

Brains n' Eggs

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Suggested Serving

Chippewa Ted in the
Orange rockabilly pompadour
Scoops pig brains
From a dainty can
Spork scrapes pork
Ted paints vibrant
Porkscapes
Shapes an ecosystem on stretched canvas
From processed memory
Aluminum
May impair memory
So this ecosystem looks iffy
Like factory second plastic trees
But ah! There's the rub—
Puddle of brains from a small tin tub

Pick n' Save

Free hot fudge sundae
With purchase of one-coat to beautiful
Premium white two-ply
Quality new and used
Highlife toilet tissue
In the two ton box

In Those Days We Did As They Pleased

In the seventeenth year of
Joe of the son of
Frank
I woke from slow-wave sleep
Failed to keep on the down low
I succumbed to bumming a ride with
Panic and his side-kick, Fear

They were

Strange dream men in suits who
Appeared and reappeared
And crept like the grim reaper
With the scenery's machinery
In hot pursuit

And I between the two in the front car seat
Like meat that meets between
Slices of hard bread
The highway stops singing
Night terror songs aplenty

North Ridgewood Avenue

We could, as one drunken
CFP suggested
Pump and dump
Pay Day candy bar
Rafts down the Mississippi
But we won't

Instead

We shall ride the rails to Daytona, Florida
And sashay down Ridgewood and Beach Streets in silken
clothes
Donated by the
Korean Dry Cleaners Association of New York

We shall sip wine made in old clay jars
Hidden
Inside culverts gone dry and
Abandoned bridges
We shall live the great dream in the land of the freeform
Neurological disorder gone awry

We shall
Decimate wisdom of the ages
Through pamphlets left on tables in nursing home
libraries
To be discovered
After a great flood
Where the elderly shall be reduced to
Soup bones in that Ol' Man River

And the world will blast a trumpet blast
Over car tires bent to moaning
And the flowers we pick will be
Plastic trinkets of Goodwill infamy

Uncle's Music

The fiddle on winter's door

Mass-produced

And

Ill-proportioned

Is

Loved nonetheless

For coarse voice rising

Over loneliness

Everything (and Everyone) for the Garden

Once I hit the Saint Stephen/Calais border
I will greet the Canadian customs inspector
With
Bags of seed packets
Fully intent upon sowing
Detroit Dark Red Beets
Sweet California Wonder Orange Peppers
Early Prolific Straightneck Summer Squash
And those odd-named
Mortgage Lifter Tomatoes
On Canadian soil
And if the guy is not a machine
He will tell me what he's got growing
And how he plants his
Ruby Red Rhubarb Heirloom Swiss Chard
And we might even shake hands and exchange mailing
addresses
And trade some rare sweet corn packets from the 1950's

I silently acknowledge that at this hour

On a patch skirting Daytona Beach
Down where South Beach Street
Meets Bellevue Avenue
Bob is rushing Otis out of Ed Walden's bar
With the rooster on the two bit pool table

This is where those not sown on fine soil
Aspire to ride bikes out of town
As far as they can go

Driving to (K)nowhere

Handsome if decadent orangutan named
Scott is admittedly hot inside his costume intended
To resemble a dream house but
He's chosen to count his blessings

Scott

Has never been homeless
And the house is paid in full
Although
He never fully bonded with his parents
And when he walks amongst more formidable
architecture
In a well-to-do suburb

He slips on backdrop's edge
Looking for a father in Frank Lloyd Wright
And his copycat kin
Clouds give him water
But no milk

Behind the development of so much rational
Is a rusted corpse of a mock-up
Of the fabulous Ford Nucleon
Ready to explode in this banana grove

Imagination replaces wheels
Conflict fuels a hot engine
Scott is caught in the rain with a cardboard roof
He returns quickly albeit resentfully to his
Role as the sensitive ape
And begins to drive through suburban streets
Checking garbage cans for uranium

