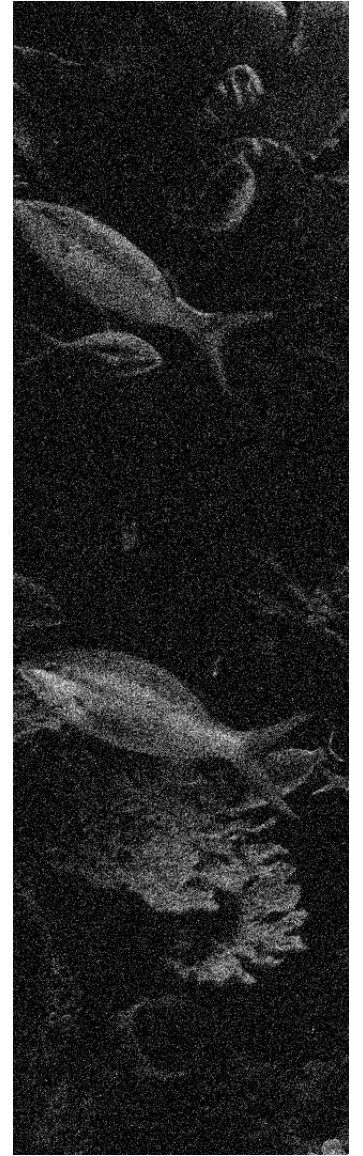


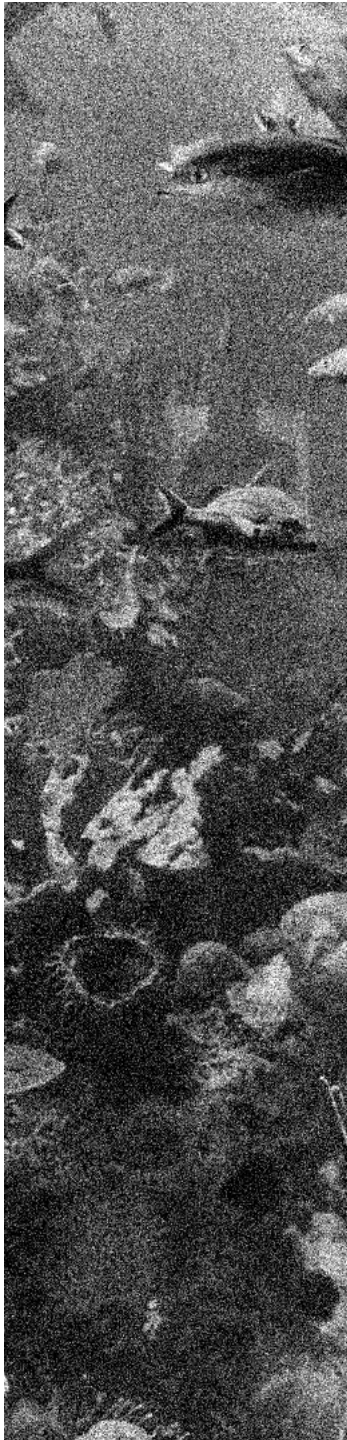




rowen conry' s
MARTHA STEWART

and fog found out about love
and a cicada walks down the very
edge of a piece of sidewalk
and through the mist sees a branch
hanging low and feels good
and some kisses are like that, too
some kisses are the picture form of
sweetness
or sweetness is something we got
from a star
a regular old star blinking beaming
without a name
that's what gave us sweetness
like the moon did love
and we named them
and wrapped them up in the name
and made a joke about them
was that wrong, martha?
was it wrong, martha,
to give the moon a name?
we do it to everything
and maybe the poem to end all loneli-
ness
is to stop
















feel lonely
and love

martha,
i think love is on a different track
i think of looking out the window and
watching love riding alongside
i think the dotted line of highways is
so love has gaps to get through
and love is always falling from clouds
even when rain isn't
and the nut of love is stowed away in
the cheek of every being
and love goes into words and pictures
and painted shelves and staircases
with carved handrails
but the world was always love from
way back when when the moon hit it
and made the moon
some kisses are like that
the big hit that dissolves
into revolving
some kisses are light and forever, too
a comet
bringing back the meteor shower
year by year
trees found out about love
and bugs found out about love

