

The White Album

The White Album

by

Adam Fieled

The logo for E·RATIO, featuring the text "E·RATIO" in a serif font, centered within a dark blue rectangular background.

E·RATIO

The White Album

E·ratio Editions

2018

© 2018 Adam Fieled

eratiopostmodernpoetry.com

The White Album

The White Album

The White Album

As-Is “I’m So Tired”

Grain “Dear Prudence” and “Back in the USSR”

The White Album

The White Album

7

The White Album

The White Album

The White Album

The White Album

Back in the U.S.S.R.

They talk in hushed tones:
can't say a damned thing. Here,
we've had endless ineptness, but
at least we can say whatever
the fuck we want. Porn is
less than a mouse-click away,
Comedy Central has the best
news, Britney's publicly displayed
twat has gone in for heavy, fruit-
ful usage, we're maxed out
on credit card bliss. Complaints
are like air: legal, safe, unlimited.

Dear Prudence

Sit yourself, Buddha-like,
into a trance: you're a child
again, traipsing Wisconsin
woods. There is light, sun,
spring. You see words
in stones, phrases in trees,
metaphors beckoning from
sand-slopes. It is your duty
to know names and translate
what you see in woods, trees,
lakes. It is what you've been
sent to Earth to do. You
have done it, will continue
to do it, all-in-all. Aqua lake-
foam comes to your mind's
surface, your mind is your body,
it is there to be embodied, ripe,
good, drunkenness within.

Ditch those fucking beer cans.

Glass Onion

What fucks should've been,
what drugs should've cured,
what art couldn't win, what
time I was bored, shoot out
when I feel my finger on your
trigger ("you," myself, strangers)
so that I am relieved to find
myself outside myself once
again, like an astral entity
that's plumbed Bermuda's
Triangle weeks at a time—
guns, roses, bent-back tulips,
dove-tails, duck-tails, fucks.
All delicate as glass but guns;
parts in parts like an onion.
The parts are more mine than
ours, always bring tears to us;
for this, I make amends.

Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da

Molly strips at The Office
in Center City Philly: high-
school dropout, pot-fiend,
child in second grade, puffed
up from downing lager during
down-time. She told me her
story because Desmond beats
the hell out of her, she needs
a better gig. Health insurance
does not exist for her or the kid,
she lives in fear of Italian Market
ruffians bearing down little Bradley.
I brought her back to my pad,
fucked her, told her I would gladly
be a father to Bradley if I had
the time, or the money, but I don't.

Wild Honey Pie

My wild honey pie is baked,
bowled like several dry green
seeds; do the hard-edged, fast
blowjobs you give these guys
win you a permanent prize?
What's left is what they want,
the wildness of you bucking
like a manual with a foot off
the clutch. Your body's volta
of cynicism, masturbation:
you've learned to fuck from
Internet porn, your generation—
rouged, roguish at Rouge
with a stooge on blow.

The Continuing Story of Bungalow Bill

Bill used to live in a bungalow—
just moved into a fourth-floor
apartment. Now, he needs touches.
He reclines on a beige couch,
yellow afghan on him, dreams
of close-clutches, as time ticks
away, out of windows opened
onto a parking lot. It's full of
station wagons; he could just go
steal one, back on earth, back into
bungalow mindedness. That's
white trash. That's what (whoever
this is) she could bring into his life.
That must be (he's in the scummy
bathtub now) how the story continues,
ends. First this, then the ground, then under.
He hears a flush in the next flat.

While My Guitar Gently Weeps

For five hundred
years, they've said
the same thing:
*these are the end
times, this is the
flood, the end of
things, apocalypse.*
Funny how the
people talking
(including me)
never seem to
be the ones in
the street giving
food to the home
less. In fact, much
of this speech occurs
at meals, over grunts
of animal satisfaction.
You must be well
fed to pontificate:
I, like many others,
(hungry when full)
wonder what to do,
while my guitar
gently weeps, &
my life sleeps.

Happiness is a Warm Gun

I've been watching these two from my window,
but this is the first time I've seen them actually

do it. Look at his ass going up and down; tight,
actually, tighter than most guy's asses, and fast.

The way she just lies back and takes it, it's strange
if he doesn't notice how little she's enjoying this.

Plus, all he did was hitch up her hideous white
frilly skirt, yank off her pink panties, stick it in.

