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All Cool

Carefully Selected Poems



Urban Affairs Center Press

Nick Muska

All Cool Carefully Selected Poems



Urban Affairs Center Press



Nick Muska 2008

All Cool: Selected Poems

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This book is for Sleen

Café chez Nick

Ouvert toute les heures pour une femme des heures irregulier

[Open irregular hours for a woman of irregular habits]

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Table of Contents

Albums	1
Hunky Tales	
The Muskas	3
Ohio Meltdown	5
Knowing Your Place	6
The Lyric of Telly Manko	8
Knowing Your Place II	11
After Hours at Pirate's Cove	12
Unconscious	13
Stepping Out with My Hero, the Philanderer	14
Note on Ancestry	15
Spring Notice	16
Ohio's Jewels	17
Going Home: Dad's 70th	18
The Last Visit	19

The Sixties	2
The Sixties	2

Heavy Lifting

Prologue to Elm	25
Elm	27
Why It's Called a Warehouse	28
Elm Storage Spring Poem	29
Forklift Poem/Winter	31
Ben's	32
Every Day, Work or Play, Your Boy, McCoy	34
And Now While We're at It	38
Charlie Gaiter Has Another Attack	40
Gaiter: On Billy Holiday	42
Two Years	43
What Happened	44
Double Pulley with a Loop	46
Closing Up	47

Translytics & Versions

Love Song 50)
Slush from the Slop Barrel 51	1
Over 50 I nix condoms 52	2
I Think of You More 53	3
The Creepy Mystic Sore 54	1
Phrases No. 46 55	5
Phrases No. 44 56	5
Street Lights 57	7
And Ice Pours Out Alive 58	3

59
61
62
63
65
66
67
68
69
70
71

All Cool

_

Salt Peanuts	73
Buried Blood	74
The Sugar Train	75
The White Nine	76
Automatic Me	77
Vicky	78
Damned Chick	79
Those Cool Chicks	80
Iowa	81
O, Tell or Hotties	82
This Poet	83
Like You	84

Tropics: Sunsets

Exit	86
The Key West Sunsets	87
Ray's Cab 1:35 a.m.	88
Sunset I	89
Sunset II	90
Sunset III	91
Sunset IV	92
Sunset IV, Take 2	93
The Shirelles Live at The Monster	94
Sunset V	95
Sunset VI	96
More Munchies	97
Sunset VII	98
Sunset VIII	99
Key West Will	100

Tropics: Sunrise

Prelude	102
Return	103
Short Sermon	104
Sunrise One	105
I Saw the Sun Set	106
á la Buffet	107
Negril Beach 26:XI:99	108
Sunset at No Name Bar	109

At the Standpipe, near Noon	110
The Potter, Primaeval Ooze, and Passing Beauty	111
Jamaican Special: T.O.P.	112
Althea	113
Corpuscles/Twilight on Manley Blvd	114
The Old Nudist	115
and the Breeze is So Cool	116
A Guy from Wisconsin Speaks to Sanalee	117
Bomba Clot	118
Buñuel Movie haiku	119
The Beach Dogs of Negril	120
Lunchtime at Sunrise: Jamaican Sewer Workers	121
Like a Character in Some 40s Movie	122
Sundown No Name Bar	123
Under the Red Moon	125

Author's Retraction

127

Acknowledgements

129

Albums

after Jules LaForgue

They told me about the Far West, the open prairies and my blood wailed like a coyote: "If only I came from out there!" Kicked out by the Old World, I'd kick off faith and law A desperado! That's what I'd be out there – a desperado king! Out there I'd scalp out my European brain and paw the ground like a virgin antelope No more literature! I'd live by luck, be a citizen of chance, and drawl Californy slang I'll be the pure squatter, a rancher, an architect of trapping shacks Hunter, fisher, gambler on the far side of the Pandects Between the ocean and the Mormons. Ah, deer-meat and whiskey, wrapped in rawhide Prairie-grass my bed under the Indian sky as rich as the flower-baskets at weddings! And what else? Camp to camp, the Lynch-law In the morning rough diamonds on my fingers tonight lose them at blackjack tomorrow forget it sourdough up in them thar hills and go nugget nuts. And when I'm old, a farm in the morning sun, a bossy cow, some kids Because I like to sketch, I'll hang my shingle over the gate: "County Tattooer." There you go! And then, if Paris wakens in my heart and starts singing "not cured yet, eh? Bet you don't even know where your kids are!" And if the soaring Rocky Mountain condor flares in me a vision of the infinite I'd chuck all comfort and start a religious sect a cult of the Goldrush, empirical and mystic for the sodbusters, a mix of the Christian and the Vedic

Ah, pretty brushfires, gone like straw, my crazy joys these album picturebooks, fragile dreams, my toys!