

# MiPo~Print

The Nicole Myers Interview

## Ode To Jack Kerouac

What is your  
fascination with  
the Beats?



### Death Of An Author

The death of an author  
breaks me away from my  
Charlie Chaplin imagination  
plunging this woman's flesh  
into a wallpapered revolution  
ablaze in militant panic  
crowning this woman as  
an instant orphan  
fighting fighting home alone  
saturated in empathy  
for four letter words  
acidic hypocrisy  
shot by ironic hope  
Salvador Dali poses as  
a cockeyed companion  
during this terminal illness  
the anti-hero  
like Zola on a bohemian odyssey  
seeking flashlight intercourse  
in the bloom of clashing cymbals  
Makeup and pornography  
illustrates this woman's history  
opening up spreading wide  
like a swordfish following words  
pushed into a pariah's porch swing  
The death of an author  
breaks this woman's bones  
breaks open what she believes is heaven  
breaks what she believes to be her heart  
leaving her swimming in the fog  
drowning in locked novels  
attacked by violent verses  
words confuse words diffuse.

~Nicole Myers

*My fascination with the Beats started when an actor friend of mine read "On The Road" by Kerouac and went on to describe how profoundly it moved her. After that conversation I went and bought some of his books, mostly poetry, and was hooked.*

*I am very inspired by music when I write and Beat writings flow like songs. Their work reads like jazz sounds, like an experience. That is really appealing to me.*

*I like the whole idea of the Beat community. I like the idea of there being an entire family of writers who really took writing by the balls and ran with it, making it their own and creating this intense and long lasting energy. I liked the rebellion of the Beat movement. I liked that they broke the rules and believed in what they were doing.*

*I have a soundclip of Jack on my desktop. He says, 'the moon is a piece of tea'. It sends me.*



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I am from Atlantic famous sky  
Kerouac and I  
In Barstow,  
having sailed to Frog Pond and back  
A stop in San Juan Capistrano  
for a pack of cigarettes  
a box of Kleenex for our arguments  
and a pen and paper for our poetry  
Back in the car, he drives  
without speaking, speeding  
desert highway, sideways  
I am sitting looking at the side  
of his freshly shaven face  
craving Mexico  
savoring his words left behind  
under a burnt out Texaco sign  
"Jack I love you." I say  
He sighs and recites me some  
Hawaii Five O haiku  
"Fuck you." I say  
"I love you too." He smiles  
Santa Monica, Malibu, West Hollywood  
Henry Miller for dinner  
Johnny Depp for dessert  
sex as a bedtime snack  
whispers under a window sill  
smoking, choking, provoking  
I hear him laughing over acoustic music  
I leave and slide into a booth next to  
a movie star at the back of a barroom, bored  
We kiss and I confess I am a poet  
Though I won't reveal my truest verses  
I want a funk mobile, glockenspiel  
Give me back my vinyl records  
my electric typewriter, my pillow talk  
Jack, I'm sorry I fear your loathing  
I adore your roadside attraction  
but I like cappuccino and cheap wine  
I don't like dirty fingernails and broken  
promises  
You're the devil in my boots Baby  
I can quit you cold turkey  
hook up with a rock and roll show  
hide behind the harmonica and dance  
I will find it hard to be alone  
but I can't be your home, your Hollywood  
your hell  
I will settle in Venice and take up tennis  
publish a book, get on TV  
teach English and smoke cigars  
cut off my hair and change my name  
believe in intercourse as an appetizer  
a good night kiss as the main meal  
Jack, in the car driving beyond the Vegas strip  
I love you no doubt  
How about Mexico in September?  
How about the Atlantic?  
You, the ocean, I and the famous sky.

~Nicole Myers

# Rallentando

Leave it to your beauty  
to make a star of alchemy  
to astonish a secret alphabet  
into broad daylight from blackness  
leave it to me to believe  
your glittered magic was  
the flavour of fire in my mouth  
When we were caterpillars  
I was dreaming of a small house  
dancing to the music that you  
sent to me on cassette as a gift  
leave it to me to listen to the sound  
of your lukewarm voice and trust  
the snails beneath my skin and  
endorse the syntax of your salad days  
Leave it to me to assume emotional  
responsibility for your disappearing act  
dear Alchemist, dear Wonder Boy  
“Dance to the music”, you said  
and twirled me into your heart  
released me without my permission  
Moonlight Me, running on faith  
schizophrenic for you Singer Man  
Leave it to your mischief mile  
to steal speed and distance  
and make them forget the map  
leave it to me to get lost for you  
while the music fades into nothing  
leave it to me  
This is what happens when  
Billy says goodbye



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*‘Rallentando’ materialized from a cycle of poems called Eros American. I wrote it when I was under the spell of a very charming American gentleman. I was writing like crazy then, my Muse was in full force. My heart and emotions were taking me over and he was clouding my judgement of everything. I was smitten and the poetry was alive inside of me.*

*As things do, they come to an end. Or the end of what I thought was ‘something’. This poem was one of the last poems written for Eros American. I think if he were to ever read it, he would know it was for him. The last line really gives it away.*

*The basic message of it being, ‘leave it to someone like you to make someone like me light up and fade just as quickly as you can walk away’.*

*It was a very romantic phase of writing for me. It’s a beautiful poem but it makes me sad to go back and read at the same time.*

### What phase of writing are you in now?

*This is the first time I have really ever written with cynicism and anger. Does that sound absurd? I am writing with a different force. I am exploring the darker aspects of my personality and emotions. It’s a very strange experience for me to write and then read back what is on the page and see a different me, with a different face and feelings I have never expressed before.*

*My esoteric nature is still present but I suppose if I had to, I would say I am in an empty phase of writing. Does that make sense?*

**Yes that makes perfect sense. You are in-between phases. You are between what you once thought was you and who you are about to become. Do you have a poem you would like to share with us that shows us the in-between stage?**

Of course!

### Raggedy Lady

Raggedy Lady choked on a wishbone  
twirling devil sticks and trying to smell the sun  
she fell down in the tall star grass and died  
sinking into the ochre of the earth  
She is now featured in the spin off of her skin  
veiled as seraph and harbinger of the final draft

I think of her often in the places I feel safe  
the places I am allowed to be made of poems

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