Her hair's still in a bun, so it's like watching a
librarian get raped. I think I can catch this if I

go fast enough. Onto the bed with me, skirt up,
panties off, away we go. How long this time (it

reminds me how many guys I need to call, and
what stupid idiots they are for not knowing what

the real power in the universe is, how it happens,
what the parts add up to, what matters down deep)?

Alright, he's starting to contract, I can see the little
quivers in his ass as he prepares (I appreciate this

more than his bitch does): bang! Wow, this guy
shoots like nobody's business, and I can feel her

parts squirm, hoping not to have to go through this
again. Back to the window: up, they're half-naked

on that hideous blue couch, smoking. He remains
unaware who holds the most space and who doesn't.

I win, as usual, and go off into space as I watch them.

Martha My Dear

If one speaks of American
Roulette, how can you not
come up? Each bourgeois
domicile your domain, you
were icing on your own
damned cupcakes; a napkin
over-folded, a turkey basted
with blood. Alas! They could
not kill your will to cash in;
you will suffer without ever
starving. Poets (other than
me) will not sing you (or
God help them). Hold your
head up, you silly girl, see
what you've done— the
world has been, remains
your bite-sized snack.

(I wish you were toasted)

I'm So Tired

Do a wash (six quarters)
first thing in the morning,
continue moving boxes to
the new place, prospects
having dwindled (she's so
annoying on Facebook, I
can't stand group posts,
get a life, girl), I live in a
Dickensian nightmare of
sensual deprivation, all
by myself (play me some
Air Supply, sounds like a
tour in 'Nam)(or opera,
also, might be good, for
obvious reasons) (damn
this new bathroom, can't
turn the water off without
breaking my goddamned
wrist), worst of it is that
there's no end in sight, so
I sit in the courtyard (which
doubles as a playground
for toddlers), have another
cigarette, curse my lottery
ticket, it was such a stupid
get (you'd say I'm putting
you on but it's no joke), I'd
give you everything I've got
for little piece of ass, dude.

Blackbird

Curtis Arboretum, Wyncote:
if you ramble through, quite
early, pre-dawn, there is a
slope on which you may hear
blackbirds sing (thirteen ways,
not really), for a moment
pretend you're Shelley, ecstasy
in the old sense (transcendence,
selflessness, not just pleasure)
manifests consciously.

Curtis Arboretum, Wyncote:
it says something that this
nocturnal vision hinges on
pretenses (that this is Albion
rather than a Philly burb),
because we do not associate
suburbs with ecstasy, old or
new (transcendence or joy),
the good reason for this
is that suburbs are a middle
realm, falling short of both
urban & pastoral essences.

Curtis Arboretum, Wyncote:
here is where Romanticism
ends: unbelievably, my cell
rang as I lay scoping the sun
rise. It was my friend in
Wisconsin, also scoping,
from an arboretum,
hearing a blackbird's song.
All I could think was this:
the blackbird would make
a great ring-tone for Sprint.

Piggies

Daisy's at the mall, she's
twenty-one, drinks because
she is obliged to, fucks also
because she is obliged to
(gagging on cock, harder),
believes material is real, real
is material, spends her life
devouring the hopes of Karl
Marx, who she thinks is a
comedian, with two brothers—
the guy behind the counter at
Spencer Gifts makes a simple
joke about certain girls' habits
(money, he means, is what he
says after), Daisy's in line with
fake dog-shit for a prank she
wants to play on this idiot bar-
tender (he keeps sleeping with
her friends, he's so ugly but he
has the moves), this guy sees
that she doesn't get the joke,
purses her lips in a sneer, the
guy cries at home (lives with
his parents) later, she'll never
be his, but hey at least he sold
her some fake dogshit.

Don't Pass Me By

She rehearses these lines in her head:

I've lapped up everything you've done,

yours' are *always* the smartest pieces, you
say everything I want to say, and the fact

that you both act and direct is *so* amazing.
It really is amazing, how some people get

noticed, others don't. Only it's a gyp, as I
sleep with these guys, *still* nothing happens.

I feel like Lady Chatterley, she thinks, as I
stand before this mirror. Still too innocent,

she chides herself, still too innocent. For
every hint of innocence, she makes one more

nick on her wrist with a razor. She loves
how sharp it is, just as she'd like to be. This

is what it comes down to: I make it, or die
trying. I'm so versatile, how can I not make

it? Then she remembers: my nose looks big
on camera, my butt blows up when I eat too

much, I have the fault of an excess of
humanity, which should help but it doesn't.

