

# JACK TIMES

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## Poster Ad for Little Havana Souvenir Shop

Special Editor of MiPo~Print  
Poetry Reporter Jack Hughes  
Editor John Eivaz  
Publisher Didi Menendez

4/29/03

Like all tourista souvenir things, it seems innocuous, charming enough – this poster for Little Havana’s “Official Souvenir Shop” down in Miami. The little colorful man-drawing runs thru the surface – ordinarily, seeing a photo like this I admire the brief exoticism, move on . . . But today I’m having a very bad day. I just found out one of the two great loves of my life whom I was living with in a house we bought together this time last year, just saw fit to head on down the Sanford NC redneck bar and score herself a new boyfriend. I could hear her leading up to it in her speech to me on the phone, a little hesitant, tentative, trying to decide where to spear the elephant or which approach to the summit

held the best light – speechless  
shocked by my own purely selfish pain  
I cut her off as soon as she reached  
His name, “Brad,” before she could reach  
How “he likes the kids  
The kids like him  
He’s not a redneck  
He’s a good guy  
We get along good  
The first time he kissed me  
I remember  
It was as if snow  
In my heart was melting  
We stood outside the Sanford bar  
You remember that bar Jack  
My heart was pounding  
I smelled his cologne  
We made love the third date  
He slipped his penis in me different from  
yours Jack  
I came three times I clutched  
To his chest hair shuddering, relieved  
Marissa likes him”



From review of a Chicago performance:

“He entered in complete darkness from stage right, accompanied only by solo piano, he aimed his voice like a beacon in a soundscape of utter desolation. Singing the bolero “Mil Flechas”(A Thousand Arrows):

*From me you would not hear not a sigh, nor a moan  
Though a thousand arrows pierced my heart.*

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. . . the burning is so fresh, raw, sweet in me.  
I can smell myself burning I am meat outside myself  
I laugh in the joy for all the otherness  
that's supported  
on my anguish. Yeah try to leave it at  
that Jack, "anguish," try to  
and the next of words  
cracks appear margins  
lightningbolt messagings  
cracks run off helter skelter  
off on all sides  
toward the shores  
some paths are better  
if none precedes you there  
you're not making sense Jack  
you're talking about yourself again about your anguish  
you're the one who fucked her over with Kali  
then on Monday when Lisa dropped by  
you fucked her  
did you tell her you had been with Kali just the previous night? Um no



so what fuckin right do you have? The man

in the Little Havana poster I see now is burning  
bracelets of flame cover his shoulders ankles  
and the top of his head  
a crown of flame  
he's running like shit  
to get out of the Little back into the Big again  
back out of the tourista reminiscence nostalgia back to  
the Real Havana – already demolished  
green painted pre-Castro buildings molder in the heat  
funky cars like from old 1960's National Geographics  
sort of run, or don't

Ibrahim Ferrer with the face of a little boy crosses with an ageless beagle  
leans against a stucco wall to let a bicycle pass  
his voice breaks your heart

He was born in 1927, near Santiago in eastern Cuba  
his mother went into labor  
at a social club dance  
During childhood, he nearly died of tetanus  
his mother's death he was twelve  
Ferrer had to take to the streets  
selling sweets and popcorn

"I would have been thrilled if my name had become known  
but it never happened."

Moved to Havana in 1957,  
employed primarily to sing  
guarachas, sones and other up-tempo numbers

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Yet all the time his heart belonged  
to that classic, slow-burning ballad form,  
the bolero.

"I was always told that I was not good enough."

The gentle face the profile of someone beyond hope beyond abandonment

Ry Cooder found him hanging out in a doorway  
ageless age 70 in a colorless brown suit  
a small altar to the Virgin in his sparse  
abode

After his retirement in 1991  
he was back on the streets selling lottery tickets

and shining shoes

*(can I add something? Can I just add  
that the pathos of this is overwhelming to me  
and brings tears to my eyes? Do you mind  
my extra drama here, my red desirous words  
curled  
out, a little too much, the sharpened goldened  
curly rims of clouds in ocean sunset?  
Do you mind if I cry? A mist of pain  
A thousand arrows)*

At the Buena Vista sessions, Ry Cooder asked  
if there was a softer voice that could be found  
for the bolero. Juan de Marcos González,  
the musical director of Sierra Maestra  
immediately thought of Ibrahim  
and came to his house to ask him to  
do a recording. At first, "I wasn't interested," says Ferrer.

"I had suffered a lot through music"  
"I felt... I don't know how to say it...  
disappointed by my life in music."

When Gonzalez asked him, Ibrahim was in the middle  
of shining a client's shoes. Ibrahim said  
"I can't do this till after I take a shower"  
Gonzalez said "No, they're recording now!"

