Five poems by Stephen Bett from the work in progress, SongBu(r)st

That Micropoetics Buddy

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Stop the tape
it aint Peggy Sue
— cool at the loo
(ah hey, fountains R us)
Every day it's a gettin' vaster
'til some mutt says go ahead 'n ask her
A hey, a hey hey
that infrathin delay
Blast of gun shot,
bullet hole in target
Gorgeous cover, & ah'm stumped
PS: Love like this will suRly come their way
(a hey, the hay hay) ¹

¹ Marjorie Perloff's new book on micropoetics, *Infrathin*, gets after Duchamp's notion of "infrathin": there is a

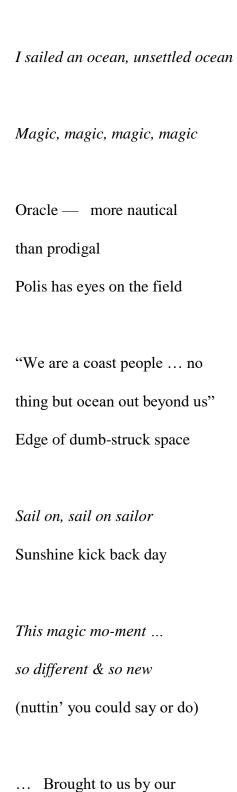
difference, however miniscule, between two seemingly identical things—eg., looking at an object (hearing a sound, etc.) now, and then one second later; or Duchamp himself noting, the "infrathin separation between the *detonation* noise of a gun (very close) and the *apparition* of the bullet hole in the target."

I couldn't remember which Buddy Holly song kept the "hey hey" brain-worm in my head; thanks to Carol Reid for remembering, and thus releasing me.

Then there's Duchamp's urinal, titled Fountain & signed R. MUTT

And Patrick Stump (originally Stumph—rimes with Donald Drumpf, hey?) did a truly gorgeous cover of this Buddy Holly song, "Every Day."

That Magic Sailor



favorite (third rail) multi

model relational database

management system

(oh please ... please me)

Support your local Global

Oracle Cloud Infrastructure

(New Regions coming soon!)

Sail on oh magiK Oracle ...

Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh 2

² The Beach Boys, "Sail On Sailor"; The Drifters, "This Magic Moment"; Jack Spicer's "coast people" quote, redux (again); Oracle Corp, Silicon Valley: yet another term & concept ripped out of Western Civ.

Sheltering

QAnon finally (finely)
getting ready to die?
Takes a lot to laugh,
takes a train to cry
Trailer park bride stripped bare
on a vigilante darknet dare
Same diff
Sh-boom, sh-boom
like, literally
-
Rape, murder (woo)
It's just a shot away
(just one plot away)

Detonation, bullet hole (& apparition)
Conspirators disrupt delay
Get it (third rail) straight:
weaponize, then monetize
It's just a kiss away,
Kiss away, kiss away
KKK, take-out-trash insurrection day
Triple in-fra-thin, viz.
F-F-Fade away
If I don't get some shelter
Ooh, yeah, I'm gonna fade away ³

 3 Dylan & Stones; & don't forget The Crew Cuts, The Who, & Duchamp's Large Glass

LeftOvers

First they *go* ... Sugar (oh honey honey & candy man fed us bubbles

Honey honey, yeah we heard it through the grapevine (lotsa soul-gasp infra there)

popped up in our heads

Then they went ... Uno dos, one-to-quatro barked it out 'til Matty told Hatty ... Ho, you're CANcelled!

Tracers on the tracks them years yelpin' Oper-A-tor, Oper-A-tor ... they'm feels V-I-O-Lated!

Drools / Fuels / Abuse

Sho'nuff the Left ate itself (again) deviation crime, purity taster time (wooly bully-eyed rime ...

... & we din't had time to say

Stop in the Name of Love

when SNL became a "thing"

Triple 'thin running dog lackeys

ever'where — alt-right to halt

fright to cult-nite-lite

up (& down) the rabid's

back hole 4

⁴ The Archies (cartoon bubble-gum pop), "Sugar Sugar"; Marvin Gaye, "I Heard it Through the Grapevine"; Sam the Sham, "Wooly Bully"; Smokey Robinson, "The Tracks of My Tears"; Mary Wells, "Operator, Operator"; The Supremes, "Stop in the Name of Love"

The Creeley / Spicer Outtakes

Instant Karma's gonna get you

Gonna look you right in the face

nuttin' you can do or say 'bout that one, ace

Well we all shine on

Like the moon and the stars and the sun

Give it up for sailor grrl, happiness sho's a warm gun

kickin' ass on a sunshine day, sport! aint we got fun

* * *

He come groovin' up slowly, he got walrus gumboot he say will dance, chow down, yo, dis' lumpen brute

He roller-coaster, he got early warnin'
nothing's out beyond us, it jes' riding the swells
an empty creel, taint no spice wuz forewarning

He say, "one and one and one is three"

Got to be so jacked when you're one-eye at sea

(one to one to one they's too UNfollowed)

Come together

Right now

Over me

Lordy, lordy ... Q 'n boogaloo

rearin' up down south

we aint never gon' free 5

⁵ John Lennon, "Instant Karma" & "Come Together" (& "Happiness..."); Creeley's "One thing done": "let / me sing, *one* to / *one* to *one*, and let / me follow" — such loveliness no longer seems possible, given the grotesque rise of white nationalism presently around us