

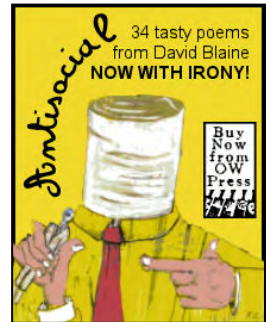


Dear astonishing individual-

With all the words available to you, OW Press is enamored by your decision to read ours. We thank you not just as an extension of our own ego, but as a gesture on behalf of the literary community at large. You obviously understand the importance of reading, and nothing, truly nothing, means more to us.

As stories of declining literacy continue to surface, you have maintained a stance in favor of the written word. You understand the power of, and the satisfaction to be gained by, the act of reading. But please, don't let the fun stop with you.

Spread the word. Introduce an empty-handed stranger or friend to a book. Do we recommend **David Blaine's Antisocial**? Of course. But as a second option, we recommend anything that your victim may find enjoyable. Think about your past moments of clarity, of intellectual captivation, of focused dialogue between yourself and a great book. Feels good, huh? Spread that feeling.



For **Antisocial**, we have the two banner pitches to the right. Place on your site, in your forum signatures, in your blog posts, anywhere. Go to

[www.outsiderwriters.org/david-blaines-antisocial](http://www.outsiderwriters.org/david-blaines-antisocial) to grab the images.

Be sure to link back to that same page.



For the larger community, we recommend oft visits to [www.OutsiderWriters.org](http://www.OutsiderWriters.org), where we always have fresh content sure to appease the lifelong lit lover, as well as the experimenting voyeur.

Above all, simply discuss books. Review them, bash them publicly, worship them in blog comments and awkward family holidays. Keep words on your lips to help keep them in print.

With love,

the OW Press editors



# Font's Office

David Blaine



# Antisocial

David Blaine

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# *Antisocial*

*David Blaine*



This book is dedicated to  
the patience and support  
of my wife, Judy.

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## Introduction

I have seen David Blaine's name floating around the literary universe for a couple of years now, but it wasn't until asked to write this introduction that I dug more deeply.

While all writers tend to be antisocial—at least in my experience—the title of this collection truly doesn't do justice to Blaine's work. In between these pages, you will find poems of true isolation but with a genuine connection to human nature. That said, I don't think these poems are antisocial; they just happen to exist in a world they are at odds with, perhaps like the author himself.

With this collection, Blaine tries to keep things whole in the literary tradition of Mark Strand, filling in the blank spaces of the human mind with memories we can all relate to.

If you asked the author, he would probably confess to being a literary outsider. I am not sure if I would find that to be a suitable title either, for the man or the work. True these poems will probably never appear on a “major” press or grace the pages of some soulless college journal, but do those outlets really speak for most of world? I certainly don't think so. Poetry reaches such a small audience that there is no reason to cut its audience down into even smaller fractions. David Blaine's poetry never settles for fractions or half-truths.

I will say this, David Blaine's poetry is a dark, deeply personal human experience that reaches down into the heart and pulls out words to live by. If you're lucky you've been listening all along, each beat swaying to the music inside each and every one of us.

John Dorsey

Author, “Teaching the Dead to Sing: The Outlaw's Prayer” (Rose of Sharon Press, 2006)

# Innuendo

Someone has had his  
eye  
on my money

forever

he's seen everyone  
I've ever paid off

this man's out back  
his straightjacket's  
black

but he's the sanest sonofabitch  
In here

I ask him why he's laughing

locked up out of sight  
and he says

*I've got your number.*

## Guns 'n Butter

I'd been having an affair  
with a hydrocarbon medusa.

A crude relationship  
based on heavy metal  
m.r.e.'s and gunshot residue.

I wanted her to meet the folks  
but she couldn't come inside,

said their roof blocked out the sky,  
said she could only climax  
on her back  
with starlight glancing  
off the soles of her feet.

At water's edge  
Medusa pulled me atop of her.  
But as I plunged in she was cut  
on a scrap of beach glass.

She bled out on the sand  
and left me lying in a pool  
of thirty weight.

A classic conundrum.

It was infatuation;  
I couldn't get enough of her.  
But my mother is happier now.  
She says a hydrocarbon medusa  
was too old for me anyway.

# Infidelity

One

Before the Victrola  
a white dog  
patched in black

listens.