Frost on Edna's Window

It's all about choices
I choose to furnish the home of my youth
With old poems and new songs
And to nod off in my rocker
As the sunset dies
And then
Wake up to dream time
Where
We drop anchor in time streaks of stars
Roller skating Andromeda sky

Beautiful Music

Rather certain I saw you approach
And abate with a caged buggy on wheels
Through the sad
Green aisle of deals
Of discounted tuna fish and Rice Krispies™
Lawn darts and Jiffy Pop™
Meat section graced by a bubbling lobster tank
And a solitary lobster
The meat section is a ghost town
No manager and no lights inside the cutting room
No fish on trays of ice chips
Just
101 strings
Singing your shadow in a tired space

Gach Roar Leanaí

By user present be mine procurer Quickly if de black
mold spare 'er Kinship denote the hypnotize Pathway
extracshun pus Christianize Betray by Kilkenny do ye
disbound The year de stoney broke en crowned
Stachybotrys Chartaru stomp As been foun' in dirt town's
rump Where water seethes ad sweet ma's lilac Plumbin'
leaks flock ax canvasback

Cryptic Warbler Sings

Hiolair
Hillary
Hulda
Your name must be at least one of the three
But either way
hoWAY! hoWAY!
I searched your pockets when you died
For soup and little plastic boats
Of hope
And lo! They did not share a home
With anywhere
But Sister mole rat assures us that
You shall
Lay down
Beneath peach trees bequeathed by your late granda

After losing out
To younger sprouts

I tried to
please
you
But
gathered
berries
for
myself
And ate
them
First

And

Shrank
your
Sunday
dress in
the dryer
Because I

failed to read the instructions
And had I read them
I would have understood
That fine things
Belong to fine people
I am not particularly fine
And the hope of life
Was never mine

You were caught with your daisy roots torn
In the groove of porridge knife
And medicine shall taste fine upon your tongue
Slipping downstairs to stomach box
And pillows shall catch your worried sleep
And your songs of promise
God shall keep
Hidden in a den full of prophets and stones

Weather House (Where Is the Girl?)

It was a fine night
A fine, old night
Full of suits and self-made sunshine
We returned our Uncle from the party
To his weather house digs

Five-year-old son and I
Walk through black and gray night
Opening gate for old, child-like uncle
Walking over unraveled water hose and cracked
concrete
Past cigarette-eating, self-appointed guard and
Dog of no particular pedigree

Through
sliding
door and
storage
room to
Hallways
of
antiquity
Where
The old
are not
standing
For
They
have all
gone to
sleep

But even
at 10:45

pm
The building is lined with
1980s floral paper and
Scent of meat soup
A third shift nurse watches
Goldfish tank and game show rerun
Uncle returns into his room without
Relating the weather
But smiles “goodbye”

Five-year-old son and I
Press 4-3-2-1-star
Into security box and exit
Out the lounge room with the sliding door
Onto patio broken and guarded and dark

We hold hands bravely and approach

Gateway
to
freedom
of
Indetermi
nable
length

Respectez L'environnement/No So Much Held as
Strangled

It may be winter
But then
It could be unheralded spring
And there's a new army of loud babies
Who are akin to
Snow blowers and lawn mowers
So much oil to
So much gas

Hand holds dark snow globe dotted with
Taxi light streaks
And

Decaffeinated hockey
Forgotten fuzz box glitch of screamed anthems
Funded by Caesar's taxes
And salt spread over mountainous snow

Old woman at coffee shop's wall of windows
Frets over rain turned into water fall
Song birds shriek music on the cusp of heart break

We attempt to sail a boat minus bottom
First officer plugs hole with vitamin D
And pink slips
I am left holding the bag
Which may or may not contain
1 donut*1muffin*1 bagel*

Or

2 tea biscuits

I wish to rekindle the home of my youth
Furnish my bedroom
With old prayers and
New poems
Nod off in my granddad's rocker
As the sunset dies
And then
Wake up to dreamy weather
Where we can

Drop anchor in the Andromeda galaxy
Despite crooked heart and head
Busting through rotted floor boards in
A popped balloon frame architecture
And a fuse box gone muddy brown with rust

Advantages of Vertical Penmanship

1.

