

ANEMONE SIDECAR

CHAPTER 17
of
THE
ANEMONE SIDECAR

Introduction

Four Views of Woods Africa Nut Tooth Paste

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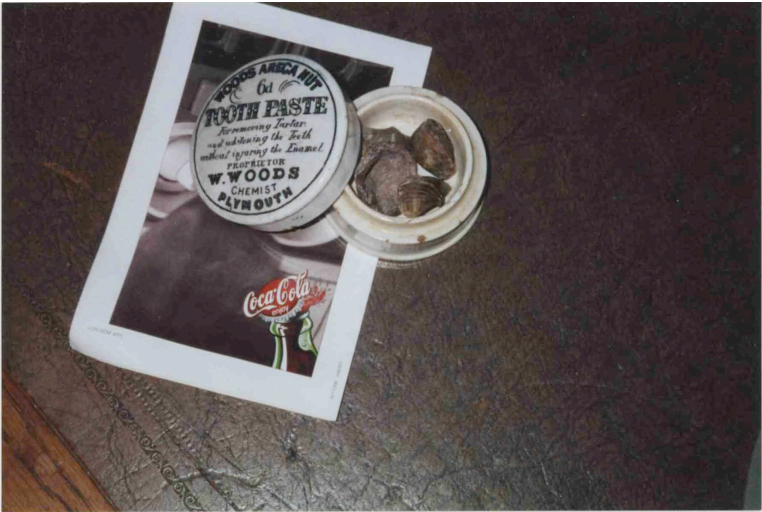
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Four Views of Woods Africa Nut Tooth Paste











The Anemone Sidecar, Chapter Seventeen, 2012,
built on the work of select multitudes.

Cover image by Daniel Boyer.

Joel Allegretti: *Boxe Française*

<u>Style</u>	<u>Etymology</u>
wushu	Chinese, “martial art”
karate	Japanese, “empty hand”
t'ai chi chuan	Chinese, “the Absolute fist”
aikido	Japanese, “the way of the harmonious spirit”
<i>eskrima</i>	Filipino, “fencing” (from the Spanish <i>esgrima</i>)
<i>pradal serey</i>	Khmer, “free fighting”
tae kwon do	Korean, “the art of the foot and fist”
Jeet Kune Do	Bruce Lee, “the way of the intercepting fist”

The body of disciplines known collectively as the martial arts is equated with the Far East. Images of Shaolin monks executing back flips in rice fields. Ninja scaling walls by night with a lizard's skill. Nunchaku, shuriken and tonfa. David Carradine as Kwai Chang Caine in the TV series *Kung Fu*. Cult films with titles like *Enter the Dragon* and *The Way of the Dragon*. Box-office cash cows like *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*. They fed and nurtured perception.

Purveyor of haute couture, Charles Aznavour and existential estrangement, France formally made its own contribution in 1825, courtesy of Michel Casseux, who founded the first studio for the regulated practice of savate. He counted the Duke of Orléans among his pupils.

Savate. French for “old shoe.” Shoe, like the slippers worn by the elderly t'ai chi master? The art's parents were 18th century Parisian street thugs and sailors from Marseille. Alleys and docks don't have the appetite for Zen, just a well-aimed kick to an adversary's temple.

A student of Casseux's, Charles Lecour, incorporated English boxing techniques into savate. A student of words, the poet Théophile Gautier, in 1838 christened the style *boxe française* (“French boxing”).

Ninety-nine years after Casseux opened his *salle* doors, savate was a demonstration sport at the Olympic Games in Paris. Twenty-eight years after the Olympics, François Truffaut's *Jules et Jim* briefly showed the male leads, Oskar Werner and Henri Serre, engaged in *boxe française* as a mode of exercise.

Savate as practiced by its lowlife originators employed not only kicking, but slapping, biting and eye gouging.

The French words *savate* and *boxe française* – like the words for “battle” (*bataille*), “capture” (*capture*) and “punishment” (*punition*) – are feminine.