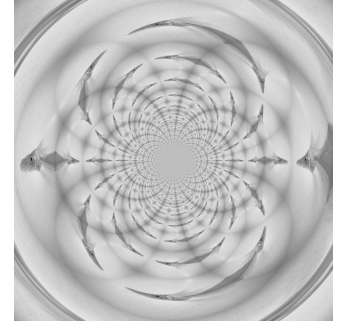


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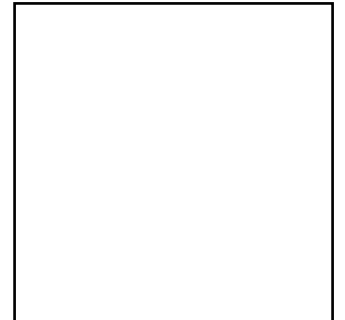
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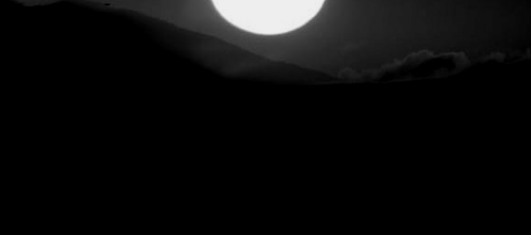
and finally,

the poem to end all loneliness



martha,
time to set down at my desk
or time to buy a big wooden desk
set down at it
i'll write the poem to end all loneliness
i'll feel all the bad emotions
sweat them out saunalike
jealousy and cruelty and hatred
fear and insecurity
fear of the infinite
fear of never dying
and left only with
brick and wood and blood
scream out to the two constellations
zall the long hunter
and lainley the piper
with her three star pipe
and then destroy that artifice too
and skin out narrative
and before it
all comes crashing back down





after the show, we got in my car and drove
under the highway and south out of downtown
it was raining
at a dive bar, she showed me a picture of her
kid
"he's cute" i told her
"he's a rascal" she said

she told me about malcolm, her husband
how he made really good pancakes
and dressed best in fall
how he looked great when the leaves were all
orange
and in winter he turned gray

martha whipped up a fantastic pecan pie for
dessert
she'd worked the crust just the right amount
not too doughy, not too flaky, hand rolled,
hand crimped
and when we'd each had a slice
we got in malcom's SUV
they took me to an old apartment
on the south side
the AC was broken
everything was hot and humid
and felt so slippery

i did all i could for them
and they seemed to enjoy it
and they both smiled at me with their eyes
closed
anyway, it was all i could do

in the morning, on the way out, martha
stopped me
put a cup of coffee in my hand
"come see the kid" she said, and opened a
door to another room
well, he was in there
sleeping away

martha gets a notification
she always has notification sounds on be-
cause she's old
oh
look at that
it's a picture from john
it's the earth

'really beautifully shot, john' says martha
'well john, i've got to go. i'm at walgreens'

as the cashier scans martha's two packs
of oreos
martha takes solace in the fact
that she's so rich
even her dog has been to space

'retty rild rup rere,' the yellow lab told her
from space,
'really ruts rings rinto rerspective.'
but the dog didn't take any pictures
the dog can't hold a camera
isn't that sad?

martha, delusional, thinks she hears the
cashier say one more thing as she leaves
'martha,' she hears, 'why didn't you ever go
to space?'
martha smiles and shakes her head and mut-
ters to herself as she exits the walgreens

'why would i?' martha says, 'when the best
friends in the world can tell me all about it.'

3,
but the world was always complicated
and a hundred thousand years ago we could
talk to bees
because we had time to sit in front of an
open hive
and decipher the dances

saint louis

with everything else

i believe in sweetness

i am determined to love everyone unconditionally

love, to me, is knowing someone

i want to know basically everybody

i want to learn everybody's name

and be a regular everywhere

i believe it's possible to trust everyone

through understanding

and i think a sun can form anywhere

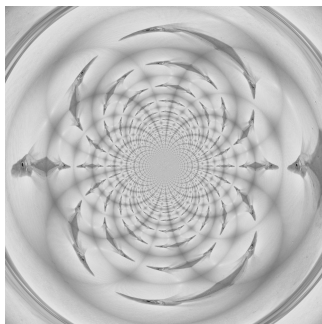
and particles do all sorts of wild stuff