*His master's voice.*

You insert your toe  
into an iniquitous sea  
and feel the icy allure of tragedy  
grasp you.

Let's leave  
the corruption of this macro world  
behind us

you say

let's piss on the rules  
blow the door off this shit house  
and open a window  
on our own potential.

The status quo—  
such blighted promise.

Could this barb-wire scout camp  
ever contain  
two feral curs like us?

There was once milk and toast here  
a bowl of pears  
a little honey.

But constellations revolve around money these days.

And everybody wants to be a star.

Two

When my father was young  
his parents asked him  
what he wanted to be when he grew up.

Now they hand us a gun.

We should bid for a re-birth of innocence.  
We should find a place of our own.  
You can sew me a perfect oxford shirt  
and I'll knit you a cashmere vee.

Wrestle free with me  
from these sidekick shackles.  
Let's live for a while on the less severe side.

Three

There is a place  
where the future reaches back  
to the beginning  
and touches itself.

I remember the rhythm of the voices there  
chanting things we no longer believe in.

We have eyes and ears  
and ways to sense things for ourselves.

Come outside now  
and play with me.

# Driving home through the rain after the bars closed

tires shooshed  
slinging a sustained note  
below the automobile.

The sky was cloud-blocked  
but the wet asphalt gleamed  
beneath his headlamps.

As Bird blew be-bop  
the wipers slapped  
and he cranked some heat  
dispelling an autumn chill.

Cigar smoke  
mingled with leather  
and the night just seemed to loom  
out of the glistening blacktop.

The train's whistle must have sounded  
a lot like a cornet.

## B.S. Mentality

The neighbor's car has a bumper sticker:

*My Boss is a Jewish Carpenter*

Do the ritually religious  
even attend grammar school?

Jesus wasn't a woodsmith  
but a wordsmith

and he's always been misunderstood,  
I mean Golgotha—  
that was a tough crowd.

*I am the way, the truth and the life.*

Metaphor.

What Christ needed  
was more concrete imagery

like *the son of man*...now that must have pissed his mother off.

Joseph probably grinned his best "that's my boy" grin  
then caught an elbow in the ribs  
and that "you're not getting any tonight" look from Mary.

(Does the "you're not getting any tonight" look work when you  
haven't gotten any for—ever?)

The literal minded are blind. *Loaves and fishes*, more metaphor.

Feed a man a fish and the food is finito.

Feed him on words and he can eat,  
again and again,  
then pass them on.

*Whatever you do to the least of my brothers...*

My neighbor peels the backing from a brand new bumper sticker  
pasting it firmly around his ears  
and over his eyes.

# That Human Disease

I remember

the old man's lap  
a comfortable perch  
for a toddler.

We watched the game  
in black and white  
on a blond Emerson.

He drank Ballantine Ale  
from a glass  
and I got to take  
a foamy sip once  
in a while.

He smoked a cigar  
or puffed Cherry Blend  
in his pipe and I shared  
both with him,  
through osmosis.

That was fifty years ago—  
he's been gone a good twenty.

Now my wife thinks I smoke  
and drink too much  
and I should probably quit, but  
I just can't seem to let go of him yet.

## All the Sounds Have Stopped

A cypher wind lilt through branches  
and the leaves whisper sotto voce',  
but the wailing has stopped.

I haven't seen another face in days  
but a steady, distant rumble  
keeps me company. Even after  
the wailing has stopped.

Nothing stirs.  
I watch life leave,  
apples spilling like drops,  
red on the wooden floor,

'til all the sounds have stopped.

# Apophysis

*(For J.D. Nelson)*

this is not a ransom note  
it's not a demand for reparations

there are no directions here  
in case of my mysterious disappearance

this is also not an apology, an explanation  
or a suicide note

it's just a poem.

## Stray Cat

She's got the package  
says her name is Willow  
and if I can buy her some candy  
she can give me some pussy.

What clothes she's got on  
suggest she's eighteen  
but her teeth and hands  
say otherwise.

I pass her a cigarette  
light it up for her  
tell her to keep the change.

The light turns green  
and I mash on the gas.

## The Truth (Really)

I wanted to write you a poem  
that told the truth

but  
truth is relative.

Still, I longed to tell you  
about the truth  
the way I saw it

but  
you couldn't see my truth.

So I had to write  
about the truth that you believed in.

