

accomplishments



poems by ron androla ©2005

accomplishments

like a black piece of dream
i'm suddenly drying my
shaved face. to consider

how lost i must be
with a brain full of various
thought configurations

& there's a razor
at my neck
& i don't even realize

except as
afterthought.
waking up

twice
without
blood on my face.

change into clean
jeans, kick into
dark blue socks,

old shoes.
i wear my darkest
sunglasses,

& at the corner
of cascade street
& 26th i'm at a

redlight,
arthur f. shultz
furniture building

across the intersection
is many v's of roof,
strange, running half

a block down cascade.
i make a left.

at liberty street

turn right.
see a cop.
pull into country

fair,
push button
for 87 octane gasoline,

but i'm just standing
in sunglasses with
nothing happening.

i shrug my arms
at a clerk inside the
store,

& he says over
a microphone
pay inside.

hey buddy
you have press
the pay inside button too.

oh, sorry,
i didn't realize,
twenty on pump one.

i'm over half a tank.
back home
i bring our dog inside.

rain is spreading
across cleveland
ohio sweeping

towards erie,
hours, moments,
it'll rain.

sunday song

the dog vomits in our front-room.
as i descend from an upstairs cigarette
i see ann is already hunched on the floor
with a roll of paper towels, a blue bag.
she tells me she's cleaning it up
so it won't ruin my lunch. i ascend
back up to my cigarettes & laptop,
empty air-pockets growl in my fat
gut. yr hotdogs are ready, darling.
i slide downstairs.
i get a whiff of lysol.
i eat skinless wieners
in a bun with a lot of
relish, chips, iced tea.
this morning ann prepared
envelope eggs.
she sets the plate
in front of my face
on our couch.
"envelope eggs,"
she says.

what?

"it's how they're
folded"

oh.

i've lost a good
5 pounds since my last
doctor's visit.
5 pounds less thoughts.
it's these broken teeth.

ann is sneezing as dishes click.

the dog's outside in
sunlight, bird-song,
traffic, lawnmowers.

i hear the television

tell me how bad
the pirates are playing.

cigarettes

a recent chest x-ray
fine
ekg
ok
blood-pressure
is always perfect
but the smoke
eats my teeth away
brown carpets my tongue
gobs my throat
with dark frog-eggs of
slime
i smoke
saying i like to smoke
is the nicotine talking
in my brain
i realize that
light another
amerikan
gold
leaf
oh that i can
it's like ann saying
this afternoon
that we shld both
go on diets
not eat so much
lipitor is a wonder drug
that i can eat
& enjoy it
be gluttonous
while we can
we are always
alive in the present
fat or
addicted
graced by
current
simple
dull
ache
teeth
i

can
live
with
this
moment

i'm losing it

earlier this morning
with sugarplums of
a drunk night ripening
in my head
i compose a few
decent poems
as the coffee
sparks
as little birds
chirp their
dreams in the rainy
dawn
as i keep seeing
one of my own vivid dreams
a couple
two people
who are only
heads
no bodies
yet they
do all things
normal humans do
that's where i started
& i fell into a few
holes & flew
out of a few
holes too
9:30 a.m.
i'm done
there are thousands
of projects to tackle
like a man
not like a poet

reduction

geese & frogs & churchbells
are inhaling helium. they turn
into cheeping sparrows,
tiny insane poodles,
simple sawing hush sound of breathing.
i burp like a new tulip.
propose spirituality
is an evil brain lie --
a play on our eyes,
we're living under a vast
movie.
we animate
chemical
orgasms color
bird-trilling
hours before
activity & how
we survive.
we smoke
& nearly
eat coffee.

guilt

i shld always go on weekends
down to new castle
& see my mother
rather than write poems.
i haven't talked to my sister
lately, checked in, see
how things are going.
i never know what my daughter
& son are really doing,
& i say that in a cowardly way.
i wish i had cash to give them.
oh christ,
now i'm considering
unpaid bills,
the whole system
of work & pain &
hospitals. maybe
i've surrendered
against all odds
instead of being
the alamo,
being a
man with
fear,
but with
convictions.
my mind is mostly air
with thoughts like
flying
spider
monkeys --
little whooping
fuckers.
what does a
poem matter
in light
of a rainy may
saturday morning.
weak, sick,
i need coffee,
smoke, all the poisons
i use to sustain
what disguises

my words & my
silence.

denial

a man's life
is always false
experience. what happens
back then is happening more now.
that's where he's at, slammed into
a telephone on a saturday, & he's
got it all wrong in a mixture of
memory & ego batter, plus,
emphasis on plus,
a shitload of beer. he's
the goddamn king of
earth. he dreams aimee
mann will save him with a
song, elevate his kingly
face into heaven
like a superimposing
hologram over
god's severe, bearded mug.
it's ok to expand the fat past,
he tells himself. what else
do we do with dead time,
but paint it up,
fluff vacuous feathers,
dream beyond factual
edges, name
reality like a dog,
& re-live retarded
years. a man can
certainly
be a fuck-up
too,
twist into
don quixote,
charge
on his ass,
on his dumb donkey-dog
clyde,
at what isn't
even metaphoric.