The next guy over and then out notes how
she insists on black sheets, insists on making

love beneath black sheets, all in darkness, all
in drunkenness, all as is it never happened,

because, he thinks, if it's not onstage, it doesn't.

Why Don't We Do It In the Road?

Fuck me Fuck me Fuck me
FUCK ME FUCK ME FUCK ME
(fuck) (me) (fuck) (me) (fuck) (me)
fuckmefuckmefuckme

like like like like like like like like

I'm a I'm a I'm a I'm a I'm a I'm a I'm

FuCKiNg

Fuck

I Will

The note was left on the old yellow dresser.
He takes it, tears it up, tosses it into a wicker
basket that holds their nights' trash. He goes
to the ATM, takes out \$200, waits for her to
come home. It's Sunday, church bells, spring,
Easter Bunnies or whatever the hell Christians
do these days to relax. He remembers, starting:
this is when we meet our maker. Then, he never
particularly thought his life added up to much.
Hers, of course, was even worse, but now that
all advancement seemed out of the question,
it seemed to him as good a time as any. Hollowness,
that's what he feels. They have a silencer, who
cares? For once they both feel the same thing
at the same time. He thinks memories should
come rushing back, but they don't. He wants
to have one last moment of enjoyment before
their very fortunate fall, but if it doesn't happen,
he won't be surprised. The note, that they're in
this together: that's what makes him happiest.
Two words that seal their fate, after a final night's
lack of passion, baptized by a lack of fire. Two
words he hasn't heard any variant of since "I do."

Julia

It's a sunlit scene on a spring day in Rittenhouse. Someone from her past, that is definitely only from her past, shows up. Everything he says is so particular that she cries as he sits next to her, trying to keep composure because he loves her... he loves her. He says things to suggest that she has a soul. She cries tears openly, but they're more about the past being the past than anything else. Later that night, she gets a ten-spot from two guys in suits who could be in their forties. They also leave her two phone numbers. She knows what this means: they're placing bets about who she calls or doesn't. She feels herself infinitely rich in this, and buzzes around, redheaded brat lost in the miasma of newly acquired wealth, that could go anywhere, do anything. When she leaves, she decides to call both tomorrow, then dismiss them. She sleeps happily, after three red wines.

Rocky Raccoon

Rocky has a government
agency sinecure: *hot shit*.
Oil has resulted in an
increase of liquidity &
financial viscosity, but
Rocky's days are numbered.
He will retire on savings.
He will rant at liberals on
TV, remembering good
old days, lipstick on what
he drew first, then spit,
Rocky collapses in the
corner, an unscripted goner.

Birthday

She can't believe this: no one's taking her out. She specifically hinted to all these guys: hey, it's my birthday this weekend, why don't we do something? The thing is, the mirror beams back to her exquisite, dazzling perfection: silky red hair, bright green eyes, big tits, all wrapped in a smile that says everything these guys want to hear. So, she strips for herself. She's amazed at how well the parts fit together: the tiny bit of flab on her stomach (that guys love), the way her legs move, white of them next to black panties, how each time she purses her lips she gives herself an orgasm just from how sexy she is. But the thing wrong is just that no one calls anymore, all these guys don't call. Her body (of course, no duh) doesn't exist unless there's a guy looking at it. She has candy hearts left over from Valentines Day, takes a bunch to munch as she steps over to the window, hoping some guy notices her topless form hovering over Race Street.

Yer Blues

“two parts cute, one part art”,
that’s what I said about her, I
also meant to say “very nice
craftsperson, very crafty but
falls far short of actual art, it’s
like Trix, for kids”, that’s what
I thought about her, in fact
that’s what I think of most
of them, “my disdain is that
of an artist looking at crafts-
people,” of course it’s disdain,
but what crux may come depends on
me staying clean as possible,
“craftspeople like basket-weavers
often get caught in their own
twine,” especially when they
try to figure out what’s over
their heads, it wouldn’t be
if one of their cute parts
could turn into art, but it
won’t, in fact it’s not cute
as much as crustaceous.

Mother Nature's Son

Fourth story window:
trains roll by, en route
to 30th Street, twenty or
more an hour, tops of
trees beyond tracks,
which are elevated to
window level, this is
on a hill, wrecking ball
crane beyond trees,
trains, parking lot in
foreground, not much
depends upon this, it's
just another view of
one kind of nature,
human kind, which
finds it convenient to
always be moving faster
than nature intended,
a field of concrete,
below, the street.