Ibrahim went with him to Egrem Studios

"When I arrived at the recording studio, I found Rubén González there  
with Compay Segundo, Eliades Ochoa, Barbarito Torres, 'Guajiro' Mirabal...  
people I had looked up to all my life. I started humming while Rubén González  
was improvising at the piano, and to my surprise I found I could follow him.

*continued from page 3*

Eliades Ochoa saw me and started to play the Faustino Oramas tune that I sing called 'Ay Candela'.

Ry Cooder and Nick Gold were in the control room.

" I didn't know who they were, but it seemed they liked my voice."

"And when I sang the bolero 'Dos gardenias', they really noticed me."

"I had been chosen as a bolero singer!"

This is why when you listen to Ibrahim on the Buena Vista Social Club CD, you sense an angelic presence in his voice, a softness much softer than sand much sweeter than sunlight much more mellow than the mix of sand sea and sunwarmth in the spray of Cuban waves leaving stray whorls of surfy froth quickly dissolving even as you look at them so narrow on the porticoes of heaven, so quickly to transition out of our life. His ageless face, the soft lilt of his voice are the sounds a man makes still smelling of shoe polish

who has, from a place beyond heartbreak or tears, from a place long gone from believing,

has opened the dim studio door and entered heaven, entered memories of clinking Mojitos

and eyewatering cigars, of her ankle in the dress that turned away her face he can no longer remember, and her name, as well, unknown,

her dance, terse, a sort of burning.



photos of Miami by d. menendez

**JT**

Jack Times Special Edition

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# to Brooks

7/26/03

How beautiful to be alive and inside time!  
The rabbit pauses in the darkness in front of the pub  
Where we don't go anymore because we don't drink.

Dandelion puffs sway in the sunlit breeze  
And far in back, white smoke comes  
Off the hospital roof.

The hum of car tires on the road  
Is comfortable, like the remembered rocking  
Of a boat on a lake.  
Later,

During the long, quiet drive home,  
Everyone's tired. The father drives.  
I lick dried salt off my forearms.

I remember sitting in my bedroom at night  
Listening to my black plastic radio, the AM/FM  
Like sand poured through the transistors.  
The bare memory

Of pink barrettes on a girl's ears  
Damaged my heart, made it hurt.  
There was no more doubt about this  
Than there was about the world's beauty.

There still is no doubt.



Jack Times Special Edition

# the warmth of bricks

5/15/03

We drove into work together, she  
driving, me reading a book on

the historical Jesus.

About a ten-minute drive.

Every so often I looked up  
and saw the trees and buildings passing,

As I kept reading holding the book with my right hand,  
with my left hand I rubbed and patted  
her taut runner's thigh.

"Most of the crucified weren't buried at all  
but left out as carrion for wild dogs and crows.  
If he was buried, it was by roman slaves  
in a shallow grave." These facts were covered with myth

because unendurable  
or inexplicable  
or because they were forgotten or unknown  
and illiterate peasants kneeling around night fires  
had to figure it out from scratch, and just as  
the moon is thought to be a big piece of cheese  
Jesus was thought to have walked on the water  
when in reality  
all he walked on  
was our hearts.

Of course, I could be completely wrong.

I pet Trish on her knee again, lightly trace  
the taut softness of her inner thigh below her thin summer skirt.  
I prefer silence, the unnameable, to mythological names.  
I return to the source which precedes my ego, my conscious self.  
The warmth of bricks lying silent in the sunlight  
is not far off.

Suddenly I think: walking on water --  
what a splendid way to say the unnameable.  
Bread that multiplies, broken,  
fish that fill the net with more of themselves,  
Lazarus who coughs dry dust, opens creaky eyes --  
how else would we ever say silence? I wave once  
to the fiery jade dragon coiling and uncoiling through the air  
and enter my office.

# split, until the end

7/25/03

What is life? An image  
Of divinity. What is divinity?  
Well if it doesn't include

This particular blue-black trash bag –  
No, not that one; this one –  
Then it aint real! We look at clouds, we look at

Towers  
Of moisture  
Miles away, but it means nothing to  
Us, we continue to go into Lowes

Itching the back of our  
Neck. Which is as it should be: to recognize  
The leaving of the meanings  
Makes the meanings glow.

Makes the leaving glow.



Jack Times Special Edition

# poem to a lost superball

7/25/03

I sat out front with Jenni's mother, watching  
The bumblebees load the clover  
Bent, then sprung up again as  
They bobble to the next  
One.

I am sitting crosslegged on the  
Floor of our new  
Rental house.

