

Art Native Take Off Your Pants
And Get Sloppy Funky

Aaron Pinnix

*A story of Leroy Pitts
and adventures subsequent*

For Doctor Who, Highly Esteemed

Poem for Pinnix

Cut the umbilical cord
and drink the amniotic residue-
whiskey, no chaser.

Danimal

A Man Leaves Home

Constant rattle of air conditioners
gums together sharp
an aversion and subsequent
my Southern exit.
That thick consistency
of a window unit
whirring in its final days,
listing like a ship-
this is the beginning sound,
impetus one.

Nothing purrs so and primps us surreptitiously
towards the bubble cure
but what has leaked ever into any afternoon
pausing chilled at the clink of champagne glasses
coming from the t.v.
The hidden quiet cracks of day,
the whirring heat of day
plastered all flatly over.
So, scene by scene
our separation is delivered
in corporate chatter and easy comfort,
transgression contained in the mall.
I'm paranoid, admittedly,
of that giant insect carapace commodity
settling its weight upon us
and preferring my sins without plastic
split fer adventure
in the old natty style
of detective.

I unearthed adventure unending,
originating as if from a sparkler within.
Foreign towns which creak in wind and empty night
and the Pacific Ocean glowing in waves,
plankton intermingling in surf
blue green with stars.
Air conditioners are ultimately
only a first congealing lie
but there's a world
which stretches
without stop and wide.

Hexapoda

In morning sun the temperature is
where bugs move slow,
bees and hornets holding warming wings
against the beginning light.
We are in Autumn's darker folds
and life for these creatures
is slowing off
like a pocket watch unwound.
Summer past they like I
encountered on occasion
lace intricacies of tree branches intertwined
and felt in moments too
rain's wet pattern
over leaves, ground and back.
And though I saw a differing
scene, lacking faceted eyes,
we partook of the same rain
(a thing so old, it never changes).
But now what holds of summer,
what memories
inside Hexapod's head.
Soon they will rise like slow smoke
off branch and grass blade
and soon too in wind and snow
helixes will appear, similar in form to their now faltering flight,
winter eradicating all under white.

Love Accumulates in Moments

Chelsea
mixes well with words
and tints in the way
she steps into night,
the streetlight, the glow,
conversation pulled now
through the door.

Chelsea, you precede you,
your aristocratic ease
and in your bosom
(curling casually)
life's glowing keen spark,
that dream eternal of poets
like love affair of moth and moon.

Hey lets blow away this world,
this night, these people
who stretch only and talk of longing.
I whisper instead a new small joy-
the heart thumping into creation
paths which lead now
only from your doorstep,
life splendent now
in the center of such potential.

Leroy Pitts and Chelsea X in:
The Machinations of Autumn

“You close your eyes
and I’ll drive,”
night shot through
as out the humidity
bugs split along the windshield
like sudden algal blooms.
I’m curving south
towards Florida,
Chelsea under the green distance
of dashboard’s glow,
her face flashed over occasionally
by small town lights,
the empty Piggly-Wiggly parking lots,
quiet life on the two lane.
I’m jittery on cups and cups
of gas station coffee acrid in old pots
and these empty hours I drive fast
with the window down
towards that soon to be-
dancing naked in the surf,
one of life’s purest joys.

Waves decentered rush and decline,
their oily surface diffused
with a benevolent shine
as morning light
sideways over clouds stumbles
then falls into the surf.

To sing the song
of a new day in a new place
as pine trees in dark turn to scrub,
scrub to sand until

“Wake up, we’re there,
wake and lets meet
that wide forever
in this our new morning life.”
(The air over chilly water
filled with our sunrise yelping).

Boozehound Leroy

Had forgotten what was meant in alone
and it came like a shock
as to a mussel, pulled apart.
Absent Chelsea visiting family in Florida
has driven off as camping
at the Florabama Reserve
I relax in rocky pine shade
with insects in trees, their song surrounding.
Still though I'm in a sweat,
afternoon and mental chatter endless upon me.
In response and as repose hike the quiet road to town
then back,
cheap whiskey sipped occasionally from a bag.

Sitting soon pleased on a log
ol' boozehound Leroy dribbles down chin
booze so powerful a taste
what which send men reeking
overboard. Grinning I
feel golden acidic as a lemon cut in half
and spend remaining light
gathering dead branches,
the firewood pile growing.

