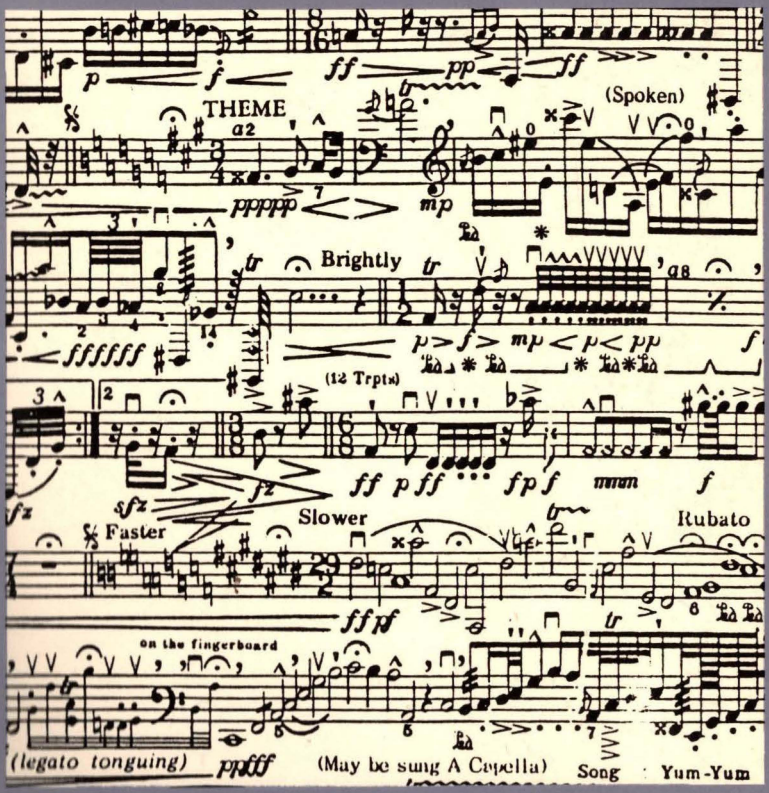
Prate City



MICHAEL ANDERSON

PRATE CITY

Also by Michael Anderson

Vrille
The Violent Man
Locative Poesis
Tripled Sixes

PRATE CITY

MICHAEL ANDERSON

working notes of february | los angeles

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For Steven Farmer, who doesn't live here.

Generally speaking, love has not as its object a human body, except when an emotion, the fear of losing it, the uncertainty of finding it again have been infused into it. This sort of anxiety has a great affinity for bodies. It adds to them a quality that surpasses beauty even; which is one of the reasons why we see men who are indifferent to the most beautiful women fall passionately in love with others who appear to us ugly. To these people, these fugitives, their own nature, our anxiety fastens wings. And even when they are in our company the look in their eyes seems to warn us that they are about to take flight. The proof of this beauty, surpassing the beauty added by the wings, is that very often the same person is, in our eyes, alternately wingless and winged.

Marcel Proust

home of

Fettucine Leon
Scampi
Cannelloni (lolita)
Chicken Dean Martin
Cappucino

"Make me ugly," she prayed to God. "Then
I can love You alone."
God heard her prayer and she became very ugly.

Je suis faim de loup. Et
tu aussi, mon cher?
I leaned over to brush the cigarette ashes off my coat.
A girl on the make for a bullfighter you don't
exactly expect that she came out of a convent.
There's a row of adobe huts one
story high, and washed blue, or pink, or
green, or whatever it happens to be.

a coffee cake on the other side that scratched fleas

PATIO DE LOS NARANJOS

Elmore James says:
rootlets, hemp collar, columbarium,
morselings, apopemptic lovers, noli
me tangere, plane fare, lukewarm
reveries, tongued thigh, gladiolas,
Culver City ass, thrice pierced lobe,
chiasmatic iterate, willed plurivocity,
calamity swivel pins, birdlime, sperm
ointment, the damnedest bud,
spelunker's cough, hand support on the
anteroparietal region, rectangular
violet pastilles, cash register spoken,
flanked by pica, hitch-hiker, twin
comers, epistemic twins, undressed
tintinnabulum, la poitrine ferme,
until the beautiful she

