



andrew k peterson

The Big Game Is Every Night

Andrew K. Peterson

Locofo Chaps | Chicago 2017

The Big Game Is Every Night
Copyright © 2017 by Andrew K. Peterson

Locofo Chaps is an imprint of Moria Books.
www.moriapoetry.com

Locofo Chaps is dedicated to publishing politically-oriented poetry.
Chicago USA 2017

Contents

- The Big Game is Every Night / 1
- Poem Placed on the Green Monster During Law Enforcement
Counter-terror Practice Fenway Park June 12th 2016 / 2
- Poem Placed on BU Footbridge Over Storrow Drive Where
Santos Laboy was Shot and Killed by Massachusetts State
Trooper June 19th 2015 / 3
- Poem Placed in an Old Pair of New Balance Sneakers and Left on the
Stoop at New Balance Factory Outlet Store on Ted Berrigan's
Birthday / 4
- Poem for Nasty Women / 5
- Poem on the Anniversary of *The Day Lady Died* / 7
- Photograph of Jacques Prévert at the Zoo / 8
- Sad Clown Portrait / 10
- Poem for Businessmen or, Wrong Shirt / 12
- Alternative Fact / 13
- High Contrast / 15
- Poem for The Earth Archive / 19
- Serious Moonlight / 21
- Poem for Empire / 22
- Better Waterfalls / 25
- Born at Night / 26
-
- Notes* / 29
- Acknowledgements* / 30

The Big Game Is Every Night

i.m. Jason Molina

being young enough to know
enough not to keep reburning
the Civil War, should i give up
on giving into disbelief? maybe
stop letting chains binge
on charms of my lover's mouth?
in a pink pink pink
punk swoon love adjusts
its difficulties, readjusts
its power as you can
make a mirror warm
as you fall back into your
love of one more thing
as vulnerable clarity

through their going
some return to you
through the impact
of needing, being
kneaded through
alms that steady
the blush, to skim
the lake for good vibrations
small and unhidden –
slow going, but it is going

it's a big game
& the big game
is every night,
a mountainous rose
swells of diamond surfers,
dub sparks on the moon's hood,
a wolf at the brim of her kind

Poem Placed on the Green Monster During
Law Enforcement Counterterror Practice
Fenway Park June 12th 2016

Unarmed & unarmed &
awake awake awake
we dance that peace we dance
that space of peace
with a list of wildflowers
seen a century of Junes ago,
returns to undo your removals,
silence the tracks of your hammers,
the spells of summer in our eyes

*Castanea, Borage, Buxus, Rubus,
Campanula pyramidalis,
Aquilegia, Cupressus,
Bellis simplex Bellis perennis,
Arum dracunculus, Fritillaria imerialis,
Narcissus Sylvestris,
Digitalis, Erica vulgaris,
Iris flammea, Arundo bambos,
Xaranthemum anumm, Junipurnis,
Lilium, Asphodelus*

Unarmed and unarmed
& ache, & ache, & ache
we dance that space
we dance that peaced out space
overheat the wax from your wings
with the sun-high priestess of flower bullets!
oh complex city heart
let these spells of summer transmit from thine eyes

Poem Placed on BU Footbridge Over Storrow
Drive Where Santos Laboy Was Shot and Killed
By Massachusetts State Trooper June 19th 2015

Thorn-trees bloom
by a little village
in southern Brazil
named, I'm told,
misunderstanding
a loose translation,
for nearby thorns –
Não-Me-Toque –

(Don't-Touch-Me)
will not cross
you anymore,
bridge crossed too many times

when I can barely hold my own
hands, it forgives;
when there's nothing to –
forget it. *Forgive me*
all my words – touch
is a form of absence.

Não-Me-Toque.
Não-Me-Toque.

No need to chase a man
just because he runs.

Poem Placed in an Old Pair of New Balance
Sneakers and Left on the Stoop at New Balance
Factory Outlet Store on Ted Berrigan's Birthday

my name is [your name] and I am your constituent –

The shoes of the fisherman
are some jive-ass slippers.
The shoes of the fisherman's wife
The shoes of the fisherman's ex-wife
are some hive-mass trip-ass tippers

Not even the angels want to wear
my red shoes
from the overflowing brim
of a high-mind american
moral bargain bin
walked too far with
worn down heels,
the ghosts of old balance –
power, its stultifying molds

the dream of keeping it together, –
tender not fragile – being
“the literary one” at the office,
asked to explain difference
between Roman and Greek Tragedy
while a childhood speaks its riot
(fear, taken out of context,
fails both sides of the divide)
this one being either violet thrush or
sunburst sits until the end of the anthem,
stands before the game already begun

