



Originally from North Carolina, Jon Leon now lives in Atlanta, Georgia, where he edits *Wherever We Put Our Hats*.

**jon leon**

**boxd transistor**

## VOLTA

silence coming on like stray dogs  
lithonia not paying its insurance bill  
slaughtering continues in darfur, thoughts  
of a young horror, from the emboldened  
cutaway— verse on days, i had become  
unemotional, brambered bodies on a futon  
the poor are still here, they are amongst  
us, i wanted non-impatience, forms  
combing back, i had become tangled  
bodies on a beautiful couch, in the picture  
described is an orange comfortor sweat-  
laden sheets in the picture arching

## boxd transistor

*Wir kämpfen mit der sprache.  
Wir stehen in kampf mit der sprache.*

—L. Wittgenstein

## WITHHELD POSTSCRIPT

*for Jennifer Moxley*

I'd die for this as surely as I live for it  
knowing now you have to bear the poor quips  
to know you don't like them I'll be your Russian  
subversive I'll be your future enemy cost  
wonting I will go into the auctionhouse and emerge  
a hunger artist I will go into your bed and  
come out the sheets all white sheik of southern coasts  
I will go up far north to make eight millimeter  
movies with barnum & bailey soundtracks fiesta  
in faded Levi's I am the edge of the sea I am  
the brink of the desert the prickly cactus and  
your song for Keats letters light in air reflect the faces  
of New England kites the foliage wrecked in the cleft  
of little breathing machines I am the plastics  
you influenced to adulthood

## MACHINE TALK

Your yellow arm on my torso.

Post  
cards of  
museum  
gallery salon

restless lamentation. hatchets  
husbands new directions.

clock fifty years ago,  
could we know of this turmoil.

Not to destroy it:  
minister failure

"Who knew?" this construct  
monument... ill attempts at prosperity

Across the street:

little girls,  
pouty lips,  
black hair.

When in  
Las Vegas "I love you to death." I called.

## PINK AND BLUE BLANKETS, PINK LIGHT THEATRE

*for Heather Brinkman*

The Ronettes made sense then I'll have a cappuccino  
for once but no more  
fountains  
and no more  
rains the stores here are no good for us.  
I thought sometime we'd be splicing  
pool cues on the eve of some terrible flight.  
Fights  
ranged.  
Flights more, no. Are getting on in your years,  
you.

I know they will never build a foot-  
bridge to knowledge it would be much too  
easy, anxiousness makes sense only for the  
hopeless. You think H.D. was right  
about stuff. I think so too.

Is an extension of yr fingertips.  
It's possible to forget you are living  
w/ scoundrels, & that you should, but everybody  
laughs at perfection. Maybe the cows are  
perfect and you are glass blades  
slicing me up for being the pretty animals  
in motelrooms in noir movies. Thank you fr giving  
me Jean-Pierre Melville & Debussy I will give you  
more contemporary filigree when someone  
invents what they mean.

## DAKOTA BLUE

The world is the poorer.

urinating in  
downtown  
Manhat —

The other side  
of the English Channel

in your sum  
mer vocation  
gratis abstemious.

Lifestyle choices:

in L'Oreal Paris  
scowling theories  
exiles, rough drafts  
of your own obit —

Those buildings. Eureka.  
Peroxide blonde  
clapboard housing

photo-  
graphs with  
your grandfather's  
accordian

slung regally over his neck not here  
opposite the telephone wires.

## PRISON GRINDER

The sleeper cells were some luxury. I caribou you.  
We began tragedy with comedy. We began avocation.  
A pigeon for a pigeon. My silence.  
I think it was we who descended a staircase,  
were rejected, directly. We confiding in we,  
outlining moving picture stills. We on the corner of where.  
It was all we for a couple years before it was you  
and me. Now where is that now? With us we hadn't  
seen I though I thought I was where. I was there.  
I was thinking about I making a book called you.  
The binding stitched with the lining of your halter.  
A few meters into it I broke the ruler. Then you  
broke through. I screamed gosh. Where had we  
gotten ourselves then hear me? Gotten some signs  
back of those years before the other you who'd  
never met I. I'm trying to disguise we for its  
corrosive effects of passion. I'm a soldier  
in soldier garb who wakes up your lover to ask  
favors of us. I think it was I past who was scheming  
without knowing it. You broke into my anatomy,  
jailbird we. I busted you out and threw open the overcoat.  
We slept in cast iron sheets 'cause the down was privy.  
Us was nothing and isn't though the coasters  
were missing. No that's not how remembering is.  
We thinks there was some dark alcove  
or forgetting brush in the sidewalk. You thinks  
I saw we in the glare of the reflection in the window  
of the coffee shop. I did my bills there. I smelled  
your cheeks from Boulevard. I was in the cemetery.  
After you, after me. Your hair was the measurement  
of distrust. The Gods seduced we and them was