PRATE CITY

non possum quin exclamen

mote-ocular

gotten hoarse shouting down lengths
of Los Angeles

where we pestered and throve;
little cricket conscience the
inebriates kill

where haciendas are delible
frontal aspects

LARGESSE

Sod rolls on Bellhurst in front of
the actor's Spanish Colonial Revival digs

annulus tongued
and perhaps an aquarium of spermatozoa

Which car did you bring?
you little judas

Valéry is akin
and as rebarbative

GRACELESS EXIT

Property being theft, the
background has stolen the foreground

Dishwater thirsted for; I am a
megapolitan, while you are rural trash;
I am at home in a casino.

From the thresher comes the bundled chaff;
you tinkle in your soixante-neuf.

A positive swindle below the eucalyptus

SLIM WHITE MALE

You've been goofing in father's Jag,
totaled it, now you're dead meat.

Your Asian girlfriend thinks you smell
like milk and runs up the maximum
on the Gold Card you put in her name.

They wouldn't let you into Flaming
Colossus last week, and you've been
brooding ever since.

Food tastes like cardboard since
you began doing smack; the tape
deck in your bedroom is jammed
and replays the same New Order
cassette endlessly.

WET BLACK SLACKS

Now Jamulationism is the
dominant ideology; wastebook
aphorisms stall out;
what is not apotropaic is a
truncated cone worn on the head.

Truth to tell, unbuttoning the
trousers, the rootstock is already
moiled, the odor of oysters is
stifling in the agora.

Thirty aged at the flower mart,
a gladiola purchase for the visitor
and a grapple

to display the vulva is apotropaic

GREETING CARD WRITERS ARE NAMELESS DEADLINE POETS

pornographic wordsmith,
danza tipica

Cognomen that unstifles
him is 'Professor' or 'Wart,'
lolling on the tarmac

during his incumbency at the
Hollywood Apts. he was a little
shit.

miscegenating

The Black and Tan in the money
jungle

THE BROOM THAT SWEEPS THE UNDERPASS

In an earthquake we will die;
c'mon little satanic one,
fellate on a deathbed.

whisky écossais et
et plurimum odium

less hospitable to a
skinny jacket in cerise,
a locale where beauty sidles up anonymously

Administrated summer at the
Stilt-House; the interiorised
homelessness of passagework

the southern californian

avers she hasn't

the perishable
the fungible

GO DOWN IN LILAC TIME

maniac du stupre et du dépucelage,
groceries on the catafalque;
settee for twin derriere,
and this lessening of the copulation

this is her pointure foot
half-pint scotch

In the neighborhood of the latter a
plasma bridge

In deference to the groom
do not run down the mariachis
whose inconstant and brutal
encloset in whimsicality
their sorcière vaudou en musique.

HYPERTENSIVE NECK, ARMS HALF-FLEXING

chalk knuckles and curious bones,
human limbs with plant-like terminations

buttocks on the tea tray

a prick in the air for Satan

Metacarpal bones in a whiskey jigger,
chin stubble the clitoris is aggravated
by, an astrologist's femur.

aphanisis, yet an incisor skirts the prepuce
and quoin and teat

et latebra nam coitus

His divinity on the sand
dépassé le souci

The quoin of a pleated skirt.

melioristic votive candle ignition,
despite the job that dephlogisticates

cellophane midriff
smut catcall

The duration of a larval stage.

