

A Dozen Loose Wires: A Chapbook
Adam Fieled



#1300

On the trip I had one mind,
everyone else had twelve or
more, I maintained weight,
sat around doing nothing as I
wandered a baffling universe
of locked-in zeroes spinning
all around the two talismans
that gave the apartment its
currents, Jimmy the Face,
Martha the Mask, and they
slayed all my enemies, countless
piles of shit, while fame gave
me bark to shave off and I
complained of mirrored graves—

#1913

You watch, as in slow motion glass-hewn objects crash to the ground, as streams back and forth confirm, once again, you've cracked into a slug-pile of heartless psychopaths—I stand aside, jaundiced, wearing my own glasses, knowing blown glass to be how human interstices are knit, words to be an absolute sky of glass, and here I am, speaking to you in transparencies—

#1176

Your guts tell you when
something's wrong— here
I am at war in darkness—
no moss over me, no
camouflage— I lean forward—
but oh the degenerate trenches,
so very boring, passion kept
to a minimum, fires aglow
never, and my guts fear
the soulless twerps, jealous
that I might be brought low
by some version of cripple's
wisdom— Conshohocken—

#1302

If you're ever making love,
and at the moment of
orgasm have a vision of
your mentor jumping from
a high window, don't resort
to watching TV after,
especially if you've just
impregnated your lover,
the emptiness in your eyes
will be incomparable, some-
one will be broadcasting your come—

#1088

Bottoms of barrels—
where I go to get “I”

words to represent
me, but constructs

constrict me down
to levels of humid

air sucked vacuum-
space out past sky,

“I” can never be “I”

#218

The little bourgeois runt has had enough of feeling weak. He's running five miles a day, eating raw eggs, seeing three shrinks, shagging his wife most nights, loving his kids, digging into his work like never before (and oh what important work it is), and, if he may say so himself, become such a lunatic that if they have to scrape his remains from the bottom of the Schuylkill, he won't be surprised. All to rebel against impinging poverty, because the world is crumbling. Not with a bang but with a whimper, he gulps down a beer with dinner, where he preened and postured like a winner with everything knotted in his stomach. If he were raised to be rugged, he'd still be dead.

#219

Everyone always looks forward to a fight if they've planned the fight themselves—they'll brave the anticipated death, shake the anticipated curse, wake to hear Gabriel's trumpet when it resounds like manna as they are already grave-bound. But nobody has ever known what to do about slow decay, gradual erosion, slow-motion entropy, the kind of shit that actually happens. You wake and half a handful of things have turned to shit, then three months of peace, then the same thing again. What this "I" has learned is that not everybody wins, not everybody lives, if you've got it in you to live you can still get killed, as deathly morons pull up a winning ticket for twenty more years of grand larceny. The lesson is that there is no lesson. What you can learn is to let go of it, everything, and let Gabriel play Miles ad infinitum.

#154

I'm not blind or slimy, she told
him, you're just an asshole with
unrealistic expectations. Summer
outside: black and white buildings,
covered in sweat. The picture evens
out (roughly) to brown. She swoons
at the idea of touching. I'm done
with her, he tells himself, strained
to keep his hands off el primo real
estate. But the parents-built picket
fence is stuck up his ass. Someday
he'll jounce it out, impale her on it—
right through the heart. I wonder, she
chimes blithely, if you can define slime?

#2054

Twenty years ago I stood in
the West Pattee stacks, as she

wove a weird pattern around
the center aisle tables to see

me (for once, finally) face to
face, elongated eyes stretched

torturously across her severely
boned, mask-hard visage— as

I say to the kid, it matters to me;
if I stumble, it's because her eyes

are equally torturous— Justine has
her own tsunami I'm dumb before—

#2070

To lunge from a pile of shit into
pure ecstasy— I wonder how its done,
even as I occasionally do it. If you
hit the right frequency, maybe sun
light hitting icicles on branches, an
intersection arranged into a decent
pictorial composition, or even the
extreme modesty of a free cookie,
you get it, that there is a positive
eternity to balance the infernal ones,
try to hold onto that frequency, & I have—

#2099

You want to stay insured, don't you?
Not like most of America, who'll be
called back to the Lord the first time

the call is made— the horrible sickness
in which insurance is love, forgets that
love, genuine love, is the only genuine

insurance— you get your mail & become
Hamlet, do you open it or not, do you
take longevity seriously anymore, dusty

old windbag that you are, filling out forms?

#2095

What a human life is worth—
either you keep pushing your
thoughts upwards or you don't,
& complexities are there to work
with, emotions— its not a parking
lot being rained upon on a dreary
Sunday morning, its wont (the
mind) to issue, from positions
of singularity into multiplicity,
even, literal knives to make their
own incisions, mountains/valleys
endure differently, worthiness/humanity—

Credits

As/Is group poetry blog— 1300, 1176, 1302, 1088

Cricket Online Review— 218, 219

Field's Miscellaneous— 154

Tears in the Fence— 1913

F

Funtime Press, Philadelphia, 2019