Everybody's Got Something to Hide
Except Me and My Monkey

Melissa wants to hear the whole Passover story, as his hands explore the inner regions of her left thigh. She wants a guided tour of the family mansion (is shocked that he doesn't help clear the plates), and he sneaks her into the guest bedroom. When it's over, he realizes that a stain has been left on the sheets, and they're (thank G-d) not spending the night. Leave it, he says to her, I have nothing to hide from these kikes, not you, not my decisions nor anything else. Barry had stood outside the door, heard all the noises, ran away when they were finished. He wants to grow up to be like his uncle—

The White Album

Sexy Sadie

Talk about making a fool:

it's not just that you live
in post-avant Camelot

it's that you don't understand

why anyone would chafe against
the confines of your dried-up old womb

it's that you're all about you

but some of us will not be accessories
we might even have a sense of self-worth

leading us to an embrace

of self-formulated & regulated poetics
& of putting our dicks where we want to

Helter Skelter

*I'll be anything
you want me to
be, man. If you
think I am Jesus,
man, then I am
Jesus, man. In-
side/outside: it's
the same thing,
man. People call
me a criminal, &
I never touched
nobody, man.
This guy in office
killed all these
people & I never
touched nobody,
man. You all
created me, &
you created him
too. Me & Bush:
I'm God, & he's
Satan, man. He
should be put
inside, man, in
permanent
solitary confine-
ment, just
like me. Then
we'll see how
tough he really
is, man, then we'll
see who's God &
who's Satan. I'm
happy inside, man,
because bars are
freedom: perfect.
Throw Bush in
here too, I think
he's ready (laughs)*

Long, Long, Long

Tonight's filly is more delicious than usual, in one of those tight-knit sweaters that balloons out appropriately around the chest, long silky black hair, the air of a woman who lives an indulgent life on every level. For once, he gets tempted to do the motel routine. They make out on the bed and she begins to strip, he freezes. He realizes that he wants something specific from this woman (who's perched on her knees, her bra and panties are black too, a perfect heathen). "Will you tell me if my cock is long or not?" She's bemused, flattens herself, elbows bent, face resting on palms. "Well, let's see." The next day, he remembers the black-haired woman's face, how certain movements did or did not match up to previous experiences, how he wasn't going to even try to rationalize this, but there seemed to be some question he asked, he can't remember what it was. As he drives out to Palatine to show a pair of newlyweds a house not fit for dogs, he bugs himself to death, but it just won't come.

Revolution #1

A guy with a bunch of pamphlets walks into a coffee shop;
lays down the pamphlets on the counter, next to cream/sugar,

leaves. They sit there a few days before an inquisitive co-ed takes
one. She sees what it's about, puts it into her knapsack. That

night, she's watching TV, takes it out to show it to her roommate.
They look at it together, decide to give it to their friend the activist.

The activist takes the pamphlet, gives it to her roommate, who
needs to be educated. It is this roommate who decides to fight

hegemony, needing extracurricular activities to bulk up her CV.
She goes to the offices with a militant mien, bent to impress.

They put her on the street, giving out pamphlets. She walks into
a coffee shop, puts down the pamphlets next to cream/sugar.

As she leaves, she gets the sneaking suspicion this has happened
before. She decides to get a coffee and sit and rest for a bit.

Nobody takes the pamphlets. She shrugs and thinks, nonetheless,
this is an easy job; I wonder if they'll let me do this over the summer?

Honey Pie

He sends himself out to her, as she rolls one of her endless spliffs in West Philly, “wake and bake” become a way of life, looking at red and blue and green TV images, thinking how she could play the part of a red image because her heart beats so loudly for a certain junior professor who has achieved a certain kind of success as a certain kind of artist, and so the two spirits meet above the glistening sky-line of Philadelphia, mix into a formula, she also vaguely feels his stomach and his chest and they become one red image, which is then pasted onto their red interiors to add one more notch to things that should happen. The city is crippling imperious but neither notices. They call each other pet names; neither notices that the process is, or seems to be, subliminal, so that in class at noon, they give each other streamers eyes but not too much happens besides, except that a heedless streak is born in him that so wants her hair in loops around him that stars rather than earth dictates what he does. What he does and doesn't do is her, and it's always in the mornings before dawn, until the night comes.

