

Eat Pamphlet

Morgan Vo

Without whom:
To Bradshaw, Elberg & Godfrey

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*'I found you Jim Brodey' & 'underlife' previously appeared in
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Coming In

On a walk of antsy disarmor,
a party circuitous & black –
I a tough angry modest
flat-chested advancest.
This town could take care of me
or become gravy-less hell,
but I doubt it would ever
let me come out smoke-only,
grey in the dressed-up cosmos.
Went up to the generous knights
code-swarmed & well-
trained to accurate hearts.
Hell was anciently thin,
a new place at a long table
& long not out of pity
but of tossing people away,
that is first-place hell.
like a crack of thunder.
I was right to be so small,
coming down on the sweet road
alone, by myself, by nature
replanted & the cost was basically
non-existence while watching,
like mirrored ink was in my signature.
a listening dream that took me
everywhere, I began
waiting without thoughts –
I began like a tree
given legs & no occupation,
began an ambition to spread,
to drink like coral.

Great

a wave of the hand
at a love of
Raheem Norman outside
a shake
in the light
I slipped on
him saying *you see me*
me saying *yeah*
because I feel him
with a moon divided
at a certain time
leaving the roads
like it's there
now closed
that I followed in
that exchanges me
parts of me
with parts of Norm

Plate

brief form
no your feet aren't small
would he sit over the rail
the type of picture
numerous and special
little
well-done
belt loop
costume

isn't edible
so I spent the night
among the fits of hay
moped induction
homesitting
my home
muscle doesn't pass
half and half and half
electric aching
under breeze
into earshot
of a blessing
swinging open
barn door
address me
because I trust you
little mushroom
yet free

I found you Jim Brodey

The music of birds
lays down as hardened dough
early winter sets
my smoked-on soft eye

I found you Mel

leave you I will

thousands of blocks of moonlike bottom
you're not making anything sad
light's minor and extra-temporary
light's pale

sounds that happen near me leave
ways vary long and narrow small
several arms
but have not lost you

to brown shoulders of the rain
to angles of cuts alone

you allow the mouth to cry again
to feel that I might watch the gift

and I will rest oblong

another restaurant pie

To Sapphie

I didn't want to smoke away
or hear you say who.
Somehow I'd ripped
a place of record.
I might ask you like a mother –
our naked legs are kind
like rope.
See my body leaving hungry?
I inflated sweetly
thinking, there in the bathroom
might be the consummate
look – I put a face
in my bed clothes,
scour it for trust.
The living comes out for nothing,
no pay, just constant invasion.

my American hat

feeling sexy, feeling good
feeling truly here
I feel I'm the only true American
 and when I think that
 I feel its power

the day is endless rose
finding my worthless feet in the air
 what a trouble

when I eat
 I feel that power

and when I sleep I feel
 finally I am quiet enough to be approached
 by the forces that otherwise speak always

Picture the Fish

Disco desert
annihilation picture
looks like something
sweet, even light –
a glow stick,
along with the machete.
Man, woman,
family, cars –
sandals, toys,
logo. Much harder
ribbons of blood
drying around.
Can't imagine the paint
to be more extreme.
To erase the eyes of the young
with piffy style.
I would take his
whole in mine
and would I know him better –
but what would he look like?

undertime

to me, towards the center
for as long as you can be kept
beyond what normally can

transfer of mind
I keep moving because you keep
what can be said above you

as if the world were him
can keep that knowledge out, move on
not avoid its aggressor

reach out arm to grey roach
see how big relief is when I'm afraid
shows who could be permanent

frost morning

i. soft ear on the flower
 to follow
 my body to move
 sent ahead
 off my
 pissing from a flower
 going aerial

 boy-like
 loaded to the stem
 a red boar
 on a mountain pass
 to drink from my breast
 heroic tower
 slipping from
 a missile's bow
 then knots itself on the ground

ii. swimming into the lake
 the lakebed life
 wears the stiff away

 come out teary-
 eyed for long
 and open thinking

 to hear
 an alert so dark
 so hard to read

 break in tone
 over my muscles'
 lips

Being Alone

if I fainted, I wouldn't care
and without being alone, I'm closing my eyes

Ah, I'm not gonna say that...

Give it back.
Bend down,
pick it up.
I love when
things fall out
of people,
a pocketful
of cash,
a weird desire
to pay, bouncing
down the street,
dozens of switches
all turned to ON.
My nose, which not
a soul inhabits,
wakes itself
to black hairs
in winter.
Look around me,
see my arms?
My face, diluted.
I've fallen into
a rest of
unseen flares.
I shove an empty
drum beneath my foot,
the empty drum of
Vietnam, Indonesia,
Kenya. Would
you even know
that anger was a
part of me? Plays loud,
followed by a slow
cool. I drink fast,
and through the city
I follow you –
thanks for coming
out in the rain.