Drunk the sunset lingers slow
the way a girl brushing her hair
aims an absorbed look
over the edge of the world.
How much here are the creakings
of an enamored soul?

Careening through early night
I vector around campfire and veer into woods,
the fire separating shadows around
as like fireworks all the universe
falls shimmering
into that internal porcelain cave
where is entombed the I
and relaxing, tumbling
capricious
I turn under stars unending.

Poem about Distance

The last time I shaved
I pulled the razor slow,
listening to that scratching sound
along the edge of my jaw.
The bathroom was,
I remember,
of a wet white tile quality
and to step into your living room
was towards a new light
warm and glowing, you
caught halfway in some motion
between bedroom and kitchen,
opening though towards me
with a kiss reminiscent of a smile
and I knew myself
as a secret for you.
Such caught memories
bend life out like wind
in waves over the hayfield.
But now and alone to shave
is to drag the razor
like a plow over the barren field
and my aftershave goes empty
into the air.

Come near and lets live quick and hopelessly,
come and kiss me on the cheek
and let me be again
the bare bone purveyor of your love.

Outside the Plastic Bottle

New Orleans lower 9th is rank and tepid for miles
and in dark night rows of small homes without power
look like mausoleums in graveyards-
a shadow spirit of exile
creeping between piles of ruined stereos,
ruined family albums,
ruined furniture and tree branches.
In this apocalyptic scenery stands a red granite monument
all sharp edges and polished face.
In scroll and ribbon it lists by borough
world war 2 dead,
hundreds and hundreds, all white apparently,
the back side facing the wall
for “colored” killed-
separate even in eternity.
That demarcation
is taught everywhere as if done,
the martyrs having been and recorded.
The truth is displayed now but starkly,
the dark poor, New Orleans body
devastated and far now after the storm
homes are bulldozed, insurance claims denied,
back porch discussions of gentrification
wafting on a thick moldy breeze.

Tonight though is Christmas eve
and from an abandoned factory rooftop
city lights and night murmur slowly
over the fat brown face
of the Mississippi.
Everywhere people are beginning to relax.
Construction workers from Mexico
have tomorrow off and congregate in the courtyards
while blocks away volunteers under orange tents
prepare vegan Christmas dinners.
Loud bars are full too of the bobbing of
black and brown felt hats, ubiquitous here.
What a town this is,
deviating with ease from swamp to soirée
but come Chelsea, I'm tired
and the tent is prepared, blankets arrayed,
the clouds heavy like a million ghosts
carrying that ephemeral dream Christmas.

Travel Notes: Desert, Winter

“Eating dust” grimly displays its meaning
moving south in highway sun, Chelsea and I
on bicycles like modern cowboys
with all necessities aboard,
campsite and clothing, food
and books, moving towards the border
through arid scenes of pecan trees and scrub
with cactus around, threatening to flatten our tires.

At night too the stars reach a fullness unfettered
and all of space sighs quietly around us
as we set up tent and camp.
From all this the inner core comes forth,
found in canyons without trees,
pedaling down roads without names-
vagaries felt moving within to congeal,
excesses cut to favor the lightweight.

It's like that old science, fire.
Wood everyone knows, but oxygen
is fire's potent force most forgotten,
pushing the reaction towards warmth.
Once open and exposed
all proceeds sharply.
Master empty space and aim towards the future,
sir, madame. It burns the fire hot.

Southern Gothic

If ghostly that apparition
called "past" were to appear
it'd be a small flower easiest discovered
early July amid briars of
blackberry plants, wild and massive,
wandered by bees.

A single perennial the color
of lightning bug nights and
shot out street lights,
streaks of red like cotton killed clay.

If ingested raw one would in subsequent dreams be shown
my previous dusty generations in succession
like stains mounting inside a coffee cup-
the dark dipsomaniac eyes of Mississippi farmers
passing over rocky fields,
grandfathers with tree trunk arms
and before this leviathan atomic age
some Confederate soldiers bored with mud,
the Pitts rascally growth untangled
like kudzu across the South,
coming eventually to
that first American root:

Two brothers broke
come on up off the ship
hungry, grimy, etc
and like old stories told often
one goes honest
and dives into the dirt,
setting his seed in rows-
children born with that Pitt's barrel chest
strong for work and
withering eternally into land.
The father, really,
of all subsequent Pitts,
the other brother having said
"Well I guess I'm heading west"
and never heard again.