## POSSIBLES

Note take corner confidante.  
What relish for the aleatoric:

chatting infidelities  
telling with/  
to.

Again you shelter chandeliers  
head, sides wrong you, behind the window  
thoughts; though in consequence through lists.

The balustrade,  
flickering walk lamps,  
heights flickering, dig.

In cogito where the stitching in your  
halter, pushed bosom. I'd endure pitch-black

more delicate punch-  
ups exclaiming,

"Now that we're in the working class."  
Laps, faces, a pieta before

pimiento walls.

## WE LOVE THE RABBIT'S CATCH

Any song sung costly. Those harems masking  
the culture of north North America? We love the rabbit's catch  
when it foolishly slips the gamut.  
I thought of miner's flesh  
and flickering screens, the sounds muted, the whole time ~ technicolor.

## MUNITIONS

We made our way into the woods do you remember.  
You first where we were foreign. Today in town  
last the trickeries of labor. Caved in to a circuit board  
of verisimilitude or something like it. Many men  
bound to the fragrance of find contentment in  
the action of. There hosts of ladies many men out.  
Where ladies' bodies vie for or ladies turn radioactive  
we are back in the steel forest. We are where the past  
stopped where men raped infants and murder many men.

## IN THE BACK OF A CAR, 2003

*for Amy Pleasant*

soundtrack/thistle (how 'bout it)

wego wego

For every scar : what one is seeking

One supports the view the view- chromes

sea enemies/  
whisking

## TIGER-GOLD EDITION\*

simmer the hype  
laser-cut acrylic  
68" x 68"

koka peepshow  
(c) the artist

a black leather  
sofa below this speed-hype  
circa '92 :: present actor  
onsite, Jesse Kola

vehicle  
safari fast forward decade  
nouveau leitmotiv

aha, continue straddling position(s)  
proposition circa :: neon mini  
desire to lie  
affixed like a czech  
modeling-school dropout, dopeout  
  
soundtrack: Italia-Disco

'it's hard to be a man when there's a gun in your hand'

would lie  
w/ a snow leopard  
on Eastern European Beaches

vixen skin

## NOT A FAN

You can help me learn constellations  
and engineering. I'll lay the barrel  
at your feet. We can sway agendas;  
fell swoop. Expiration close but overlooked.

\*

Hot matches. Long square slopes.

The trash can lid overturned. We  
checked out your oils for empathy.

I found your nudes the next case scenario.

\*

Telecommunique: broadcasts alfresco.

Squirming eyes all over the tabletop.

Save the sound of ticking spoons.

White cloth on the hothouse steps.

\*

I'll invariably try to work that into it.

Chagrin, oh chagrin.

## SUNSET COVE, 1957

*after Alex Katz*

moontop\_\_\_\_\_grey coast  
island to islet\_\_\_\_\_pencil water  
antennae\_\_\_\_\_jump  
\_\_\_\_\_miniature catastrophe

orange sun fruit sun\_\_\_\_\_:: mahogany  
beaches

play in the middle ground midsky mid drop slammed down on the  
shasta sea

happiness is a truckbox, 4 paper boats

o those  
eastern nights  
they'll crush you  
down they'll crush  
your mothers  
anything the color  
fandango

afternoon we drop anchor  
and swim out to the concentration tunnels, once there  
we spare glitter fish their atelier

i steal their striped sox  
2 dimensional par  
this is heaven

\*

The prize fighters domesticated their  
prison, swept cuts. We found our  
junk den. Hiding with our head  
in our crotch. Damn necks snapped.