lobotomy me

an asian tsunami washes over pearl-colored beaches,
grabs over bushes & concrete walls, cracks all glass, all
mirrors, & artifacts of human activity are mixed in pieces
thru muddy, dangerous water. my eye pearls bleed, vein.
i'm a twisting smoke ghost, liquid air, squid glob hanging
on a doorknob. my mouth is a small portion of swamp,
caved. i talk to myself sometimes. sometimes i scream
inside my inaudible head. profane passages of rage. i'm
a drowned man with the machete-hacked neck of a giraffe
& an asshole full of drenched flowers & seaweed kelp. nature
hates us. perhaps blissfulness in eden amerika persists a
century, then it's huge disaster after disaster, then calm
like torture of time.

mind bop serenade

what's essentially fucked is my current
disability to chew food. i can only use
my front teeth, & that's a dangerous
prospect too, top left front tooth
was root-canalled,
nerve dug out like hot mercury
string thru a tiny hole
behind the tooth up,
but dentist warns
me the tooth won't
last a long time
so i imagine this snake-head
of pain, arrowed rivers of ache
left, right, middle
meeting a screaming chorus
triangularity of immediate
self. i can't eat candy
tho i always want candy.
tip of my tongue is bristled
like baked fish skin
from exploring jagged
regions of a broken
upper left tooth
when for days it's been
upper right most sensitive
to anything hot or cold.
i'm eating soft stuff,
eggs, corned beef hash,
mashed potatoes,
soup. i have to drink
tepid water with my
meals when i so love
ann's delicious
constant
iced tea. chirping
tremolo bird outside
the window,
what you know
is enough to
know.

in sunlight

wind-chimes
& a stick-in-the-yard hummingbird thing
in k-mart's garden department.
value hardware didn't stock wind-chimes
so from 38th street i circle back onto
26th with a blown-apart brain.
k-mart's garden department
is connected to the store
but i don't need to go into
the whole store, don't.
outside with ants at the skirts
of the hill -- ants either wear
sunglasses
or squint. there's much activity
in the large parkinglot, on sidewalks.
i return to the jeep
with my mother's gifts
for mother's day tomorrow.
switch-lock the doors,
cellphone ann
to inform her
mission complete.
she's happy,
industrious at home,
cleaning our bathroom.
she wanted nothing at all
to do with all this afternoon's
sunshine,
& her mother's day gift
is me
shopping alone
like a big black
sunglassed upright
ant at a register
where a little
girl ant clerk
sees 10,000
images of
me using
my blue debit
card backwards
in the slot.
she corrects me

with long thin
nervous antennae.

a man

a man is maggots.
a man is ash sand.
a man is a vigorous animal
caged by human thought.
a man punctuates
life. a man investigates
a bedroom of horror
where blood gleams
all walls of bone. a man
discovers silence
in the center of a poem.
a man is a molecule
jammed thru the gases
of jupiter. a man
drinks bourbon.
a man knows nothing
matters in a longer run
of time. a man is a seed
pod. a man is a card game.

don't

hold it back.
don't hold it back.
don't clam.
don't be a tree
in rainy morning dream.
don't hesitate,
rather hesitate
& break. don't
stop the flow of
feelings. don't
negate this negative
life. don't
turn from evil
republications
tho shy from
politics. don't
seek what thoughts
will tumble out of
yr forehead in the
future. don't
worry about
amerika & culture
& sociological shit.
don't envy
sandstorms
brainstorms
portfolio forms. don't
deny
apocalypse
& a post-smile
chance at luck.
don't silence
humming
vibrations
inside poetic skulls.

HANGOVER ODE

beam. straight shots. pieces
of my teeth are breaking
off -- if you cld be my tongue,
nightcrawler in moist grass

& scattered rocks -- &
my dentist on vacation
all next week. cannot
drink beer, nothing cold

or hot. life is not a
kind experience
with all this goddamn
karma circling like hawks.

mindfuck hawks,
hungry, vicious &
biological. poor
nude worm of self,

helpless,
eyeless. bourbon
breath mess of
situations -- you

know what a tree is?
me. i'm a budding
red maple, chattering,
full of morning wrens.

thin sap
is sour
in the center
of my throat.

i'm a monolith.
a breakable monolithic
biped who only
moves falling

down
into a
pyramidal

pile of wood & leaf,

an
exploded
tree
in a room.

in a chair.
smoking
curls of
smoke.

enough

ann has been very busy this morning
cleaning, washing clothes, cooking.

