

BOOG READER 7

**HIDING IN THE
HIDDEN SURPLUS**

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BOOG LITERATURE
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I Didn't Go Shopping?

I don't know. Relentless buyers
remorse in advance. Tall calfskin boots
assault a mid-calf boot.
Boots in a pyramid.
Via Spiga!
I despise you!
Sounds like
square-shaped things
breaking in the house next door.
But a perfect boot
keeps me coming.
What I think are dishes down the stairs
are pots from a dollar store.
Glass above the bed. Imagine.
The small oak bookshelf
mounted above my first bed
never fell while I slept.
When I left, there were places where the cork
still clung to the wall it had been glued to.
They looked like eyes.
I think I don't have to come out with it,
but I'm guilty. The wounded woman in my dream
resists in order to vomit up her spinal system.
Then the cradle of her pelvic floor.
She's always in position, an x-ray
shaped like a greyhound.
Ready to go forward.
The house next door gets closer.
Not that today is ruined
but going around boots
has ruined me. Understand,
there's a miniature boot on a keychain
pointed at my head.
Just keep walking.
She grins for a minute
to show the shape of nothing inside.

Mutable, Positive, Fixed

Hole in my sweater
I mistake for a hole in my arm. Dirty sock
asleep in the wrong room, commas
some in the notebook
back at work
I left the notebook on
and now licking the plate full of macaroni
I have a sincere desire to change.
Back again. Little sock
licking my paws,
can't I go outside, back,
the house makes a dripping sound
forcing my face into the wave
and then forcing myself to talk.
It's nothing. I cursed you for not getting in touch.
Half the house is solid
and the other is for talking on the phone.
And it's really not very good this time.
Hard to feel sad
as sad as the music is
coming through phones
and those looped over my ears
on top of the plastic glasses
the whole get-up
the whole contraption
makes it look hard to look sad.
Like a delivery system should.
I'm going to fill this entire book no matter what.
Careful John, she's endeavoring.
But a dirty sock may yet adjust its pose
ripping buttons off
in the fog.
I want to get the key
that Houdini got in the mouth.
Thinking there of my remarkable purchasing power.
Monster with two ways of looking back
or otherwise diminishing
the borders of a tawdry brown book.

Ethics, endeavoring
stuck between the upper flat and social services
cringing at the desperate sounds
15 minutes with you
I wouldn't say no
I-I-I—
and right when I wanted
another artifact, to get jacked up
and collect things,
Naomi Watts was killing me.
She was being brave on location.
Sometimes with a chair
like Chris says
sometimes its like mating.
Just put it through the net.
Some supernatural ball, some baller.
Will I be forced to dribble always?
Thinking about the neighbor who took up the machete
thinking about it too much
what's too much
taking it easy, fire eyes
before we even land.
Later it'll get spongy, be "good material."
I too am looking to speak
in the third person. Without crossing anything out.
I guess you need a third person
to hold the sponge.

Happy Equinox, Happy Valentine's Day

A movie at the end
of all our desire for rest
plays in the other room
and I'm missing it.
Like the ghost is idle.
Like the ghost has free time.
I can hear it
being profane
being over-decorated.
There's too much night
along the bridge, themes come in
story per minute
per orange scrawl on the side of a plane.
The saran wrap we came through
always before me
and Manderley projected upon it.
Memory of Kevin
singing takes me out
and there's Del on the phone
to ask about repeated sound.
Yeah that's the way
the way we like it.
I laughed at the mist in the dark
before it overtook me.
In the car
on repeat
a human on the table
or bent towards her feet on the floor.
Many times we have attended to a human
on a table or the floor.
Non-attendance
when it breaks out
is nothing. Is coming.
Something for nothing:
I will have to make many minor adjustments
in order to stay. Wiggling
which is good for you. Your, ok
my bones are getting very heavy.

I raise my head
to address you from the flowers
even as they wander from their stems
on the bird problem: the birds are gone,
they're packed around the subject's organs.
Poets did this. The faces we can't make out.
And then I looked around
and I was all by myself
and I was all
where's waldo?

Of everything I made then
you can be sure.
I made phone calls.
I made copies and fliers and calendars.
Friends and acquaintances.
Sounds as I floated to the floor.
There was a woman at the public piano
and I knew she felt the faces
hiding in the hidden surplus, too.
I had gone very far to rest among the foxtails.
Wearing my equitable risk ring. Still I could not enter
through the smaller door
inside the bigger door.
I wanted to throw off this gray cloak of despair
and be done with it.
But there I was, pornographic.
Pornographic as ever.

Resident

Those fools in Vermont
and foolish rain
what doesn't belong to me
rising from the sea
I'm a little custard
with stomach acid so strong
it could melt the bones
of the house I'm cleaning.
I wasn't kidding
every decision is photographed
thought of itself as furious
wrapped around the corner of a corner office
invasion of the book sounds
come crashing on a membrane slick.
Plaster from the wall on her face
where it went through her neck.
Something in the branches
before it falls, a congress
said my sleep, it's congress
in the tree outside your window.
I guess you'd have to know
what you're looking at
to be wrong
and I don't
even with all my hair removed for travel
and my things inside my things.
Not about my own stomach, tropical
or not tropical, like getting spam
and then complaining about the picture.
However the drive to write is much upon me now
on top of the bad intention
and the ladder I ran over with my car
and then again
the rubber ball that wouldn't stop.
So thanks,
yes, I like all the lights on.
It helps with the planes crashing.

Nouveau Pauvre

We look grey
because the air is grey
ashen because
they're in the air.
If intention is all there is
examine this badly behaved girl.
It seemed I was driving
up the road to Manderley,
he, the beloved object
somewhat beyond rescue.
I drove behind a truck of mules
and at each turn the grey smoke
came from another direction.
I should not have said
the things I said
last night.
And other nights.
Yes yes and yes again
I had facials done to me.
Going home I won't
compare my body
to the branches of the great house on fire.
Now on fire the flames
two valleys away.
Where are you star eight six?
In the restaurant
on the cliffs
the length felt
suspicious. Menacing.
The word for something
doesn't like me.
The hedges around Manderley
the bay
the mind to say why
the water
far below and dark clear green
ink streaming because it can

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the dried up streaks
this ink feels tight
trying to describe
why I am menaced, am menacing
why I lie outright
why I'm a pen. A pen.
A pen.