



**2 poems from the bottom of the barrel**  
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Logan Ryan Smith

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**DUSIE**  
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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