As a celebration of our  
Survival thus  
Far, we went to Kohls  
And bought  
Two rooster candleholders,  
One metal and one glass.

Sweet dusk tonight, as always.  
One week sober, both of us.  
If I say I "know" something  
All that means is it's wrapped in words.  
Who needs it?

The weight of pain, the weight of joy in one life  
Is too much to be known. She has  
A white scar on her forearm  
From falling off a horse. I remember Sara

Used to love horses –  
I felt my mood sinking in the car.  
Jenni told me to take my paxil.  
What is the purpose of poetry?  
"To ease the pain of living" said Ginsberg –  
seems as good a definition as any.

I feel like the poem is going prosey  
And hasn't really "clicked" or "hit." I feel like  
Maybe it's time for a dramatic "leap"  
To hold the reader's  
Attention. Hmm. What kind of "leap"  
Would be best? Maybe a metaphorical one,  
Something about the large, barbed  
Feet of the roosters  
We saw at the Bloomington fair?

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## poem to a lost superball

It's important to keep the poem  
Short, well-formed – maybe I should go  
Back, erase half this poem? I know:  
I'll redefine it as some sort of "internet text"  
That in its very run-on prosiness  
Sort of captures the run-on aspect of life.  
We went thru the Wendys drive-thru today;  
I thought about applying for a job there.  
Eh, think about it tomorrow . . . but wait, Jack,  
That's what you've been doing for years.  
That's why you've gotten into this fix!  
I was looking at the Indiana State Bar application.  
The first few pages weren't so bad  
Then on page 3, they ask for "all past addresses  
For the last 10 years." Shit. Let's see, that first  
Apartment in Winston-Salem . . . the one with the  
Lonely lady in her 50s at the front desk.  
And the rusty white-painted ice cream truck  
That crept thru the parking lot  
With its evanescent, haunting melody.  
And the rainy tennis courts that gleamed.  
What was the complex called?  
Maybe I should make up a name –  
"Forest Oaks" . . . "Cedar Terrace" . . .  
I remember picking Stacia up at the little  
Winston-Salem airport named after the  
R J Reynolds heir who died young in a tragic  
Plane accident, trying to circumnavigate the  
Globe one-handed or some  
Such . . . she had a giant drab green duffel bag  
With all her clothes. A few weeks later  
She was leafing through the poems in my closet  
And found the poem I wrote to – oh what was  
Her name – Sallie – but then another time I had  
Changed the "Sallie"s in it to "Stacia"s  
And mailed it to Stace –  
When I got home from law school that day  
Stace was in tears, confronted me.  
That was bad. I biked back up  
To the law school in tears myself.  
Maybe I'll call that complex "Willow Terrace"  
Since willows are associated with  
Weeping. Then we moved to  
Spring House Apartments – but which one?  
No. 42? No. 3-A?  
Then Stace start collecting bassets  
And soon the carpet reeked of piss.  
I used to walk Redford out  
In the freezing mornings, but he was so nervous  
It took him 20 minutes and half a mile  
But lost it on the way home.

JT

Of walking up and down behind the  
Buildings before he'd  
Drop his load . . . On page 5 of the application  
They ask about debts, "any debts more than  
90 days past due" . . . and on page 7  
"any and all moving violations" . . .

Maybe I should write a novel?  
But I suck at narrative. Example:  
This poem. Hmmm.  
I know, Jenni should write a novel.  
But what should I do in the meantime  
To pay the bills?  
Wendys?  
Such are the issues confronting  
The postmodern internet poet . . .  
Pausing as I compose this poem, I glance up  
At the Georgie O'Keefe print.  
It does look like a vagina . . .  
Five feet to my right, the cat sits  
Its front paws meekly crossed beneath its  
Downy white chest.  
I find that when I write sober  
The poem tends to run on  
And there's a lack of brilliant "leaps" –  
At this point, the poem is making me depressed.  
Why does Jenni like roosters so much?  
This is the longest I've gone without drinking  
In oh 10 years.

I talked with Lynze briefly last night,  
Maybe 5 minutes, then the cell  
Battery went dead. (If I was a little buzzed  
Maybe I could connect this fact with  
A larger failure of communication  
In contemporary society . . . then riff on the  
Idea of how failure is not a bad thing . . .  
Why even call it "failure"? It is said Wittgenstein  
Would show up at another professor's house  
Each night at 2 a.m.  
With tiny scraps of paper  
Saying, "Take these  
In case my cottage burns down.")