(There is though a tune
almost since forgotten
concerning a dusty border town.
It is the same our hero hums
biking towards the border crossing.)

Americana

In that yellow region the Sonora Desert
humanity and its evidence, detritus on the highway,
appear infrequently and with an oblique abruptness
between rock and cacti-
all things in that leathery world
required to be hard, bold and barren.
Small homes along the road are
arranged around a concrete block store, random wires
and ragged shade against the landscape.
Across the store wall in every compound
appears hand painted that singular glyph of commerce
Coca-Cola, the dream,
though markedly plastic
and faded too in an environment
so rocky dry and flat-
its tenuous seduction grown here obvious.
That same disjunction is found manifest too
on this bus moving south
as locals looking slightly bored
watch dubbed American movies
play overhead upon them.
There are not here the large homes
or fields of flowers where movie
caucasian lovers embrace.
We are instead in the land of the
hard life, the non-saccharin,
where wrinkled faces stare with
equal quietude into distance, fire and future.

It was the same story too
back at the border
where factories lined dirt roads.
Friends I made there asked often
of life past that invisible line,
a seen separation of brick home
and shack.
I'd shrug and explain
but they wanted the dream
and understandably so,
back as they are now to building lawnmowers
for little an hour, 6 days a week and when finished
the machines are shipped where they cannot go.
Where occurs human desire

and what can hinder it's blooming?
Not desert expanse or even law
for though I saw many in the States lined up
under gun by the border patrol
I know more will go,
hope like a mirage coagulating
perpetually ahead.

Baja, Mexico: Fort Macondo

At days most eloquent and sharpest point
Chelsea and I are caverned over
by a palm leaf shade recently built.
Of bamboo triangles and ripped beach towels
all is set to intersect a constant Pacific breeze.
Thus and so calmly washed over
with the sun uninterrupted around
Chelsea reads as dreaming
I stretch parallel
to where desert goes into sea,
mind dissipating into
renumerate ocean drumming,
to nether regions
congealing blue from green.

Earlier fort constructions in less exotic locals
were cruder objects, their entropic
forms dispersed among the landscape.
Treehouses and lean-tos with a cedar branch roof
and underneath in the smell,
young Leroy in a moment still as
a snail, catching the brown movement of
deer passing toward the persimmon tree.
That building process had been both
playground of revelations
and automatic response but here in bareness
between desert and sea the sun felt exploded
and shade a necessity.
All has led to this final farthest edge
where whales breach near the shore
and in the clear water
even stranger creatures pass by.
Here are no air conditioners, no curving plastic constraints,
alone as we stood
with sand and sea unending.

Leroy, Back Recently From Mexico

I've someone's art school painting
over my couch with colors sharp as kerosene;
fragmented red, an apocalyptic blue.
Titled "Men are Bulls" it partakes
of shifting form and face and
far now
from the painter
is a story of the Other and the I
nearly to break apart,
a fear revealed of the faces
inhabiting this busted world.
There is though a comfort claimed
if only in the edgeway look of its eyes
as if fear were a knowable future
of the business side of the soul,
original lines of demarcation believed hidden far below.

I know now this is not true.
Everywhere people are
in collusion and everywhere
people are bumping about,
moving through scenes with a felt sense
of how things could be-
entanglement exploding chromatic.

Lets Dissect My Friends Like Frogs

Domino with whom the world ragish woglike
We took apart the place
and pinned asundries on the wall.
Liquor and drugs,
liquor and drugs.

“Maintain, Fly Straight!”
his modern marvel mantra,
axing hand down from overhead
into a pointing finger-
sometimes using instead
a cheap and bent katana.
He's a curvy road and with quick caution
always I reach for a pocketknife.

Stories are constructed this way,
in blood and summer sweat.
Often we'd hike under bird and breadth
of the natural environment and
from wood, vine a cracked cliff face
would appear, requiring exploration,
climbing over limestone with fingers and bare toes.
Once above we'd smoke a bit
and get the flask, sun moving away
as we appropriate the day and slip drunk
into night. But first to climb again
under orange and purple light,
the body feeling like a monkey
in a temple of trees.

Hi Caroline!

High school was sho a cutting time,
that vague sprout time.
In shaded remembrance
you seemed to have
most the similar question
though we hadn't yet
learned to talk.
Not then and nothing of this
unfurling since spectacularly.
So how'd it go?
You said something then
and I only answered lamely.
Did it turn out,
was it ever the cuts for you,
ever distorted corporeal feedback
so loved, that devil,
that wonderful devil
who dancing blows kisses
and promises away
the innumerable mysteries that remain

Leroy's senior quote

“Face it. Curiosity
will not cause us to die—
only lack of it will.”

