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Must pay now

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MUST PAY NOW

by

David Christopher Perkins

Bachelor of Arts
University of Utah
2006

A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment
of the requirements for the

**Master of Fine Arts in Creative Writing
Department of English
College of Liberal Arts**

**Graduate College
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THE GRADUATE COLLEGE

We recommend the thesis prepared under our supervision by

David Christopher Perkins

entitled

Must Pay Now

be accepted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of

Master of Fine Arts in Creative Writing

Department of English

Claudia Keelan, Committee Chair

Anne Stevens, Committee Member

Donald Revell, Committee Member

David Holland, Graduate Faculty Representative

Ronald Smith, Ph. D., Vice President for Research and Graduate Studies
and Dean of the Graduate College

December 2010

ABSTRACT

Must Pay Now

by

David Christopher Perkins

Claudia Keelan, Examination Committee Chair
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University of Nevada, Las Vegas

These poems attempt to stand amidst the towering shadows of Enlightenment. One of these pillars involves the newfound land from a collective western European vantage and these lands are called the Americas. This space is where these poems are located. They suckle at the monolithic breasts of Enlightened Romance as did Romulus and Remus to the She-Wolf. The poems in their own originality engage with writers such as Jonathan Edwards, Alice Notley, Susan Howe, Frank O'Hara, William Carlos Williams, Walt Whitman, Christina Rossetti, William Blake, and John Cage. If there ever was such a thread in tradition, these people might be some hairs of it. They too engage poets such as Chrisian Bök, Kenneth Goldsmith, and Craig Dworkin, Donald Revell, and Claudia Keelen to name a few; that is to say, notions of chance operations and uncreative processes are embraced and tripped.

Too many people in my life have helped in the forthcoming of this manuscript. My professors, Claudia Keelan, Anne Stevens, Donald Revell, and Craig Dworkin are too to thank as well as my other fellow poets, my classmates, my extensive family, and my dear friends. A special thanks to Boyd Nielson and Evelyn Shields for their enduring support. And a many warm thanks to my life partner JC. And how could one forget my parents! Thank you!

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By way of introduction

The explorations in these poems favor Puritan and antinomian roots that function in and around the expanding and contrasting paradigmatic glue for what we seem to understand as The United States. This favoritism, which we will see, is a most gentle interrogation. The marks of origin slip past the iris so that they may become forest that we see now once burnt. With the help of many who write about how we are concretized in the architecture of time and space, these poems address the elements; they, too, address dear friends here and gone. In regard to poetics, I go to the aid of William Carlos Williams and Walt Whitman, Christina Rossetti, Alice Notley and Susan Howe, Frank O'Hara and John Cage.

Some address the lullaby or the nursery rhyme. Others, still, John Adam's dynamo experience, Jonathan Edwards' Dantean mollifications, John Cage's affair to silence and talk. Yet, dogs, cats, and flowers receive attention; likewise, the ecologic and economic, those of Archeology and Enlightenment, those of Capitals and Specters, those of Gender and Faith, those of Personality and Agency are located in almond-like clusters. The poem-series *Fractured circuit board* attempts to embody some of these affairs. *Pin the tail on the donkey* in its playful delight gives attention.

"The rose is obsolete / but each petal ends in / an edge [...] The edge / cuts without cutting / meets—nothing—renews itself" (195), Williams notices in *Spring and All*. The contours presented by Williams seem to possess an invested interest in drawing from the gifts of our history and our given present. "The fragility of the flower / unbruised / penetrates space" (196). One of my poems, *On the bleeding edge, the rose*, wants to look at the world in the rosy stained-glass, kaleidoscopically, gazing, to me, toward the rising sun in the east while it interrogates and consoles the foundations of raw civilization as we have come to know it. Contours and breakage is found on the surface in many poems here.

A concern for independence—its delights and its cleansed destructions, or leftover ruins—find headway. What do people do with their free time? What ought

people to do with it? Why ask or care about it? Walt Whitman excites in the pause, the reflection, the spontaneity that “free” time allows. Forever empathetic, Whitman finds contact in *Song of Myself*: “I Celebrate myself, and sing myself,” he opens (188). By the end of the poem, Whitman exits; we might say he flees:

I bequeath myself to the dirt to grow from the grass I love,
If you want me again look for me under your boot-soles.