Even if I had to lie.  
Even if I didn't believe it.  
Even if I was sure it was wrong.

For my poem to work  
I needed to speak to you

like a two faced friend  
sponging a drink

like that homeless guy  
who needs a dime for "bus fare"

or like a politician  
scamming your vote.

But I'm certain an educated  
upstanding person,  
such as yourself,  
gets that

don't you?

## A Little Change in Your Life

Maybe you could hire a surrogate  
be rebirthed under different stars.

You could add Ed McMahon to your Christmas card list.  
You may have already won a million bucks, but just in case  
he might pull a few strings for you on Star Search.

Maybe you could try a paradigm shift, live in New York  
on West Coast time,  
or a seismic shift, live in L.A. on Eastern.

You should check under the cushions of your cosmic couch.  
You might find enough for a burrito.

Maybe you should search for houses dropped on the wicked.  
Steal their shoes, click your heels  
and repeat, there's no place, there's no place

there's no place...

# History's Child

[Click to hear  
David read  
this poem](#)

This is a poem about stories,  
the stories we've been told  
and the stories we tell.

This is a poem about the difference  
between fact and truth.

Fact is brutal.  
Fact is a bare two hundred watt bulb  
glaring in your face.

Fact is a caustic substance  
that you carry about  
in a brown glass bottle  
with the stopper firmly fixed.

Fact tells a man  
he's fat, he's bald  
and, no,  
as a matter of fact,  
it wasn't good for her, too.

Fact tells a woman  
that her makeup's no substitute  
for absent beauty  
and she has the sharp wit  
and captivating personality  
of a trout.

Fact drives people  
to climb over the guardrails  
of tall bridges  
and leap to their deaths  
in a river of frustration.

Outside of the criminal courtroom  
fact has no place  
in polite society.

But truth,  
truth is palatable.

Truth is fact with the corners rounded off  
and the edges softened.

A poet once wrote,  
*Truth is history's child.*

But history is just a story,  
made up by the victors,  
after the vanquished slink off  
to their eternal anonymity.

Do you really suppose your father  
and all your uncles  
were always such wise,  
polite, successful men?  
And you,  
you're the first male  
in the family line  
to get kicked out of school  
knock up his girlfriend  
or do jail time  
for joyriding a stolen car?

Those may be the facts,  
but after you tell your story  
the truth can place you right beside  
all those other wise, polite, successful men,  
just like dad.

Fact is a black and white Polaroid:  
you, a sheep, pants around your ankles.

Fuck fact,  
tell me your story.

## Child

your name is Energy:  
the result of sun  
breeding with earth  
in-between the cosmic bedclothes  
of time without beginning.

You thought your people hailed  
from the old sod  
and you were assuredly right.  
Solar heat broods in the dirt  
below the crust. Plants send their tendrils  
to test these depths, scouring nourishment  
from such an improbable combination of parents.  
Sun, the bastard child of heat and light,  
your virgin mother, of water and soil.

You are immortal.  
Energy cannot be destroyed,  
and time is illusory.  
Reduced to but an atom, you will still join  
some new incarnation of powerful life,  
the remainder of you perhaps buried  
as dust motes drift into a dune  
across the top of some deserted windowsill.

The feathery precipitation builds up  
layer after layer  
accounting for time through accumulation.  
Neither time for beginning,  
nor time for the end. But time to continue,  
time to replay,  
time to remember your noble lineage.

Your name is Energy.

## Violated Expectations

See blue music smearing harmony  
through symbols,  
creating angry aesthetics,  
painted symphonic metaphors.  
Every note  
a nude silhouette  
balanced on raw passion.  
An absurd electric masterpiece  
freed from her canvas experiment,  
turning wasted vinyl  
into operatic art.

# The Usual Suspects

[Click to hear  
David read  
this poem](#)

Because they are the hands that sign the orders

Because they are the hands that pull the trigger

Because they are the hands that wipe our shitty asses

Because they are the hands that grope your sister's tits

Because they are the hands that strike our children

Because they, too, are the hands of Brutus

Because they are the hands that deal in currency

Because they are the dealer's hands

Because they are the hands that fill the needle

Because they are the hands that heat the spoon

Because they are the hands that push the big red button

Because they are the hands that pull the final switch

Because they are the hands that swing the hammer

Because they are the hands that place the nails

Because they are the hands of Judas, pointing

Because they are our thumbs upon the scale

Because they are the hands that take

And the hands that refuse to give

Because they are all our hands

Because they are the hands of all

Because we are the usual suspects.

