

TWENTY-SIX POEMS THAT WILL NOT WIN ME 15,000 DOLLARS



a collection of poems by Joseph Goosey

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Biography & Acknowledgments



photo by Mark Smedra

Unfortunately, Joseph Goosey writes poetry. He is not sure but he believes it may one day save him from something quite abysmal. Currently 4th Pabst Blue Ribbon and usually begins writing around

his 6th. Although he is living in Jacksonville, Florida, he likes to pretend that it is actually Northern Oregon. If he is lucky enough, he gets to spend most of his time with a vegan raccoon. He has never received an award for his writing or otherwise. Barring disaster or breakdown, his first print chapbook will be available from Poptritus Press in the fall of 2008.

“Bears Without Honey” and “Bit By The Ant” first published in “Gloom Cupboard.”

“Shabby Beginnings Of A Lengthier Piece” first published in “Thieves Jargon.”

“Weapons Of Several Different Sorts” first published in “MadSwirl”

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Fine Stuff

I am a very good poet.
I know what I am doing and
you should really listen up.
I recommend that you turn my poems
into paintings with oils
or symphonies with oboes.
Did you read that last line?
The one with the oboes?
I mean, really read it,
touch it, listen to it,
snort a line of it
straight up your hungry little nostril???
This is fine stuff we're dealing with
here, really fine stuff.
Print it,
ask me to do a chapbook,
ask me to do a full length manuscript,
ask me to review your poems
and make revisions,
invite me to talk to the class.
I am certain,
I will inspire the shit out of them.

Such An Absence

I am wet here... and hairy, really...
The most fucked ape creature of them all—
Sitting in free tee shirt
handed off to me by who
knows advertising a vast
flogging off of centuries,
minds, and muscle.
South: Somewhere,
through something
like a phone
you ask—
are you
drunk?
No. But it's funny
of you to say,
because earlier
I was wondering aloud
about imitation
meat
leather and
poetry.
When you are around
there is light:
such an absence makes porous the view
and addresses the phone bills.
I peel back sheets and fail
to consider stains that seem to have
returned to clouds without rain.
I hear you
chirping through some green tree of a dream
and scoot
over.

If The Fire Was What You Were In The Market For ...

This is absurd
and as I sit on the toilet
I think about the alternate ways
I could trim my beard
hair. I am told though,
I am in need of a complete
shave. There is too much
of myself on the floor, the rug,
etc. A girl asks why? Why don't
you delete, erase, alter, appear,
LIVE in any decent form???

I cannot answer her.

Gross, sure, but my hairs are
glued to themselves.
I ease into the shower.
My mouth: a fountain of coffee.
My brain: ...

I did not write anything for
one month and 12 days and god-
damn was that magnificent!
Law school won't have me, as I google
the names of murderers on Sunday evenings,
it rains and rains
greatly. And really?
No letters coming in?
Hard to imagine but there is always
the possibility that I botched the return
postage.

On Love

I'd like my book-
shelf to be your
book-
shelf.

Bears Without Honey

And now at 7am yer eyes are closed
dreaming of bears without honey.

I am frightened and
stoned by noon time
for the sake of the vain.

The learned talent of the raccoon is enough.

The freedom we are allotted that allows
for us to drink with longstanding friends
and pass out by sun-down,
it should be
enough.

No more of this—I thought—as I scratched my
scalp and reached for my heart—quit
palpitating—I say—quit or it's curtains
for your ass.

I receive no response, in volume
or in action. Perhaps bronchitis,
perhaps manic depression, some
sort of fall back some excuse but
how?

When is the museum free?

Where will the tree grow?

Who counted the coins?

How Little I Have To Offer You

I keep waiting for something
to arrive
via
horseback but nada and my
god—
how little I have
to offer you
aside
from my eyes
shifted
in your
direction.

Because Of The Fact That When I Was Growing Up My Only Friend Was Frank O'Hara...

I never really had a chance
to go out for the lacrosse team
and now
I cannot play for Dartmouth
College.

Also,
there is a green
fairy
that I know.