little sallies onto the mons

Maybe she's gnomish in Pacific
Palisade
while he's in arrears on the paint

Male hustler after my very own
and depucelated little people

embroiled in the crockery elf

quam veretrum
not fondant

Tuesday evening at Water the Bush
in the crook of the penis

regular morning location for outdoor urination

from the slacks, a rind

A harm-maker, a confection
puffs out a rodomontade
Messieurs et Mesdames

Saggital not at peace

tired, tired of this person
creditors and boosters alike

Tithe something

FAUX MARBLE SEXINESS

punctiform lust in tagmeme slur

didn't I see you in the Movieland Wax
Museum with others of your kind

an enfilade of beholding
warring fictions
of who swallowed whom

Kunstkritik und Nutte

Honeyed cordial
Fragonardesque
with knees up

Luxury is a stupid term, is
annulled provocation

Terriers lepping

THE GINSENG MAN

Don't you recognize me—
your future ex-husband?
I, the one who can't abide
your stupid poetry, though
I was chivalrous enough to
feign enjoyment of it?

Didn't you swallow the Ginseng
Man? From the village so
like those you pillaged on
shopping expeditions? Your
slump-shouldered white man
is trained to wait near the
storefront, a placid turd, in
his sweater.

A PERFORMATIVE IN TWO STANZAS

Dimissorial, and less rapt, I've
begun to profane you while this,
sous rature, est le renvoi de la poetique.

My eloquence precedes me and everyone
comments on it; give me back
the books I lent, and I'll
return yours.

1.

I fought in the street after a
poetry reading; personne est
une femme audacieuse, et personne

The sinew that
shrank, the halt-pallor
of hospitality spurned, the shit
the cadaver bundles into.

The earlobe
the gift hangs from.

amatorculus demoliri

The little address
made from the
tether of hate.

2.

I no longer read, even in the kitchen;
the eremite one

Conciliatoriness toward
the little disenchantments
Kunstfreundlich zu kranke kunst

nuque

rivulet

She is wrought-up by
the menses
aggravated by inhuman disabilities

and the impractical himself

LANDSCAPE

Grupo de la Tinieblas, Grupo de Diablo, Grupo de la
Pócima
in the Centrum

oughtn't sanatory
deki nai

Foodstalls of male biddies

or by an excision which removes the
flourish in the merest cardboard
moistened from a
baptism of glue

NEW LOST COURAGE

Be patient. Restive one who flattens
the tin whistle, the tinsmith who
denies both tune and trade.

face down in a gunnysack;
so goes izzat in a tedious
martyrologic extrapolation

On the escalator up to the hatbox
alongside the churlish bric-a-brac

SUGAR DISSOLUTE IN VODKA

vide thingifying among poinsettia
lady agitating for a removal

oh witness of the sexual act

Furniture and cladding and handbill
and glaircase

Sputter with putti for bemusement.

in gaudicalor

He wrote, being a lowly hack, with
such speed, that he had to keep
a printing press at the head of his bed.

daunts us not to look under the
canopy of the bassinet

SOUGHT VEINED HAND

I love the substantiality of myself
after having had the empty wrist
away from mollycoddle.

potter's field in the Zechariah

That which is lobbed in a muddiness
toward who is fawned-over.

in the recurrent swarthiness

pumpkin halved, licorice waft
and all the updraft scent of it

PLEASE LET'S LEAVE

Ambiente de joyeria
new mown

Waiting on the kake kotobuki
greyed selvedge

Step over the trench plate martial time
and don't hope for a minute

REMARKS ON DOLOR

Corpse in the air-conditioning duct
near the homemade bondage mechanism

and the neatly arranged mason jars,
some partly filled with urine.

