

Wine
And
Poetry
Night
YEAR
ONE

Sage Li skey

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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!

~~~