

[Ed. Note: "Poems" is just that. A wide-ranging yet brief sampling of various Meltzer strays, odds & ends. The ordering no more definitive than assuredly chronological. 13 pages may seem all too short. That's okay. Enjoy what's here. All works believed to be previously unpublished, apologies if any due acknowledgments have been missed. The excerpt "*from The Night Book*" is the opening sequence of the series leading up to "11:9:01" which appears in *When I was A Poet*. The manuscript continues for several more pages of dated entries.]

P O E M S

chart it

it doesn't add up

everything's ending

even beginning

▪

it's all talk

jazz that is

▪

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If you don't
you know I'm everywhere
[gospel fragment]
59

if you're dealing w/ grit
you're not making songs out of it
If the world isn't awake what good is sleep?

▪
black empty
bowl glazed
by a single
tear

from The Night Book

31:ix:01

great bows to note books

▪

bow

wow

▪

where's what's lost

just 2 minutes ago?

▪

okay, to work

▪

5:ix:01

missed the thought of paycheck today

but still not free

5:ix:01

not easier to

yet easier to

love & allow

5:ix:01

no easy way

no way

& yet

5:ix:01

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in this kind of pain
you're always awake

5:ix:01

first day of class
helpers & worry wart students
allow me to be teacher
in a Vicodin blender extender
furrow into & under
moment to moment
amazingly expanded & distended
yet all the time talking about doubt

5:ix:01

Students beyond learning
still yearn to know

6:ix:01

want nothing to clash w/ the mash

6:ix:01

her self shdnt be the subject or
object of this or any other poem

7:ix:01

the vocabulary:
'free spirit'
'the spiritual '
astrological 'sign'

9:9:01

even the numbers

time allows itself

get fudged & fucked

& don't necessarily add up

as if anything does

9:9:01

she calls it 'free form'

in hipster buzz

folks of a familiar token

10:9:01

she calls the Emeryville mall

"at last,

civilization"

10:9:01

Dante enters the dark forest

to go to hell & back

I shop at Raley's w/ my Beatrice

[untitled]

tush cush

all the gevalt

outrage to my precious slag heap

of bones

& sinews, who knew?

the “unit” (McNaughton called it)

disintegrating sooner or later

a pyramid of bone meal

topped w/ smudged bifocals

but

meanwhile

Screamin’ Jay Hawkins

is riffing fake Chinese & Mau Mau

as always

[untitled]

await awakening's sting
witch hazel splash singe
raw skin aching to morph
forms mirror clouds
right thumb squeegees
heart logo melts in breath
bath of pathos unable to
toe into & soak the blues
out of bones & ligaments
turning into tenements of time
eroding

Jazz

mellow jazz
perfect complement
to any meal whose hollow core's
stuffed to bust w/
plastic honey
melted music
poured into digital
cookie molds of lite
melded jazz soldered to
panic rock back beat
inertia background
lets synth go
where synth will upchuck
elysian fields of
sonic astro-turf hedges
& rotating clouds
in postcard blue
nerveless nirvana
white guys in loose
soft color garb
blow at Kool jazz Festival
who snap & clap on or off
or around the beat in
sunstroke heat
bikini boobs
catch the lens
in tropic cool sheen

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of souped-up chemic fabrics
melatonin free jazz chains
bathers to a huge lotus
helium filled beach ball
we are the world explosion
t-shirts & flags
the cool cats
gridlock back to AC motels
& start folkloring
to folks back home

*

festive laid back jazz
in after hour noir
cigarette smoke & sulky cats
in black, furtive eyes
blinded by shades
listen & nod
w/ an offbeat snap
to the music of the spheres
brocaded from blind fingertips
stipple joy & fond blue sulks
glue the gang together

[untitled]

asking questions leads to more
questions requests quests not
necessarily answers or doors opening
into floors where truth should be just
around the corner bright-eyed & fanged
it's a thankless task

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1/14/10

On the ledge

No one dare jump

But for the music

A bridge we

Dance across

Leaving the musicians behind

When we reach the other side

Our song is strong enough

To bring the musicians

Across the canyon

ghost hosts

coop ghosts¹

soul stealers

wheeler dealer ghosts

curled & coiled

inside itself

like a red rose

the brain explodes

there

not there

inside out

where?

ghost blues blur

roaring down the

hallways

always halfway gone

always halfway gone

coma ghosts

dream ghosts

screaming crooning

ghosts

¹ *copo ghoists* in manuscript, ed.

everywhere

ghosts

ghosts

wrapped in shadow

erased by light

transparent

tranced

thready wisps

of was

but then

but gone