i've written a number of poems,
each one lacks lasting value.

ann is presently watching
tv. a few minutes ago

i thought i heard
a beer-can crack,

what must be
near last from the

weekend
case in downstairs

kitchen fridge.
i'm flaming my final

smoke
then must undertake

dealing
with a stack of bills.

paying them
enables this

continuing
lake inertia

ocean
bobbing

as
gulls rip

thru lips
of endless water.

to endure

what i know

to
live is

a brain
package.

i want
a beer too.

morning is ending

it's almost noon.
my eyes are smoke
stoves, large rolling gray
smoke eyes & coal hearts
& that feeling of curling
off the ends of flames.
old men shldn't give a
fuck about eyelashes
or artificial involvements,
about enhancing strands
of dna traits,
old men are too late
for the next world.
i'm not an old man
but old men
do exist
& they do
care
what
will
ever
happen
behind
their
breath
perhaps
they're senile
old men
playing
checkers in milan
right now
next to a sick
green
river

patience

hack off gristle of reason
& a scream evokes an object
or a situation

without us listening
to myriad things
a scream fills with

intrinsic
song
fulness &

on a lip
of warmed
water we

tarzan
over
swamps of virtue

wet feet

the cellar drain is clogged
as washing-machine rinses
warm water & soap bubbles
& black sludge ascend
over a portion of the concrete
floor

i'm in my indian-shoe slippers

so begins another season of
continuous disasters

last night i dream about
an attic above
an attic i never
knew was there

there shld be caves
under cement cellars
eventually there
are

all winter
i trudge on

an insane soldier
at the end of

a broken
line

loaded with
grenades & glee

i blew myself
up into splattering
body-parts

look
mud
blood

a good thing

drama eases up
you're hovering over amsterdam
next morning yr wings begin burning
& arrowed bones flame
flap

a feather of black ash
faceless you crawl under
the bathroom mirror
tiny spiders by the thousands
run out of yr ass
you're a chicken-egg
in a mexican wasteland
you're yolk cum &
helplessly cracked

you yodel on the floor

you weep as echoes
wash back thru tragedy

tenuous
every molecule everywhere

a change

i don't want to listen to portishead
playing so loudly downstairs. i don't feel
in a portishead mood -- in fact
portishead is irritating with that
goddamn heavy bass pounding all
walls & then there're off-keys
& generalized disorder patted
into a female siren voice stop
sign red light european panic
urge to reach thru a static panel
sizzles of ghosts sift those
ghosts are dead
& i know more dark chaos this moment
than portishead
for instance the cyst-removed gash
in my upper back is still healing
my stomach is full of pancakes
& coffee
i want quiet
without nuances slapping sides
of my mind like wild fish like
shattering glass ass of the sky

saturday slice

bottom
of winter
drops
away
& the sun
is spilling
cold
gray
water
i'm wearing
my black
wool cap
over my
baldness
& ears
it's so
wet outside
i feel
wet in this
room at
this chair
dog shakes
jingle of
choke-chain
ann forces
another
cup of coffee
on me
we smile
our cat
is fat
we're
all a little
over
weight
tho our
hoggish
dog is
more
muscle
ann tells me
"the dog

was drinking
his water
& the cat
was there
licking his
ear"

what i can't say

we bubble thru flesh vessels
like unblocked blocks of blood
stars
wood on fast water
balloons let loose in a crazy room

the past is a place
shit always returns
rectified ghosts
rectified actions
atoms in air scoop

up an ice-
cream cone
of time
a dream
cycle secret

what i can't
say
i say
only to
ann

the process of a poem

i'm sitting in a small 2nd
floor room & i'm listening
to morning rain pelt this house
& things outside

i have been reading
the hunter s. thompson
rolling stone issue
it's in our bathroom

it's this rain like old
winter god slobber
with hunter s. thompson
muttering, laughing at

what he's sd, which
nobody else hears,
i'm lighting a
cigarette like an explanation

there's a hell of a lot of
steady fast rain & oh yes
shadows
mist

i
must
write
it

i
must
retain
whatever

moment
i
am
able

carter, db, & tim peeler

are partying in hickory
north carolina where peeler
lives.

hickory is nearly
exact center of the space
between carter
& db who has just
moved back down south
& this is their weekend

this is their drinking poem

it isn't hard to imagine
tomorrow's various
hangovers

i'm reminded about
a time in the 1990's
paul weinman & bart

had a room downtown
in a cheap motel
& i drove down there

next morning after
a heavy-drink reading
at the erie art museum annex

paul opens
the door,
across from st. peter's

church on 10th street,
nude,
explaining bart has

been trying
to rape
him

i was heavily
hungover
in a haze knowing

this is
too wild
i go inside

paul begins
puking
in the toilet

bart is laughing,
astonished
speaking low to me

"i don't know
what the fuck
this fucker's talking

about!
he's
nuts!"