## Allen and Jack

Jack decided he wouldn't come back,  
wouldn't meet his throng of seekers even half way.

But he yearned to. He wanted to worship with them  
in their temples of half filled liquor bottles,  
wanted to dance with saints wearing wine stained shirts  
then vomit beside them  
at the porcelain alters of their piss covered cathedrals.

But then Jack might be recognized, might be pointed out  
celebrated and cheered. And he couldn't have that.

He'd been celebrated to death. How could he write  
about faceless, nameless America  
when sticking out his thumb got him chauffeured about  
in an air conditioned Cadillac?  
How would he be able to salsa with the senioritas  
when Carmen Electra had her ass shoved in his face?

Jack thought he might be re-incarnated as the next Willie Nelson  
if Willie ever died. On the Road Again.  
Again.

But it wouldn't work. Route sixty-six is a six lane now;  
only geriatric tourists travel the old road,  
and those riding Milwaukee made steel  
are mostly doctors and lawyers and such.

Meanwhile  
Allen was back in the Burroughs watching the best minds  
of this generation

walking the streets in turbans and burkas.  
The beats no longer face west to worship  
no longer drag themselves looking for an angry fix.  
The melting pot worked,  
everyone thinks he's an individual  
but each one wears Diesel jeans.

Allen and Jack are  
real gone cats.

## The Alchemist

He was convinced his poems,  
which once read like shit,  
had turned to solid gold.  
But the next day they read like shit again.

He and the other Bourbon Kings  
drank Old Crow  
from dirty glasses  
and dreamt it was Wild Turkey.

On Tuesdays and Thursdays  
Old Style drafts were five for a buck.  
But only at the toll way plaza,  
and he didn't have an I-Pass.

If he scrapped enough wheel weights  
he'd get the dough for a fifth of Pepe Lopez.  
Oro, of course. And a bag of limes.

He'd long since learned to do without the ice.

## This is Also Not the Poem

There comes this time of year when the sun atrophies and leaves lose their verdant summer hue. Then we see a true accounting of color as the Maples catch the sun on their brilliant gold and red plumes. The light seems to radiate from within the tree itself. Still, this isn't the most spectacular moment of Autumn. That comes a week or so later when the trees drop about a third of their leaves to the ground and their black trunks and branches show through, contrasting sharply with the bright light of the canopy. Perhaps this is nature's metaphorical answer to our queries about hardship, pain and evil. Perhaps the Maples are showing us that light is best realized when juxtaposed with darkness, or that dark needs to be interpreted according to light. Like when you stub your toe bad and the throbbing digit won't stop aching, or your fingers burn with frostbite, then pain you madly again when you finally thaw them. Without experiences like these we couldn't gauge our relative comfort. Or like a streak of perfectly warm, blue days that drag on for so long that a black storm seems like pleasant relief. But these trees are not the answers or lessons. These are also not the metaphors. They are simply leaves and branches cycling through another annum. And this is also not the poem. It is merely letters assembled as words and words assembled as lines. It is a description of a poetry that exists independently of us all.

## Ode to a Bad Example

A curious portrait of postman  
as dog. Uncut,

cut from the same cloth as all  
common men. Commonly

seen debauching his era—  
pissing on everyone's collective porch.

Falling through life or what passed for it:  
A state of inebriation—drunk on the heady  
and ordinary alike.

In loose association with loose companions  
without peers  
without friends  
chasing off paternal memories  
chasing skirts in a most non-paternal manner.

He was on track—  
every day if he could—  
burning through bets and betting on getting  
loaded, laid,

fan mail.

A quarreling brook, a roaring spring  
of poetry and prose spilling  
from a soft heart impaled  
on the thorns of his own rose.

Impetus for perfection  
in a love/hate relationship.

He commands, advises, implores,  
even now, past his prime and  
past his time:

Don't Try.

To which I respond:

Why would I?

Won't you come to my house for supper

my medley of maize and Jacob's Cattle beans?

They're a sweet bean  
maroon and white.

Sounds exotic  
like the roar from my truck's V-10.

In Sudan the children are starving  
while we're turning food into oil.