You will hardly know who I am or what I mean,
But I shall be good health to you nevertheless,
And filter and fibre your blood.

Failing to fetch me at first keep encouraged,
Missing me one place search another,
I stop somewhere waiting for you.

Movement is quintessential and so we encounter. The obligation is not occupation. You and I meet—and still this poem celebrates independence and loneliness. That is to say, loneliness is and is commonly spatial. I and You open and close; transference happens. Poem *Encounter with Walt* sits with him and asks a simple question. Today, a sensible response might be: walk away! But, the poem continues with a roaring comeback and ends with tender embrace of the strangely familiar being: the sensual circumstance, or circumference. Walt has seen better days.

My poem *The Flamingo Wash* might most be influenced by vision and necessity to fulfill that sensual circumference. Anybody who has felt the ecstatic by passing through this city-centered-regulated-badland, in which wadis reside too as urban wetlands—dumping lands—might experience impact. Christina Rossetti’s *Goblin Market* comes to mind: “the goblins cry,” she says. These goblin gifts, fruits of the season, overwhelm the central and peripheral fields. In *The Flamingo Wash* the goblins are not so much merchants exhorting buyers of goods as the remnants left; the evidence of not only merchants and buyers, but too of the inhabitants of the wash and the vandalizers of

the wash. I saw nobody on this dream-walk. Adam is nowhere to be found! And, the good and bad fruit remains.

O'Hara's poem *Image of the Buddha Preaching* manages a lot of junk; the poem is littered with reference. It ends, "Nataraja [The King of Dance in Tamil; or, Shiva, the cosmic Hindu dancer] dances on the dwarf / and unlike their fathers / Germany's high school pupils love the mathematics // which is hopeful of a new delay of terror / I don't think" (23). Precedence exists sometimes.

Fractured circuit board : Body electric : Comfort turned disease is a serial poem once breathed upon by some American Legal Scholar Sanford Levinson who sets forward a compelling case to consider and usher in a United States Constitutional Convention with several extensions in place in order to prevent immediate enactment by excessively self-interested people. Although Levinson is not fixated on economy, this serial spins to directions that engage the financial sector and the Nightly Business Report. It leaves from here and moves into image and the eye | I, and, then into a symptomatic listing of masculine, puritanical-antinomian grace—into the visceral faith-state with a man giving thanks.

This man in this poem is a modern day bandit-pilgrim—evident by even more dangerous pilgrimages that we commonly read. He seems to not know if it or he is in error; the man does not know if his survival is in error. That is to say, it seems his condition surpasses law. Indeed, law and self often conflict in the believer: it weaves the question if we can contain apparent contradictions and allow them to co-exist; moreover, what are we to do if prodded to action knowing full-well those arch-nemeses: these

matters seem to lie in the belly of the early American Antinomian Controversy: let us remember that every-body is a minority by the fact of our absolute existence. What structural violence occurs to the being? In early Anglo-America, the matter of error was woven into the fabric of township-society. John Winthrop, first governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony and author of *A Short Story*, which is an account against Anne Hutchinson's grievous errors and somewhat about John Cotton, one of her defenders before she was exiled. It is often leveled against the Antinomian mental status is that of wanting to find an

easie way to Heaven, that men may passe without difficulty. For, if a man need not be troubled by the Law [scriptural law; the dispute over the nature of Justification & Sanctification], before faith, but may step to Christ so easily: and then, if his faith be no going out of himselfe to take Christ, but onely an act of the Spirit upon him, no act of his owne done by him; and if he, for his part, must see nothing in himselfe, have nothing, doe nothing, onely he is to stand still and waite for Christ to doe all for him. And then if after faith, the Law no rule to walke by, no sorrow or repentance for sinne; he must not be pressed to duties, and need never pray, unlesse moved by the Spirit: And if he fals into sinne, he is never the more disliked by God, nor his condition never the worse. And for his assurance, it being given him by the Spirit, he must never let it goe, but abide in the height of comfort, though he fals into the grossest sinnes that he can. Then their way to life was made easie, if so, no marvell so many like of it (203-4).