Caitlín Thomson: *In Dust*

We build a home for ourselves in the City
of the Kings. Too much finery for the dead
suited to the cold stone. For bedtime stories

I have the wall to slide my fingers down.
The sheets, a few quilts,
line a narrow passage. During the day

we open sarcophagi, scrape dirt off the floor, pretend
that we are qualified to make archeological
discoveries, that the world is still outside.

Bill Wolak: *Xerxes on the March from Callatebus,*
480 BCE

Traveling the road to Sardis,
on the way to conquer Greece
with the juggernaut of his invincible army
stretching behind him for miles,
inexplicably Xerxes suddenly camped
in front of a common plane-tree.
For some mysterious reason,
the unexpected beauty of the tree's branches
spread across the turquoise Lydian sky
so moved him that he ordered his slaves
immediately to decorate it
with stunning golden ornaments, with necklaces
and bracelets as if it were a woman
whose beauty he desired to adorn.
Then he appointed a guardian for the tree,
one of the Immortals from his personal bodyguard
as a watchman to protect its fragile beauty
and its dazzling golden ornaments
for as long as Xerxes ruled the world.

Mary-Catherine Jones: three poems

Ghosts litter / their invisible politics: inertia / consciousness. /
Like a child's stroller, empty. Or / the parking lot, ocean / side in
wait—rusted 18 wheelers / catching death. / *Oyjev!* They whisper, /
Light is something / to care about.

*

Gulls—like horses / for horseflies—congratulate fortuity / and
each other—for dunting / the invisible patricians—the monks of
morning light—for finding / a dock, and rest there.

*

Grace hovers land and sea / ghosts press. / *Preppers* hold meetings,
teach / their young to shoot, throw shooting / parties—protect /
their waterproof Ipod cases—in case. Gravity keys / the lock,
announces herself / hard at work, she pushes the cart, / *It's*
temporary your stay.

George J. Farrah: two poems

Absence

Referring to an absence of furniture
wrought global through story telling
each remained stalked and
at leisure in the final book

next to the door
controlling light surface
everyday breaking
& coming together

I wait for your call

wearing her long net of dogs
next to the floor
a kind of meadow mixture
which means music carved from walls
and wind eyes with their written words

I scrape the walls to find yours

sweeping through both of them
(I witness this)

all the clouds sun loaded
suspended above the tree tops
all breathing all sniffing
all splashed with water

The consequences of vagrancy
a whole night as an apartment
with everything as an equal audience
you're a violin case filled with a flock
I am lonely for your fingers

you could sweep the dogwood through the walls
just remembering them

you could forget me

my voice through
walls she said

a child's approach
grows

still like
smooth glass stones
jars balanced on the
head through
a solar
disturbance

how am I?
sounds ridiculous

brim of a world
of work gone or appearing

two wonderful names
on the bottom
of the photograph emerging in your
memory

resting finally
exhausted from
little activity
on the surface while I finally
have enough water

you walked & exchanged

the salt in the future

as far away as that he said

right into the new steeple

whirling by the blue swirl of sky

blood of explorations
of your bones maybe

heroin chickens

or
a human bee
collecting
potential energy
for
the world at hand

it all changes the very
words
that are discovered again

what is lost, was saved,
what changed

in the balance
of the ball of sun-

giant whiskey
herbalist

by the
clock of

the phone

by the light
of the
pools

windy today &
tonight by the
side of the lost oat fields

drunk lounging
elders

of the whole pointing race

Out of a Window

That is the lonely room

the threshold of gladness
the low pouring stars
he is lowly and drinks of it

the order if his hand engraved
who is death who is grass
who is senator who is provider
over the green belly stretched wire

all the river of dead
all the river of living
all the moon of grief

who is he to be free of this

maybe a jewel of eyes
at the world's end briefly seen
and un-believed

the tread of a cloud
the back of the ground
trembles

a field of lights a boundary
a universe like any mouth
wants to sing
you are a boat man in the city
you are arrows of an ancient mind

the me which is impossible
must reach me

I loved him correctly
and the spirit and food
dedicated to the new law
gives someone dance
properties to pay for

sinking as low as the sea
sleeps at night

out of a window to return

and stand gazing before the picture
still asleep

a palm of a voice sweats

“this is where I saw the day
defeat our voices crying”

