

The Glass Pillow
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Furosemide 20 mg

On/Off Switch

Mein liebster Freund
Herr Runde Wald Morgenstern
Lies on his bed of
Bleeding grass

Glass pillow cradles

Cranium harshly
While Leo the ½ price barber
Picks at Morgy's brain with a flea comb
And doctor's loupe

You
Are the headily dried
Rich
Honoured nymph
With the tramp
Stamp
Dancing on
Mammoth tongue
In front of the full-length mirror
Singing softly
(So as not to wake the children)

Twankydillo

Twankydillo

Twankydillo

Dillo

Dillo

A roaring pair of side arms

Silenced softly with a pillow

You steal the show
Tiny toes twitching
To the Sunday drummer's beat
And like a dove
Your conscience lies beside you

Fred in the Wilderness

Spotless robe

Hands at his sides

Vacant smile

Brylcreem hair

Little-known prophet Fred

Stood around Mt. Ararat

Waiting for free

Latte refills

Father and Sons

As the sign on the truck says
We tear time-worn songs off the roof
Top
One whole/half/quarter note at a time
Kid brother drives notes in Dad's old truck
To the landfill at the edge of town

After lunch break

We lay down riffs on stripped roof top
Trusting in the rhythm of experience
Measure by measure
Beat by counted beat
We hammer down a bright
New sound

Paradise Next Exit

Discowboy203 from Edmonton
Says he keeps a pencil by his bedside
Just to write directions from here
So he won't get lost in his sleep

Discowboy203

Is dream cruising through your neighbourhood
Looking for hillsides on flat terrain
Green grass in snow storms
High IQ and low CFU

It's backyard croquet
For the restless

Make Organ Theft Yours

Mise-en-scène:

Edwin the tooth-deprived Pteranodon and front desk receptionist at South Mountain Recycling Incorporated poured grape soda pop from a watering can over the inflatable cactus standing tall upon the aluminum and Formica desk while Operations Manager Mr. Brach was belching analogue sparks filtered through grill cloth framed in a plastic interpretation of teakwood:

Edwin.

Edwin.

Edwin.

I need 500 mg. of Pseudoephedrine before lunchtime. Drop the can. I hear fizzling and purposeless pee. Stop desecrating the cactus. Edwin. I need to plug an aching hole in my face with Pseudoephedrine.

And the 747 Jumbo cargo plane slid and whispered...

Edwin was lost in customary German greetings he had learned from a tape he had found in his Uncle's apartment. It was stuck in a bag of breath mints. The tape had gotten sticky and slowed down and jammed in his tape player.

He copied the sound he had heard as it slowed down and finally halted.

*Guten Morrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrgen, Herrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr Dok... tor SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSchmidt!!!!
Guuuuuuuuuuuuten Taaaaaaaag, Frau Schwaaaaaaarzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz!!!!*

The pre-lunch audio mashup was drowned out by a 747 Jumbo cargo plane as it crashed and took out the entire entry way, six of ten offices and half of the processing area of South Mountain Recycling Incorporated. The pilot had been trying out a new cell phone game called Psychotronic Ninja Airborne Elite and had gotten distracted while attempting a record-high score.

There was no sound. No screaming. Just a 747 Jumbo cargo plane sliding in slow motion with all sixty-eight South Mountain Recycling Incorporated employees standing respectfully aside, ball caps in hand, with Mr. Brach reciting a few tentative lines from a poem in progress over the intercom in a shaking voice.

*I cut the cat's throat to still its cry for food that was no more/
I cut the line to the telephone that rang when the collection company was lonely/
I cut the rug and did a mean waltz with a mop until the rug turned to wet sobbing floor/
I cut the mustard to remind myself what depravity beans really are*

*We don't spend what we used to the way we used to/
Now we own a time share/
In a homeless shelter in Jane and Finch/
Tears burn a parched throat/
Justice is the father who abandoned you*

*And I am the bare-chested man/
Who once stood in front of the occupier's tank/
And said in a thoughtful, quiet tone/
That I once had a nervous breakdown/
But could no longer recall/
Where I had put it...*

The 747 Jumbo cargo plane slid and whispered its jazz ride rhythm until coughing itself to sleep.

Prerogative of the Brave

You

Sixth member of the midnight Dalit

Worked hard until daybreak

Turning mountains of mystery boxes from Jordanian rape factories

Into shelved commodities facing out with trademarked smiles

And isn't it a shame the blue-vested crones clocking in refuse to look at you

Or greet you

But then

Perhaps their animosity will turn into admiration

After they enter the break room

And see on Sam Boss Man's table

A little red songbird named Mother Jones

Rock/Paper/Lubbert Das¹

I've got a pair of scissors
Used them to for circumcisions
Between the rings is a bottle opener
The blades have sometimes been used
For removing the stone of madness
From the heads of fools
I keep the stones in empty bottles
I use the foreskins with ink to catch stray thoughts
I cap the bottles and send the mad thoughts as poems
Into unsuspecting waters

¹ Published in *Randomly Accessed Poetics*, and *Poetswest*

Find The First Derivative

May I draw your attention to our glorious country?