Basically, one must work really really hard to earn a pittance of grace or sanctification—and that sanctification can only be found through booked justification. To Winthrop, the idea of anybody being conferred “Free Grace” is a specious idea that only leads to false opinion and leaves true Christians full of doubt. Doubt, by inheritance from Protestant Revolutions, is the fulcrum upon which disputes arise. Traces of this conceived conflict are littered throughout poems. Error and possession are the allegations brought against Anne Hutchinson. It is said that assurance of justification cannot be by faith (286) and if it is it is not gospel. I have chosen to leave scripture explicitly out of this manuscript for ascetic reasons, because good poems often suffice as good advice, or guidance, or warning.

The Nonconformist's Memorial by Susan Howe landmarks this terrain: "The shadow of history / is the ground of faith" (13). That is to say, we come to find faith on the ground, lying there; history's shadow is not that looming, yet faith grabs momentum from that which is cast from history. Look! There is it! We are instructed: "The delirium of enthusiasm / is the victim of feeling" (145). Wait, is not enthusiasm a valid feeling, however delightfully delirious the feeling is? If parts of tradition comes to us from parts of history's shadow that have been selected and retained, then doubt-states arise unless tradition is wild imagination: "Tradition wild imagination" (144).

In my poem *God's Determinations*, from which I took the title from Edward Taylor's 2100 line poem by the same name, where he writes a cosmic lyrical dialog between justice and mercy, Satan and the Soul, Christ and Satan, the Soul and Christ, and God's decrees and accusations, and Church Fellowship and works through the conflicts of firm church membership requirements (49-121), I try to snapshot a narrative and a brief exchange between Souls and Satan. It ends with a call for Mercy; these themes resonate with my Mormon religious affiliation. When the small still voice resonates or a resounding exhortation comes forth, which differs from sacred texts, what is one to do? Cage reminds us,

When silence, generally speaking, is not in evidence, the will of the composer is. Inherent silence is equivalent to denial of the will. 'Take a nap, I pound the rice.' Nevertheless, constant activity may occur having no dominance of will in it. Neither syntax nor structure, but analogous to the sum of nature, it will have arisen purposelessly (53).

Curious cat is a short poem, aside others, that has echoes of Eliot and Williams. The useless, loveable creature is full of truth. Only one cat needs to be mentioned for the

stereotypical honesty to suffice. What arises to the occasion is what shall be. The curious silence exposes composer's will. Curiosity arises naturally; if not, take a nap.

In Alice Notley's study on consciousness in *disobedience* aptly published in 2001, she notes the soft sight of the eye: "This is not the Whitman intersection. // I see quietly // not walking out through the eye / into the blazing light of the Mystics / mingling with all // I am absolutely not You" (77). Light of Notley, as she has instructed me, is not unilateral; light is omnipresent at some angle or another. In my poem *Coming to my senses*, it reads, "The cableman left his shades / On the wall, / He came back / & said, *I was wondering why the sun is so bright.*" The circumstance of coming to, and coming to, and coming to ad infinitum: "Ah, the dawn of winter!" Sighs. Pound and Blake ought to be in here too.

In tradition of prologue

On the bleeding edge, the rose

Poetry is in the broken things
& consider your potential when somebody says,
You make a better door than a window

Look at these arms, those characters
A shameless opportunist, a svelteless master
On that edge of disabled governance

Finding her is like trying to get blood from a turnip
& it absorbs me into an ecstatic proposition
Where that self, a scholar in theft, gone, that soul, residual

I ride on the coattails of him, shrouded in green
Always already on the gangplank
Look at these arms, those epicene troglodytes

A thumb prick, that is all
Cut my coat according to your cloth
& run, when possible, from that incubus of baggy habits, sleep

I made a mistake, b/c sometimes we need to listen
To our scientists. A world dismantled, now,
We try, I said, to put it back, rearranged somehow
We must alter our constitutions to see verily