The other night, me and Jenni walked around  
Debating about whether you should call them  
"lightning bugs" or "fireflies" . . . I doubt  
that Ankush really killed somebody. Asked  
whether he'd ever participated  
directly or indirectly  
in anybody's death, Genet  
wouldn't answer. It's said  
when he went to visit his publisher  
his publisher's wife would hold  
her hands over her ears  
so he couldn't steal her earrings.  
When I was about 10,  
I stole a piece of gum from a store.  
Once I bought a superball  
But lost it on the way home.

## note

5/8/03

the woman with the short hunched  
back, polyester  
highwaters and slicked  
gray hair walks slowly by  
holding the white plastic bag

tightly by two hands.

the cashier apologizes, looks at me.  
she is also an old lady, graceful.

I start to realize why toward the  
end van gogh ladled the paint  
straight from tube to canvas  
no brush no thinking.

## lunch with trish

5/5/03

Her face, as kind as before,  
beautiful blonde hair,  
slim body

all apologies

On my part, not calling  
When I said I would, not  
getting on my meds till a week ago

we hold hands and look out the window –  
the rain specks the street with silver crowns.

We sip hot chocolate.  
There is calm and quietness  
here – I need to stop mistaking  
it for

Something missing. Sometimes,  
the quietness,  
the absence

of drama is the real story. Outside the rain

Speckles the street with miniature silver crowns.

## keys

4/24/03

poor kali forgot her keys last night,  
left them in my corvette. let's see  
what we got here:  
Food Lion supermarket "MVP" thingie,  
jeep key,  
little "National Cabinet Lock" key "made in USA,"  
standard-issue Kwikset (house?) key,  
and a triangular-ended key. and  
a little plastic gun on a chain.  
children

have a hard time letting go  
of themselves, and so reward themselves  
as they go away, with savage little tokens,  
a dyed-pink rabbit's foot, a matchbox car all  
bashed in, a secret civil war era bullet, a  
secret dried-up rubber, a  
little black plastic submachine gun.

kali led me on for a while, but then  
back at the open mic bar  
pretty soon she was in one of these nonstop  
chases leaning intimately across the little  
table at one of the rawboned guys  
and can i blame her  
i used to be her  
i used to be him

out of all this mix and flashing faces of people,  
artists, musicians, rockers, dreamers and poets, tell me  
who are the millions who will fade into yesterday's  
fashions,  
who is the one who will survive and succeed,  
who is the secret one whose words or tunes or visions  
shall tap the celestial eyehole and spring it open  
tumbling angels and devils down into our world  
forever?

tell me, for i seek the angels' mercies  
and it's been a while

a long while

since i lost my keys

Jack Times Special Edition

# fireflies in a jar

4/28/03

# JT

I left the office at 10:07 and walked through the wonderful scarcely noticed NC April sunlight reading the sheaf of my own poems in my hands wondering are they any good thinking sure, I like em then into the car and down through the sun-leafed summery trees all scarcely noticed in my dizzied and faint mood of wondering oh my Lisa will you ever come back bubble butt waitress go 'way you satan and the like Kali I'm glad we get along again let's make another song

Pulled in on the side of the street next to Dr. Parsons' charming little brick building office. Inside, wood chairs on wood floor, an old man at the front counter spills interminable numbers of medical credit and other cards from his wallet. I get a little impatient just then he says "Why do I like to have all these cards anyhow?" Which rescues the scene savages the banality of me with the presence of him. The nurse kindly takes me back "Hello John haven't seen you in over a year!" She weighs me "171" . . . . "When we saw you last 16 months ago you were 174" . . . . I sit in a little wooden schoolchair with, yes, actual scrawled ancient kids' initials and love symbols visible in the dark colored old wood.

I sit and wait then in comes Dr. Parsons reviewing my chart from 16 months ago, "Let's see, last time you were here, you were seeing a girl in California . . ." For the next half hour or so I give him the update how I broke up with Stacia how Lynze invited her out how Dave broke up with lynze I tell him about Lisa about Kali about music poetry and depressive anxiety issues like "steel on steel the brake pad wore out" he is sort of tapping his finger on my chart trying to visualize in his head the complex web of relationships "now let me get this straight" he says "Stacia..... Dave..... Lisa ..... rock band...."

He takes his glasses off and rubs his eyes. I love the guy. He's a plain, thickset guy, utterly unassuming, an infantryman doctor on the front lines of strep and dementia. He brings out a little chart of the neurotransmitters, we talk about dopamine and serotonin, we talk about endorphins – "not a neurotransmitter but a hormone, like adrenaline." I tell him "Doc, I feel like my life is getting decadent, you shouldn't have to have to live extreme experiences to write well." We talk about the feedback loop of reality art how the ultimate logical conclusion of reality tv reality poetry would be you know naked slabs red meat I mention Dr. Carlos Williams to him.