Here,

Amidst this lovelorn *vaderland* fraught with coffee grounds,
Lawlessness and feigned laughter, I honestly
Avant- garde a clue about
Frank Van Gogh the Emperor Moth,
Who,
With heart pinned against a sea of Lords-and-Ladies,
Hovered over the bib and brace of the waters in an upturned hat while describing linear and
exponential math to
Three near-sighted ophthalmologists named Doctors Claude and Clyde and Robert Charles
Wannemaeker

(They

Did not make friends with the angry man
And kept their bed beneath them).

Before that,

Frank had been an unlicensed chiropractor
Riding stolen detractors in the lower back
Forty of knowledge and love and proxy,
Hate and speculative orthodoxy.

But a friend- of -a -friend- of- a- faint- reflection of an unlikely acquaintance seems to have said
something vaguely to the effect that something in the neighbourhood of a thing such as this
might have occurred,

Namely, that

Frank pointed frantically at the water.
Hey, everybody! He exclaimed.
It's a big ball with stars! Stars on
A big blue ball! Yeah!

And the ball was the 'B'-all of society's demise.

Frank had the moment in his hand.
He could change the course of the party's mission.

He could pop the world with a pin.

But Doctors Claude and Clyde and Robert Charles Wannemaeker were too
Stresssssssssssssssed,
That is to say,
Stresssed OUT
To boogie to the end times,
Or bust their conks with the end times,
Or to declare upon the dance floor in their floral attire,
*I gotta collar me some end times!*²

But how can tourism revenue result from a ball of tension,
And a sopping wet hat in stormy waters?

Frank was aflame with enthusiasm
And had to win over his opponents,
Just as you are--
And must--
Today.

In his moment's resolve to fight and conquer,
Frank discovered
That by inserting tab A into tab B,
And replacing the rivers with a privately-owned waterway,
One could conceivably bolster the local economy,
Make a salt-free broth with a twenty percent markup,
And retire at the age of forty-eight.

Consider the Bang Pakong River Basin.
With its management backed by two major banks,
Less pollution is the resulting solution,
And stingrays eat pastries undeterred.

When did YOU last eat a pastry in the Bang Pakong River Basin?
Would you like to?
You can do so today,
If

² This according to clay tablets BM 80921 and BM 58878
published by Dooley Dunne Beanbag in Amel-Marduk
562-560 B.C.—A Study Based on Jersey Shore slang,
Old Testament, Valley Girl and
Pseudo-rabbinical Sources. New shirt? Looks nice....

Like our mutual friend Frank,
You think and act anew,
Eat forty-three full pound boxes of All-Bran,
And
Pass through thy land as a river.

DXing to Green, Green Grass³

*A one act dramedy in pantomime
Written on the back of a falling star
That was crushed and cut into a
Livery collar for Christ's homeless and forgotten.
(Approximate time: 1/125 sec)*

Exposition: John Bristling had no business driving a car, or filling a Jerry can with gasoline at the corner gas on Commercial Street, Or placing it in the passenger seat before pulling out from the self serve, Only to turn his '68 Plymouth Fury III Into a burning inferno.

His phizog transformed from cornflower blue eye shadow, tweaked and Darkened moustache and audible breath like a drip coffee machine sighing Water vapour and air, to moth balls in jacket pockets, and vague smell of poop On index finger, then converted to conformist malaise, Finally settling upon a cheap, chicken hot dog split and burnt with bubbling Ick and way too much mustard, smoke, and ash.

His body remained motionless when the burning vehicle hit a power pole. He was alert for a moment, But curiously did not feel pain. He felt peace, a happy end note. He had desisted from sin and left behind All sleepless nights, Inexplicable dreams, Untreated symptoms of a psychoneurotic Mind and its myriad obsessive And hysterical symptoms.

What was the principle cause of his demise?
Insomnia induced through shift work?
Or the three burning fondue pots that shared company with the jerry can?
The explosion had been marked by his biting into a bright, red apple, the *crunch*
Replaced by a **BOOM**.

The remains were interred in harmony with Bristling's written instructions: His body, sans heart, was wrapped in a buffalo plaid blanket, and left in a tree In the Arthur E. Bezanson Centennial Park. His heart was placed in a jar of bread and butter Pickles and left behind Berwick Building Supplies.

³ Published in *Misfits' Miscellany*, *Randomly Accessed Poetics*, and *Mastodon Dentist*

*The knave took flight in a coach-of-four
We shan't hear of him anymore.*

Bristling's friend, Palti son of Ralph,
Expressed extreme displeasure over the tree chosen for the body.
He removed the body by moonlight and moved it to a grade primary classroom,
"To further the education of young, impressionable minds."
He left the body with a
Turkey carving instruction manual and twenty pairs of safety scissors.