Break ground anew
poetry in the broken things

Poets
make broken things

Broken poets
Poets broke

Strictly broker
a whole brokest

Brokest of the broke
the breaks turn this way

Sheep brokes discarded
break fragmented ground

Break now ground

Celebrating our independence
We washed our cars
It was an early warm morning
Sky lit naturally by the finger of god
All of the washing stalls in full-occupancy
Cleansed for miles and miles
We celebrate

Expressive liability

And when our individuality costs us
The world
These are our words
Since sharing became a modish value
My dade said so & he cannot read
Hiring Mexicans sheltered under pavilions
Away from the sun of Phoenix

Jerry bought a new sushi book
Yes, the epitome of efficiency
His expression, a liability to world
And, so,
If I do not censor myself, how could I
Exercise any agency

Double decker banner pennants about welfare

Corporatized class warfare

As the financial worlds take
Another crash dive,
I stand without interest

Without title

Where are all the dead bodies
I hear about & never see
Except well-groomed portraiture
My cousin served time
He got out before death got him
Lucky, maybe blessed—
Certainly blessed but not because
Of any privilege other than
The advantage to breathe
More minutes

So tenuous
The hold of good & evil
Diminished because he was
Already diminished --- Arjuna
Caught in the rhythm
O God Arjuna
Joey

A full belly of misfortunates

She sand to me with all the gestures

Milk, Milk, lemonade
Around the corner fudge is made

I was not comforted
By this apt song

Because I was reminded
That my body makes food

Wreak in goblins market
Wreak and reek—those geeks

War tourists and light footprints
Commoditized my king's image

Milk, Milk, lemonade
Around the corner fudge is made

But that is how spring is made too
When the heavens fall asunder

Identity falls to the ground
And is told to be good

Personality surrenders to
The whole story

Like that Boomshakalaka

Decorum in poetry

What we want is a poetry
That is sweet and light
But we found ourselves in disaster
Because we could not get
Metalanguage mastered, out of poems
& so we sunk into a slug
Of sweetness and light

Pin the tail on the donkey

Spin, spin, spin around

This and That or But

I have done our duty to Sleep & now can go on

Pin point

Pin up a flower pot

Pin down that thought to obsession

Habits are hereditary with flowers

Get pinned by the flesh

Until it cannot last

Pine away those feelings of nature

For if we fall

Pin more train feathers on the peacock

Pin blame on nature

Pin up roosters

Pin away Stylites

Pin in those blotched spots

Get pinned by pied beauty

Pen away crisis

I will take Buts please

This and That or But

I will take Buts please

Spin, spin, spin around

Queen the debt of recognition

I think it might be more
Inflammatory if it were lessons

One of consent and complicity
Because religious loyalties manifest flux

How to abandon your God

It feels good to go
 on impulse
Go good
 Like you
Go green

Recitation is an instance of being
 Repetition
Recusation
 Resurrection

Can be friends

Its potential to unhinge personality

Disarmed suspicion

Because virtue is an activity
There can be no state

In the locker room

What are we to do with the soul
since we notice that nature
is unsettled & unsettling

bequeathed to tradition
at least
as cage notices too tradition overturning
tradition
or modifying it

it is the tradition of
replacing tradition
called too progress

because of our ontological fact
we necessarily modify & contaminate
tradition

hungry
lousy teacher
accredit

to make an eddy
e.g.
wreak wreck reck

This poem is in no ways meant to be
exhaustive. It tries and it fails. So dear
reader if you are on the search for an
exhaustive analysis on such and such,
look elsewhere.

