

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

Locofo Chaps

2017

Eileen Tabios – *To Be An Empire Is To Burn*

Charles Perrone – *A CAPacious Act*

Francesco Levato – *A Continuum of Force*

Joel Chace – *America's Tin*

John Goodman – *Twenty Moments that Changed the World*

Donna Kuhn – *Don't Say His Name*

Garin Cycholl – *Country Musics 20/20*

Mary Kasimor – *The Prometheus Collage*

mIEKAL aNd – *Manifesto of the Moment*

Eileen Tabios, ed. – *Puñeta: Political Pilipinx Poetry*

Gabriel Gudding – *Bed from Government*

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