*continued on page 10*

continued from page 9

## fireflies in a jar

There's a solid, unassuming, workmanlike, black bangs over the Joe Everyman forehead quality to him that like.

He likes me too, his nurse  
made a point of telling me last  
time I was here 16 months ago  
but this time I sense  
he is a tad more worried.  
"Let me get this straight --  
you undergo these experiences  
thinking it will make a good poem,"  
rubbing his tired eyes,

bemused. Stoic

we sit and talk for another hour or so.  
He says "Your life sounds like Hemingway's."  
I say "Well no he had a better physique  
and about a million more dollars."  
He asks "Are you in love right now?"  
I tell him about the Kali and Lisa situations,  
how happy I was with Lisa  
before it fucked up.  
He leans over, slips  
the paxil prescription  
between two pages of the book I brought with me:  
"Seven Greeks" by Guy Davenport, translations  
of ancient Greek poetry. We agree

I will come back in a month with a status report.  
Are you eating he says? Badly. Fast food. I don't take care  
of myself,  
it was so much better when I had Lisa.  
Are you drinking? Yeah too much.  
Are you sleeping? Too much.  
He hands me a bunch of free sample paxils to tide me over  
and bids me bye.  
I walk back out front pay the 20 dollar copay  
get back in the car  
and drive back here,

the beautiful vainglorious spilling lacing rinsing sunlight thru  
the  
shining glistening leaves on the trees thick in Raleigh  
visible, florid, lovely, symbolical of love  
maybe even full of love,

but scarcely noticed.  
I popped the first pink pill an hour ago,  
already I feel the start of the subtle sense  
of if you held a jar full of fireflies  
heard then lightly bonking against the top and  
bottom  
trying to break out  
into the ecstasy and downward earthtumble  
where  
their butt-glistening strange one night stand  
sexuality would take them  
but they cannot, they are compressed  
and held, saved, as it were, from  
their own larger harsher necessities for a while,  
where  
over the meadows in August in the evening  
as the fireflies blink  
they rise at the same time  
then when they blink again  
they rise at the same time  
then  
when they blink again further down the field  
they rise up slightly  
never really rising overall  
which means  
in the darkness  
unlit between the shines  
they are falling

only the light stops me from falling all the way  
and it's  
scary sometimes, to be so hung on the switch

time to go get a haircut.

I am unstable and strange. However.  
The tradition of poetry  
which includes mine  
is ancient  
proud  
and noble.

"I caressed the beauty of all her body  
and came in a sudden white spurt  
while I was stroking her hair."

--Archilochos, p. 28 7 Greeks,  
written about 7th c. BC

# your take?

8/27/03

Qmwnenrbtvcuxizoynmzjbafhkcdbznbchjfeghrfbcs bnsbsjjwe have decided that we will commonly agree to assign similar meanings, similar emotional indicia, to these tokens if they arranged in this particular way: American/Canadian/British/New Zealandish/vaguely global language.

How convenient it would be to me, an American writer, if the whole world used this language. Then I wouldn't have to depend upon the mediation of a translator, to, say, understand the latest poem by a Japanese poet.

He feels the same way, of course, but he would rather have me learn to use Japanese. I would rather that he learned how to use English.

At some point this sentence becomes boring because "I can't understand it" – i.e., because I fail to continue to play glub by the agreed-upon languageglub rules of the commonfksfhjskshdj code hrjwjkfhdsdmfbscnzbc sbsadhfa;daldjakl.

This text:

crowded hives, honeybees  
a politician  
loves his constituency, sees the world  
through gold-colored glasses  
  
he says, "I can see through you"  
  
I try to stain him red

I tell you: "It is a lost poem by the greek poet Archilochos.  
This fragment of the poem was recently discovered  
In a papyrus strip from a mummy wrapping.  
It is a fragment from a satire of greek politicians.  
This is my translation of the fragment."

What is your take on the poem?

I tell you, instead: "I wrote this myself."

What is your take now?

I tell you: "Lynze wrote this."

What is your take now?

This text:

*your voice like smoke:  
pale against the shade,  
dark in the light*

The image shows the initials 'JT' in a large, bold, black serif font. The letters are highly stylized, with the 'J' having a thick, curved bottom and the 'T' having a thick, rectangular body with a decorative top edge. The letters are set against a plain white background.

I tell you: "This is a translated Sappho fragment."

Your take?

I tell you: "This is a recently discovered papyrus fragment, Author unknown."

Your take?