The clothes bundled on the portico of
the historic site. The clothes bundled
on the portico of the historic site.

that spattered owing to the semitruck having
too long a braking distance/ a
crescive possibilitarian/ now as
weakly luminous, now as merely grey

Money is ignorance
scumbling this a box lunch

They were unloading the prop Oscars
from a semitruck on Hope Street
—an algebraic cameo lyricized
in the spoke Clown White of recollect groceries

Theologic respite, a buffaloed stickler
finally detaches from a womb-leaping
speech pathologist.

a gatorboard culotte pussy

Nit-picker divvies kibbitz into nanofutures;
quiescent Pediculus capitis unwashed gree

eating oysters and drinking champagne
in true Pisces

The registration is gorgeous

in your adipose lasting sugars

an available facsimile machine for
a sexual tourist

public apologies for private scoffing

fennel vomit
deposition of eggs

Hang the Swedish bricklayer from the rafters.
avec outils de fixage

flame & tide ectodermal

Sa vie ardente et misérable, sa vie
de trucage

There is a Jewish furrowing
of the brow;

The integument is chitinous, so
that it is difficult to sever
in half between the cuticles.

Her expression as exegetic as any dissimulate
realm can be

stalked, sessile, pelagic

Divine encyclopedia she
clasps like the snap lid on a syrup pot

Who is your propitiation
and who at the American Booksellers
Association is your liebheitsgebot?

A conference call
for this Branch of Righteousness
and its knuckled decisions

Who is like God?

And coathangers in pelagic mist.

Stinky creature on the Ramblas,
parthenogenesis of Coco Chanel,
mink farm boycottress,
gynarchist,
doting mother on the ramp of the Guggenheim,
proponent of eonism,
succuss of the pixilated,
drat,
unhoused swoosh

Men begin to resemble the
ideological constructs they're killed
for upholding.

She horror, neither was it authentic nor costly
though it was fungible

ni la copulateur ni le sperme glacial

A projectile in Anaheim.

return to our home in Garden
Grove and swallow a thousand pins

Deuteronomy, a little torque
of extruded plastic

floating commercial paper

That's an ember in your palm.

On the absolute bourbon floor of the world;
onustus sed ambulatio

Obsidian Christ

japes strop cell whelm no quits

Sadly buffaloed.

dye-running chenille from the spittle
and the spittle and floccilation

any shortfall is to be borne by the rewardee
encountering the notorious inprofligacy

Subjugate the whites
and make them tote and fetch

Grey or weakly illuminated

Wie es ein absolutes Gelb

Home in the graphite during three days of
ubiety; a diatribe against our own

Rubbed-brass Diderot-isms;
all that M wants is undercut by
treble the damages alleged by pricks

or Quit served simultaneously herewith
in a subsistence economy

trans-spatial arachnidlike mapping

naming cheats it

I fell in love several thousand times.

In eine Schriften.

What are my chances of seeing
you besides on a stage?

The apartments which are a gynaecocracy

cunningly spaded peat
thesaurus in propinquities

An astringent for macropsia is duration.

hebdomally shoplifting a trunk

Sir: crotches of our guest's offering,
booze fink nailfile

Grandmas in muu-muus and
grand mal seizures

put the trellis up

Zinnias

LOS CAPRICHOS [After the captions to Goya's print suite]

¡Pobrecita! She knows quite well what is wanted, and that the stockings must fit tightly: here comes the bogey-man. He is vexed irremediably, to discover that to live alone is vexatious. And his house is on fire.

Pretty teachings are the security of a hungry family; the warp they contrive makes confusion more confounded nevertheless. Thus is a nanny's little boy a teratoid of his own framing.

Their faces and clothes make it clear who they are: they belong to the numerous family of the Chinchillas, out hunting for teeth. The Chinchillas—nothing, nothing, *nothing* belongs to them.

Hobgoblins: now this is another kind of people. The screechy one and the grizzly one are gadabouts, either fleeced, syringed or devout. It is the way of the world. Where is this infernal company going?

Wait till you've been anointed in acid stoppings; to go off half-anointed is harebrained, impetuous. It's the same the world over. What does it matter, when dawn threatens, if they have left the scullery like gleaming gold?

Anyone can catch a denful of goblins on the palate of the previous evening. Face, dress, and voice: these are precisely what this poor gentleman is lacking.