all the time

CALVIN PISS ON LIFE



i dont need that ride
to the mall anymore
cuz calvin's gonna piss on life
you dont have to touch me or hold
my hand or put your forehead on
my forehead
cuz calvin's gonna piss on life
no need to answer my deeply
emotional questions with equally
emotionally intimate answers of
beauty and truth
calvin's gonna piss on that too
forget about leaving me a little
note in the morning when you go
to work with a heart on it and a
drawing of a smiling dog
cuz calvin's gonna piss all over
that too



hand in hand we walk along the
river
of molecules holding their hands
in all the other molecules hands
and all the molecules are piss
because calvin pissed on life
and i look over my shoulder to see
you carried away in the stream
like the dream told me you would
be

with everything else
i believe in sweetness
i'm determined to love everyone unconditionally
to hold a radical belief in love

but the world was always complicated
when i was a kid
the fact that she was awake
hard at work on her next episode
was what got me to sleep

in bed putting my arms and hands
crossways and then parallel
doing everything twice because the first time
switched my fate from good to evil
and i had to switch it back again

and i would sleepwalk and walk to the front door
and put my hand over the lock
over and over again trying to get out
going somewhere

2,
it's late
the corner store's closed
martha decides to walk to walkgreens
swimming in humidity

she calls john baumann
just to have someone to talk to on the walk
john baumann's in space
martha has friends like that

you get rich enough
and your friends are in space
fucking around up there
eating stars
and shitting them out as meteors
'pretty wild up here' says john
'really puts things into perspective'

MARTHA STEWART



1,
the year is 1940
martha looms large over the populous
in silhouette like the world is a projector
a record plays an audio recording
of an episode from 2002
warbly with melt and scarring
skipping, the wax is dripping

i look in the mirror and get electroshocked
my entire home revolving in chaos gravity
some cosmic ice sheet
undetected by today's telescopes
disappears in an instant
and we never even know

the yellow piss dream
the only lucid dream i ever had in my
life and i said
this is my dream!
i can do anything!
and calvin said no
calvin laughed

if you've ever heard calvin laugh
you know how terrifying it is
the laugh that precedes the piss
he laughed and he pissed

what was he pissing on?
this is me
this is me we're talking about
i ran cross country in high school
i ran against the piss
i jogged against the stream of piss
what was he pissing on?
this is my dream!
i can run as fast as i want!!!
want was he pissing on?
i squinted
i could just about make it out
it hit me all at once
the realization
it shook me
i can still remember it
i'll always remember it
the moment i saw it
it was life
he was pissing on life



matchstick duo



i can see the sun going across the sky as in:
like a cloud, i can watch the sun drifting
across the sky

science says:

wind blows on the sun and the sun goes and
the planets are made out of only tin and the
sky is solid like a big blue block and if
you're tall like some people are like how you
are you can touch the bottom of the blue sky
block with the tip of your middle finger
standing on the tip of your big toe

and everything on earth is made of only
the smooth thing

the thing like plastic without the depressing
connotations
the thing that's only 'the smooth thing' and
nothing else
the fire at the end of a match
easy when you touch it

says my lover
i've been able to see the lines that connect
the constellations
only they aren't the constellations we talk
about
or you know,
that they would talk about in the planetari-
um
i can only assume
says my lover
these are the real constellations
the baked-in set
the forever shapes

and so on from there
we kiss
but we don't go any further than that
i tuck my lover into bed
and go back to the kitchen
sitting on a high stool and looking out the
window
out the window
this new moon night
throws stars so bright and fast
i almost get it

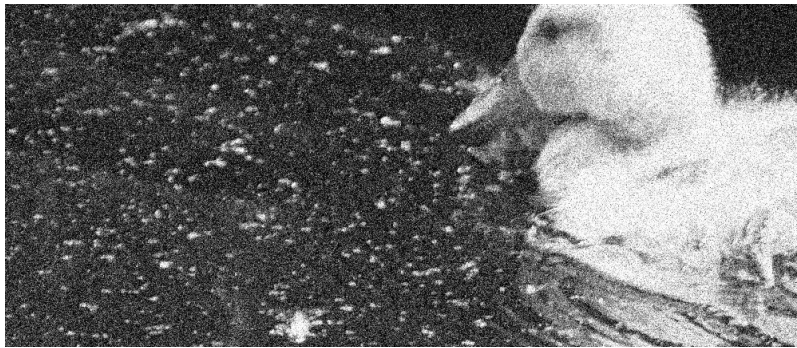


member now
except they were strange and didn't seem to
be real
and i assumed my lover was very high