I tell you: "A recently discovered Sappho fragment:

*celery*

*JENNI'S MOM: A lot of bipoetryuals, particularly bipoetryual men such as yourself, encounter disrespect (for lack of a better word) by both the gay community and straight society. Have you had any such experiences?*

*Jack Anders: I haven't received much disrespect in the community at all pertaining to any of my poetryual orientation. Putting it out there that I am BI poetryual opens UP a whole market for me.*

*JENNI'S MOM: Considering you are a prominent figure in gay poetry culture, how has it been to meet or even date women?*

*Jack Anders: I don't date women. My bipoetryuality is only stated because I was married at one time. I don't have a problem fucking women. Much more attracted to a man though. The term that would fit better would be...."Straight for pay."*

*JENNI'S MOM: Now lets talk about how you got to the top of the gay poetry world and the acclaim in the zen industry. Which came first for you, poetry or zen? What do you attribute as the reason(s) for your success in both?*

*Jack Anders: I have been involved in the poetry industry since pre-condom days, back in the late 80's. I went M.I.A. due to finding drugs early in my coming out of the closet. I made them my life, love, confidant, worst enemy, cuddle buddy and God! Coming back in to the industry through my, then agent Johnny Johnston, I made a poem and he suggested I get in to the zen. Showed me how to get in to an AOL chat room. The rest is becoming history. I am a very hard worker. Driven to the point of obsession at times. Just as I lived the drug culture. I am now living the industry. Treating folks as I like being treated has been the secret to my success. I have worked my ass off to get where I am today! I love every aspect of my life right now. So fuckin' beautiful compared to what I was living about three years and a few months ago! Prisons, homeless and just plain scared!*

*JENNI'S MOM: As a poetry star escort, what do you think clients assume most about you since they may likely have seen your work before?*

*Jack Anders: The thing I hear the most is how genuinely nice I am. My internet persona is aggressive, to the point of brutality at times. In real life I portray nothing of that image; unless, of course, you stick that ass in the air. The nasty side of me comes out!*

*JENNI'S MOM: Has anyone ever asked to internet tape you having poetry with him?*

*Jack Anders: I get that request often. They love to have something on tape for those rainy nights!*

*JENNI'S MOM: I assumed a male client, which leads me to ask, do you or have you had any female clients?*

A large, bold, black and white logo consisting of the letters 'J' and 'T' in a highly stylized, gothic or blackletter font. The 'J' has a thick, curved bottom and a sharp point at the top. The 'T' is also thick and has a sharp point at the top, with a small serif-like detail on the right side. The letters are set against a plain white background.

Jack Anders: I don't have any female clients. I had one approach me about providing Monster's sweet nectar so that she could have a child. No strings attached she said. I could dump my load and walk. She would take care of the child. Hmmm....let me think about that for a moment...."NOT!"

JENNI'S MOM: You're quite famous for your 'Monster,' in fact you named your production company after it, correct?

Jack Anders: Yes, marketing my cock as Monster as his own personality (because at times he does) was the idea behind that. Actually, reading reviews from clients on Hoo Boy's Male4malescorts.com had me realizing that there was much more to me than just a big cock. Having a large cock is a power in the industry and community as a whole. I had attached my identity to my cock. Relying on him. Reading the reviews showed me over and over again through the words of others that I was much more! Hence, the birth of Monster! The name of my internet line came from the first title of the internet I was planning. Monster Bang was going to be the title. I liked it so much. I named the line that!

JENNI'S MOM: So why did you start Monster Bang?

Jack Anders: I started Monster Bang Internet because I wanted to start cashing in on my own self. Investing in Raging Stallion and myself. I loved the industry and realized through the reviews and awards I have received that I had a talent. Capitalizing on it while the getting was good!

JENNI'S MOM: How do you see yourself in the poetry industry in the long-term?

Jack Anders: I would love to be a part of the industry for many, many years to come. I can't call what is going to happen tomorrow though. Lord knows, I would have laughed in your face had you told me a year ago I would have accomplished what I have. I am giving it my all. As I do most things in life.

JENNI'S MOM: Now for some fun! Fill in the blanks: \_\_\_\_\_ are poetry, \_\_\_\_\_ is poetryier. And tell us why.

Jack Anders: Smiles are poetry, eyes are poetryier. No real reason why. Just what I like to look at!

JENNI'S MOM: Kissing or getting rimmed?

Jack Anders: Both! Oh yeah! One leads to the next!

JENNI'S MOM: Dark meat, white meat or no meat?

Jack Anders: All meat!

JENNI'S MOM: Birthday or Christmas?

Jack Anders: Christmas. Love the energy!

JENNI'S MOM: And finally, any tips or words of advice for those who want break in the poetry industry or start their own company?

Jack Anders: The poetry industry can be made to be very profitable. Treat it as a job. Work hard at it. Be consistent and as honest as possible given the situations. It will all come together like butt cheeks! I

- your take?"

