



2 poems from the bottom of the barrel
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red apple falls

my face is
not to be touched

my mouth is a yellow apple

I am an apple tree

girls
girls
girls

climb me

in the evening
for something

I need

the fall for leaves

an apple here
an apple there

a forest for the trees

see the air at night
makes the holy
lonely
for a reasonable
thought

there's nothing here that's right

that's right

my face will turn apple-red

my mouth go yellow

all we need is a knife

shine me my skin

is growing yellow

apples
fallen
in the playground

rolling down the slide

sprouting from the sandbox

my monkey bar face

I'm rotten in the middle
American & principled

I have money
for a million more apples

& a thirst

my cherry apple face
of pure delight

my innocence fell for an orchard

I'm always in

competition with
the other trees
around me
the way the girls here
have halos
& hunger &
polka-dotted faces
to skin me
for the heart of another

a forest of apples

grass in the
worm's guts

brail for the
soft of touch

nipples behind
soft cloth

she said she
has a sister
in Duluth
who had a fever
that made her
red the way
I was

*I'd like to
meet her*

she's dead

dead from the fever?

yes quite

should I be worried?

*No,
I have no feeling
about this
this time*

the red carpet ground
is safe
for apples

my bruised
neck
the heartbeat

in it
has the power to
burst forth in a spring of blood
apple-red
& flourish
in the falls

my apple core
is food in
the troughs of pigs

their snouts touch it
like gods

nuzzled & eaten

all the seeds unbroken

swallowed whole where more of me
is left

I am red as apples & pigs

I am a pink tooth
in the yellow forest of trees

I scratch through the bark
to eat
the core & sap
sticky & sweet

I love my America

blood & veins

shot up into the desert trees

the desert trees
with apples ripe

apples that roll
& bounce

down over the city
when it rains
plugging all the sewer drains
& flooding
the city sending pigs
belly up & bloated
choking on apples

they'll turn blue
like we all do

the street religious with this

her sister floats out of
her grave
& sorts my trash
on early weekend evenings

& I like
the smell
of her hair
earthy & rotten

I get so homesick

my breath turns her red

fires her up

& we're in love
through winter

there's no play
therefore play

we'll try again

blow the whistle

break a knee

bucketful of apples from the tree

bucket my head at the guillotine

call my lovers for my last

ten seconds of breath

& kiss my severed head
on the lips
my American beauty
my self-less amour
good god of my appled existence
give a hand here
my Jesus
my savior

give me a hand

some applause

some praise

pat my little head

into applesauce

now do it again

pat my red-head grinning

while I gnaw at the stems

let's whitewash a fence
& build a raft of twigs

my darling
my love
my whore of the hour

we'll calendar this year

we'll call my father
& say that we've married

we'll chainsaw this forest
to beautiful stubs of glory

hallelujah!

my gorgeous apple girl

skip to me

skip to lou my darling

have your hands folded
& praying

have your eyes
my dear
on this forest of dams

my yellowed mouth

my turning seams

this team we're on
is always winning

there's money in my teeth
because I'm isolated
& hungry

I grow fat
sweetheart
on apples
& cores

I seed everything
I see
I want

I handle machine guns for love

& fuck like a pig

sign petitions
against the handouts
of anything

these needys
these dirty bums

my lips have gone red
& the apple
in your hand

is yellow

my apple skin

I've had so much
I'm jaundiced with it

I grow greedy
I shadow my face with blood

I close my eyes
with television sets

& marry away my love

for apples in orchards
in countries above

in countries abroad

this country of overs
is nothing

when I'm left
between your breasts

behind in cottages
the village that swears

the village
makes promises

to let this grow

go from me

I want to be alone

my face is so red
from the skin
of 12,000,000

my teeth are loosened

from biting to the core

I have kept
the doctor
away
for a lifetime

there is nothing left
in this

the angels are laughing
from the trees

my shepherd girl
carries my head
in her
basket

& coos at me like a baby

my face all rosy red

like her apple that fell

dark
in places

the dark places are foreign & burnt

she has a nice dress
& soft lips
& drops her skirt
for no one
but me
behind the building
only

when it's burning

like my feverish brain

dehydrating

I am reaching a high
temperature

& watching

her sister

mingle

with the raccoons & the mice

I have let them
all in

for apple pie

she makes for me from the trash she keeps

she's dropping it
from somewhere
& leaving it
everywhere she goes

I tickle little mouse bellies
treat my scratches
with hydrogen peroxide
collect their droppings
with spoons of syrup
watch my own belly

blush

my kitchen full
of apple skin
& cores
& newspapers
from 1977
that whisper of
my death by choking
on what was there

my fat baby head
rolling out past
the fish
over the newsprint

I watch it talk
it says

get out

get out

I crash my truck & watch
the apple orchard
grow out
my windshield

I am surrounded
by asphalt & apples

I am not only lost
in the red & green
I am living it up

I watch the animals speak
historically

but only after my second year
in training camp

I am chain link
& barbwire

I am more American
than ever with this blood
& bleeding from the gums
for speaking
& eating apples from
the fat mouths of lovers
the loved one in my basket

