

Boff Poems

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R.M. O'BRIEN'S *Boss Poems*

**I LIKE *the* MUSIC YOU MADE WHEN YOU WERE
HYPED *as the* NEW DYLAN**

I like birds that are pink and almost no feathers
& birds that are the despised cousins of loved birds
I like when I was in a college and wd read
a book about cell towers that kill birds
& spend the next two years
in seditious encrypted email conversations—
read Tristan Tzara and eat the book—page
by page—in a neglected corner of the university library
& then read Nietzsche and invoke Dionysus—
and then *WOLF PUSSY* in fake snow on Dan's window
and wait a year for someone to offer me
a Red Bull cocktail by the same name

When someone w/ an ugly haircut told me to restore the earth
w/ seed-bombs I quit going to classes
I drove three hours into Connecticut to buy raw milk—
collected musical instruments I didn't know how to play—
locked myself in the practice room and dropt
things from my pockets into the piano

There are still people who organize their libraries by color
& these kids who saw Iggy Pop the night before
who were planning on seeing him again the next night—

I like them better than I like myself
& when you say *Sparks fly on E Street when the boy prophets*
walk it handsome & hot I still want to touch
my forehead to the ground

I SAW ROCK *and* ROLL FUTURE

Each year the good earth
pukes a million genius songwriters
and chokes back a million more

BROOOOOOCE!

The cows moo *Brooooooce!* and the birds tweet *Broooooce!*
Could we have had this release w/out the wreckage?
Every throwing up is a *Brooooooooce!* for the all platinum they've
 put in me
And c'mon—birds don't really tweet anymore
This is the flag I'm waving but I'm not even waving it—
The moon hangs so low the earth rolls in waves—a deep sub-
 terranean *Brooooooce!*
& every dawn two suns rise—
some kid amputee comes crawling sort of in my direction
but I can barely see her w/ my sunglasses on

BOSS POEM

Boss you muggy little pumpkin—
straight guy dreaming about boy-kissing—
no shoes—at the edge of the highway that connects
to distanter, undespoil'd New Jerseys

It's good that New Jersey has its erotig California
the way it's good that Rome's Pantheon has a McDonald's
across the street—every place ought to come
w/ reasons to leave—
but even California is itself a kind of New Jersey

There are New Jerseys beyond
the curve of the earth from here—
like when the Maori—stratified & brutal—
arrived at the Moriori island as bandits—
and the Moriori sd *Let's talk about it*—and the Maori
slaughter'd them according to custom—
what songs could they have sung on the boat ride over?

DARKNESS *on the* EDGE *of* TOWN *the* SONG

Tho' the singer here is overwhelm'd
by his own ego-visionary purpose
still, the two-person relationship is a whole univers
of interactions—a whole psychig ecosystem—

Like this one time on the Internet
people were wondering how many
trees you needed before you cd call something
a forest—& some guy was like, *Two, just two trees—
that's a forest*

When Bruce sez *If she wants to see me
you can tell her that I'm easily found*
it's like what was erotig in “Thunder Road” or
“Fourth of July, Asbury Park, New Jersey” is nihilistig now—
staying out late to punish yr dad turn'd into
some wilful righteous misery—whatever—

And he sez *Now I here she's got a house up in Fairview
& a style she's trying to maintain—* but you know
who's really maintaining a style? The guy singing here—

But anyway I stand w/ that guy—cuz you die fighting
yr soul goes straight to Heaven, I guess

But what do I know—Castro kept his uniform
and beard and it wasn't even cool

DARKNESS *on the* EDGE of TOWN [FULL ALBUM]

This interview w/ Little Steven got me thinking of The Beatles & he was saying The Rascals showed American white kids that rock & roll wasn't only for British white kids & he gave a lot of credit to The Beatles and I cried reading it

(When Little Steven sez music sucks now he means pop music & that's all that matters to him—
all that matters is that there was a time when some of the best music in the culture was also the most commercially successful)

So I went and YouTubed all this Rascals music and all this Beatles music & it was OK—
but then I listen'd to Darkness on the Edge of Town [Full Album] 1978 and it was better—
and Little Steven's on that record—
and I kept crying thinking about it—
which may be the chemotherapy or turning 30 or waiting for the genius of poetry to awaken every kid in America to vital paroxysms—
for a pop music that could almost overthrow the government

The only problem w/ *Darkness* is that Bruce didn't follow it up by blowing up every dam in the United States

The best time to sing “L’Internationale” is after you’ve had
yr hands smasht and broken
and just before they’ve fill’d you w/ bullets
And after you release yr best album you shd go find a bad tank
to stand in front of

Brooooooocce! ◇ Boss Poem ◇ I Like The Music You Made When You Were Hyped as the New Dylan ◇ Darkness on the Edge of Town the Song ◇ Darkness on the Edge of Town [Full Album] ◇ I Saw Rock and Roll Future

WORMS Press 009