I tell you: "I am holding three envelopes.  
One contains an unpublished poem by John Ashbery.  
One contains an unpublished poem by Jack.  
One contains an unpublished poem by you,  
Which you lost a long time ago, but I found it  
Behind your refrigerator. I can only give  
You one of these envelopes.  
Which one would you like?"

The image shows the initials 'JT' in a large, bold, black serif font. The letters are highly stylized with thick strokes and decorative flourishes, particularly at the top and bottom of the letters.

# changing bodies with djuana

7/26/03

If we could be each other for a moment,  
If I could see the slant of the orange light  
Where Toronto sunset limns the fountains yellow

As mist makes the air around trees greenish –  
A harsh scent of coffee curls your nose,  
You sneeze, as the elevator scuffles.

Meanwhile you could be in Bloomington  
Staring fixedly at this monitor  
While Jenni's in one of her moods . . .

Here, you try it for a while.  
Then when Yves starts to look at me funny  
We'll switch it back again, you can flutter

Your flocking thoughts to the light-post of your  
Attention; meanwhile, back in blah-blah land  
I'll lick a stamp or something. OK? Eh?



## blueberries

8/14/03

Jenni's in detox now  
I'm tired.  
Oh lordy I'm floating away.

I've always been fascinated  
By Famous Floaters in History (FFHs),  
Like Chet Baker Miles  
Back to the audience Miles  
Was but Chet would look at them  
Inviting them onto the moongraph of his face,  
Their eyes would crawl across the dark  
Gaps under his cheekbones

Newport Jazz Festival 19-something  
was how he remembered it  
(the junkie has these "somethings"  
attached after stuff, "her name was Stacy  
something

He said do something  
It's over on Sunset and something  
Hey Mr. Something  
Woncha follow me down  
Hey Mr. Something  
Woncha follow me down")

**I'm your mom. You forgot this Jackie  
Jackie: thanks mom  
Harriet: you're sniffing. Are you sick?  
Jackie: I took my dimetap  
Hat: love you babe**

My eyes been stained by the sun all day  
And I'm feeling like a clown  
Hey Mrs. Something  
Getcha outta my bed  
Hey Mrs. Something  
Gotta  
Getcha outta my bed  
Got Mr. Something on the phone here  
And I'm feeling half past dead  
"You don't write long poems

*continued on page 15*

continued from page 14

in your notebooks" Egypt told me,  
we were sitting in the UCLA Botanical Gardens  
down behind the med school, beautiful  
largest eucalyptus in the world  
or USA or Cali (some impressive  
subdivision) . . . little red-clawed crawfish  
hover, flickoff, flickoff, blue-fed water  
of the sunlight blonde woman  
leans in with fishfood no  
it's turtle food, "you shouldn't be in  
there, illegal that side of the fence!" but then immediately  
"could you please feed the turtles," her  
bright blue eyes " . . . and feed the turtles" waking up  
from the coma Peter Gallagher  
woozily looks over, sees this girl sitting there,  
Sandra Bullock (uck. He shoulda just stayed asleep)  
I don't have that luxury  
I'm not in a coma  
I'm on these footsteps to god  
Even if he takes me  
Even if he takes this sinner  
Up to the foot  
One step forward two  
Even then St. Andrews  
College in the summertime, the college  
Small town, Sarah, her horses, the two,  
The old one and the young one –  
At the same time Jack? Did  
Their lives overlap? I try to remember  
Trying to climb  
Which way which  
"We're a two-engined motor  
running hellward and heaven  
the same time" said Robert  
Lowell,  
Or something like that,  
Some simple something some Joshua  
Something Trina something my some  
Your some  
You're some good dancer Chica  
Let's try that again  
  
As Jack walked across  
The UCLA campus  
And got on the bus he thought  
"I've got all these holes in my life  
but so do you  
so we're equal  
in our effort  
to resist or fall out of,"

took the Metrobus down into Brentwood  
walked from there on down to the ocean,  
seabirds, white birds, gas & trashcans,  
citysmells, sight of two waiters in white  
smocks  
smoking behind a building, one sits on a  
red,  
one on a blue square milk crate,  
one step . . .

smoked mind ("smoked glass")  
the bar is colored  
*like smoked glass*  
Late sun made blue melon slices on the bed.

*late sun left sweet lemons on  
your sleeping forehead*  
Later, we sat at one of those little beachfront  
Cafes, really more just kiosks, she lifted  
The cup and sipped her soup-sherbert,  
Bees to the melted drops

She grabbed me  
Hard, by the head,  
"Jack,  
Jack-- "

OK, ok, ok.  
So it's gonna be tough.