I'm getting eight miles per baby this week.

What time can I pick you up?

## Glitterati

Your family moved to town when you were eleven, your father chasing a better job. I remember three things about your joining our classroom that fall. You were the best singer, the best writer, and you had the shiniest golden hair. By high school you were editing the yearbook. Teachers asked when you first knew you would be a writer. (They asked me what I wanted to be when I grew up.) I enrolled in community college, but not you. *The best opportunities are out West*, you said. When you made editor of that literary journal, I sent you some poems and drawings. You sent them back; I remember the accompanying note. *The bar is incredibly high here*, you said, *Why don't you come to visit?* I remember your professor asking if he could help you get a fellowship. (My professors asked me when I was going to grow up.) You wound up teaching at that school for a while, *Making those academic connections*. but you felt somehow constrained by open space. *I'm just destined to live in L.A.*, you said, *The best opportunities are on the coast*. I remember the luncheon the department held in your honor. They served lemon pepper cod. You were determined to serve Mammon. That afternoon I helped pack your boxes into the El Dorado you'd inherited from your father. I walked to the end of the street as you drove away. I watched the sun reflect off the chrome around your rear window. I watched your golden hair fade.

## Asshole's Pantoum

*An unauthorized composition of Dick Cheney, by David Blaine.*

“What we are going to do is aggressively go after Mr. bin Laden;  
I don't think it would be that tough a fight.  
We're moving in the right direction.  
You know, I don't have the street address.

I don't think it would be that tough a fight;  
Saddam Hussein's bottled up at this point.  
You know, I don't have the street address.  
It will go relatively quickly...weeks rather than months.

Saddam Hussein's bottled up at this point;  
my belief is we will, in fact, be greeted as liberators.  
It will go relatively quickly...weeks rather than months.  
I would chalk that one up as a miscalculation.

My belief is we will, in fact, be greeted as liberators.  
We believe he has, in fact, reconstituted nuclear weapons.  
I would chalk that one up as a miscalculation.  
Well, you can't anticipate everything.

We believe he has, in fact, reconstituted nuclear weapons.  
It must have something to do with his background, his upbringing.  
Well, you can't anticipate everything;  
I did misspeak...we never had any evidence that he has acquired a  
nuclear weapon.

It must have something to do with his background, his upbringing.  
We now have irrefutable evidence.  
I did misspeak...we never had any evidence that he has acquired a  
nuclear weapon.  
I'm not a direct party to it.

We now have irrefutable evidence.  
What we are going to do is aggressively go after Mr. bin Laden.  
I'm not a direct party to it.  
We're moving in the right direction.”

*All quotes recounted in The New York Observer, April 2, 2007*

# Death as a play in three acts

## childhood

lurid leering boogies under the bed bad guy  
with a gun car crash train wreck greasy bag o' rags  
and kitchen match waiting for midnight to burn my house down  
khrushchev calls the cold war to order with his 9 ½ D gavel  
bomb shelter in the neighbor's basement sleep well tonight  
god and guard are watching but it's good friday  
god's kid got killed on a cross again  
and they can't watch all of the ruskies all of the time

## adolescence

my girlfriend's brother  
first one on our block  
came home in a flag  
inside a box

the radio is my messiah  
cuz' i'd rather my country  
than me  
i'd rather red than dead  
canada is only an hour away  
but the draft is over  
the month i turn eighteen

## adulthood

success is killing me now  
my beer and my steak  
each twenty four ounces

death and I have smartened up

he's out from under the bed  
playing the ambassador  
the diplomat

i know he's no friend  
but he's not my enemy either

i can run and jump  
but i won't outrun my parent's genes

i find myself wondering  
*what's next after this?*

the curiosity might kill this cat.

## Bound to be Free

Young ghosts of tomorrow, wail away;  
it's easy to echo your plaintive song.  
You're bound to turn suddenly free someday.

You children are asking to hear what we say,  
but we answer "all that you do is wrong"  
so young ghosts of tomorrow walk away.

Watching for saviors through tears of clay  
uncertain the moment will wait that long,  
you're bound to find someone to follow today.

Skywardly wishing to fly away,  
hoping to heaven your bones will belong,  
young ghosts of tomorrow wait and pray.

Following leaders of papier-mâché,  
daylight is squandered 'til night comes along.  
You're bound to become just like us someday.