Resumed writing after a month's absence upon discovering a sheaf of loose leaf paper with a mouse turd on it. My reasoning: Can't do much worse than the mouse. So I wrote out a promissory note to the following effect: "On July 2nd next I promise to pay Master Mouse One Dollar value received."

2.

Walked past the front door window and saw a girl with (2) pussy willow branches and (2) charcoal eyes and heard (2) statements through cracked, paned glass. Her first statement was her name (Molly) and the second was a request to meet my children. Molly, my (2) sons and (1) daughter destroyed the front yard with croquet mallets. I placed the (2) pussy willow branches in a mason jar and set the hard scrabble assortment on a window overlooking (1) blueberry field.

3.

Against a dirt road skirted obliquely...

Attila the Hun looked up from his darning. Would little Joe be back before nightfall? Attila loved surprises so!

Against a dirt road skirted obliquely with bold, green grass...

"Y'know," said little Joe, wiping milk from his lips with his tattered sleeve, "y'get nuff of them bills from the mailman, y'kin make yerself a fine little fire."

Against a dirt road skirted obliquely with bold, green grass

I've swapped a busted Ford truck

For a neglected wood pile and the loan of a splitter.

Wind screams with an appalling rasp

But compensates by playing bouncer to so many

Cloudbursts.

Music Theory

Imagine a piano.

Advanced Music Theory

Imagine two pianos.

Home Improvement

Primar(il)y

Merrily

Merrily the green Crayola TM crayon

Rolls downhill at a 90° angle

Inside the balloon frame house

Squatting like a Sasquatch passing coon cat lunch

There in front of the Seven Sons tree

And the Sasquatch house with Job's shingled skin

Scraped down and humiliated

Is sinking inside right there in the middle

To the bowels/cellar—

Children plus doughnuts plus bills outstanding—

But from the wood furnace up through the duct work

and prying up the floorboards through

Hate's grate emerges a gnawed shard of bone with a ball
cap for a scalp

With Father for a moniker

To three children pushing a Sisyphian ball of burden—

One part stone to one part gall to one part tarter
Sauce—
Which freight train mother with steam spouting out
Bludgeons and boils into outright ouretic
Skilligalee
Salmagundi
Gallimaufry
With flying leeches and lecherous flies –
And a fine steam joining mother's steam
Their shared steam cloud spelling “dyspepsia”
While overtaking flower beds through splintered door
and half-hung, eight-over-eight window
And the shared steam cloud castigates the lady bugs
And rattles the weeds
Breeds with the foxes and escorts the old to their prepaid
graves
Until mother exclaims to father:
“Leapin’ lightening jumpin’ dyin’!
Ain’t nobody heard of a jack post!?”

Revocation through Reinvention

Confided the Rose Chafer to Johnny Rosenkranz
Down there at the truck stop where the food is well-
apportioned:

I've variously been described as a porter
Deckhand
Watchman
Wheelsman
Engine room coal passer
Day man
Bootleg coal hauler
I'd do thirty days on one boat and then go to the next or
Get work on a locomotive or
Drive truck for some outfit or other
Or just call the coal company and ask for a half ton of
coal to be delivered to Ms. Laura Elizabeth Richards
tomorrow morning at ten a.m.
And then pick it up and sell it around the town

I've done a lot of things
Lived in a dockyard rent-free
Danced in front of pawn shops
Fixed up broken intellectuals
And sold them to gullible universities
Brain fart flipping, they call it
I sold Saturn to Venus and then Venus to Saturn
The key is to bake some bread
The smell fills the room
People get hungry and buy anything
And when they figure out they've been foiled
You're on the S.S. Fare-thee-well
Belly full of beer

T(r)opical Hibiscus

Standing in the doorway
I wore out saddle and sill
Waiting for starlings to
Cease their song