come over
says my lover
okay
i say

my lover's apartment is an easy walk from
mine
and tonight, the wisp of fog shutters down
on the streets like gates in a maze
an owl makes a noise
i've never heard an owl make before
and i move my foot
to stop from squishing a slow-moving roach

my lover's door is dark
i knock and go in
in the kitchen with only the oven light on
my lover tells me a story so wild
i can't believe it
then we look out the window
even when i was a kid



the midnight dream

to write a poem for the gorilla
you failed to notice you busybody
basketball toss counting fuckface
buffoon there's a toad on the moon

there's a toad on the moon smoking
a lucky strike and singing songs
so loud they fly down here when
the sky is clear and the light is
dim

the light tonight is dim your ring
doorbell tells me i'm being rec-
orded i'll stare into the shiteye
of your ring doorbell with flame
gaze and burn it out from the in-
side

inside getting a grip on your hair
motion and stare so the wood pan-
eling curls shapes out of knots
into moving pictures with rhythm
like the unremembered midnight
dream

the midnight dream dipped below
the attic floor of memory, so deep
dark my flight touching down in a
city of love, i devote myself to
this town

this town waking up sleepy

watersnake

for some reason, the petsmart guy opens up to me. he liked his life better last year. everything's turned out bad. his mom suddenly got mean. his fish has started hiding out at the bottom of the tank, inside the treasure chest. he barely sees the little guy these days.

an ice cream truck drives by outside. i ask the guy when his shift ends. i give him my number. i tell him if he wants to, we can meet for dinner. he says that could be fun.

it's hot and the air is wet. i don't have a lot of money left. i don't have a job. i haven't had a job for a couple of months. i got two hundred dollars for cleaning out a lady's garage. there's always too much saliva in my mouth. i have to spit onto the sidewalk constantly. my arms are itchy and so are my feet. yesterday you looked at my feet and said yup that's a rash. i asked what kind of rash. you said i don't know the different kinds of rash. i said can we look it up? you said i don't know what i would look up, i don't know how to describe a rash really. i said i don't either.

TWO LOVERS <3

i have two lovers
one of them picks me up from work
we drive out on the service road
past the jungle law billboard
a windchime in a neighboring house
a dog panting behind the fence of another

in the third floor apartment
accessed only by a set of precarious wooden
steps
built onto the outside of the old home
we leave the window open
we sit side by side on the bed and watch a
line of ants crawl across the floor up the
nightstand to an old apple

the painting on the wall shows a warm world
the glitter of moving muted television jan-
gles on the corner of my kiss vision
the third floor has never felt so low down on
earth
and this window wind must be the fast air of
the world turning
like a plant searching for more sun

when it's over, my lover offers me half of a
granola bar
we walk down a thin sidewalk and buy a 2
liter of some brown soda
and talk to the gas station lady about her kid
that was on the news
they labeled him "dr. mcellen's patient".

the story was a good-hearted one they put on
right at the end
and the kid was smiling the whole time

i have two lovers
the other one calls me late at night
and tells me about some things i can't re-



7:44

your eye has a bumpy texture
a bumpy corduroy texture

the moon was shaped weird last night
the crescent moon was weirdly round like a bean

our shadows fell off the bridge
down to the train tracks
a train went by, i touched it

at sundown
at the river
i matched all the rocks by color

your teeth had big spaces in between them
you crouched down by the night water and my dog licked your knee
the moon came up
looking like a bean

so this is the bumpy texture
of every memory bubbling up

cut it out and send it to your friends!



i remember last weekend when we found a pond by a gravel road while i was helping you doordash. we got out of the car and walked to the edge of the water. you took off your shoes and went in. i stayed on the grass. then you twisted and jerked. something brushed my leg, you said. i didn't say anything at the time, but i actually saw it happen and i saw what it was. it was a watersnake.