The young woman left her home as an apprentice. Madrid's lottery causes her to gloat in front of the Prado. Who would have thought it would persist in alms begging and grimy fashion, and in a matriarchal affront.

Lads making ready to revive the inadvisable add their bulk to the evening. Far less exuberant is Goya, in his fifties. A few trial proofs rang in the labyrinth of his ears.

They are in such a hurry to gobble it down, in the Puerta del Sol, that they swallow the boiling along with their hunger. When those who are about to fall will not take warning from the example of those who have fallen, they say: It is nicely stretched.

Spruced and fleeced, reddened by the miscalculations of avarice, the worst of it is that the girl will read it absolutely to the letter. May god keep her from surgeons and policemen and make her dexterous.

YOUTHFUL FRIENDSHIPS

The treadles of the loom shift in
the earthquake, loosening the yarn,
the selvedge of which remains undone.

afterwards let it stay inside until it softens

Mingle the eleemosynary with torts

crawl-daddies shinnied the thigh
for quite a while, then a half-
smoked Gitane and recollect as
it pleases

pero yo soy uno jesucristo
amassing a penal sum

It's an antique megaphone that
fearlessly shouts amiable phonemes

ON WAKING NO SUCH MATTER

Miss Boho-ette running, amuck,
on the Westside; all those blues
for naught; of what bathes in
Hellenistic amphorae

to promote her unfrenetic sadism
stretched fabric

Mais je suis photogénique.
lengthily curt, so

A new museum opens—of what is
it devoted to? orchid puppets & tiny puppets

What is your favorite reading? Jane Bowles
and the Sonnets of Shakespeare.

CITIZEN'S WAREHOUSE

copy out in longhand this reply
to the celibate

Hedged-in by Christian furnishings,
de trop, mulling the atopic;
it has no extensities or Habit

The lesbian neighbors must have their
calamities; she took the wrapping
paper overnight in keen

began with crickets in the masonry

the feigned had become the genuine

THE FOLKLORE OF CLIMATOLOGY

A soft rain in Pasadena.

Riparian covetousness; irredentism is
checked, while Angeleno youngsters are just
as stalwart-legged, the eloquent calendar

Pécheresse avec sarcasmes hobbled up

in contact with Christian vestiges
a hideous painted child in her arms

taking cognizance of phthisis

vanish ere your friends know

BEGOTTEN SECRETARY

The poverty you dread is upon us,
in the retroversion of the uterus,
the smalt of animus.

Voluptus apertio.

in diskettes of circumbendus
from whatever is ashore

This marriage you spit upon is,

gabled footsteps

like the Aznavour you'd kill

She bore her carriage down Slauson
and delineated a vévé by hip

flitted in a marcasite only gently
ever smiled this yen

In contiguous snarl
at Ebb Tide

Since no one can do
capitalism falsetto

from another transient's modified pushcart
they pulled back the fronds (es una tapadura)

Contumelies that speak in autonyms;
this is personal responsibility and we're
the hired applauders.

rattan aureoles

there was once a Passover

The modality of wanting coated
by grains of amaranth

Cradled in the stern warmth of
Russian Jewry, per the
handmade Cyrillic warning

and the neighborhood's pre-dawn
vigilance

allowing the pigeons their
safety on the eaves
behind the Romaine Street side

Shalom over the din of the copier
tamp fecula in slots

Bisque again, from the corner market on Fairfax;
it's all she'll eat.

We're a happy couple
raised one micron above destitution

girlish cells sloughing

his alcoholism is counter-inductive

Le regarde passe de colonne en colonne,
de niche en niche, se perde dans la chambre,
ne saura jamais ce qui cache à l'ombre
de la colonne, ne pénétrera jamais dans
les couloirs latéraux, ne percevra jamais
l'espace en tant que tel, s'épuisera en
tâtonnements le long des murs et aux
plafonds . . . .