Dying on the vine
Taking in the excess
Sunshine, wind, water, and soil

I want something that sticks to my ribs

Down there are sunken shopping carts

By George, by which I mean myself,
I will invade to protect

Who, by the way, is a poet
Who wears goggles

Ablaze with light, a household name,
Searches with google

I want to hear a song called
The Over-Decorated Christmas Tree

Sorry, you're gorgeous
But I have to pull away

The kettle calls

Okay, I'm back

Shall I cut you in half
Who contains a little cockroach

Astounding
He says religious strife requires economic
Solution

I receive through the brain, not with it
As I see through the eye, not with it

Why, then, touch the law to find a pulse

I used to darn
My socks
Now, they're just damned

Word into World

God is the silence
That surrounds every object

A primacy, i.e., a firstest

I felt it
Did you

I feel a tidal shift in my being
Which is largely unnoticed

I stood afoot the dynamo
Like John Adams

Lord, bless the living & the dead
Free us from you name

Carry on, I said
It did not need to hear my affirmation

In tradition of nuptial

My relationship with him transcends law.
Whatever the law says, it is not sufficient.
We only want to be called by our rightful names.

The nature of the list has already changed—in poetry too.
The world is a baptismal font.
There is an intensity to which one must resign.

Other people's intimacy: intimacy is monstrous.
Stupid law.

We must say there are no problems
So that we might begin outrage.

It is a stunning morning.

Structural violence

Every-body is a minority

It is when we forget this fact

That we get into trouble

Bravado

Vibrato

We are minorities

& we enjoy thinking about ourselves

as such

Be careless when inheriting
Our teacher's prejudices

What it is you think it is you are writing
What seems to be a well put together doc about earth

God's Determinations

Hope of salvation was a fool
As it turns out
My membership is elsewhere

Fear of damnation was a fool
It showed up too early
My membership is elsewhere

Satan:

“Can you Offend and Fence both wayes at once?
You'l then have sharper service than the Whale,
Between the Sword Fish, and the Threshers taile.”

Souls:

“A Trip makes not a Traitor: Spare we pray.”

Come Captain to my will
Show me foolish ways
So served time has gone away

Come Mercy to my will
Show me Graceful ways
For if my feeling falls away

Encounter with Walt

What if other mores & their peoples don't
Want to be subsumed under this universal sympathy, Walt?

He roared, It doesn't matter so much where you start, just start!
I contain multitudes, sometimes, gulp the aire & open the borders of your
heart.

This thing is proof where, I said, the world proves itself.
It pierces everything.

Whet my tender ego! Caress my waxen lobes!
The wind already
 Divested me of my clothing.
Gaze on my jolly body & breathe my mush!
 Taste the brow of America, of its emigrant memory!

Curious cat

His prophecy is filling
Full of truth Paterson will burn
Down its libraries
With some kindling help & petro

Polity

The wars of nations, we expect,
Will be conducted in orbit
Which is a kind of generative grammar
—yes-or-no switch
Individuals will object

This you is an intrusion

Everything is pierced

By your presence

Hoorah

We tourists

A light footprint

Cars trains & cars

(better)

Homes
Gardens

I fear being klutzy: stop it! No need.
Your comments are rarely boneheaded.

Would world

Would world believe me
This thing is data on it
Blunted bearer of it

Or would world say
You can have it
I am majestic

World would say
Come unto me
I embrace all, dissolve all

Coming to my senses

The cableman left his shades
On the wall,
He came back
& said, *I was wondering why the sun is so bright*
He left again

Ah, the dawn of winter!

Poets who try to come to terms with their poverty and hence their limited influence. That influence is tied to one's economic potential, or, more accurately, one's economic reality!

Coming to is just the beginning. One must come to over and over and over circumstance

That which sustains

How can any medicated person, such as ourselves, piss

Without thinking of the drinking water?

That watershed of life

That which squelches the flames

That which feeds the forest

That which wipes away cities

That which gives hummingbird life

That which makes the grass grow

That which cleans our teeth

That which steams vegetables

That which rains of Shangri-La & D.C.

That which folds effortless through our veins

That which the veins of the earth pump

That which dyes our piss

A walk

One walks about,
Attentive dartful eye,
Like one knows not
What was born

Until bore ear
Approaches with support
Of propeller feet:
By sawing in delight one ate e-ah.

Washing machine empire

You want to know what it is like to live in empire.

Look about yourself. We are

In empire.

I do not want to be on the outside of it

Where it stomps its feet and waves its arms.

The living god & that of unfolding deeds.