Long Drive

Is it a major or a minor star?

A major star
how quick and lovely
and low
another plate of cold opera
scaled to the rearview
roll-ribbing light and weather in sky
The major star makes a marshall appeal
for answers red and dark
and growing bread
and to it I knock my hair behind my ear
laugh in a curtain accent, falling porcelain
Water flows down the roof, heavy with iron
and turns into work
I let it inside, then stop up its gears

How minor is its repair, really
to touch me with a crate of evaporating hi-fi's
and lower down to me little white hooks
I miss your sail of milk
so I cry it out, and rail for Earth to cry
blacken up to bust earthy holiness
should it keep me awake and tired
and give me burns
Hear the crash of sand in my back tires
is free from overcare
I lure hot voices to the back
and make sure veins are in the distance
make prayer out of typical mother speech
I look out the window, hunting for a soft passage

Do I feel ugly or open-hearted?

The heart is open, you have to trust the chef
when it's been four days and you still feel great
A line of seagull music floats into the tail lights
and pretty soon it's Bisbee, Arizona
Norfolk V-A, Sacramento and Redwing
nice neighboring towns, gargantuan piles
of leftover wood in factory yards
My skin gets ripe
When the sun goes down, the sentinels appear
Red clothes men so tall I whisper to their parents
and bite my breath 'til I see them leave
but a shadow is appended to the ramp's end
a sigh is overtaken by a finger
a shady plucked from a spiral collander

I feel ugly alone
snap my fingers to the rope of maracas
dry scarlet woven in the lint green
a picture of my inner ears
the sound they make in response to love
to scrunch their cheeks into paper, red as apples
or play Bach with just a few loose keys
I wrench a towel inside-out
gets my hands ready, when running is athletic
Time to leave, I've decided, I divorce now
and slip one two three into the mountains
where the sun is still hiding well
and noises any color offer solace
though I wouldn't need it, if I could only say *Remove*

Is the hope strong or weak?

The hope retreats graceful back beat
to a rhythm kissed by filmy dogs
I can look out and see the sea
bare its arms to protect me, child
caress the winds in the days that follow
Another new blue Taco Bell empty for winter
and a cardboard cup to pick at
another ricochet of gum to sit near
In a hands-and-pocket situation again
but not a worry anymore
The radio finds me sensation
A memory of arabesque quells my people beside me
One learns ways to read a pattern
to eat best even if it's hard tack

Accosted in holographs, and generally low
Wearing a pair of socks the pale of thin pheromones
We need an epic upsy-daisy
or a fake rosacea kiss might help
My fingers ache for under water
and I know we're simple
but I cannot see a doctor get talked to like that
and walk straight like I'm unaffected
This is my amateur shirt, blue and white plaid
This is the back of my chair, that Al dented with ice
then he walked away
my best friend that left a mark
Behind the shed, a pretty rosebush that could use some
tears
from the back of my chest, the size of my dad's

Do I sleep or do I just close my eyes?

Do I close my eyes
Do I run the leather strap across the dash
Mom's warm embroidery, tucked into my flannel pocket
puts me deeper meditation, and rationality
and before I can move whole body, gotta draw a blender
across my little bed
Felt the felt-tip with my finger as I sat there
American monster brushes on the mainline
If it continues
will it unzip nicely, right on time
Will we live in a disc of unexpected physics, asks the stars
I curl a napkin as a pillow
that I can hide when I need action instead
or tear when I want to rescue one thing

I sleep, under the skirt of Old Mountain
I hear leopard's paws brush the window and back away
I hold my shoulders dreaming
to cut off the wince of a disco night
Sleep, distance, in short raunchy words
come close without fading
press your links once upon my hot mouth, my eyes
How free an early game
arranged in the most titanic costumes
An ugly charm hangs from the corduroy head rest
a mock yellow feather singed at its edge
it glows far too long
I find a good head ridge to make a fire
one is picked, I am free, I do not want a part

Is it final or is there more?

Is it final or is there more
Do I ever come back with a cold reply
not for anywhere but in a few glass temples
To watch a ficus take root in a paper bowl
to shout in pain while I drive Holland Tunnel
Where did I get to know pensive
to draw a lonely spike
drill down my collar
and through the rosette lock
Your peaceful palms in women's coats
palm to the East Coast of metal May
What are you going to do, ignore the obvious again
or placate the sick
I've no more to assemble

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