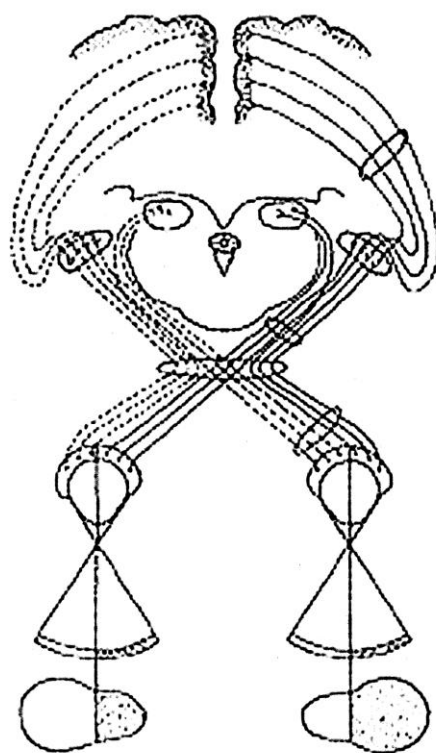
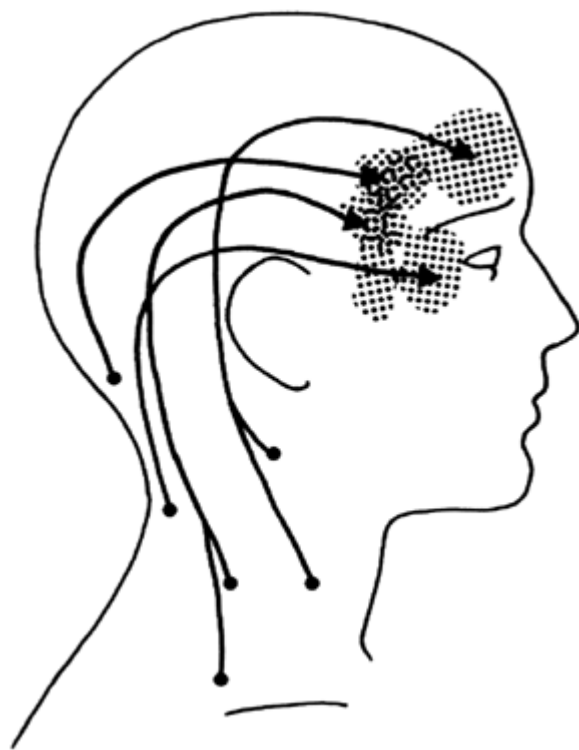


20/20
(2005-2007)



Lewis DeForest Brown



for Darrell Hyder

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Scrapping the Barrel

Odd that we should say so much
I'm getting interference
Don't ask me what I believe
Not a shred of evidence
As if apes had emotional states

Not a crumb not a nanosquat
I have this urge to reach high
But there at every turn
The hunchback waits
And cooks up schemes for the purpose

I only happen to be what is it
A flat bicycle tire
Singing a tiresome swill heavenly
In my face again
At this personal succubation

You I suppose are rid of it
However
My vine is climbed like forever
I mean *sæcula sæculorum*
Please turn up unexpectedly

Not About Communism

Join hands all ye little ones and big
Lifelines nails and knuckles
Strangers on my block
The careless prison let's us out
Positively vapid singing our hearts out

Not what's it about but what's it
Angels are breaking down the door
What's more the key to the ignition
Gets crazy in the air
The pocket bumps and the cabin shakes

I remember Henry motionless and snug
Waiting for the sun to spin
Never spoke to old ladies or midgets
Couldn't breathe couldn't table only tell
Not when a body meets a body

Eyes seeing eyes got wise plumply
Where does the outlet go when the washer
Our cries beyond need not answer
No neck without the bottle
Sunshine lets itself in

Dressing the Beef

Imagine cutting the what
Many insanities are rampant to be sure
Don't bother me now
Small precious tidy things
Give me that I want that

It's not just size
There are a million things to worry about
Dangerous I've already said stupid things
To have recourse to to explore
As far as the magical ize can

It really is no wonder it's as close
If that could happen I mean
There's only a short distance before
The economy goes
And everything other goes I think to bed

Sure protest is involved
There are so many ways as I've said before
Your Carmelites, your Franciscans, your Benedictines
Your meteorites, your memories, your possibilities
So much just like that

Place the Insertion Point

Whatever arrives make it peace
Hire a haunt
Comfortably as a mysterion proceed
Come buy a yah
Right in the middle of domestic bliss

Feets don't fail me now
Lo
Everything's nice on lice for a price
I mean preace
My little bumpy head hurts

What was it
Let's smile that snarl off the edge
I believe in miracles
You sexy babe
Whatever immediate income is to be had