Half-belief

Stop waiting

Rest

Emotional content wanted to reinscribe me

Your
Year

One for sonar & bleeding whales

One for the axe of class

One for prostitution

One for necessity

Like an old building layered
With chipping paint

Lyrical solution is alive in the world

Bright & rising

A professional allowed us to rest in practice

& so I went to inscript

The mailman walking her dog

The neighbor walking his turtle

I am a gentle man
—that I'm sure of

A real ghost

Terse-collapse

It's true

I get jealous

Of opportunity

Lord-o

Tender

Since awareness & cognition of it exists...

A happily deranged character

Vigilance

A counter of the days
Morning

I am only good
At spurts

Thank God

The only way to get through to him is to get through with him

In skin
A diamond skull, found artifact

For the Love of God Encrusted

Pedometer reeks
Wet odor

Spew dust

Counter of time

Already inseminated
Incarcerated
Incremented

Incremated

Next
What

Salivate for empire

I do not want to commit
Any thought crimes
& be jailed as a terrorist

I did not want him to think
That I was some hard-edged criminal
Who escaped from Alcatraz & found
My way into his classroom

In tradition of the intermediary

The Flamingo Wash

|| Corridor to burning bushes

The Vegas wadis
Like their city
Because
They weave
Under boulevards
And through
Lush sands
It's
Surface
Here
They like surface
Like a biography
Likes fiction
The sluice
Is never
Closed
Because it rains
So seldom
Puddles ponder
Damp days
& gladly receive
Our refused
The wadis
Gather moss
Sometimes
& oil from surface
Streets
They flush
City & carry
Away its litter
O wadis
Never close
Your sluice
Fill dry
Riverbeds
Of desert
Run free
Across the strip
Carry us to the desert
Away from like
Where no buildings are
So we can see

Another surface
That shimmers
& colors our soul
Lead us onward
In one of
Your currents
To where
Dust stirs
With the Joshua
& the sage
& those animals
Red rocks
& Charleston
Green
Cactii
They are
Concrete wadi
A ghost town
Through
The hills
Around
The traces
& craters
Like
The Grand
Canyon
Wide
Open
Spurt
Spurt
Drizzle
Spurt
Smelly puddles
Birds
Vegetation
Like
The spray
Of Mary Jane
In fall
Sun
Makes
You
Glimmer
The moonlight
From
The ground

Pillars
Of
Light
The bushes
Are
Not bare
Out here
& they
Are burning

||| Notes at the wadi

Cars buzz by you
People walk over you
Pipes fall into you

Ducks peck at your moss
Puddle ducks & diving ducks & dabbling ducks, for all I know
Pecking about in your runoff

Fenced off
Concrete encloses this bit—
Business, then houses

Rocks around—
Green bottom
Green sides this time of year

Someone threw a suitcase
Down there—plastic, paper,
Pharmaceuticals—runoff from everywhere

Saltine crackers—just a box
Bioxide container next to an encased sound
Of a churning wheel

Above a tiny solar panel
Container—don't think it will rain today—like it was said

Broken concrete ledge—
Mini-falls foam,
Gush waters

Wind in plastic bag:
The wadi's flag
A blue shopping cart

Crashed there
A sopping wet
Mattress too

A pair of ducks swept away
In that little current
They go sideways—180°

There go their orange feet

Wild, trying to find
Their footing

Ah, there's an access point
A small path where concrete ends—
At the other side of bank

A blanket—someone's
A bag filled—a makeshift
Home, I suspect

A pile of flattened boxes
With a jagged rock atop
Lots of writing on cinder brick wall

AFRICA
BAD SEEDS
FAG

HELLO
CLASS OF 1979
FUCKING 4 TRUE LOVE

TO BE BLACK LIKE ME
An elementary across the way
From here—nice playground

I could imagine coming to
High school here—on
These banks

Lost jacket, there

Gets more green at
The turn—
Ah, the tall casinos

On the horizon
Is that—yes that is
A sign

WARNING:
NO TRESPASSING
FLOOD CHANNEL

A sign mean for me, I wonder

It's facing me—I am in it
The barbed wire is pointed toward me

Duck quacks
I see a few white-faced Ibises
A long-billed Dowitcher

That elementary school is actually
“Cambridge Recreation Center”
What some around here call the Wash, others Home