coo to me

coo coo

coo coo

oh my lovely

sing a song

ding dong

this song is long

my face
so deeply
apple
my throat
 cut stalk

goo goo

hoo hoo

coo coo

coo coo

the satellite has taken off

off the orchard the
explosion

I'm stuck in
green & red

with yellow mouth

gone dark

I watch the leaves fall
simple
& soft on
my head
rolling
like an apple
down the forest floor

stopping up the valley

open & shocking

& bare of my love

my soul

not lost far from
my apples

the sound of them

soft red & red

& shiny

I can still hear
I hold on
I hold dear

I screw them
into my skull

my apple eyes
make me
American

I can believe in anything

but I'll believe in just one

my girl
my lovely thing
my apple picker
at my feet
sit with me
& let's talk love
let's speak of hearts
& other things
we should not speak

there the angels sing

sing my heart's delight

I have not lost them
in the day

I have not lost them

it's in the air blue blue

my face gone red

my yellow teeth

my sweet

my seed-eater

my gorgeous little puddle of blood

there are simple reasons
for all of this

but let's find one

bullets on the pop charts

there are graves for trees

where we have come

the gravestones are heavy

we can move none

so let them stay
we'll read along

"I have lived
dozens of years
only to die
by the ax
of another"

"I am my mother's child
I am the shame
of a country"

"I have seen bombs
my limbs could not reach
I am fell
for I am weak"

it's nothing in November
that makes me shudder

for well over
a year

my dear

shall we get out
we apple-eaters

we wear apples
for seeing eyeglasses

because we are so very
into fashion

& pretty

a commercial a day
times one thousand

my citizen
my cutie-pie
my American model

shy sweet apple-thighs
you are lickable
you make things forgettable
you make everything
reasonable

& we don't learn
from our mistakes

we keep finding each other
in big open spaces

we execute
& we make terms

& my face is red

it's red again

I have 12,000,000 apples

& it's almost 2005

it's almost

a very long time

into the fall

1.
shoot
 shot the
 heart stop
 beat the
shoot up
 hard
 first
 fought
 stop
sign
 signal
 for
fought
 hot
 shot
 my
 heart
 stopped
popped
up
 shot
thru
 my
 angelic
 handle
 who does
settle

2.

I am sure

I am sure

I am very sure
of being sure

my head is
oh so full of
sure I am sure

my sure-ed-ness
is not a sickness
I am almost
the President

I am so sure

to assure
is assuredly
a sure thing
toward correctness & my
assuredness is a simple
evaluation of perfection

I am assured sure-ed-ly

I am sure I do not need
assurance from
the local vendors selling
my address daily with
propaganda bills
my self-confidenced in confidence
of my confiding self of luxury

oh I have lost myself

myself myself
myself is in order

I am sure you see
I could run a
large country
my surety assured
I could believe
in anything I
could run the whole wide world
surely I could
trust in God I am surely sure
of my stance I am
bringing this world to
its correct source
for I am

A MUSIC MAKER
A DREAMER OF DREAMS
I AM A
LEADER A
PERSON WITH WINGS
AND TEETH

I AM SURELY
HERE

IN
THIS
RUSSIAN

SYMPHONY
AND SO I AM
LOST TO SPEAK MY
MOUTH AMERICAN

3.

my

my

my

how high does
the sky

go

my my my

love in a

high

sigh

my love

in

love

my

love

I forget you like television

a season passed I forgot to read

my Benadryl head

you're sleepy

& forgotten

my childhood fog set

gone sound & feeling

vague

& lost

in empty lots

of 1980-something

hands under

desks that opened

books

kept in class

my love notes

strewn about

in careless carefulness

for no one to know about

I don't care
I never have
this is not it
& it never will

I don't think
in easy terms
my head is a lovely piece
of sperm & egg
egging me on
to go go go
my American
form
my swoosh-faced rhythm
to make your fingers bleed
formed me lovely
& enticingly
forward

I
don't keep up on the papers
or keep *my* mouth shut
my sections
& bi-sections
are cut
& silent

I am ready for *us* to fall apart

I am stuck in
words of beautiful stars of glory

OH CANADA

I am blind in *my* accent
my garage is full of cars

there's something fucking wrong
with me I am not
thinking am I I would
like to love you
I would like to

I don't think

I think I should there
are buildings in the distance
there are the rumbling people
they are talking &
taking cabs they have
planes to go & people
to kiss & children
to bake Hansel run

there was only a forest
& no story or trail
there was only
the oven old American
oven built fashionably & late &

acceptable & palatable too

look you *my* child *my* son go
run run run
before I grow hungry

I am so full of appetite
insatiable & full

of loving
oh loving loving

& living

it is not so complicated
but simple

I grow on
in skin of others
& we grow on the
safety of our house a
very very very fine house we've built

a house of lovers aren't we

we love each other we

fucking love each other

fucking we love each

other oh fuck we
do love each other

fuck I love you