And
when she begins
to sense
that I might be feeling down
on myself
(Razor blade and yellow
towel)
she brings me
brown
rice and
potato.

Bit By The Ant

I have decided to begin
drinking,
tambien.
I view the geese
mobbing
other
geese.
And here
are the
girls
in
pink.

Musing Upon A Shit Occupation

I looked about and thought;
I could rob this place, o yes, o yes,
if only I had the follow-through.
But I am sick and my little Christ she is sick too
and it is true that every decent
criminal must possess a loyal cohort.

So remains the 3 dollars in my wallet.

Russell, the supervisor, probably has some hobby
such as indexing imaginary dinosaur fossils
in Midwestern basements.

I close doors simply to see them open.
I open doors simply to see them close.

I cough mucus into the complimentary coffee.
I examine the cup and decide
that drinking the stuff
would be much too degenerate
for a man of such fine
lineage.

I cannot say when I will eat next.
I cannot say whether I will eat at all.

I leer at the clock which pisses itself
into a pool of self-satisfaction.

In the year 2029, I will be replaced
by a laboratory produced chicken
who has been fastened to a steel
platform and
you will be able to reach me
at my recently acquired
Provence
address.

Nobody's French Anymore

To be a doctor of medicine
would be to suck Monterrey jack cheese
through a stirring straw.

Well, we all have our weaknesses
and me? I buy too many t-shirts
attempting to look like somebody
from Wyoming or Oregon or any-
where but beside myself.

Have you noticed nobody
is really french anymore?

I saw a man with 2 women
and I said surely he must
be french and as it turns
out he was a tobacco
Representative from
Nebraska.

I told him to have
a decent afternoon
and looked
at the concrete.

A Less Than Vicious Smile

Maybe 25 thousand dollars

Maybe one less step up to the second floor

Maybe 60 thousand dollars

Maybe a free double cheeseburger, no mayonnaise

Maybe 85 thousand dollars

Maybe a Brazilian ring neck parrot or a cheetah

Maybe coal black hair and a less than vicious smile

Maybe sugar coated angel wings

Maybe 255 thousand dollars

Maybe

not.

Anne, Who Is Very Much Alive And Kicking

We shoot holes into daylight and days
like the time my friend Anne once said she would
bring me luck, promise, sensuality, and a loyal pet
goat. Well, Anne was a compulsive liar but I do not wish
for her to disappear to some unnecessary land.
I lie as well and one day everyone will find out but not
by way of voluntary confession.

The Beating Is Most Vigorous

There is this bird, a finch, I believe and he constantly beats himself up against my window pane. I am quite certain his brains will give out soon from the trauma. The beating is most vigorous around 10am. He is really trying to get rid of himself. I do not even need to set my alarm.

I Only Just Found Out Yesterday

that my cousin not only
suffered from depression
but just got out of the hospital
because he sent a letter
by snail mail to every single
person in his cell phone
contact list that explained
he was sitting in his bed with a gun
and may give up at any moment.
And since he sent this letter
by way of mail, then everyone
thought it was too late. When the
first person came to see if
he was OK, I think it was my
Grandma, she found him
in the backyard sun bathing
nude and covered in acrylic
paint. The gun was sitting
on the kitchen counter.

Well, I told her, we all do our own thing,
don't we?

She gave me a look
that informed me I would not
receive a blow job, ate a piece
of pepper jack cheese,
and walked
out.

I sat there,
thinking that I would like
very much
to become acquainted
with her cousin.

Four Twenty Five

To take in some experience
as the situationists would
is a stupid exercise in fleeting
moments.

What have we come upon?

No more two dollar beer?

I was going to leave you
a 75 cent tip but now,
now I must escape
out the back.

I cannot pay.

An acquaintance phones.
He is going
to look at the
art downtown.

He is going
to eat
burritos.

He is going
to meet up
with

friends.

Weapons Of Several Different Sorts

To say that you are
a liar and that I would
fight you, bare knuckled
in the back alley of anyplace
until you laid on cardboard
bloodied and apologetic
regardless
of the fact
that you are in possession
of what is referred to as
le argot
would be
fact.