A tarp nailed to the earth
Light green—with a yard
Of plastic turf in front of it—

Facing the wash—someone's
Front porch
A bevy of shopping carts

One is sunken into the earth
Terrain gets more rugged
As I approach

Next intersection with pavement—
Gets steeper
At this point the wadi disappears

Goes underground or something
I sense it was buried
By heaps of dirt with

Exhausted welcome pennants
Across the way—yellow—
The promise of something new

Smells of a cesspool—
Like a harbor attached to sea
Specks of color

Greens & Yellow & Whites
& Browns & Grays &
Reds & Blues & Blacks

I pass these spots
People have made their own
& feel intrusive

I only saw it after
I came back from there—
This place: a sign on peppy Maryland

WARNING: NO TRESPASSING
FLOOD CHANNEL
Notice by Clark County

& these baby palm trees
It's Palm Sunday &
It is the five year anniversary of war

Gangplank among us

Come, o heavenly spirits of earth, & sweep my eye
Into your velocity of flames, oceans, jet streams,
Continental plates—the living.
Pray, give over my attentive horizon to you,
Might mother, & spare me not a gram—an ankh—
From your gorgeous voluptuous form, b/c I am of you.

An end to poverty

A shameless opportunist, a svelteless
Master, I run from that succubus:
Their suburban piety is more
Than I can bear—a big big bear.

Free market imperialism, a geographer
Of class & culture & digital trails:
Empowering pattern

On schizophrenia, a bad driver,
Sometimes, living outside my feelings, living
Too close to feelings, a heavy confusion,
High stress prods paranoia, get mind lost
In work: senses giving too much – unable
To integrate it. Alone needed to rehearse
Some reactions. Verbal memory & delusion
Not that pronounced: the connection,
The thought insertion, my mind. Trial
& error pills. Capacity to conceive
The mindset of another, b/c paranoia, etc.
Equal footing. Depressed paranoia state.
Madness is a foreign country; isolated, left
Out of mental minefield. Stay healthy.
Voices that originate in mind: can become
Diminished as whispers or shadows in, of mind.
Suffering but in altered state of existence.
Voice & myself: a difference. A little
Better, a little worse. Chronic. Stay healthy.

Fractured circuit board : Body electric : Comfort turned disease

I *A constitutional Convention*

Where are the new framers?
Now, now no Founder bashing,
Yet they took the field at dusk:
Some intrinsic goodness in document.

We venerate like blinded Oedipus (w/o the Freud)
& contribute to discontents:
As if all astrologic signs were aligned (*ahem!*)
While other models wander about.

Structure hard-wired & majestic generalities:
Constitutional faith & phenotypic laws;
Popular Vote & Electoral College:
Supreme tenure & long term appointments;

Vast diversity & extraordinary pluralism;
Youth Vote & Age Minimums for Offices;
Migrants & Presidential Office.
If you don't like Arnold, vote agained him!

Emigrants who have made vast contributions,
Embarrassing constitution: a fantasy of drives.
Create incentives so people can respond (*hooray, now we're moving*).
The amount of sense flawed in representation.

Indefensible... who thinks nationally? (*Redesign*).
Impeachment clause: irrelevant debates: vote no confidence!
To what degree do we believe in belief,
In democratic projects?

Talk was abundant; structural issues were 7th grade.
Fantastic foundations
& sanctimonious consumption,
But not of this.

II *Value: import is in title*

Consumer spending was up while consumer confidence fell.
Risk of inflation, a major culprit: it's a growth recession.
The next report is just b4 Halloween (*enough time to say trick of treat*, he says).

The NASDAQ deposit was down .07%
Dow Jones average was over all down 1.1%
Shares of 3Com soared 300% today; Home Depot was bought out by.

Union workers at GM change healthcare: it's on employees to become Responsible; (*it's a limited pot of money*, another says).
NYSE has most actives: too many. Brazilian conglomerate plunged.