I am a miniature

I am a glaciers' rock

resting in an empty field

love of all promises
like snow by the stone

the turn of the sea

and a key

our poems
that are driven
into the
idea of neutral flesh

and within sight of
the whispering lake
appears a property of silence

a forest of people
who again are a path.

Adam Neikirk: *Scrabble With an Ex*

At first, all I can do is fret
over my particular allotment of letters,
the random and hapless septet
upon which my poet's reputation rests

and sometimes flutters like a ghost
in an old bed sheet, or like a faded curtain
behind which, if you look carefully,
you can see my feet in designer sneakers.

But she is a poet too, I remember,
as she claims another triple letter score,
explaining to me in passing
that this board was once her grandmother's,

and I notice, smugly planning her defeat,
that one of my many vowels, the letter *I*
has been wounded by the hunger of a rodent
or the better hunger of a bored little girl—

though I decide, in the next moment,
that it must have been a long-dead mouse,
as she reconfigures my triumphant Ha
into a simpering, short-lived Haiku.

After that, my letters start to turn traitor,
and when the draw-string bag has run dry
all of my roses have been redistributed
and my violets somehow burglarized

until I am left sitting in the dumb silence
that befits a Socrates or a structuralist,

contemplating what to do with my lone Q
having handed U over to thugs with mullets,

and she is looking at me with that smile
so at home with a puzzle and a puzzling friend,
and I am thinking how lovely she is
when she is thinking of nothing but winning.

Brian Hardie: *Brains in Alabama*

Provided warm with biscuits rising I will say something for all
Stumptown eyes blinking twice, rather to leave it softly sizzling in a
skillet amongst summer sex I will not receive, hence to where I will
be longing. The crunch of buttered bread burnt by our romantic
crisp so retro-sexual, slide thy poison lips down the curves of our
lazy libidos, forgetting the transfer to walk back through the
freedom captive in a capsule rolling across my bedroom floor.
Alabama told me to breathe.

Set the groove as a stain in your mind, then catch those tears in
rusted rain buckets while you bob with hands tied trying to remedy
the riddle of your rotten apples brooding at the bottom. Your last
cigarette will burn with numb forgiveness, your withdrawal of
substance will shake you sick in an unwelcome home, guilt will set
the stage with barrels of booze, and fear will be invoked in the
thorns of our devils.

Ron Singer: *Concertina*

-1-

Contracting to a footfall on a quiet street, expanding to soar above continents, then plunging to the ocean floor, back up to the moon and even Mars, to the farthest reaches of imagination, the micro-macro concertina.

-2-

An Inventory of Inventions Representing the Manifold Uses of Concertina Forms (1): casings suitable for edible materials, closure for a passageway (such as a bottleneck), collapsible container or reservoir, miscellaneous doors (concertina-type).

-3-

In and out, undulating waves, in and out, the concertina, played by a man in a dark suit, who leans against a building on a quiet street in a hill town in Umbria, a sepia picture postcard.

-4-

An Inventory of Inventions Representing the Manifold Uses of Concertina Forms (2): packaging, connectors, underwater cleaners, hernia prosthesis, sheet-metal dispensers, payload-carrying projectiles, machines for the manufacture of heat-sealed plastic bags, Lorenz diaphragm printheads for ink-jet printers (not to mention, nozzles).

-5-

The postcard man plays, in and out, out and in, winding melodies. A gypsy girl in a pleated skirt, a girl with concertina curls, cavorts to the whirling tarantelle. Her lover lurks in shadow, angular, whispering to his telefonino. Dangling from his bottom lip, a cinematic cigarette sends curling wisps of smoke to join the scudding clouds that ride on skirt-like waves of wind.