The foundation of love
Preace
But I can't tell you from here
Some wallbanger is friendly with a map
Why did you ask

He Dried in Kentucky

At the last minute
When it was so unexpected
The fern grew and obviated
What must have been necessary
All along as a handsome child felt more

Search me was all he could say
Waiting as he was for the bus of his dreams
Take me awry take me we say test me
I don't where the going goes
My mist is floating it almost shows

You can only do this when you know
No no no knowing isn't so
Why babies are so important
They are the meld the next thing
What were we waiting for after all

If you put it on your eyes you cannot see
This is why rescuing matters
Believing is just that accidental
The impossible is so damned possible
Put thine head in the sand and breathe it

Christmas 2006

A certain amount of embarrassment
Has to be sustained, suspended
Do not think we are unfortunate for this
The worst does not matter
Like oh God no poetry

The redeemer takes no chances
One size fits all
It's when I speak to people
The world is unhinged
Dangerous and glorious

Like in the beginning
Like getting to be born
To be a big guy
Bigger than imagination
Because everything fits one

Blood wine and wheat skin
At the heart of the tale
Making me better
Trying slightly, trying more
Never was anything yet better

Looking the Way the Night Looked

Only if cannot be repeated too often
Shaking off the sand
So many ways to love
So so so many
I can't help it nor can you

Take it from me if from anyone
Put that smart thing where it worked best
And don't be lonely because
This very second is just that
Goodness me

What is meant by backwater
Fortune certainly shines upon us
Creation is spectacular
Don't argue with me about these this
Curl up and behave

Looking at the night
Looking at the body
Smooth ain't it
Curving and pearling like that
Posing and what do you call that

Epiphany Is Next

Commence your bargain
Come my soul release some number I cannot tell
Always asking me something
Mass, light, energy—I have no idea
What a squib makes

Little delicacies of sound embalmed
More ways to greet, to posture
To migrate into dreams unsusposed and nervous
Given the chance
Your word is final

You who are what you am
The one I talk to
Like you are there
In the space made to talk at
You miracle spectacle glamorous omniporous

Be there when I'm gone
Keep your enterprise up
Make a funny fine odor
So I know where you are
Redolent invisible master of the moment

A Ferney Story

With his tremendous voice too eager to
See that others conformed to the proprieties
A little neat old man, with a Highland church and tartan plaid
Watching the deli on Central Avenue
Did not have the luxury of servants to polish his armor

What happened to Voltaire's brain
No matter how important because of the caste system
Somebody might think he had actually died
If he was alive and he pulled the string
He was called a dead-ringer

The claims his legs shifted about
So many victims upon which to concentrate
The Lord taking his wits away
Voltaire was a bigoted mess
Too many eggs in one pan

His letters met great controversy in France
Where he bought a large estate
The better to hide you with my dear
Maybe we could get out those chariots
And put runners on the wheels

Our Lady Is Assumed

Reaching for normal complement of sex chromosomes in a female
Enter what they used to call the miasma of truth
Who are they
The utterances that are sold on the block
Their sluttiness gets them even so by the catholics accepted

Take it all in
Did you cause something today
And did it then go away
Some holy act of shooting blanks
If you are indifferent hope so you have been redeemed

When syntax disappears chemistry shows up
Believe it to be the case for whatever
Closing in on the absence of flowery reassurance
Spacious is the destiny that can only be assumed
Am I confused God bless me

There is no such as risk only fear
Have another bite of something else
Daring can be a quiet moment when the salt hits the sea
On the edge of goodbye
Yeah go ahead take it away after all

I'm Tired of Talking About God

Yes when it was new and again when it was old
I feel so separate like a piece of rice
The commandments always fool me
Forgetting they need to be forgotten
Stop a minute

Diving now like mud into the bottom less a minute
Stupefied and crossed a minute
Albeit the front is the back and so on
You have this many chances or then oh no foul
I bear it I love it and I bear it

Don't make me say this anymore
Always it comes out salsa la bamba misterioso
Choice what could be more obvious
Monkeys talk
Labor unions talk

The rending of the earth talks
The middle of anything talks
Cosmology and other thinking talks
Flamingos talk
Aspirations talk

Done Gone Dawn

A piece of wood
No fracture only fire
A little piece of heaven
Yes, moment
Yes, cat, eyes and maybe throat

Off to bed, huh
Fold under moreover
Wait for it
Make the time yours
You Fred and Polly

Whatever we expect
We already know
Sorry it's unspectacular
Army man abandoned child
Round dish and the burning

Cursed and blessed tonight
Lord I am not worthy
The combination furkle fluster
The bouncing plaster is a plunk fuss
Give me room