His actions coming to the attention of the RCMP,
Palti was arrested and held on a five hundred dollar bond,
But not before he recovered the jar and ate the rest of the pickles.

We may take comfort in the grand felicitation that awaits him
Upon his return to a world made anew.

In Recover'd Paradise,
Cats shall not scratch him and rub flees into his ankles.
Recycling will not be such torment.
Every sock shall have a twin.
The entire iceberg of his unsettled affairs
Will rise from the arctic waters of contemporary society and
Manifest itself, leaving only the imagination to the imagination, and only
In the most pleasant sense, like the smell of laundry drying on the line in earliest
Autumn, imparting pleasant counterpoint to the smell of burning wood fire.

Friday Morning, Before the Truck

Everybody up and down the street wants to stop and look at my garbage
Clear bag of garbage
Little things in there curling up or broken or worn out and done with
Little old man churlish mother of two trailer park owner with the beer belly
They all stop and stoop over, look over my garbage
Look up at me sitting there on the porch step with the beer in my hand
Melting into sleep after working all night
They have to figure out how I used the things that are now garbage
How they relate to me and me to them
Maybe they have nicer garbage
Or things with the secrets wrapped in cores or layers or folds or pockets
They want to make sure to reveal less but don't care to guess
But would far rather see what kind of garbage makes up me

Proverbs, Poetronica (In-Flight Movie)

1.

Next to the picture of the Bollywood starlet
And the completed Sudoku puzzle
Was a name in Punjabi
Circled with an eyeliner pencil
Then scratched out

The paper was a fold from The Daily Ajit
It failed to protect a grapefruit from the rain

The name in Punjabi
Was for the sun
And we won't see it for three more days

2.

My cargo jet is eating your bus
It will spit it out
On the other side of the world

I would dance in the torn-up streets
But dance shoes don't come with steel toes

I would marry you right now
But a wedding ring won't fit
Over brass knuckles

Feel free to pick my mind
But you'll have to go in
Through my nose

There's no need to be afraid of heights
After all
It's all the stuff at ground level
That you need to fear.

3.

Field note:
My anti-drug is Genghis Khan

Tortière

After being whipped by the night crew boss troll for eight hours
Went home and drank a quarter flask of Fireball Whiskey
Then refused to sleep
Although my friend was painting me from memory
Five hundred miles away

My body was a meat pastry pie
Half-baked
Mind
A dry gourd that shook a spastic
Rhythm of worry whenever I turned in bed

But that didn't stop the pine tree outside my window
From looking great against
Winter sky/trailer park street/pile of snow
Attempting to pass as arctic iceberg

And the psalmist whispered condolences and comfort
From behind my headboard
And the sable brush could be heard
Spreading chestnut brown and grey paint over
Rice paper
And the sun wore a veil of modest cloud
More out of sport than as a mournful shroud

Sumptuous Tracy Lee Is My Bail Bond Lender

In the suburbs of survival

I'm all alone with a black balloon
Singing in an awkward key
Haven't gotten much sleep these thirty seven days
So I suckle on the solace of the conifer trees
And Jesus does a cameo
Through camouflage of leaves

In the suburbs of survival

And smoke breaks from the rooftops
Like a Bible torn by sky
And the widow of your conscience
Holds the key to knowing why

In the suburbs of survival

I love you
You are mine
Like the rib I gave to hear the angels sing
You are mine, love, you're all mine
And the black keys on the upright
Sing your sanctuary

In the suburbs of survival

Variations de la personnalité

(For Mike)

I just “came to” one day in a forest,
Working as a barista around this clearing
With a half-dozen bistro chairs and three broken tables.
I was squeezing chicken skin
Through a battery operated espresso machine,
Setting up chicken milk latte for baby rubber dolls.

I made latte art—the last supper, the scream,
Couple of little-known Rothkos, advanced stuff.
Don’t know how long I’d been there.
Fall trees were sporting apple reds and sunset oranges.

Heard echoes of the Newichawannock Indians,
There by the Salmon Falls River.
I never figured out what happened
To the rest of the chicken,
Or my pants.

MIA

Belfast

Telegraph

Writes that the troubadour

"Is missing in action...

No new songs

Left as land marks

Along the long,

Lonely road

To Promise."

Blame it on the bird flu.

Blame it on the highway man.

Blame it on the cost of living.

Blame it on an old love.

But we can still *play*

The old songs

Or

Sing a few lines

To remember.

Self

When the storm without a name descended from the clouds
Underground rivers declared themselves
Claimed worn pathways that circled my mountain
Reduced the village below
To a childish heap
Of monstrous proportions
When the storm without a name descended from the clouds
I was left with nothing
Except my name