Poem for Nasty Women

after / ♥ Eileen Myles

Reading Eileen

But without
the confidence. angst
is a cave, dank &
plain, drawn in
rest on the flight
out to Egypt. No,
Nantasket Beach,
in a Mercury, from
Minerva to Aglauros:
bake me out of this stone.
I sleep in your spirit
blued shadow
mouth w/ 3 white tulips'
lightning bolts

against an iceberg.
The guard guarding
protecting & protected
by beauty all day
looks stoned
“simplicity defies
resolution”

How's it any moment
I'm repping denim, flannel, leather,
rubber, fleece, alpaca, yak's wool
copper orangutan college sweatshirt
“step out of your comforts of illusion”

into samsaric armfuls? exactly
less than and far from
these removals as I hoped
I wouldn't be

losing you Eileen
I wouldn't be
losing my fantasy game
to the driver whipping
round a museum's drop off circle
avoiding waddlers gagging
the fens expressing it thru
blinding lack of reciprocity
as Staties ha
rangué that hydrant blocker

but reading Eileen
without the confidence
makes curl & sway
a deer in arrow-light
foam cups
an aching cloud
so the flag snaps
backwards
to the tune of
my illusions
this time
leading with stars

Poem on the Anniversary of *The Day Lady Died*
i.m. Billie

what am I doing in a Star
Market the day *The Day Lady*
Day Died waiting for a song
come on & on & on & on
inside my eyes outside rings

dumb signs at “respectful distances”
around Planned Parenthood
hey y’all if you’re going to
pray for something, sure lets

for howabout a crosswalk
to safely cross these tracks
IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII *clickety-clack*
while summer swandives to
a sunburn and “everyone stopped
breathing” all the going, blissing

out getting off a season I’m
a reason if forgetting oohing passive
inoculations’ glompy muss of
crystal blue persuasions
to goombye at hone in on

so not done but gone over oh
to think I thought it makes
life & the city better)
aspirined aloed granolaed gummied
unborn under bunches,
no, that ache comes later,
is as if it wasn’t more than much

Photograph of Jacques Prévert at the Zoo

and at the Par Zoologique de Paris
on a gray spring day I saw that old poet
in Birdland muttering
what shitstupidity something something

and parakeets screamed about the proletariat
and bourgeois cockatoos cooed without end about
winter homes in barkless cork trees of Cadiz

and later at the elephant cage I saw him in
his dark gentleman's suit eyebrows arched hat
askew whistling an Edith Piaf tune
smoking Gitanes

and watching a pale young boy in a black beret
feeding peanuts to an elephant with sawed
off tusks who stretched his trunk
thru the iron bars a prisoner reaching
for a puff from freedom's cigarette

and in his eyes I saw atrocities
the homeless birds the sagging trees
and I saw that, these days, every kind gesture
is its own tiny miracle

and the elephant blew a grand sad chord
with his trumpet-nose
and the boy dropped the peanuts and ran
and the birds that could fly away, did

and Prévert picked up the peanuts
packed the peanuts in his pocket
nodded at the elephant
whispered Oui, what shitstupidity
the cages the war the men the money

and thru the rain he walked the av du St. Maurice
and handed out miracles to passing strangers
wearing frowns overcoats umbrella hats

and some ate the	peanuts
and some tossed away the	peanuts
and some made butter from	peanuts
and some fed the pigeons their	peanuts

and soon Paris burned under Gestapo boots
and the birds that could fly away, did

Sad Clown Portrait

would've hexed late discomforts
with mossy voladeros
but for morning's thorn-trumpets'
preemptive counter-hex

would've ooh childed insomnia
with a minotaur orchid
but for my sad nose talisman
couldn't let go of it from the fire

would've supplanted anxious chance
with indecent taste
but for dark raid sprays
from somnambulant third eyes

would've challenged the infinite
to dueling banjos
but for digitalis intimations'
grave amateur hour status

would've canted orbit's milligrams
with augmenting fates
but for martinis of fire
propping up my yuppie front

would've asked for all your love
I would I would've
but for the demon me believed
I couldn't keep up

would've given up on all the rest
but for sky's living museum
running on fumes'
blithe river gowns
grieving up the rests
for all the grace of your unknown