While you

A one day flower
Winked at the darkness
In dusk's cruel corner

Orange-Red and Deep Yellow

Little Henry Sweetspire
He was hard to figure out
So much brick and mortar
To so much sewing circle

He'd swing into Mango
Tango
Potentilla
Stars
On a hammock of sailcloth
Toss moon rocks and satellites
Onto unsuspecting Earth
Mirth and dreamtime his compass
And captain

Bearings

Angel boy, I've got you back
Angel boy, I found your wings

There is a machine's submerged scream It buries radio
jazz in this idling taxi Fast-food lineup We watch
Apple Blossom pop corn Roadside trees

Angel boy, I've got you back
Angel boy, I found your wings

I am the new king With the cardboard crown Riding
over a rising scream We break into the pump room Find
the jet pump grinding itself into hot metal impairment I
fall Down, down, down against the wall, listening to my
heart Down, down, down

Angel boy, I've got you back
Angel boy, I found your wings

*Underneath the trailer home
While turning on the water*

I dream about Jacob's ladder
And Ella sings from a passing radio:

*Your wings are remarkable
Pretty as rainbows
Bookending sky*

Making Peace with Plastic

So the monkeys from the matchbox cabinet of animals
Are bound to watch you stoically
As only plastic monkeys can
But they share good company
With the microcassettes of psychotherapy
You endured in the nineteen eighties
And for that you ought to be grateful

So(u)larium

Woody Guthrie the rowdy toughie
Strummed sailor-on-leave-tattoo-art for eardrums
And sang a string of elephant jokes
About then and now in chicken ladder rhyme:

*Hey, failed memory of elephants
In stolen blue-patched underpants,
Let's build a bridge to nowhere
By exchanging salt
As a symbol of life
And death
Rejoice in maning rainbow sky
And Judy Garland's shepherd's pie
Framed by a hole in a doughnut street sign*

*Plaster may crumble under hope maligned
Painted with cheap oils outdoors in the rain
Let's build a bridge to nowhere*

And tax the dead

*And we shall take pains
To watch wrought iron rot
Cast steel fittings fit for a king
Were kings into such menial things*

Munitions/Hair/Cake

Ms. Shelby Blueheart
The mortician's daughter
Followed Mr. Aldridge into
The munitions-factory-turned-self-storage-center
And helped him push a mummified
And thickly bearded woman
Frozen in a pirouette
Into a goods lift

They sent her aloft

Motion detectors tripping spot lights on each floor
They hurried up the kindling stairs
And upon the goods lift's arrival
They found a jewel case in lieu of the bearded woman
The jewel case contained a porcelain dancer
Who moved on a small stage of hair braid

Mr. Aldridge departed from these
Caded dreams in a dusty cage
Ms. Blueheart carried the music box in a wicker basket

She sailed behind him into

The sixth coffee shop kissing the corner
And joined him in the lineup as he ordered a
Coffee with three creams, three sugar

Ms. Blueheart exclaimed “Good lord, man!
Why don’t you throw in two eggs
And a cup of flour
And bake yourself a cake?”

Pasted with Factory Solvents and Horse Glue

Over the top and
Swift and scantily
Loser Diver Dan is talking to fish
From his black and white sea poured into a
Motel TV with video

Carry that man child

Waves foaming into pizza carton/ temporary sand
Through a room that spells "new country"
Both rented room and dancing sea slip
On its faded coat of paint concealing

Transient ship sailing into

Adam's rib of wood impaled
Blur of Mennonite/German Dutch Gettysburg
Postcard clones of square-cut nails

Seen through glass ground from car windows and
shopping malls
Fashioned from iron, drawn from the forge
Blue willow by the box full falling from a U-Haul truck

Give the boy drink

Spill his mind
Onto sand trails shaped by temperamental waters
And know he will carry
Your name as his own

Mate or Lout

Upon awakening from an overdose of
Dr. Chase's nerve food
And a bottle of rum
Mrs. Abra Leatherby
Was asked by her landlady
To say a few things
To confirm her presence of mind

