

BOOG READER 5

THE KICKBOXER SUITE

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BOOG LITERATURE
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*“calmly & with an air of detachment she folded the great
ship in two & sank it” (maureen owen)*

kickboxer fantasies

for france luce

1.

in heat i want
to hurt. people. events.
do a back kick with
out appearing. unbalanced.
easy to topple. sore.
like my abs. but
not really. it's more
latissimus dorsi. think.
advanced level. 70 to
100 pounds. her back
is what. amazing. i need
new posture. makes no
sense to have shoulders
this pained from just
watching. o deltoid.
this is a woman who
is proud to perspire. to
flash that gap in front
two. teeth. i didn't mean
to take that cab this morning.
competition just didn't seem
urgently. punctual. my spine
needed curving. and rafael
is no longer my favorite
ninja turtle. i have none. only
love those that use
their arms. know abduct.
sports bra. bones don't work.
alone. see all those tendons.
voluntary. extra myopin.
this woman knows how
to stand. i want to call
her flexor. hold those
fibulae. surround. oblique.

2.

really. the spine is not
easily frozen. controlled.
and this knee. it wants
to bend. unlock. turn
elbow-like. and today
we speak. about shoulders
and importance. lengthening
and illusion. what she wants
is an honest reach. wants
to churn that articular
cartilage. this is a woman
who smiles off the ground.
who struts those bra straps.
panty lines. sometimes
i just want to memorize her
rotator cuff. monitor some
movement. not mine. see.
i have little balance.
a tendency to flex. stare.
distract. this woman never
minds mirrors. or scapula.
and i want to ask what.
labrum. sexy. realistically
stable. like a line between
like and want. like if there are
broad shoulders. so becomes
a triangular facade. and
this is
a woman who knows
no waist. says why not
stay. you carry too
much. i know what.
i bear. know humerous.
size. extend. think it
is hard for my skin
to lose this ink.

3.

to be sore. is a hard
space. like changing in
front.
her locker. next door. i know
why there are words
like "overhear." muscles
called "tensor." i see them
all. when she jabs. upper-
cut.
front kick. shuffle. i just
don't get these. pronouns!
her. a common site
for fracture. hip. the first
time she spoke. i bolt.
structural differences too
grand. tonite after three
i feel this iliac crest.
shaken.
watch her fixed bones
in the mirror. watch her
shimmy on one foot.
o, eavesdropper. i need
warning. need a lesser
trochanter. she knows
how to duck. sidestep.
rotate minimally. even
in offices i feel clumsy.
forget all that mambo.
that right heel pivot.
she is so interested. in
the other. and here.
i am. hardly typeable.
find processes provide
attachment. gender.
a temporal thrill. she
hits that lumbar nerve.
and here. i. unmedicated.
aware. where these
biceps once connect.

postscript

i have no fancy words
left. lost the urge
for stamina. hip.
swivel. left. no. right.
right. half time. she
gives too many directions.
yesterday. and i. unim-
pressed.
by red undergarments.
by our departure. perfectly
timed. does she notice
i don't stay past three-step.
grapevine. i won't clap.
for predictability. don't try
to pretend. productive. now
mornings. no one
to google. to wonder. window.
here. i decide to turn. femme.
spend evenings pacing in
these high heels i call
normal. she accuses me.
why serious. so straight. face.
she makes me want
to stick by the weight bench.
to opt for the ab-roller.
today i don't find it fascinating
to fight for a mat. to be
barefoot in a crowd.

regine

i thought her same
from afar. from behind
that front. desk. her. body.
her. type. tight hair.
wireless so full
of batteries. but really.
my abs can't take it.
anymore. she brings
instrumentals everywhere.
thinks slow. motion equals
ease. there's no excuse
for breaks. here. i find
myself. struggling
to put things away.
i once pillar of placement
theory. detector of each
step in this cube. she wants
legs like rulers. and i
more the protractor
type. even her scissor
demo feels impossible.
i'm not made
like a compass. not
used to feeling
so triangulated.

jennifer

i see through her
all spandex and leopard.
all thong and barely
knee length. this woman
lies in all descriptions.
thinks cardio and weights.
the same. i want to say,
"honey, your fabric's
done! seams ain't pretty
in this overheat i call
total body." this woman
needs a bionic fan. please.
slow down the techno.
so many dials. just pick
one. loosen that ponytail.
scuff up those reeboks. baby.