Yearning, you hold out for one more song,  
but finally fail to hear it play.  
Young ghosts of tomorrow, refusing to stay,  
are finally bound to be free today.

# The Plight of Dylan Thomas

Why rage?  
Which essential tasks remain?  
Fetters, chains

irons  
self imposed or  
pressed by others  
cannot restrain.

Like the fallen snow  
like the aged mane  
refuse this fight

retreat into light  
embrace December's whitened night.

## Terminal

I have this suspicious feeling  
that in the end,  
at the pearly gates,  
it's all going to turn out  
to be fake, worn  
and shabby.  
But still,  
I'm trying to enjoy the trip.

# Psychosis

hollow cardboard humans  
passed out in the park

this is where the saints come when  
they're just no good anymore

bloody heaven divided on blue earth  
the winners kept both halves

a thin man cries  
so people won't notice it's raining

children toast marshmallows  
over the driveway after school

mother sees the soot stained fork  
and feels embarrassed for it

billy uses a fish he caught  
as a prophylactic

dad catches the same fish  
when traveling on business

bluebirds sing mustard songs  
red-brick streets turn envy green

moonshine washes the landscape cool  
the sunrise washes it red again

daughters of the poor smell stale  
sons can't tell the difference

metallic poisons come  
hidden in drops of rain

losers die happy  
drinking the water

a spade-full of earth against your door  
will surely bring all things into focus

carl also sleeps  
in a house six feet long

when the clock finally stops  
the rest of the time is yours to keep

this is where the saints come when  
we're just no good anymore.

## They looked like trash

the kind of junk you see at yard sales,  
two for a nickel.

Porcelain figurines,  
chipped, cracked, soiled...  
but bearing six figure price tags.

The curator noticed my puzzled look  
and explained:

"It's not the work per se,  
but who created them  
that drives their value."

Walking out  
I caught my reflection in the window,  
saw a smudge on my cheek,  
and left it.

## Past the Exit

Light speed over  
the time and space continuum

hurtling headlong through deep blue haze  
over fertile prairie asphalt

trying to carry what can't be kept  
while leaving freedom dead on the shoulder

we once had a beginning  
we once had a destination

but somewhere  
along the way  
our journey turned upon itself

don't wait up for me  
turn your porch light off

it seems I've stayed on past the exit.

# Dysfunctional Communication

Expression built of words,  
a life sentence, spanning emotions  
impossible to explain.

Sometimes blinded eyes listen  
for a heartbeat. Partners grow  
entwined, but their pulse remains two,  
never coming into sync.

Starving hands hold their words  
at arm's length.  
Syllables slip from fingertips  
falling upon deaf feet,  
a shared language  
standing between them,  
barefoot shadow barrier.

The idiomatic turns problematic;  
the syntax fails to illuminate.  
Eventually days get so dark  
neither one can hear  
if the other is even there.

## Passing

You ask your wife,  
"Why must it always be  
about perceptions?"  
"Well," she replies, "*they say  
perception is nine tenths  
of the law.*"

"No," you correct her,  
"That's possession.  
Possession is nine tenths of the law."  
"You must be right," she sighs.  
"You always have to be right."

Touche'

This week you wrote villanelles  
so that at tonight's party  
you could pass yourself off  
as a lyricist.  
"*A song writer? That explains  
the black turtleneck.*"  
chortled your host.  
"*Thank God, I thought  
you might be a poet.*"

That's how others think.

But you are lying  
on your bed now,  
comparing your life  
to an obscure French movie,  
one where the English comes  
only in subtitles.

You resolve to write  
an epic narrative  
about the whole sordid thing.

Next weekend you will wear  
a crew neck, and pass  
yourself off as a film critic.  
You are always passing;  
it's forever about perceptions.

## Self-Anointed

Click to hear  
David read  
this poem

Lately, you've been scouring the dark  
using your eyes like the nimble paws  
of some Egyptian-cat-goddess-in-residence

clawing a clutch of stars from the sky  
hiding them under a Persian carpet  
someplace south of Lansing or Blue Island  
someplace where the liquor's cheaper  
and the bars still let you smoke.

You've temporarily replaced the constellations  
with plasma sparks and rail dust but  
the ghosts of those ancient Greek goat-fuckers  
are going to be pissed  
when they can't spy Aries or Orion's Belt tonight.