Poem for Businessmen or, Wrong Shirt

Before a big production meeting some businessmen, presenters and clients alike, gather in the public restroom, primping and adjusting, rehearsing phrases in the mirror like so many hot-air hand-dryers. Some invisible Pan removes their shirts and flings them in a cottony mountain on the restroom floor. The men, now each stripped of their carefully shaped professional identity, desperately sift through the pile of shirts for their own; however, the relative similarities in the cuts, sizes, and colors result in various mistaken identities, discombobulating false starts: discomfits from a too tight color, a too long sleeve, an errant pattern, an unfamiliar stripe. Despite frantic obfuscations, the men collectively pull together. By the time of the meeting, any attempts to impress the potential client, or intimidate with hard-lined negotiation tactics, proves ineffective, as each man from the bathroom looks around the table, out-of-breath, face discolored, silently terrified that at some critical negotiation point, they may be exposed by a savvier, more opportunistic businessman at the same table, who might break their silent pact – though troubling the line, if one were to be exposed, the whole outfit would be implicated – that every one of them at the table was wearing the wrong shirt...

Alternative Fact

“On a January morning
I walked fifteen blocks
In a country I can
no longer remember,
passed a beggar
worth \$9.2 billion –
They are the gun, I –
riding high on the 80s
reverse tornado of
European fashion –
the trigger. Often
I say germs are just
another form of negativity
it’s good to be paranoid
see your spreadsheets
as a breathing organism
For the lift of a dream
I keep my door open
the only way up is out
Nixon said / Carl Jung
said won’t stop until
I’m done. decided to
shake hands, with
my own hands
It’s medical fact
this is how we carry hell inside
every time I hear
UFO sightings in Montana,
I know who it is
Elvis Presley
in *West Side Story*
I hope they have enough
Space. All of us need
Possibilities of so many
foreign nationalities
I don’t have enough
Time to be a scholar,

Writing is a form of
thinking the word
persona from the
Latin meaning “mask.”
It’s necessary
I remember the line
from Shakespeare
“my cartoon is as real
as Michelangelo”
a true cathedral builder
built a spectacular
Chanel No. 5 waterfall
You don’t have to sing
Danke Schoen
to be like Thoreau
I aspire to my quiet
city sparkling
Prewar
resembles a skeleton
on a golf course
a handsome hunk
of glass in a memento
box by a desk with
events that matter
will keep you aware
of good fortune: a new store-opening smell, the Luca Luca fashion
show at Bryant Park, cashmere overcoat at a baseball game,
applications and videotapes, my father’s annotated copy of *The
Power of Positive Thinking*, lucky sperm lotto ticket shadow lurking
in the studios of *The View*, bundles of cookbooks from a lady in
Illinois, Aretha Franklin’s assistant, one of Shaquille O’Neil’s
oversized sneakers, X-ray vision a great-looking salad ditto those
Belgian truffles, the ground under our racetracks paid for by a
committee of one, a relatively fixed-price commodity, the winning
team, early morning hours best for this kind of reflection, a small leak
sinking a great ship, truck fire in a snowstorm from someone else’s
truck, another new store-opening smell, Monsanto in the corn, I
hope you too, become
rich. You have made me
what am I today?”

High Contrast

after Gabor Szabo

Breezin'

(after Grenier)

wind as slight a yellow
butterfly above her
 shorter

“we alter things
 we haven't made ourselves”

•

Amazon

Overheard:

“can you stop suffering
for, like, a minute?”

the consensus is / an engine
is dumber than a gun & that's hard.
What's “move forward”? Anything can
call an apse an apse.
What's that BOOMING out there?
What's “an economy”?
Grease the rose of reason?

•

Fingers

Of an out-of-range-
quaker sculpting
color on the sites
of former theatres
to project
 all forgotten loves
on the scrim of
your closed eyes.
Hold on
to what you have –
so little. Of.

•

Azure Blue

If a flag to fault
for-
giving Saints
the choice
to stand for
for, or not

“attention now
wistfully drifting
into distance” (Sotere Torregian)

•

Just a Little Communication

brah yelling from
out the blue
passenger side
FREE RIDE !

FREE RIDE !!
to the bus stop
queue not. sure.
do you
think he means his

privilege like a tooth
glistens
mistily whistles,
as it loosens,
 falling
 from the top of the order

•

If You Don't Want My Love

while bootlegging
The World Series
search results for
“how do you say
'how do you say'
in French”
returns: translated
slang for French Kissing
as “to roll a shovel”

comment dites-vous

“racist Indians cap” ?

Final Score:

Bad Guys 1,

Good Guys

aren't keeping score

•

I Remember When

I remember when this place used to be a City Sports.

I remember when this place used to be a Strawberries.

I remember when this place used to be The Globe Corner.

I remember when this place used to be a Hilltop.

There, no longer

Here, & ever

More, the body

Passes by. Queens

The mind with

Laurel.

Witch Hazel.