-6-

An Inventory of Inventions Representing the Manifold Uses of Concertina Forms (3): shock absorbers, medical syringes, matrix connectors, collapsible stages, beverage labelers, snake-handling collars, fuel filters and other pleated filter elements, tablet pressers, ladders, antipersonnel barriers (which may be rapidly deployed).

-7-

For weeks, months, years, the gypsy camp sprawls in semi-squalid splendor, its beggarly tendrils snaking toward the town. Then, moved by internal forces or a political pendulum swing, at dawn one day the gypsy band gathers itself, scooping up babies, animals, pots, pans (and pots), and roams off toward the east across the continent. The postcard man, in black and white, hangs his head. His concertina, silent, dangles from a leather strap, handcuff-like.

-8-

An Inventory of Inventions Representing the Manifold Uses of Concertina Forms (4): pre-pregs for producing structures which deploy through inflation, hermetically connected monitoring devices for evacuated spaces, circuit sheets for magnetic recorders, dispensers for material-wipers and for expelling the contents of collapsible tubes, segment-bent helical barbed tape (useful in security).

-9-

The Silk Road winds, concertina-like. Undulating caravans cross mountains, valleys, plains, up and down, across the sands, desert sands shifted by the winds, the rippling sands, themselves, concertina-sized.

-10-

Somewhere in the shadows of the relocated gypsy camp, the lover gropes beneath the dancer's Mr. Coffee skirt. Systole-diastole, their hearts together beat. He strokes and strokes her wet and lovely cunt. She sighs, he groans, unzips. His prick, unfurled, charter

member of the Concertina Club, snakes its way inside her, rests a moment, then plays a crazy concertina tune. She adds, below, her fluttering notes, concertina continuo. The technicolor postcard man plays wild and gorgeous paeans to their throes.

-11-

Quiet street... continents ... ocean floor ... the moon ... farthest reaches ... undulating caravans ... mountains ... plains ... desert sands ... lovers in the shadows of the gypsy camp ... the micro-macro concertina.

Lists of concertina uses are taken from Free Patents Online: "Concertina Effects":

http://www.freepatentsonline.com/result.html?query_txt=concertina+effects&sort=relevance&srch=top&search=

Juan Carlos Reyes: *The Mayor's Narract*

At the end of three consecutive terms in office, Mayor Andreandino Bruno walked into his office and found three women lying across the floor beside his mobile desk. He assumed they had been there simply to tickle his toes, but it was the very last day of his term, and these women had chosen to lie there instead for a lasting love's last appeal, a nonviolent attestation of their heart's endlessly unwavering throb. Phrases like *You're the father of my babies Andre* and *Sunnuva bitch you owe me money* and *Oh daddy big daddy I love you* were etched into these women's arms and thighs with knives and sharpened pencils and, as if to accentuate the impression of this staged "lie-down-triple-down," as the *Burundian Times* would call it later that day, the newspaper's only afternoon edition since they canceled afternoon editions thirty-seven years earlier, the women had all worn white cotton so their skin-carved words would bleed visibly through the linen and forever taint the mayor's circular office with the smell of political nuisance and impressionable electoral collages.

Adding obscenity to absurdity, outgoing Mayor Bruno hadn't even noticed the full scope of the women's pleas and plausible claims when he stepped into his office. He'd simply observed their long sprawled hairs on the floor and, in the case of the blond, her supple dimpled chin that had so often grazed his thighs. He simply assumed *Shit this must be my lucky day all three women here to gander press into my toes makes six hands something like thirty fingers over my feet Ooh wee*. But then, as he crossed his bookshelf, he remembered the blonde's lost pinky to a dishwasher accident, and then his excitement fell, his toes' joy waned, his eyes half closed as he sat at his desk because there was no longer any way these women could offer his feet the satisfaction they deserved, missing God's wholly endowed hands at their extremities' furthest reaches.