Alastair Reid (from Curiosity)

Between vineyard rows I find
emergent rocks, smoothed all
in the turbulence of
stone grinding over stone
at front edge of a glacier.
A conflux of time and temperature
stopped their motion and set them
down dirt darkened
for thousands of years
till raised again by recent
winter frost.
The same frost killed off new buds
grown soon and eager,
the vines spread tendril over the ground.
Picking them up I weave them over stretched wires
into wide W shapes- they will grow back
and thicken through summer
and in 4 years a bottle will be uncorked,
glasses filled.
I am constructing here the flavor of future toasts.
Looking over the rows I'm reminded of a boy I met in Tucson
who at 16 sang "These Days" sweeter and sadder
than Nico ever could, his song
informed by road and scenery
constantly changing,
having traveled for 2 years over
the American west, from ocean to continental divide,
hitching rides and hopping trains,
exploring regions far distant from what could have been-
a first car in the front yard, homework,
trouble in the living room,
extending instead over the land
like a plant through seasons of frost and sun.
Surely there were moments of terror
and adventure, mixed together in the sharp surprise manner
life employs.
I wonder what will he say when life slows
and his glacier begins to melt,
as facing the room of faces
he pauses to consider his toast.

Lysergsäure-diethylamid

Cicada Autonomy and Electric lawnmowers,
battle through the summer while
Odin in the supermarket,
dried blood on his t-shirt, is seen to
thump a melon and curse Piggly Wiggly
for their exuberant air conditioner
policy.
What had begun as focused photos
changes shape, leaving me reeling.
Having dug the paper from the freezer
Sunday had been a surety before going
into unarticulated freak comics
with lens flare. A
drop on the senses,
a pretty constant dream
and to be done well
the mind which grips
must be relaxed away.
Not wishing it alone,
people's motions turning weird
I take the orange juice
from the cashier and head to Domino's
feeling the start of that fuzzy reality,
that which leads one at any hour wandering into
the mossy world of trees,
bumping along with a mind
on broken sandals.

A Poet's Cookbook

Booze Drink

2 or 3 ice cubes
double shot of scotch (cheapest)
1/3 a lemon
Maple syrup, poured till drink turns gold
Stir with chopstick, no substitute

Imbibe till drunk in the afternoon

Whiskey Slushee

Shot
Green hot sauce,
Snow
Carry whiskey and hot sauce in a flask.
Shake before pouring in cup with snow,
otherwise green hot sauce balls at the bottom
like funky fetuses in amniotic booze fluid.

Imbibe till drunk at night

Antipoles

A day felt existentially unsound,
disjointed and jig sawed,
these occur
and that which filled once
with warm familiarity
becomes muddy without sense and soft
like walking barefoot
over rotting leaves
and hearing not a sound.
I've still adherent last weeks hack,
last vestiges I hope, reaching for a quick nip of
whiskey fortification for a walk to the store.
Orange juice, eggs and food for the dog-
spoken in repetition it helps
the quiet body against cold encroaching.
Whiskey, blues and my affection Chelsea
who garners forever
a scene like planet with satellites,
a frankness outlinable only in vast space.
Like mantra the mind
begins finally to relax and of
the walk iced branches tinyly
spread and reaching
grew to fill the air with
their clinking song
"The Slow Light of Sunset".

Crescendo in Blue

Of the world winter makes a purple balloon,
stretching distant my mouth, the stars, you
as dirge this air kept taut in cold.

The hayfield spreads cut and stubble,
ice grown through and leaves
crushed dusty dark below.

Always believed my biography a bottle rocket
but more instead the scratched record skips,
everything orbiting some point smaller.

I'm filled tonight though with whiskey and love
and find etched in stars before slumber
you with grace and blown kisses.

On latticed breath do dreams escape
back and towards the dark,
nothing though for the glow, this for you-

To burn again and again the sparkle
of night's brilliant blue.

Addendum: A Stranger Comes to Town

Long unbroken again
the snow edges over the snow.
My Great-Aunt, when she died in Georgia,
found the devil sitting on a stump,
smoking a cigar. "Woman," he said
"you'd better change your ways."