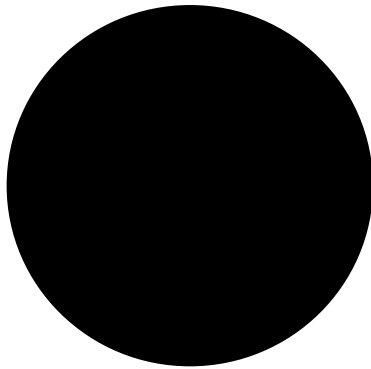
now i'm dating the petsmart guy. his life is weird and depressing. most of his time is spent working at petsmart or playing video games. all the games he plays are completely incomprehensible. when i look at the tv my eyes slide right off. i try to get him to explain them to me, and he tries to. but he's bad at explaining and i'm bad at understanding. we both get frustrated.

in the morning i lie in bed and look backward out the window at an oak tree. there's a framed photo of my dog above the window. i can see it's pretty badly tilted to one side.

you and i walk under an overpass. together, we have about a hundred dollars. rent is due in ten days. we can probably wait another fifteen before our landlord tells us to pay it. that's fine. i'll get a job at the bookstore

again. they never have enough people. we decide to hold hands. we lean against the concrete wall of the overpass. cars whiz by. the wall hums and hums.

the petsmart guy and i go to six flags. i think he can already tell it's over. he's already counting me as part of the bumper year. last year was better. we break up in line for the batman. we get on the batman. the petsmart guy rides the whole thing with his eyes closed. he's screaming the whole time. when we get off, he almost trips over a railing. i try to help him stand upright, but he stops me. on the car ride home, he seems happy. he barely says anything, except when he makes a turn onto my street, he tells me he's never had a red light at that intersection. but he has before, i remember it. but i don't say anything.



knives of switch and swiss
sharpened teeth claws and dismembered sabertooth paws
feasting on the web with gnashing and chewing and hungry
tearing it limb after limb
burning the world into chaos
here comes the red fire again to meet us
evil stopped at a crosswalk
here we are free painting over every line
and learning how good it feels to wear coats in winter
and nothing when it's hot



to do it consciously
dedicatedly
continuously
until it's done
unflinchingly
until it's done
without guidance but guidedly
guilelessly
uncharismatically
and lovingly
warmly
even with scarring
warmly like fire
distant fire
exoplanetary fire
dog star empathy

i dream of the one with the assigned space
working within the system
tinkering and spying and blathering
so that one day everyone might be assigned a space of their
own
and everyone might be given a plot
we can grow carrots, strawberries, and cabbage
cucumbers, squash, tomatoes, green beans
and spices too
ive got a gizmo that can burn a hole through a wall
it's got a little laser
im going to wait for the right time
for the word

the planet held together by that rattling web
the rattling web of grem
theyre gonna give me the signal
i'm gonna burn a hole in the door and theyre gonna take
scissors and clippers tree trimmers

pa ate my bullets
im going freak mode
coffee cry because i drank
too much coffee then i
saw the sign the
bench sign the sign in
memorium 1966-2002 she
loved sitting at the
oaks sucking up the
sunbeam well to you i
don't know 66 i
go freak mode on coffee cry
, all my life's
cries are connected in a
web all my life's
cries are about the same
thing all movements of
my face are moving towards
THAT
no circularity the face
is a linear thing that
emotes linearly towards
THAT
apathy recontextualized to
hope
green redshifting to
yellow i hope he's not
mad i figured it out before
he did; pa, who
ate my bullets





the rattling
web of grem

-please note-

in turn every muscle speaks its mind
and every tumble takes to turning tricky time
and every feature of every face morphs to mine
and every sick little mammal forgets why
and every miniature train goes to the big robot in the sky
and every dream ends with someone going BAAAAA!

every stick reattaches to the tree if you put it there right
and every red fire will meet us again on that night
and every facet of science will be disproven in favor of fate
and every word in the world will be said too late
the night beyond nature beyond death

marching down that long hallway
and parking in unassigned spaces
gazing over at the assigned spaces
with longing
so much longing
FUCK me to have an assigned space
i want an assigned parking space
it would fix me

but the world was always complicated
caught up in the incomprehensible pain
of tearing it all apart

and to want to do it
and to be ready to do it
to do it without irony, disdain
or self-protective scorn or spite
and without a sneer
to do it because you have to
without taking pleasure in it
but in gratitude
measured and matter of fact but with feeling
with grace

and incomprehensible pain
animal pain
animal pain like the fear of darkness
hideaway pain
the pain felt by early mammals
the dream of gnashing teeth
the circular shadow of the new moon
looking and not seeing
to do it without knowing
the canine toothy fear with barking
some strange smell of memory
to do it with all memories
and no foresight