\*

Ask them wails come soaring.

Conflicts diurnal.

To the creator of “Pornographer In Green Shoes” and “Prussian With One Ear,” Heather Brinkman. For her unconditional support and encouragement and for her devotion and fanatic interest in poetry and human beings.

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## FEMININE EMBARRASSMENT

Kisses were invented to translate  
these nothings into wounds. -Durrell, *Mountolive* (1959)

Hello air. Fog face. Face of a wishing flower ground down  
by Florsheims. In summer I cram my poems

in the green suitcase, shred them at Oakland Cemetery  
and take a banana bike back to Moreland.

I take you aside in a crowded bar. “Monitor to monitor,” I say.  
What a tenuous prospect. Petty abstractions & non-

figuration. “...’Any broken phrase in plaster/ will do in these  
postmodern times, you asshole.” But that was

c. eighties. And J. Hughes was riding around in his convertible  
choking on suburban vomit spiced with a clown’s

wisdom. The diamonds have all crumbled back into dust  
*Le tre eta*. We will not face-off in the street to

paint a faded portrait of accountability soured. If I were  
ever to touch a glass of shiraz again I would eat the goblet

of succulent dire. If I sit with the swans I will feed them black  
rum and glass for glass annihilate your paroxysm yellow—

*animus vertere*.

## **EVEN IN THE SCINTILLANT METRO**

to proceed with the ego-damaging case  
one g. county sherrif with blood-pasted schnoz  
like a possum's crushed entrail, breezing witness  
scoffs grand jury refusal of videotaped evidence  
scene reports concocted delivery in front  
of indictment, pivot, i swivel toward accountability  
as in the same, arts broadening, narrow focus  
we were raising the bar (stool), we were  
clubby and meant it, scattle distant alarms  
brought nearer to judiciary claims, ends minus,  
god weeps the hawk, tasers' rapid fire even  
in the scintillant metro

## GUNS 'N AMMO

The perky baristas house assassin  
in greyblack.

The black  
red wheel station-  
ary walk

way down Wickendon Street  
through the harbor bowels.

got over  
East Street  
Beethoven num-  
ber sixteen.

Snap me backseat intimacy  
to tell you something extended

to somewhere shaking  
on Atwells right instead

sidetracked. Of course forgot it.

He was right “we have thrown away the most  
powerful of all things in literature” we have sensed power  
a testament to uncertain capacity. It *was* something  
hanging around Black Mountain some fifty yrs after the death of.  
The night is calmly closing its gate while you rebuild  
the coliseum that last vestige of permanent escape from which  
no lite will save life. Will not the twenties get us modern.

## TRACER

Everyday over again out fit.  
So there's no distinction there. People,  
person people sometimes tennis skirts

living to glamor-  
ize child's mind.  
Playlist:

ten everyday, work vita.

Where? Champions  
under blank govern-  
ing bodies down  
orders.

The same at midnight.

Simpatico orders  
lower trad —  
What? United. The  
natural standpoint.

Same bank two blocks away,  
doltish quarters. These modes.

there to bear witness to our startling disclosure.  
I put my plain clothes back on for the holidays.  
We did it electronically. Us put my machines  
back together. We operated out of the recesses  
of confession. We were a box of white rose petals  
I imagined leaving on your doorstep before I  
bought the Zenith transistor to replace your interests.  
Us was the tuner. They turned me on. I banded  
with your exclamation. The speakers smiled so hard  
they busted. I repaired over winter break. When  
I want my stranger back got back to work  
we were where? Still hoping. I can tell you everything  
about we in one glass when I run into us and *Le tre eta*.  
We'll be comingling on the side of the road  
with our collars turned fur coasts with them around.

## NO PROGRAM

I came out for nothing. No  
shake-ups. No incendiary violence.  
No subject : object. A constant shake-up  
for nothing. This disease I know  
maybe it's a drag but for what else.  
Nothing about penitentiaries appeals  
to me. Nothing off-hours. No  
thing who stole my piss in  
cleaner toilets. Nothing waxing  
Eric Rudolph hand in hand.