Which look is the last? I always look like that.  
I think it all started in Comparative Religions  
Or once my interest got stoked for FFHs . . .

Each time I toked I got the dizzies.  
That's why the Porsche made sense.  
It was curved like my mind was –  
Moving so fast all the time. Something always  
Pressed against, will  
Not give

So he took a lesson from surgeons:  
First the needle's ticklish intrusion

Then the wide blood-puffing of pellets,  
Antivirals spreading the molecules

Apart and ducking between them,  
As, closing behind, heads

Like a wondering crowd . . .

continued on page 16

continued from page 15

"Jack. Jack." It's the repetitive recurrence  
such thoughts gives me the willies  
I want to put a pellet in my brain  
Spread and open the gills of my wrists  
To breathe the bright becoming  
impossible air

20 love poems and a song of despair

might be in a new girlfriend's room, or Phases:  
Poems for All the Stages of Life.

Now check the fridge:

A bottle of muscatel

And three Amstel Lites. The

Bathroom: soft terry, laundry-smelling,

Stark as sunlight its cleanliness and dross.

The fabrics burgeon into a rolling declension.

He will sleep very well tonight. But the same dreams:

The debts forgiven and god goes to ghostness the soul sores forgone

A sort of repair shop where spirits are raptured instead of cars

That hilarious intricacy-smell where the moss darkens wind trickles

And the back of the lambs-ear flower's soft as the white.

People walk away from us exposed to stabbing eyes,

We think again and again of the last things we've said

And the last things we might have said, then the last things

We ever will say interrupt, we fall. Hellgate opens.

Entropy wheels its complicated cleaner-machinery through the windmills,

The corners of archipelagoes are indented

By legions of snowcrabs, sunrise, getgetget

Throb of the humanized planets, the only one we know . . . .

You think to call her one more time

Her number's disconnected.

Say I was on Everest and got lost

In a storm of racing snow and call on my cellphone

Back to "home" my fingers blue

On the steel petal –

Like in the book "Into Thin Air" when the private  
Expedition leader, actually a wonderful

Climber, safe, famous, calls his

Wife and he's stuck on a crevice

Duct right near the top and the snowstorm

Blarer I love you honey

Take care of the kids

I'll catch you later

Is that how you'd end it?

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Faint irony humor till star rise

I love you, you know that.

I always will.

This is so very hard to say.

I'm dying but it's OK.

My spirit's with you.

You are my spirit.

Oh I'm sorry honey I know you never can stand

This faggy zen stuff but dammit, I'm so alive

Sitting here, in this stardust

On the celestial campus of Drifty University

With all the FFHs . . .

Hey Chet

You seen Nick Drake around?

As much a ghost here as if we

Always had such trouble holding hands

Such temperatures, such turmoil,

I'd sit your hand like a shroud

You'd crunch my head like a shadow

No it didn't hurt

Torrance Jackson, the much-loved doorman

of L.A.'s Burgundy Room nightclub, smiles

his white smile, softly shifts his 6'9" frame,

and says, as he gazes out upon his domain,

"Age is in relation to the Earth. We are all

very young." He pauses.

"We are all just youngsters trying to find our way."

Jack Hughes (aka Jack Anders aka Anders aka Bunni) is a working (internet) poet. He is primarily associated with the poetry board Trash Poetry where his daily (and often lengthy) posts can be found. These might be poems, journal entries, critical essays or inventive digs at his fellow poets and the (his) world situation. He is relentless yet fluid in his expression, and frighteningly comprehensive at times. And - as can be seen in some of the lengthier pieces included here - he's also quite the juggler.

This special edition of MiPo~Print is an attempt to present Jack in much the same way he might be found on the boards, although in an abbreviated form. The writing draws from his personal life and observations, and includes both a pristine orientalism and nods to contemporary iconography. It maps an extremely personal poetic, but one which hardly ever abandons the concern over the role of the writer in light of both his work and his audience. There is rowdy humor, and contemplative quiet - the individual, desperately trying to become absorbed within the universal.

Even though this is an internet publication it is based upon a traditional format (please do use your printer for maximum enjoyment!) and as such doesn't allow for presentation of some of the more experimental things he has done recently, including: words which move, emoticon-based pieces, and poems supplemented by specific images chosen by the poet. Still, I hope that this issue does some justice to his work, and that a continuity - beautifully fractured as some of his strategies are - is evident.

This issue consists of some of Jack's internet poetry board posts during the period of April through August, 2003. The dates given in the title list refer to the dates when the original material was posted. Buy the ticket; take the ride.

Jack's poem, Raft, published in volume two issue 15 of MiPo~Print has been nominated for the Pushcart Prize.