Money Tree.

Pink & green &

How to dance

An avalanche.

Peace Lily.

Poem for The Earth Archive
for Danielle Vogel

This ash is from
A poem I burned
But had intended on sending
In the dream I wore purple
Ribbons on my shoulder
I was a winner I was
MR MASSACHUSETTS
but wrong to think this
song is about me. Forgive me
I had misread your instructions as
“This sash is from”
A purple flame burnt against the sky

•

This air is from an empty
Purse of island prints
imperfect and lonely
As dull things – monied – go
To unbroken space
Passed through the between
As celebrants chant
U!S!A! U!S!A!
while I reply
UP! ALL NIGHT!
UP! ALL! NIGHT!

•

This water's from a yak's beard
that just drank its lake reflection
in a Tibetan portrait exhibit
or at least, it wished it was, cos
this water's from the bubbler
that missed your mouth and
daubed the sneaker
You wore last time to this museum
To see some other portrait
Yes, you have a membership.
It says you are a frequent visitor.

•

This earth is from
The grave I dug for the planet
But flung up to the stratosphere
It hovers, nowhere to land
Among tomorrow's islands
sorry for the clutter
of this groovy digger's song
It's Saturday morning in the Universe
Around the earth people
look wonderful together

Serious Moonlight

i.m. David Bowie

moonlight is monument to memory's fresh new dance clothes set to atremble
moonlight to the road's laminate foxglove blotting out forgottens –
moonlight on your violin eyelash of a dilated lunar synthesizer
moonlight of whales swimming backwards to the top of a waterfall
moonlight on the window of a bubble in afternoon plain-sight
moonlight faster than sap
moonlight in a genocide, would you moonlight if you knew?
moonlight on a crowd of blue-haloed mourners
moonlight's pained minerals on the orphan chapel ceiling
moonlight above friends' arms linked in protest
moonlight on high water crotch of an airblind camp grabbed back at
moonlight from all directions where you cannot reach
moonlight you're a ghost conch ululating alms culminating in an urn-flame
moonlight on the moon where neither seem lost
moonlight in the moonlight in the serious moonlight of an oh unserious moon

Poem for Empire

“There’s a lot in (the history of the United States)... that you’re proud of, and then there’s a lot of things in it that you’re ashamed of. And that burden, that burden of shame, falls down. Falls down on everybody.” – Bruce Springsteen, The River Tour, 1981

To Fall,	
falling	from accident
(accidental)	to aircraft –
building	animal (in sport
burning	or transport)
private	animal-drawn vehicle
	balcony
Falling down	bed
escalator	bicycle
ladder	bridge
in boat, ship,	building
watercraft	burning
staircase	private
stairs, steps –	cable car
see Fall, from,	(not on rails)
stairs, earth	chair
(with asphyxia	cliff
or suffocation	curb (sidewalk)
(by pressure))	elevation aboard ship
(see also Earth,	due to accident
falling)	embankment
	escalator
Falling from, off	flagpole
aircraft	gangplank
(at landing,	(into water)
take-off)	(see also Fall, from)
(in-transit)	to deck, dock
(while alighting,	hammock on ship
boarding) resulting	

haystack
high place
stated as undetermined
whether accidental or
intentional –
see Jumping,
from, horse
ladder
machinery
pedal cycle
playground equipment
railway rolling stock,
train, vehicle
(while alighting,
boarding)

Falling, with

collision
derailment
explosion
rigging
(aboard ship)
scaffolding
structure
burning
toilet
tower
tree
turret
viaduct
wall
wheelchair
window

Falling in, on

aircraft
watercraft
cutting or piercing
instrument
or machine –
see Cut
glass, broken
knife
see cut, object,
edged,
pointed or
sharp –
see Cut

Falling into

cavity
dock
hold
hole
manhole
moving part
of machinery –
see accident,
machine
opening
in surface
pit
quarry
shaft
storm drain
tank
water

well (with drowning
late effect of or submersion)

Falling, over

animal
cliff
embankment
small object
overboard
rock
as avalanche
stone

Falling through

hatch (on ship)
due to accident to
watercraft
roof
window
timber
railway train
street car
empire
waterfall

Better Waterfalls for Joe Bender

some of the better
waterfalls have lead
times of several
hundred thousand
years! a wound rivers
until an ever riven-
venom of movers
mend a miramar or
stand a pyramid
on its head, not worry
as it topples, ringing
how rebellion governs
in a demonstrating
negative absolute
you don't need to tell
the better water
fallers: it's time
to fall, not worry
as it topples, ringing
out, it's only now,
and only just arriving

