

WINE
AND
POETRY
NIGHT
YEAR
ONE

SAGE LISKEY

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Introduction

Snug Mansion's Wine and Poetry Night

Sometime last year a group of folks from Colorado moved to Eugene, Oregon and with them brought Wine and Poetry Night. Now once a month various sorts of people (mostly disgruntled young adults) bring a bottle of wine or two and gather at a house illuminated with candles to read poetry, tell stories, and sing songs. You can drink to good poetry, you can drink to bad poetry, you can drink to whatever the fuck that just was which definitely could not possibly be considered poetry, or you can decline to drink at all. Without competition or stylistic limitations, the event is a lovely and safe space to share words in, especially with a glass of wine in hand.

It had been many years since I last wrote poetry. Wine and Poetry Night's atmosphere gave me the inspiration I needed to start writing creatively again and climb out of my methodical rut of informational nonfiction. Embarrassingly, the only time that I write poetry at all is when I can attend a Wine and Poetry Night, but what can I say? I like to share. I love poetry because you can break the rule boundaries of language and create bigger, better, and juicier strings of words. This booklet collects the first year of poems I performed at Wine and Poetry Night. The poems appear chronologically in the order I originally wrote them between the dates of September 2014 and September 2015.

Fun fact #1: I have never had a bottle of red wine I did not like.

Fun fact #2: When drinking wine, I always drink red wine unless I am left with no other choice but to suffer through a glass of white wine.

Note that these poems can be vulgar, funny, depressing, or whimsical, but, as is often the case, some amount is lost to the poems being written rather than performed. For a performance, you'll need to find me at the right time and place wherever in the world I am. If that all works out, preferably greet me with a bottle of red wine; this will make the performance better. Any quality of wine will do. Good luck.

Two final notes: First, I suggest you read these poems with wine, either drinking or cradling the bottle. Second, thank you people of Snug Mansion for bringing such a wonderful event to Eugene!

Dear Couch

Dear Couch,
After a long hard day
dare say I
your embrace is like
A hug on all the drugs

~~~

# Smell Memory

This air is intoxicated  
with memories,  
it's like things go  
up my nose  
and a  
camera reel begins  
to turn;

Coffee  
and mornings as a child.

Warm bread  
and the dumpster of baguettes.

Fish sauce  
and my ex's cunt.

I smell memories.

~~~

Don't Fuck With Me

I'm sitting here organizing
Rearranging neurons
Dusting out the cells.
Synthesizing atoms
Colliding protons

So don't fuck around with me,
Okay?

If I wanted to
I could see magic on charred toast,
gods in the toilet,
And demons on your nose

But today,
No one's going to fuck
around with me.

Fate, I know that you're just trying
to make me fall in love
or kill me,
but aren't we past this?
Can't we just be friends?

When there's a phone
lying on the ground
Or a key falls out of a box
Or a bird shits on my head
Oh I know what you're getting at
Calling me to see something deeper
Calling me to sway with the winds
Calling me to be fucked with.

Fate,
I'm holding you tenderly,
And sometimes I'll listen to
And sometimes I'll follow your
every weird word

But today,
I'm going to tell you what to do:
Fuck off, I'm busy.

~ ~ ~

Wolf House

The wolves are asleep.
Lying all around
my mind my body my soul my house
The wolves are always asleep
That is until someone treads louder than a mouse
Into my body my mind my soul my house
And these wolves, they are hungry;
Willing to eat anything
Willing to eat the mind the body the soul
Willing to eat a whole house.

So I sit here
waiting
attempting patiently
For someone
For a mind a body a soul a house
To come inside quieter than a mouse

But I'm sorry I haven't made it easy
There are boxes piled against the door
and I hardly open the curtains anymore

And the wolves.

But you must understand
they are the only ones to keep me company
over the cold cold nights and these long long years
And what then if they are gone? Will you stay?

It is a delicate matter.

So I sit here
Sometimes thinking
if that mind that body that soul that house
were the better of these wolves
an ax, a shotgun, and a shovel
Might do finer than a mouse
Raising hell just once to bury these wolves
outside this house
But be sure with an aim of rage
because a mark off and I will go astray.

And these days I might look
A little wolf myself
So don't be confused and surely do not lose.
As I sit here
waiting
attempting, not so patiently
For someone
For a mind a body a soul a house

~~~

## **Cat Power**

Purr at it; buildings will shake  
Meow at it; victory is in sight  
Put a cat on it; empires will crumble

~~~

I Am Fiction I Am Dream

I am fiction I am dream
Inspired from the triumph
of heroes and villains

Hear me:

I have seen gods
And through which jealousy sparked
An aspiration into their glorious steps

To become a god.
And seek only what is unseekable

But then I realize how gods aren't revered
Gods are things to be fearful of
Holding life and death
Happiness and eternal woe
in flux

And so now with a cleaver of contradiction
too great for the lie of perfection to defend against
I dethrone gods
By ripping away the masks
Which hide their souls.

You see
I was once baffled by beauty
to the extent
of being stabbed by
a red searing blush

Well I am no longer afraid of beauty
Or even life itself

I am here
I am now
I am inspired

Within the gaze of a shooting star
I will crash
I will burn
I will regrow
in imperfect perfection
And realize new intricacies
within this fiction
within this dream

~ ~ ~

Child of Light

Child of Light
you rode faster
than the moon

Outran her cycles
and they became untrue

Split off from rationale
and made love
to the lush forests
deep underground

Mama's worried.
I just don't know
what to do.

Child of Light
I can almost see
You're becoming
something so new
But don't you
miss the moon?