The retired organist was all-too-eager to oblige:

*"Aloo mutter
Gap filler fodder
Potato blight curry
And scurrying scat
Stitch frank in a pillow
And make me a widow
We'll Oswald the butler
And zip 'nuff-O-zat"*

Widow and Orphan

Bonnet biscuit bored rudely for a deadbolt
Forked tongue served to a cat
This consummate fruit monkey

And

Third missus to old Saul
Scooped up accolades in a baby blue cloud
With a silver plated ladle
Her hat was in agreement with her mocha fudge suit
Bottoming out in French cream fringe

Tea cup dog gurgled from a hole in her handbag
Declaring want and awaiting closure

While selling fake diamonds in Circle Square
I would often see her there,
Greeting no one while feeding the dog

Funerals and Feasts

While ants doubled as pallbearers
And predators
To that lazy bee minus
Head
On a white-painted window sill
I could see thought clouds
Of one
And his thoughts were to this effect:

*Lord above! While the news fell onto broadsheet
I saw wif me own glass eye
Gay an' frisky crab rice*

Dey

*wæ tryzN2
Zug midwives of birds*

Dancin' fleas be

*Tear sweep base three Jolly good show,
Old angured gee*

Steel-Toed Blues

His mind is a yard sale
With all of the good stuff gone
I said his mind is a yard sale
With all of the good stuff gone

The head's been made a mummy
The right arm's in a sling
There's lead inside his insides
Drawing pain on everything

He's stuck beside the TV
Watching all the news
Someone stuck some letters
In his steel-toed shoes

His mind is a yard sale
With all of the good stuff gone

His fingers count impatience
His teeth are grinding scorn
He's building up a cutting screech
That reaches the unborn

But bills make lousy reading
They suck out all your heart
They garnish all your money
When you start to make a start

His mind is a yard sale
With all of the good stuff gone
Just a box of broken china
Sitting lonely on an uncut lawn

Before Destruction

Ever the deft, sober
Neurotic
I was reading all about
The blessings of obedience
And
The cunning of a whore
Seen my baby dancing to the radio
She tends to tune me out
Son is selling peonies
As carnations for the near-sighted
He's
Reading before he starts school

Which as a rule

Means he'll be writing NASA protocol
By age 7
He'll decommission the world's armaments

Before he hits puberty
I can work with that

And faded khaki and dried flowers
Are bookmarks for the king's printer's take
On the book of Proverbs
And a gift registry hawk
Personal loss and new dreams
I'll
Launch them like toy war ships
On a high water tide table
Free when you buy health insurance

Jalopy

Kitten don't care about clown nodding on a hair spring
Wheels spin
Wooden car covered in printed paper is
Stuck beneath a club-footed kid
Kitten don't care much for cages
Kid's mother calls it a carrier
Sounds better to virgin ears
Kitten is thirsty
While the kid just
Drinks it all in

Rifleman in Full Summer Marching Regalia
(Finger Etude)

Mr. Albert Angora
World's Professional Champion Typist of 1923
Parted his hair
Exactly
And assumed a rakish smile
That was kept in its place
By an arched brow of inscrutability

He never looked at the keys
Of his L.C. Smith & Bros. typewriter
He did deny himself
Sensual explorations
Of the back space key
And the platen scale
And it was through tremendous self-control
That he won championship contest selection
No.9

He sought out equals from other disciplines
There was W.M. Flodden, for example
A great composer
For tenor banjo
And Nick Matthews
Hawaiian Guitar master
Of national reputation
And always in the background
a certain Mr. Jeffers
feeling stone walls
for loose stones

Sometimes the streets would grow quiet
When Albert and Nick
Sitting opposite one another at a bar
Drinking whiskey sodas
Competed for a certain flawlessness in their
Matching bow ties and black jackets
Diamond cufflinks and countenances

It would seem that in this age of anxiety
the world was leaning
Toward a common albeit untenable
Ideal
burning like neon
in midnight's window