things
such as
this

happen
between
a group

of
middle-aged
male poets.

rest, no activity

early this morning after shaving & dressing
& two mugs of coffee, one pink pill, i drive
in cold sunshine down into the heart of erie
where i find east 2nd street & the medical
building & parkinglot 10 minutes
before my neck injection appointment.

my first cervical epidural they
drugged me & ann had to drive
us home -- my first doctor
split erie -- my new doctor
is from india, very pleasant,
i feel a few small pinches in
around that knob of
neck spine
but he's careful
& keeps asking me
if i'm ok

i'm ok
on my stomach
forehead pressing
a small thick foam pillow
& he asks if i feel
warmth spreading
thru my chest

yes
he says good
he asks if i feel warmth
spreading in my arms too

yep i reply
good good
ok mister androla
you're all done
that's it?

you were a very fine patient
& you are a very fine doctor
rest, no activity

today
& take it easy tomorrow
too

he instructs at the
opening door
i'm feeling light-headed
something like a stone

returning back home
i'm supposed to ice
my neck 20 minutes on
20 minutes off
until 2 or 3 this afternoon
a nurse tells me
but i haven't
& might not
i mean it's sensitive
back there
a wispy slight sting
behind the bottom
of my throat
i'm ok
light-headed
& writing a poem
isn't sledge-hammering
bricks.
i'm sitting in a chair,
smoking cigarettes,
with no intention of
over
doing
it.

dust

give me moments of yr brain. surgical
observation band saw -- thinnest mri
slices in canned cranberry sauce way.

x-ray shadow ghost pulsation
bone flowers float in thick moats of blood
blame a poem for dangerous castles of biology

for reducing gut mud
for spinal itches & eye blur
for string theory for oxygen

four aces laugh
face spade upturn heart arrowed
long curve ears tv: voices

chew on a lime
lips sparkle with lemon
activity purse

partial water
transmigrational half-poem
erotic clutch of slaughtered

people
readers
here are the worms

here are round songs
rolling into
open graves

birds way
up in skyline
or gnats near yr nose

just another day in the normal world

worked half a shift
punched on out of there
into back-door sunshine &
chill
saying bye to bruno
who also left early
nice white suv he smiles
heading to elmwood beer
then to his camp
with a bonfire & a
chair
sounds good
tho i come home
clean up the bathroom
before i take a shower
wipe the toilet shit
scrub scum from our sink
i did not wash the mirror
there was a time, 1997,
living in a little apartment
thru divorce turmoil & anguish
i remember standing in the long
hallway mirror adjusting myself
before my first drive down to see
ann in virginia
my face wasn't *me*
it wasn't my face but it was
as surreal as i've ever felt
surrealism
i stared into my eyes
close
in that mirror
until finally gaining
my mind back & my mission
i think i have more faces
than most men have
mostly one & the aging
process like
moss wax slowly melting
cracks
oh christ was a fucked
up poem
i WANT to write fucked up poems

what the holy hell
do i have to say
i ran the vacuum too
changed the front bulb outside
went to quality market
with ann in mind she's been
sick
puking last evening & i
didn't realize it
with my head in an indians
ballgame
& i have a pittsburgh
aversion to all things
cleveland
except the poets & poetry
it's really an increasing
sadness cheryl's bookstore
is gone
not really in cleveland
but ohio
pennsylvania
is a vertical cock
& ohio is a soft
square
erie is heaven
i'm really writing
one fucked up poem
all because the bathroom
mirror
& how i'm
never surprised
who i see
that's
a good thing

jill was alice

dominic was enraptured
by the play, by black
scenery changes, by each
numbered seat in central's
auditorium. he loved, giggling,
watching the white rabbit
run across stage. once he waved
at jill & without breaking
her lines she smiled on stage
she saw him waving sitting
between me & ann.
sshhh'd him a few times,
but really, dominic was good,
& jill was a most excellent
alice, an excellent
actress like dominic's mother
she was on that
same stage too,
rachel, my daughter,
at central
highschool before
the life of dominic
was ever dreamed
as real as
jill was
alice
i was an
uncle
at curtain-call
thru the cheers
& yays after the play
jill blows a kiss
i think to dominic
but maybe to my
mother who came too
or to my sister seated
on the other side of me
i nearly burst
tears of
joy
applauding
afterwards inside
the entrance dominic

goes to each still-costumed
cast member
giving each a
jellybean
he has discovered
in his winter
jacket
he gives everyone
ann my mom my
sister dean ray me
a jellybean
he hugs
the white rabbit
he pokes
the mad hatter
with a finger in the belly
& jill, alice in a blue dress,
carries him
around
in a sort of
dream
thru the front-doors
of the highschool
i see april 2nd's
erie snowstorm
still pelting
down

