

nebu[lab] 2010

Brendan Lorber

You Were You But Also

I dreamt I was then I woke up You were you
except with a pegleg and a middle name
nobody could guess You were about to
then I woke up On the subway very aroused then I
woke up The news was on & I woke up
Kanye West and Bill Murray — I woke up
Free floating anxiety in my nonspecific cocoa
They were my arms but they were attached to a bird
and were hugging Cornell West Then I awoke
& saw my face in a mirror but the mirror was over there
I was installing something in my high school
I was chasing someone who was also chasing me
it was very confusing Everything had to happen but nothing had the time
The city lay in ruins and the ruins on a bed of lettuce

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Amended Flight Plan

The secret of my intermediate erotic technique
is a classy action suit & can-do-but-won't spirit
The arcane hands-on tit-for-tat art of elation amid despair

Sheer bliss inside desolation means something
can live anywhere Even the suffering that life totally is
gets a black eye once in a compromised while

Striptease as exercise in finding spots to hide
the enormity of some agenda Even after
a hundred years of cholera & other botched cultural opportunities

When you say never forget 9/11
is getting a blowjob part of the never?
Or are there special privileges in memory of my fellatings?

I need someone to sign for awkward silence
For the unresolved new year New year's arrival
glamorous & bleak Should I leave it next door if nobody's home?

I keep unfurling the lotus blossom The great lessons of our time
misplaced before they're picked up The all-access pass
reserved for adversaries explains the kick me sign in my uterus

The catastrophes I dodge despite come hither looks
& go to the light desire When does the breaking point
the getaway car's failure to peel out convert mercy to a mess?

The socially dignified gamble with nothing to lose
but your own fragile veganism or whatever
blows this week's leafy self from gutter to gutter

The give and take of clearances into some mitigated community
I've switched from Myspace to knife fight
A hangover cure lifestyle stripped of illusion

Savvy at using my skill set to jam forks in my eye
when forced to use those words I've lost track
of every derailed moment I can't afford the rent on my room for growth

If you know to look for failure within success
every disastrous wonder makes sense Each new year is happy
More miserable the better The smushed nose & black eyes of have a cigar

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Infinite perspective doesn't enjoy the confines of its human host
The spangled agony of all trashed intentions My life
needed a broken keel before another could rise up

Impeach Me

Dead raccoon smell a life of its own
I have a book so books plummet in value
I see your L_____ and raise you one M_____
All the people forgotten before they even leave the room
I don't like your work but I do like what you can do for me
in the eyes of people who don't like my work or me either
Tomorrow: congressional testimony
Yesterday: wander at sixes and sevens
Tonight: a brass band in crown heights
where I know nobody & thus the
illusion for a few hours of actually liking someone
Welcome robot world Survive with Layers
The need to laugh to not be crushed
by what I know you know
always defeated by the mere presence
a truck with no shocks Another poem
of the small apartment with the bad lighting
Spend a \$1000 to figure it out where it = \$100
Take your prescription pharmaceuticals to work
Take your unwed father to work A trickster
demands someone you hate perform your eulogy
My open casket filled with beef brisket

Saturated Exit

Glasnost era lasso the moon films Short industrials for those who know better
Shootemup pronunciation Distressed executives
with the exfoliated turn to the camera
gesture of migrant loufa sponges For one reel
My teeth still chatter in July every last thing becomes
When I learned to rollerskate play a song with clapping
this was all cobblestone which sticks & name it as
my jaw won't forget you would wear
The desert an old coat
took weeks to cross before
they widened it Now a thousand miles are your
Handheld votive objects wind stripped
you set before your personal assistants They gather your
self remain constant oilskin flasks amid the shift-
They change in shape ing back-
in number Their names migrate with ground
prayer offerings of burnt feet on sand
The nomads who grow increasingly ambient
made hobos possible not handheld until the houselights go down
under a ghost gum eucalyptus & the early screening
became never a freight car with the brink of hope
lumber to pass on
a preview & so
along for the ride on