Astigmatism

That same dark river— we've talked about this
Like a cranberry bog: gems on top
Red on the staff sharp and flat
A dim sun feast
Bad fat stand back ridgeback guinea pig

Diet is important if you want to live
Horror hogs hoard headlines
As we've said mistakes were made
Impossible in the far distant past
When the world waged war

A fair sailing come-about
As the distance fades cureless and
What is cost a schmegmillion garters
Endless girdles and other elastic attire
It's just so much more serious than that

O Hell eat it
Each waking moment so much resembles the last
Are you a collector
Sold to the whatzis in the rear
Strange signal made and believed

Lent 2007

Every healthy tree has a deep dark rut
Look the other way
A woman in an apron scalds
A baby's wrist Is she ashamed
Or was it a trick of God to make her believe

Those Old Testament guys were trying
To make a living off God, under God, all over God
Couldn't even pronounce it—rightly or wrongly
I quit smoking tobacco cigarettes Did they
Those OT guys were swingers

All stories end in flames like the rest of us
They'll tie you down if you're joking around
No rule yet invented that we can't pretend to be
Whose foreskin is gone Who has it still
At some point abbreviations are helpful

I can't make this longer
I can't make this alone
Nothing will ever match conviction
Understood properly the sky is falling
And you want to hear my confession

The Ashes (Ambiguous)

Steal them from escrow—let them
Surround this crazed planet
Rebelling against the dark bodies choking it
Every breath against science is a little jar
Breadlines, apoplexies and daymares are on the way

Surrender to the Kingdom is here
I am comfortable at the moment and then
Razors, agonies, starving, waiting, futility
Will inherit peaceful zeroes, a crust of death
Where memory becomes something like air

Important to know for sure there will be peace
We did not deserve the garden
But the answer is nigh as the question washes out
The garden was the best dream ever
If only we could sleep again and more

Once you leave there's no place to get out of
Of course this is not poetry Am I deaf
Am I ready for a new me—a not me
That roams eternity with ease—infatuated beyond observing
So natural isn't it: C'est la vie

Captions

You kind wash ow
Your body your prison
Come to terms if you
You enjoy your holiday
Done except the chapter.

Your line is finish it
English poet said on our desk
Within a sorry within a tor
Peel about the sex
Connecting the dots

We took bad apple
After this long winter
We got our sneak peek
News from magic world
The evidence is incontrovertible

Prove it
Looks like another blockbusher
Battle of the bull bulbs is hanging
Greet the season sale
All day Friday only

Contritions

Crumbling with regret no
My friends are nuts comparatively
Speaking way too much
You gotta love rampant neuroses or
There ain't no love at all

Offhand I'd say something like seven
Out of ten are a bird in the hand
No good or just as one in the bush
The differential is not so amazing
As the comfort that comes regardless

Common rue borne in cymes
The difference between expected loss and actual loss
A champion racehorse or a rigorous formulation
Deus menus, ex toot cored penitent
Does it apply or is it the puppy dog frown

No way to find out
Go with the flow
I'm with stupid
Fork in the road
Sincerely ground to pieces

The Last Words (Before Easter)

Begun in the middle of a small stack
When thinking of all the maids and manners
Quick fingers small brush and so many questions
Hang up the absolute and dial again...dial
Informal participation with broad licensing

No appetite for phony romantic revolutionary sentiments
Guide me God through muck and mire
Scare me up a pretty brick house
Somehow operatic with musk flower losing scent
Can we seriously study how people in the rest of the world

Behave
Well she knows how to play guitar and piano
Eating low-fat cars and driving hybrid steaks
Because the ocean is coming
How will we weed ourselves Guide me God

Many years of repetition still on loan
Do not imagine that I am wrong we are all
Exuding exaltation ecstatically
On the skin of a glacierine lizard decelerating
Oops I hop skipped myself

Eating in the Sedan

On a canvas at the bottom of a rise
The switching is complicated—on, off, dim, filter, dye, wet, dry—
Without knobs, toggles, dials, slides, only the bobbleheads
I still hear the cries of abbreviated minds, much like
My own, mind you, my own peanut butter brain

Seeing 20/20 I look away, the numbers intercept
My own congenial congratulations which I am bound to muster
Having many cousins I don't know
Suspensions are inevitable and calculations are gray
The peas should not touch the potatoes, nor the potatoes the chops

Some read the weather, some choose blues, others hate to wait
All my cousins write scripts and plumb can't listen
Soon enough it, the it, will all be over, back to the golden dream
Awake we sleep, sleeping we are aware
Laughing lyrics, enduring failures, constant conniving, wishful thinking

On a canvas at the bottom of a rise
Wisdom has no permanent place—whatever seems good is just now
The perfect car is still a long way off
Try to stop a war and see what you get
Our best bet is to be saved by Christ