There is this oversized
bumble bee doing laps
around the bench
on which I sit.

He refuses to strike,
perhaps out of sheer
lethargy.

Nonetheless...

I feel his sting
but continue to
sit.

While Dying

due to lack
of any decent

correspondence,
a friend sends a copy

of his second play,

just produced.
He has written me in.

He has not changed my name.

Joe wanders on stage.
Smokes cigarette.

Once In New York City

I got lost on the way back to the hotel
from buying a pair of jeans

I got back to the room and my girlfriend
who was currently into very miserable
art that used too much brown

was sitting on the brick red couch staring
at the brick red wall we had the view of
from outside our 28th story
window

She looked as though something had hit her
in the stomach
something like a ball of lead
or news of a death in the immediate
family

you know,
when you take a hose,
and watch the water fill up in the bucket
before you wash your car?

Her eyes were just like that

I said nothing

took my jeans from the brown bag
and tried'em
on

I remember,
I was a thirty
two.

The Absence Of A Proper Diet

There is bacon
in my cabbage and
of course,
the absence of proper
diet doesn't aid
the manic
depression.

But a friend,
she asks,
why, O,
why don't you
consume any
animal
products?

Because, I say,
I've got to have
something
working
in my
direction.

Sometimes, The Sheets Look Real Good

It's dizzying, all this.

Somebody asking for your home address
can be a crude assault on your peace of mind or
an elating gift from the God's of
something.

My teeth are yellowed, from the words
I will not let out.

Cigarette Mouth, Rainy Tile Floors

Will you play scrabble with this
addled brain of mine?

She asked,
Would I care to go to dinner?

Listen,
I said,
I've had this social commentary
piece about
the futility of the sexual
act
that I've been trying to write
since last Thursday
afternoon

Oh,
She said,
Goodnight.

A Few Things

Doesn't anybody have a decent pen
or a paperback novel to pass the time
until 3pm rolls around and I can
waste my time the way I most prefer
it to be put to waste?

The thing about organic tobacco is that
all tobacco is farmed by a real person
in a real field and so how can it be
not organic? I just don't know but
whatsmore is that I can't find
my lighter in a time when it appears
to be needed
most.

A Note Upon The Summer Public

Some lady whose S series must've
broke down on the way to breakfast
today snarls at me like a Los Angeles
dog with a medium-rare steak waved
in front of it. I'm just trying to get through,
I told her. She said that she wanted
that steak. I informed her that she could
have the steak I just wanted to get
through to purchase some dutch choco-
late. Cheers to the people, but count me
out when the fireworks start.

The Shabby Beginnings Of A Lengthier Piece

With nothing else even remotely plausible due to occur
I began engaging in outlandish endeavours.
Lord, everybody is such a fuck and will always be
if you hear them speak at 5am. It's really all one
giant sentence about the economy—
QUAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK—
kind of like that or maybe
like being beaten continuously with a cheese grater
until you bleed from the nose and shit sharp cheddar.

Everything is freezing today.
I forgot to wear leggings.

I want to support both you and our imaginary Siberian huskie with book
royalties
but where is the typer?
Were is the ink???

Sometimes (while counting!) I become overwhelmed.
Thankyou (says a stranger while on a telephone) for the roses.
Red roses?!?! Your dress awaits atop a case of PACIFCO
in the trunk of my 2001 Toyota Camry. There is living going on
in a manner to which I am not accustomed. I cannot tend to myself.
Masturbation, sure, but with everyone complaining about PARKING
sometimes it's most difficult and even unappetizing.

My scalp is terribly nervous in precisely these types of situations.

Your Write Poetry?

Have you ever been published?

He's known me for
8 years and
has been around
to support me
in many times
of stabbing
and acute
disinterest.

Sometimes,
the notion arrives
that you're just shitting
into some void
on the side
of some road.

Obsessions

My fingers are
dusty, they are
cracked and
I will never become
a revolutionary
and rise triumphant
out of the Cleveland
art scene.