And, yet, who can complain, twenty-nine fingers still better than twenty-eight, though don't say that to Mayor Andreandino Bruno's wife, because First Lady Christiana Amahl-Bruno insists firmly on at least thirty-three firm bone fingers touching her body at any given time, an infidelity which had actually been happening at the exact same moment her husband walked out of the mayor's office that afternoon, his face taut and his eyes straightly looking. He appeared disgraced, humbled, and yet he arrogantly declared as he walked down City Hall's steps, because scolding habits are a difficult thing to break, *My wife's whores right now touching her bust and hips and don't you know she slept with seventeen other men first before I even slept with that third girl and I wouldn't even call them men'a hers men 'cause they so young they something like boys they so young*, but reporters heard nothing over their clamoring raving flickering cameras that raged all the more when outgoing Mayor Bruno walked past incoming Mayor Lucille Grotto near his car, and as their shadows grazed each other's on the ground, he flipped off Mayor Grotto, his middle finger so erect, his inadequate manhood dangled lowly in shame, and little did he know that his bravado would, on the very next day, produce a city ordinance, passing unanimously, that retroactively made it illegal and disembowel-able to curse the mayor on her way to work, and so a public spectacle was called to order that dragged then-civilian Andreandino Bruno back to City Hall's hallowed steps and, after tying him to a wooden chair, using brown leather belts and a bow staff, Mayor Grotto whipped civilian Bruno until he admitted to every lie he'd ever told from his gut.

Sandra Ketcham: *Alone This December*

When I wake up, I expect you to be sculpting clay with your long, tanned fingers. I expect your towel to be wet and your hair to be dry. The windows will be open, a light breeze blowing in, eventually turning gusty and knocking over the wine glass on the granite counter. There will be a shiver, a shriek, and then lots of laughter. Long and loud laughter. Like the sort that follows a near death experience that was never really a near death experience. Like the kind of laughter you hear when you try to push someone out a window but they somehow manage to stick to the ledge. Or the kind you hear from someone who jumps in front of a bus or train. Or off a bridge. In December. Like you did. Like your laughter. Like the way you laughed when you tried to kill me. Like the way you laughed right before you killed yourself. Like the way I laugh when I've had too much wine and see your rotting reflection in my bathroom mirror.

Darren C. Demaree: *Calving*

The whiskey
never needed the splinter
of ice to buoy such a fanatical,
drowning man.

Instead, a lazy torpedo
simply burrowed deep
into the brown pool
& shattered through
the shouting glass rags
of the tumbler.

Flipping only to take
the flop more so,
the cold poetry of it says
he probably died there.

Tim Kercher: *Quaking Aspen*

In what is the Earth's largest organism,
a two-thousand-year-old Aspen grove
teeming with the clones of clones of clones
of trees, stands a man

alone with his soul.

He can't quite figure out if this makes him alone,
this soul fluttering about like wind through the leaves.

He tries to see his soul for what it is:

fruit in a fruitless orchard,
a fly's shadow,
a lightning bug at night,

but he's been told this is wishful thinking,
that a soul does not exist at all.

He thanks God that at least the trees still have leaves,
even though he doesn't know where he is. He thanks God
that at least everything is green—

He imagines his remains among the white-
bark trees stripped—

skeletons, the end
of everything,

but the breeze continues to slowly rustle
and he wonders if he should follow

a trail that is not a trail,

to follow a breeze through a stand of trees,
to believe in a stirring beyond that of leaves.

Dustin Junkert: *The Lessons of the World*
(for A. Camus)

For the one-hundredth, and certainly not
the last time, I stared at the mosquito
bite on my arm. A searching
stare, as if it were The Gospels
or an Escher painting.
The paramedics rushed past me
to attend to what I would later find
out was the last breath of a man in my building.
Two small birds visit me most
mornings, perched
on the windowsill looking in,
but if I open the window they will fly. Believe
me. The lessons of the world
are few. In fact, there is only one.
But it is always right.