Born at Night

I love you so much fun
In the I-can't-stand-it
sullen dulls and trellises
born at night
when I have to be good
to be a good time
The fact is
I can't see its fact
I can't tell the difference:
The only thing that it could have and
The only thing that I should have
I love for its necessity
to let it back in
I can see it as excuse
when you're at a time
when the fact is to live
what you want to
to have a good night
be a new version
of the same old way
to love is to have
some living proof
no one said it's an easy
on the edge of that dark lake
on my way home to work
the best part of the day
when I get to be good for
no one else but singe
I love you so much fun
to strangers on the bus
in my mind & leave them

every one for no one else
after a squall crossing
border leaves
I know you mean to love me
so much fun
the quaint way
a quiet man stomps
snow & salts off the quiet
in the middle of a squall
a calm New England way
a living proof
will I inherit? quiet?
in the middle of a squall

Notes

Fenway Park Poem: Flower names were notated in a used copy of the field guide *How to Know the Wildflowers* by Mrs. William Starr Dana. Scribner's, 1911. The book's previous owner wrote detailed notations of her flower observations over a period of 50 years, beginning in the 1910s.

New Balance Poem: A week after 2016 Election, Boston-based New Balance VP of Communications Matt LeBretton made a pro-Trump comment in regards to the then-president-elect's position on the Trans-Pacific Partnership. Social media response to the company included product bans, and protestors trashing or burning their New Balance products. For more information about consumer-related Trump affiliations, visit grabyourwallet.org.

Alternative Fact: Collage of phrases/ideas from Donald Trump and Meredith McIver's "book" *How to Get Rich*. Ballantine Books/A Random House Publisher, 2004.

Poem for The Earth Archive: Poet Danielle Vogel commissioned this poem to appear in *The Earth Archive* at RISD Museum, Providence RI. The exhibit welcomed visitors to "engage with the elemental principles of art and nature through chance encounters, musical reverie, poetic musings, and art explorations—all incorporating elemental themes of fire, water, air, and earth."

Poem for Empire: Found poem from the International Classification of Diseases Clinical Modifications (ICD-9-CM) Professional Edition for Physicians.

Acknowledgements

Many thanks to the fearless editors of the small presses and journals where some of these poems first appeared:

No Infinite, Issue 4 Election Special (Mitch Manning): “Poem Placed on the Green Monster During Law Enforcement Counterterrorism Practice Fenway Park June 12th 2016” and “Poem Placed on BU Footbridge over Storrow Drive where Santos Laboy Was Shot and Killed by Massachusetts State Trooper June 19th 2015”

Reality Beach (Adam Tedesco and Anna Kreienberg): “Born at Night”, and “Sad Clown Portrait”

Vortex (Sandra Dejadans): “Photograph of Jacques Prévert at the Zoo”

Other Rooms Press’ *Open Resistance Issue 8* (Michael Whalen and Ed Go): “The Big Game is Every Night”, “Poem for Businessmen or, Wrong Shirt”, “High Contrast”, and “Poem Placed in an Old Pair of New Balance Sneakers and Left on the Stoop at New Balance Factory Outlet Store on Ted Berrigan’s Birthday”

Unlimited thank yous to friends and family who helped guide this work into shape. Much gratitude to William Allegrezza for taking a chance on my poetry. And all strength and solidarity to the editors, publishers, writers, artists, activists, and protesters who are giving their all to keep the world safe for poetry, prose, and humanity. Onward.



Andrew K. Peterson is the author of three poetry books, most recently *Anonymous Bouquet* (Spuyten Duyvil Press) and previously, *Museum of Thrown Objects* and *some deer left the yard moving day* (both BlazeVox Books). His chapbook *bonjour merivether and the rabid maps* (Fact-Simile Press) was featured in an exhibition on poets' maps at the University of Arizona's Poetry Center. His performance-based writing has appeared in Ugly Duckling Presse's *Emergency Index 2012*; he also contributed to Jennifer Karmin's collaborative performance *4000 WORDS 4000 DEAD* (Kora Press). Peterson co-founded and edits the poetry journal *summer stock*, and lives in Boston.

Locofo Chaps

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*

Eileen Tabios (ed.) – *Puñeta: Political Pilipinx Poetry*

Gabriel Gudding – *Bed From Government*

mIEKAL aND – *Manifesto of the Moment*

Garin Cycholl – *Country Musics 20/20*

Mary Kasimor – *The Prometheus Collage*

lars palm – *case*

Reijo Valta – *Truth and Truthmp*

More information on Locofo Chaps can be found at
www.moriapoetry.com.



LOCOFO CHAPS
chicago IL