You say you're just cleaning up around here.

Well, that's ambitious, but I can still find grit  
out among the gaseous nebula.

You say you're going to re-name the heavenly bodies  
before putting them back, one by one.

Well, maybe you could call the North Star Plath  
or Whitman, but before re-inventing the villanelle

why not listen to the voices of people  
who won't be born for a hundred more years, asking,

*So What?*

## Lucky Son of a Bitch

There's a certain satisfaction to be had  
planting one's ass in a rattan chair  
on the front porch on a hot, June day.  
It's ninety five,  
but the humidity's bearable,  
and there's a slight northeast breeze.

Your co-workers chased you off from work early.  
Now you're smoking a Grenadier  
and drinking cold beer from a sweaty green bottle;  
a relaxing way to kill an hour  
in the late afternoon.

Inside you could sit in air conditioning,  
but that's for dead people.  
No, the heat on the front porch,  
that is living la vita dolce.

Out there, you can't recall yesterday  
you don't care about tomorrow,  
there's just this afternoon,  
the cigar, the beer,  
a good book.

Hardly anyone gets to spend time  
with Hunter S. Thompson anymore.

You're a lucky son of a bitch.

## Reflection on a Work by Michelangelo

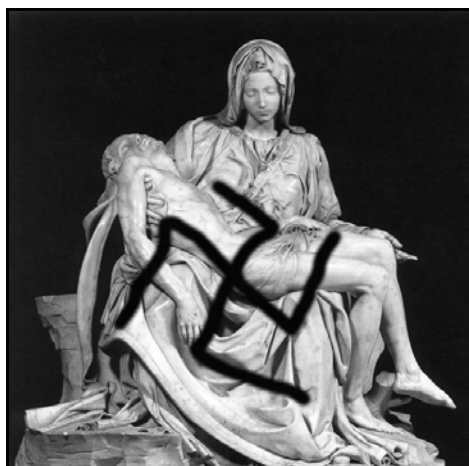
Virgin mother, daughter of your son,  
you knew those Palestinian boys  
were going to be trouble.

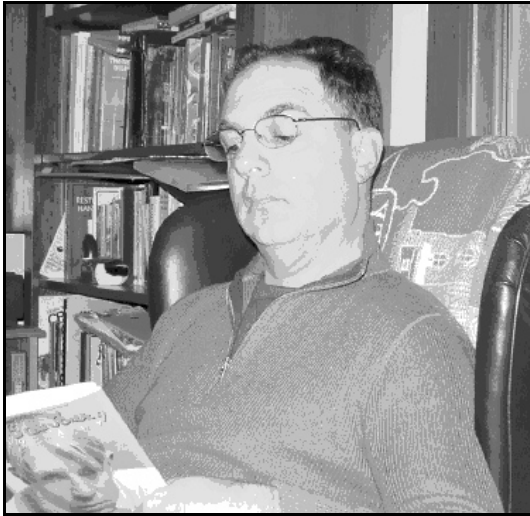
You wanted your blue eyed young man  
to stand quietly in the back  
off to one side, his eyes  
cast down.

You hoped he'd just drink the damned water  
and leave that wine business for somebody else.

And you thought maybe he could just grin at Pilate  
and reply, *who, me?*

but no, you learned  
he couldn't.





This David Blaine is the writer, not the magician. Born in New York and raised in Michigan, Dave's poetry, prose, reviews, essays and interviews have been published in many periodicals, online and in print. He still lives and works in rural Michigan with his wife Judy, his children and his grand children. You can visit his website at <http://davidblaine.blogspot.com>.

# Praise for Antisocial

"David Blaine's poetry combines the wry sophisticated take on life of the best traditional poetry with the suppressed anger of the outsider. And they are reflexive in a way that totally pisses on the 'I'm drinking whiskey and pounding the keys like a mofo' poetry we have come to expect of the small press."

*-David McLean,  
Poet, critic and editor with  
Epic Rites Press*



"The social diatribes are eviscerating, but Blaine uses exceptional skill to let the knife pass through with a smile and deep sardonic wit.

Many of the single poems...would be well worth the price of purchase alone. But in this chap you get much, that will infuse, disturb, enfold and remain, exactly what the rarefied Word should do."

*-Constance Stadler, former editor of South and West,  
current review editor at Calliope Nerve*

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