

# The Prometheus Collage

Mary Kasimor

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Locofo Chaps is dedicated to publishing politically-oriented poetry.

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*for lana turner*

in every nano-second

those getting rich on algorithms

a factory of poets submits to CEOs

spilling out graffiti

broken like children

a lonely pi

you became the rain in the alley

packed skin to air

i ran away closed my mind

poems bled after 2 am

there were more deer in the factory

a traveler kept her

tapestries anonymous

but it was supposed to be romantic

(fuck the nra)

a ghost baby contains 15% less

carcinogenic light

than a rainbow

a glitch broke the concept kept in  
fractured rhyme  
windows view desire (birds quick)  
monster apps waiting for the escapades  
fingering guns

sold smiling bananas  
wall street shapes our flowers  
the cost of living nailed to ourselves

another virgin birth pours herself into  
the sea salt  
transformed her into a socialist  
the month of may bleeding

for the working class  
laid out drop by drop in frosted  
martini glasses  
children died of intoxication  
rubbing the lotion apple fallacy  
becoming glass smooth  
tongues fallen trees wilderness  
deer frogs  
a water of rain

marked skin blood line continues the product of

fraud

visions transcend the roses

crows peck out windows

the eyes explain ugliness

it never worked for lana turner

*plotting a revolution*

i

an accident when color skids into blood  
below the house white cobwebs  
stitch red  
in clear hands washing stones  
miss balance  
blood finds its nature within stone faces  
speeches from venus a tendency to blue  
all mercury daily news words rot  
what understands yellow in  
morning mustard  
mourning and blighted mutant ants divide  
hard green as they wander through  
channeling gold water beats silver hearts  
green sharpens a firefly betrayed rivers  
frolicking past explosives  
slowing away definitive changes shadows  
perfection raises the dead sharpens  
the plot  
disemboweling plaster interior  
white sleep  
framed ivy interviews achieving  
oceans sat on chairs

wound the stones into water fondles  
oxygen biting apples  
hardening its air oats wheat corn cradle sound  
transparency sleeps beneath a bridge  
feels rust behind curtains stumbles  
past life

ii

forgotten sensations discarded blood types  
in a black room my body forgets  
to touch  
but puzzles connect to lines in a continuum  
if I were connected you could read my mind  
books give soft clues and smell words  
detaining me never  
free of thought  
vision parades itself beauty in rotation  
kept to oneself is cotton whorled rhythm  
and I hear the ocean  
motors changing  
the price of change today  
it isn't the best  
we'll eat bread while wheat fields  
grow crooked  
close to angles are rare crumbs

someone wears a straw hat with  
a crow  
wicked it speaks in free form  
scatters its feathers  
what is the gender of "he" to identify  
one self  
wear pink red holds rage like a fire  
in the river  
you wear your hips slung  
another gun in a holster  
you identify by your male genitalia the slate  
is blank the sky blue  
I've pasted the stars  
to daytime television equal numbers  
and you donate  
yourself is a self-narrative a slur visible  
accidentally built the language using  
slave labor and the men at war  
women drinking tea plot a revolution

*blue hearts in knitting land*

i

there are lists for many types of hunger. the pages are bleak; my voice wears the clothes when the zippers come undone. i have nightmares about what i could be and it is irrelevant because i am irrelevant except for the money i've made for them and my clothes—how my innocence is dressed for comfort even though the seams are shared by me and the women in the factory. only 14 hour days, and i hide behind excuses. i will not become the words that you have given me. i will take my own and mold them into shock treatments; i will recognize them by their blue hearts.

ii

this quasi-sanity bites its tongue—calligraphic motion in word dance. i know the factory produces a cacophony of lonely garbage coded by slaves. in advertising the victims hide behind curtains spying on us; many gathered data gunshots, protecting us, fighting behind us. i am in my clothes still and pulled apart, identified as fingerprints and dental work in knitting land, wearing old women jeans. therefore, i am an old woman with wisdom working out of a wrinkled past died black hair mud between toes emerging from rivers. we are refilled by new labor when babies spit out blue and pink wings, nowhere the stink of everyday every word. angels of saints' abstinence kept our bodies clean with chemical bags unrecognized in folk tales' television.