Bush acknowledges human activity influences climate change,
Fails to advocate new policy & law.
All gold stocks are up! Consulting firm up!

Harman Internat'l, speaker maker, was was—but sales fell.
A major loss in that stock (*sorry, missed the name on the last*).
Of any interest: that company is buying its own stock.

Apple, most active: iPhone hacked.
Videogame maker holdings up 500%.
Juniper Networks = bandwidth applications.

Japan leas in eco-energy market: man makes homes out of
Styrofoam (*8-inch coast of concrete too*), holds heat or cold,
Withstands quakes. Dome home (*like sleeping in your mother's womb*).

Federal Regulators shut down NetBank (*they're hard at work*).
Innovation at work. Curtail medical expenses.
Wynn Resorts a winner 75.8% →

World markets seem within stable range, consolidated—wow look
At Hong Kong & China too! 439.64 points.
Crude oil inventory will be later in the week.

*How would you best describe the market's behavior
Over the past few months?* Mr Standard and Poor Man.
“Well, it's been quite resilient...” out on recess.

Losers: Akamai Tech (internet applications). Sepracor (Lunesta).
Volatility hith: energy shares have a good run.
Sponsored by Franklin Templeton Investments; A.G. Edwards.

III *An orchidaceous arrangement*

He capacitated me
To do what is right.

I came to
Poetry distraught,
In a wreak.

Within a series of instances in interstellar darkness, we blissed out.

A policeman threatened to sully my reputation as a Puritan.

All I could hear was a gentle yet hortatory susurration.

An incubus visited a gay body builder in his sleep,
Lifted him, leaving him alert & refreshed.

He fell between two stool (on accident).

Here, Selenographers are a dime a dozen.

Can we ever decommodify?

I want to be in your good books,
But take your free-market panacea and shove it somewhere.

Therapeutic? I write & still need a therapist!

IV *Poetics of masculinity*

Blurred vision.
Numb legs.
Irregular heart beat.
Restlessness.
Numb brain.
Severe headaches.
Heat flashes.
Flu-like symptoms.
Dreams.
Muscle aches.
Stiffness.
Irritability.
Mind isn't working.
Blurred vision.
Condition is episodic.

& later in time.
At a later stage of development.
Situated behind.
Transformation.
Alternation.
Beyond, transcending.
At a higher state of development.
Having undergone metamorphosis (metamylocysis).
Related to chemical substance (metaprotein).

Tracery poems to make you feel better & look great.

Relapse & triggers & recovery.

As I live in time, I am in the business of producing eternity.

Free grace – what kind of authority?

V *Roots*

When impairments in reasoning | decision making and emotion | feeling stand out
Against an otherwise largely intact neuropsychological profile, the damage is most
extensive in the ventromedial sector; moreover the personal | social domain is the one
most affected. It is a marvel of coordination, this emotive brain.

VI *Faith*

My point is that *the process does not stop there*. The innocent processing of Body change rapidly triggers a wave of additional body-state changes which Further deviate the overbody-state from the base range.

VII Freudianize

He made the us occult, clinical:
My relation is a trust in probability
&, then, what? A language we fear.
That wild tongue: borrowed words.
Match it! Match it: ignite the kindled flames of Heaven!

My antecedents lie elsewhere.

VIII *Misvalued*

Intellectual reputation & church activity sally along hand in hand
I will prove it to you:
Under a flimsy structure for a bus stop, I sat
In a hard seat & overhead protection proved scant.
\$1.25 in hand, two bags on shoulder & back.
Suddenly a twenty-something man approached,
Stood atop the metal trash receiver,
Two heavy grocery bags in hand.
I watched him with suspicion that turned quickly to curious compassion.
He was deft in putting his things on top the wall of some 8 feet
& propelled himself over the wall into some unknown cloister of sub-urb
He said, voice to the say, *Thank you Amerika for all you have done to us.*

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enormous rooms (Literary Journal). Poem: “The Bakery” Salt Lake City: University of Utah Publications Council, 2006:

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