Savoy Truffle

Off to Feinstein & Fervid—
a bagel with cream cheese,
washed down with coffee,
orange juice, even a little
whiskey for tough days
when I'd just as soon stay
in bed watching X-Files,
eating flank steak, even
fucking, but at least there's
lunch to look forward to,
corned beef club with cole
slaw on the side, pickle,
chips, talk to my chums
about X-Files, hey how
about those Phillies, here
have another root beer,
maybe filet mignon tonight
as a special treat for being
made a partner at Feinstein &
Fervid, oh how turbid, that's
two more hours work a day,
two more hours til cow-meat,
TV, sex, those really valued
things that make life worth it
for us at Feinstein & Fervid,
who are you calling stupid?

Cry Baby Cry

Twelve o'clock a meeting
round the table for a
séance in the dark— it's
a small black-curtained
room on the second-floor
of a row-home in Logan
Square. No carpet softens
the floor for those who
sit. General shudders
quicken. Ouija Board
answers "No" to every-
thing except *Are you here?*
This spirit is a negative
creep. Its ambience is
perpetuated by a piercing
blue hypnotic light that
passes from person to
person like a bong.
It spells out a song:
I'd love to turn you on.

The White Album

Revolution #9

At the Satellite coffeehouse Chomsky-ites have tattoos of Eastern symbols
(I-Ching, yin-yang, Buddha) all over their arms the screen-saver
for the computer is ImpeachBush.com while they sit huddled over pamphlets
printed on cheap paper put together at Kinko's about how to make bombs
overthrow the gov't grow hemp smoke hemp know hemp be hemp
or the way to join a food co-op that has exotic berries with anti-oxidants
& which has been going in West Philly since 1969 but these kids
were raised on indie punk and their bands only know a few chords
but everything about suffering and it comes out in songs like glass shards
no one has Health Insurance many have bikes get in accidents
get addicted to pills but no one much cares Health Insurance is for yuppies
what is wanted is a community anti-everything material goods
are derided in favor of principles but there is no public outlet to bring them
to the attention of the masses who are disdained anyway for not having
tattoos playing in punk bands reading Chomsky shopping at Mariposa
knowing what scum directs the media what polished, rehearsed scum
polished, rehearsed, privileged by luck and education to brainwash us with
imbecile illusions of happiness but these kids ain't happy either
they want something else what they can't admit to wanting a real voice,
real status real position real influence real opportunity
& it's not going to happen here at the Satellite so they sip brackish drinks
unsweetened by sugar give out their pamphlets promote their bands
find themselves at thirty borderline derelict addicted to Percosets
that they get through covert means which are unreliable some have canes
as if this were an old age home which it is as Shelley was aged by radicalism
unchecked by moderation emotional, psychological, or otherwise
so that it's the world against them and they ape contentment with this
scenario that sears its lines onto their foreheads oh the irony
that Penn is just a few blocks away where Chomsky went, and me
where real influence is possible owing to prestige and money
but don't call West Philly "University City" here you'll get spit on
because it's seen as a marketing ploy to destroy the Satellite
its esprit de corps atmosphere of huddled hairiness tattooed twists
wanton sex perverse reliance on self-medication & impending age
which reduces sangfroid to bitterness just like black coffee & black coffee
is what the Satellite does best Edith Piaf could sing a chanson
just for the Satellite only in triple time like a punk song everyone
would bow their heads, knowing truth knowing failure knowing
salvaging a life from radicalism is a scary venture not for sissies
or those who want Health Insurance to keep them alive

Good Night

Trevor O'Doyle was buried
yesterday, he's really gone.
He'd never smoke a bowl
again, or get wasted, or
pissed at his woman for
hooking up with Dave.
I stared into the abyss.
There was nothing there.
Nothing said hello to me:
I cried like a stoned baby.

Adam Fieled is a poet based in Philadelphia. His books and e-books include *Posit* (Dusie Press, 2007), *Opera Bufo* (Otoliths, 2007), *Beams* (Blazevox, 2007), *When You Bit...* (Otoliths, 2008), *Chimes* (Blazevox, 2009), *Apparition Poems* (Blazevox, 2010), *Disturb the Universe: The Collected Essays of Adam Fieled* (Argotist E-Books, 2010), *Equations* (Blue & Yellow Dog Press, 2011, 2nd ed. 2018), *Mother Earth* (Argotist E-Books, 2011), *Cheltenham* (Blazevox, 2012) and *The Posit Trilogy* (Argotist E-Books, 2017, includes 2nd ed. of *Posit*). A magna cum laude graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, he also holds an MFA from New England College, and an MA from Temple University.

The White Album

taxis de pasa logos