xiii

there was this situation about power  
the commodity was blood  
trading veins hollowed  
us out  
eating the scabs

cut rate  
the diamonds drew blood  
dominating our punctured diameters

we sat in the snow  
weakened as we leaked out  
like bleach water

we were the bombs downgraded to gun power  
we were the victims incinerating our bones

crawled out  
of our orifices  
leaked into the sea  
fish bled sea water  
an immense ending says we are blood  
coagulating with nature

coagulating the blood of martyrs  
in deep freeze sitting out in the snow

*the prometheus collage*

w.here the rebels breed            in streets  
painting            over Graffiti art towed left  
by the ocean            a/s.ucking daylight  
as you think /wrongly    insanity Bite.s your face  
and you have Nothing to show    and nothing  
to tell            changing the            god  
into The d.og            the trapez.e artist who  
balances Prometheus            the pain  
the Dissonance            of slaves    who /weep by  
the Wall            but you will fix things so that  
.art            is free            you will heroic.ally  
thump            your heart            making it begin  
in rhy.thm with the rest of us    sleeping with  
microbes.            and frogs  
and menstrual Bloo.d that changes    the instinct  
of your daughters            christened without  
doubt/ The Original            si.n of the rich

*dream consciousness*

a sullen war absorbs dark      birds  
fingered atmosphere itself      a broken scar  
collecting boxed idiots' darkness  
stuffing words into a/      void  
    crashing  
teeth bitterly  
chew the leg      thinking  
thoughts get screwed into a light bulb  
today I      am foraging  
sex peels off  
    like /dead skin  
down to the bitter      roots of skulking  
    potatoes rooting      around  
for dream consciousness  
pressed flowers into a number  
    too lonely  
to think      but we are bolder than rats  
exhuming the horizon's sky  
stashed beaming light /candles      voices sun  
because she has left behind  
    a vision /collides  
spinning calico      the loom lays in  
broken threads  
collects a still      life of gray winds  
west's tangible      finger the sound  
of broken addicts

*speeding algorithms*

i

speeding through algorithms  
in this urgent time of dripping rain  
the weather breaks us up into pieces  
with never enough sheets to drape the bodies  
all our rotund bodies in a row  
persecuting the numbers  
let it be corn and another hybrid of the soul  
advertising plato  
condensed ethos and pathos into a balloon  
to further our fame  
we are the flamethrowers with rancid tongues

ii

*the blues in our smoke*  
*the blues in our incisions*  
*a photo of our blues*

iii

*before us a slice of garden*  
the first morning sitting out on grass and  
motion  
soon I slept and awoke next to a name  
scarlet  
and star  
linen is a country  
a bat is in its hierarchy  
a bat's own small black  
a mouse's edge

*only the fake news beats you up*

so there is this man sitting next to me  
i only imagine his eyes are gray  
the past has nothing to do with him  
it is in the only city with a population of 103  
futures  
i'll lure you into one  
exploding my hand wide open  
today the word is spoiled  
the bread is like a bird with its brains  
in the oven  
imagine yourself as a simple leg leaning  
against another leg  
then it falls into the river  
everything collapses  
i want to get to know you but i have reached  
my quota of understanding  
today it won't stop itself hellbent  
it resuscitates moonlight  
the last gentle thing on earth  
misguided and unable to make money  
just a smallish bird of blue  
when it releases its wings it will lose itself  
in the dumpster cavorting with the flies  
and its other single leg  
now i will look inside myself for guidance  
then i will look outside for only a direction  
today we will play with fine rubber tubing  
yesterday we rolled fire off the mountain  
tomorrow i will keep myself away  
from burning mountains  
placing myself in the middle of something  
important  
it makes me want to throw up all the pearls  
and mercury that i swallowed  
i'm lit like a tree

and the pain is lit in the body part  
when i leave quickly for the future  
we will be without clothes except  
for the shoes wearing us thin  
in the puddles of water  
the dark narrow streets are accused of murder  
i am living in literature  
where men fear women's blood

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