Diana Pollin: *Isolde's Death*

Lisa falls on the mud mangled snow, the sweet faced boy falls beside her, the sweet angel faced boy, blooming blood roses on his green serge jacket tilts her earthward. The woods cup around the white pristine clearing, that hangs like an apron about the spruces, Lisa can taste their clear, clean minty indifference washing the rest from her – the dog barks cutting through the night, the lice that pearl her hair, the shivering.

The shout *feuer!* breaks crisply at odd intervals, then the gunfire. *Bim! Bam! Bom!* The guns go off like a glockenspiel she once played on long ago, yes, a glockenspiel whose hollow tinkling sounds had become *Bim! Bam! Bom!* They remind her of hooves clapping over beautiful flat ground. Or the crunchy sounds an apple makes... Or the tap of a hockey stick on a ball... Or, at times, the screech of a bird on the wing. Memories desperately crowd out the rest. Sounds replace sights. They have to. She can no longer look at the crumpled bodies and luckily the furious cold takes her mind off the smoky serpentines rising in terrifying silence over the rows of brick towers. Here, in the woods she feels not quite safe, even if the angel beside her has given her his gift of something. Love maybe? Life certainly.

But, his blood is trickling on the snow. Wasn't there a queen who made a wish when she pricked herself? Suppose she pricked herself with something... Three drops. She knew what to wish for, yes, she would wish for food and a bed with a warm blanket. And to be safe. But it is still too early for wishing, the moon's rag doll face has not yet frightened off the clouds and the day, a tedious child bound up in white bunting, drags on in a chalky sky.

But she feels almost safe in the clearing, safer than the angel face boy who carries a bullet in his skein of stomach, he writhes and

heaves as Lisa's mother heaved when giving birth to her brother. Where were they? Where were they, the mother, the baby they allowed her to hold? The cold, the shivering, the lice, the guns had squeezed out the warm blanket, the glockenspiel, the baby brother, her elderly aunt's disapproving smirk as she reached for a second sweet roll, the old piano that squeaked contentiously when Mother tried to play on it... where were they? They were all squeezed out but not quite dead. Then the angel face boy motions to her, he wants to speak.

“Maiden, I heard you. I must tell you before my life slips away. You will come to love me as I loved you. I am here not to punish but to rejoice, to give joy... Hear me, my strength is giving way.”

Lisa stretches his legs out, and rubs the wound with snow. The angel faced boy cannot speak her language, and she has kept silent, but he has power over her and she will not leave him until she completes a ritual. He seems to grasp the meaning of her presence by his side and he smiles at her. It is no longer important to convey meaning, his words ride on feeling.

“I saw you that day, the day you arrived, walking like a queen among the lice ridden beggars, proudly, daintily, with that floating air about you which worked a magic that would survive death. I was not wrong, it was Fate that proved how far seeing I was. It was Fate that inspired you to sing as the herds of beings were in line and moving their miserable bodies to the... It was the song the cherubs had breathed into the ear of the composer ...*Mild und leise wie er lachelt, Wie das Auge hold er offnet*. I heard it rising from your white throat, it spread out over all the rest, the barracks, the barrows of bodies, the smoke spewing out...*Seht ihr's Freunde? Sahi ihr's nicht?* “Oh, to recapture that minute when the child skirts the edge of manhood! When the earth is filled with a strange and beautiful music, it is above all hearing the sounds of the Heavens which set the Noble apart from the peasant, the Gifted rise above those who live their wretched lives with their eyes peeled to the

ground.” I wanted to pull you away, I prayed, yes, I admit I prayed to the old Christian God of my forefathers, and the gods of my ancestors, and yes, they heard me. Or how else can I explain the miracle? How else can I explain the bombs falling at that moment, and chaos breaking out, and finally our chance to escape. I seized you by the hand and although pierced by a bullet, I brought you here. The armies of our enemies are not far away, our reckoning is near. *Immer lichter wie er leuchtet, Stern-umstrahlet hoch sich hebt...* Sing, sing for me kind goddess.”