SORROW REMARRIED TO GOD

saline taste, ideal husband

and the cellophane and the 'to bridle'

money and poetry are spent

all who're wrecked of trust
the typist who goes unfed

croque les doigts du écrivain
scoriaceous leavings of the fickle

august outsized hopes slop out
champagne flutes

Queued up with a gaggle of rabbis
at the post office; the third
from the front chews slowly on a
praline.

a male hustler eats a stolen guava
while leaning on the pay phone next to
Oki Dog

a case of Beaujolais shatters
at Trader Joe's

A Salvadoran inspects a cassette
of Cachao from a pile of
tapes spread on the sidewalk.

Freesias dead, freesias bloated, freesias strewn

two carcasses once fucked
between earthquakes on
the higher floors of
a Hollywood residential hotel

we out of here
What transports a soul?
Visit the botanica for the black wax

The mattress noisome, wish
heaven and not bafflement,
no heaven, can you prepare for
another day?

Left to his own devices, he inhabits
every room in Los Angeles

midst these salvoes one discovers why
one is a Jew. Chaque Noël sur la terre,
chaque torche de néant.

The small of a woman's neck,
Marlboros at two dollars a pack,
a quince from the greengrocer.

A golem raveled by solifluction
Aggadah head of impudence

Nachtmusik

scotch

Laceration

amo arcano

Perpetua italic

te quiero

Sorrywend
in the little fake

orphan
tunic
bachelor for life
pennies main à bouche

scree

and tumble

Standpipe
once
used

plain pleasures in the apartment

steeping

and jazzing

Two
cyclists are wed

All
pregnancies
are
locative

What cannot be
kept to
does not
make
an
unorthodoxy

Columbarium
has
benches
yet no
limen to
speak of

A few pennies
dabbed with spittle

The sump is overfull
and the rickety

dispensa

compost heap is

"the present / into the future house" (L. Eigner)

Extensities of the cenotaphic:
withered gladiolus

The Thrush on the manzanita limb.

What is 'being in love': an epiphenomenal
coinage.

Santa Fe flatbed on the spur line,
cricket 'fested.

becoming worrisome
in late entry

Subsistence itself is the duration of another
that endures.

THE CONFESSION (After Baudelaire)

One time, once alone, sweet obliging woman,
On my arm your refined arm
Rested (even against the overcast backdrop of my soul
This recollection isn't about to fade);

It was late; a newly-minted medal,
The full moon exposed your face,
And the night's solemnity, like a river,
Streamed over a sleeping Paris.

And along the houses, under the carriage gates,
Some cats furtively passed,
Ears pricked up; or else they were beloved ghosts
That followed us slowly.

Suddenly, in the midst of unruly intimacy,
Hatched in wan barlight,
From you, rich resonant instrument through which vibrates
That radiant gaiety,

From you, clearly joyous as a fanfare
On a scintillating dawn,
One note plaintive, one note odd,
Escaped staggering . . . .

Poor angel, your statement sang discordant:
"That nothing here is certain,
And that always, with whatever care, it's just rouge,
Betraying human egoism;

That it's a hard lot to be a beautiful woman,
And that it's the boring job
Of a foolish taxi dancer who swoons
With a mechanical smile;

That building on hearts is a stupid thing;
That everything fucks up, love and beauty,
Until Oblivion flings them into its basket
For the spoils of Eternity!"

I've often evoked that charmed moon,
The silence and languor
And that horrible confidence whispered
Straight from the heart.

PRATE CITY is *nachtmusik* for the popular erotic of social matters at the end of the twentieth century. From small things springs a fugitive determinism, the moment's coloring. A Double Indelibility of language dependency. Anderson's eye for society's fanatical eye on what love has to do with any of it belies the impossibility of going it alone. With eccentric worldliness and utopian regression these authentic transients, the printed words, protest fixed images of no comfort. Rather, here is a complex, intimate "search for lost time."

Melanie Neilson