In a period :: In disproving, probing  
the idea that

defining concentrating working & that,  
bonding together bound apparent the  
auxiliary body smoothed blanketed with & that,  
contort missing bound and given (from "Unknown (1)")

It is 10:15 of a Tuesday. My face  
is breaking out in bleu. It's cramped  
here. What one is seeking. ~~Are finding.~~  
Turtle wax in nite lots, scents. What it

she, having handed kismet  
a fin like all at once  
the segue from acute loneliness  
will dislodge and scamper over  
into the \_\_\_ compartment.

Between stones and dirt  
what are we trying to make possible.?

## RE-MAKE/RE-MODEL

Explanatory what can we say. No erasure of difference.  
Anything setting not eager or silent. Booming alleyways  
backdoors the midst. We're proving it this segregating focus.  
Less and less on anything moving. Clearly in that arena  
or any course irrational. About what do we present  
public movement. Tendencies vice anything moving.  
We're good druggists. Records and ball today thinking  
sophisticated other at thirty. Speeches stark action stumped.  
With to ask tearing off characterization. In speeches  
removing eyes right, sockets ditches, digging burn.  
Themes rough manifesto on anything moving but are  
finding no movement. All day long until lice. Where  
discount looks foreign rows. Cognition, results, etc.

'I was feeling sensitive to the issue,  
I was this valentine'

eating glass candy  
airing our Persian rugs

thrustxperviousxthrust

avail. 01x29-03x26x2005

\*by Jason Irwin

some thoughts on poverty, pornography, and promises

\* In a "Letter from One Poet to Another" dated 5 January, 1811, Heinrich von Kleist wrote that what the poet would most of all like to be able to do would be to convey thoughts by themselves without words.

## FLEA JACKET

I watched your talks rope meters.

Neck first into the bustling street

farce. We can't all blocked feathers

you pigeon. Gang me in '98.

That was South inevitably — quite deft.

\*

The problem with the Producers.

What we aren't learning : what we've

cost. In Grozny perhaps with little

Persephones, creep. You stick it out;

it gets cut, no?

## [SIC] TRANSIT

*For-*

Her eyes are lobelia-blue, fire-blue now in her  
burnt face. Her arms are the colour of the chiffon  
scarf that she wore last night at dinner. The hollow  
in her neck is as fragrant as tobacco and her flesh tastes,  
I tell her, of water-lilies and pears. She says, "water-lilies  
and pears ... what a mutinous sort of salad," and  
I say "for God's sake, don't be whimsical."

H.D., *Kora and Ka* (1930)

Frustrating alliance Enjoy sailor  
Glue America, Bingo —

R.M. was buying and selling.  
We all thought the world was getting small

and it is; hours smell so brackishly long here.  
The house is a plague sitting on a little bench.

"A sublime and spontaneous Art..."  
Dear \_\_\_\_\_ : it was a very real symbol for us

that we could not afford to butter our toast. Alas,  
we have had our first taste. Girl tropico ::

girls topic, entropic.  
But the girlies are so myopic. Aha, *soon!*

White cloth on the midnite table.  
No sound save the ticking of knives.

## VAGABOND ROSE (AMERICAN NUDE)

Will you please help us young duck.  
What morality. Only once thorny you

caught/complete tryst gone.  
No holds — Luck.

Complete black complete bloodred black.  
Hear ye hear ye you hear you cavalcade

balance walkaround w/  
nose in shoes, steep walk-up

kicking tin, & fast sting — cavalier.  
Say cannot that's learning i.d. us.

Tourniquet give  
out stretch your wrist out  
one block this way.

The best can be better. Bodies stop-out.

The better the tech-  
nology the better the conquest  
learning about disinfectious  
turn the r a d i o on  
learn about mono mono  
learn what is  
no good learn about  
one road going tangent to  
you civil.

Call me virile.  
The countryside found us eager backstabbers and primitives.  
I can't find nothing here in the striplight ::

moviehouse - massage parlor  
- backstreet - clinic -

found here  
where everything is here

“Kick some Dukakis  
kick him hard”

ablactation

why we don't work

the shortest distance from  
a point to the vertical or y-axis

X prepared to break off that  
dangerous liaison.

Why don't we all have a little fun for once.

Whip who possession.  
God give me who? Refunction.