ago, and which began
with Homer's Host who

reminds Odysseus that we
all have our troubles. Thus,
in the spirit of public safety

I suggest no more poems
as lame as the poem I'm writing,
where the airing of personal hurt

force-marches public morality
into having to listen to
the airing of personal hurt:

keep to yourself your sex, your family,
your dead, your race and religious
persecution, all that matters

only to you should—and think
of us kindly—stay with you, for
despite the fashion, we don't

have to feel pity for you, your pity
without power to catharsis.
But when you can nurse your pain

and speak like Telemachus
in the Assembly, a truth for all,
then shear your beauty,

point its muzzle in my face point
blank, and pull its
trigger, pull its trigger.

THE POET SPEAKS: *I take poems from everyday life—my experiences, others’ experiences—and encourage the poems to wring truth. I was about to say that I consider experiences true and otherwise, but then, as I thought about it, all experiences, even the fictional, are true. Reading: Ron Padgett, Todd Boss, Nate Pritts.*

BIO: *Jared Pearce's collection, [The Annotated Murder of One](http://www.aubadepublishing.com/annotated-murder-of-one), was released last year by Aubade (www.aubadepublishing.com/annotated-murder-of-one). His poems have recently been or will soon be shared in *The Coachella Review*, *Breadcrumbs*, *BlazeVOX*, *Panoplyzine*, and *Call Me [Brackets]*. Further: <https://jaredpearcepoetry.weebly.com>.*