Mama's worried.
I just don't know
what to do.

Look, I'll take
you back to the moon.

I'll find the forests
deep underground

Wouldn't you be
happier there?

But mama wouldn't
have none of that,

said she wasn't ready
said you weren't ready

sent down a hurricane
to swoop you away

You can't outrun this
There won't be
nothing left

Except my
memories of
the possibilities
of you.

~ ~ ~

Friend

Hey,
hey you,

You despicable, ugly
and pathetic
mother fucking
gross piece of
washed up,
worthless,
atrocious,
no-good,
lazy,
fucked up,
stupid,
awkward,
shit on a stick
dipped in a pile
of rotten
skunk vomit

You're just like me,
aren't you?

Let's be friends!

~~~

# Idea Thread

And then a  
whirling and twirling  
idea smacked me  
in the face.

I'm pulling a long black thread.

I imagine at the end  
is a pink flamingo  
that will grant me  
one wish.

I imagine at the end  
is beauty still upset  
at itself for a day  
that ended too soon.

I imagine at the end  
is the end  
and that's all.

The whirling and twirling  
went away.

I forgot about the thread that was now  
a tangled heap  
at my feet.

And here we are again.

~~~


It Might Just Happen

You might get a fish in your pants
if you use the ocean as a blanket.

Aren't you worried?
Aren't you afraid?
It might just happen!

You might get a bear caught in your hair
if you use the forest like a beauty salon.

Aren't you worried?
Aren't you afraid?
It might just happen!

You might get a wingnut in your house
if you use the city at all.

Aren't you worried?
Aren't you afraid?
It might just happen!

~~~

# You Are An Excellent Architect

You are an excellent architect

You've taken each broken relationship,  
and mortared them together  
into a perfect wall  
around your heart.

You've wired together  
a beautiful fence of neurons  
to keep in the beasts of hate  
and out the lore of love.

You've built a special mechanism,  
a twitch in your muscles,  
to show how  
disinterested you are.

And you dug a trench  
to deepen the pitch  
of your voice just enough  
to sound like a sociopath.

You are an excellent architect.

~ ~ ~

# You Are A Great Wizard!

Poof!

Puff!

Pablamy!

You are a great wizard!

You need only say 'penis'  
around a gaggle of schoolboys  
to prove your power potent.

Showered with giggles  
for hours on end.  
Your magic is fantastic.

Poof!

Puff!

Pablamy!

You are a great wizard!

You need only  
smile briefly at a stranger  
to prove your power potent.

Passing your joy  
from person to person  
your magic is fabulous.

Poof!

Puff!

Pablamy!

You are a great wizard!

You need only  
follow your heart  
to prove your power potent

Living each moment  
presently powerful  
your magic is everywhere.

Poof!

Puff!

Pablamy!

You are a great wizard!

Be proud  
for you have powers none other do

Be brave  
for just the right spell  
will open that sealed door

And be wise  
for the wrong magic  
might just end it all.

You are a great wizard.

Poof

Puff

Pablamy

~ ~ ~

## Cocoon

I'm going to  
wrap myself  
into a cocoon  
and pop out  
as the biggest  
brightest flower.

~~~

Sand

I was
chewing on
grains of sand

~~~

## Golden Ticket

I found  
a beautiful  
golden ticket,

it is a first class  
ticket,

to get the fuck  
away from you.

~~~

Dig Chop

There are demons
surrounding me,
so all I can do
is start digging
a hole and
chop wood
underground.

~~~

# Do You See Any Fucks Growing In My Garden?

Today, I took my little shovel  
and ever so carefully  
weeded my little garden of every  
single  
last  
little  
fuck.

I started by stabbing deeply into the mind,  
loosening the roots of that fuck  
that grew like hot jealousy in late summer

Fuck fact:  
Fucks spread  
through root,  
seed,  
and invisibility  
Fact.

Then I stabbed again  
the other side of that fuck  
growing like  
frigid death  
in mid winter.

Fuck fact:  
Fucks grow fast.  
They take over your garden.  
You must weed them out before  
they eat you alive.  
Fact.

I exposed the roots with my hands,  
finding that fuck from early spring  
who looked almost innocent.

Fuck fact:  
When a fuck  
takes you over  
you spread fucks  
to other gardens  
and become a fucker  
Fact.

And then I grabbed hold of the whole fuck,  
a scared demon in the fall,  
It screamed no as I pulled  
and I threw that fuck in the fire  
before it could grab hold.

Now do you see any fucks in my garden?  
None, I'm growing a crop of petunias this year,  
and I just don't give a fuck.

~~~


Sweep Sweep Sweep

You go outside
underneath the stars to
silently sweep away
every brilliant color
of the rainbow that ever
found itself at your doorstep.
Dilapidated. Methodical.

Sweep sweep sweep

You remember
a warm hand
embracing the unworthy flesh
on your fingers.
It felt as if a small sun
had blossomed in that
space between and warmed
the whole neighborhood.

Sweep sweep sweep

You remember
the thin line between a
demon and trust
This match for fire
that metal for blood
a word for safety.

Sweep sweep sweep

You remember
laying cozily underneath
soft sheets, moving
oh so quietly to
keep her dream alive.

A mossy forest
in a bowl,
sewn up strands
of fabric,
and so many little
animal bones.

Sweep sweep sweep

You remember
mother fucking
sweep sweep sweep
and are glad that broom
isn't perfect while
looking up at the stars.

Sweep sweep sweep

~ ~ ~

WINE
+
POETRY
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