

# Recolle**T**ed



Jared Hayes

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*for Ted Berrigan*

your hair moves slighTly  
we may rEad about all those radio waves  
and grope unDerneath the most serious labor

put away your hair. the Black heart beside the 15 pieces  
muscles down in tooth-clEnched strides  
I rage in a blue shirt at a bRown desk  
old pRophets help me to believe  
red faced and romping In the wind, I, too  
each strong morninG in air we get our feet wet  
the shore And “gift gift”  
broken discussioNs sandwiches books

thaT's the penalty of time  
fun in thE country  
of chocolate milk, heaD of lettuce, darkness of clouds

I love you Better  
dE-dum  
in the gaRden of my memory  
a soRt of Reader's Digest  
vast band-aId  
(breathinG)  
a really good cup of coffee & A few pills  
fifteeN hundred miles away

we saw That beautiful creature  
had sevERal minor parts  
Downstairs

so WE Began to BE Nasty  
great art is a grEAt mistake  
duRess  
back toward a mild moRning gray  
then I drInk up the river  
a lonG naked pair of legs  
planes & on trAins  
my “well-rouNded self”

I buy The NY Times, &  
the slick Easy poet  
Didn't get to Fuck

a tall, elegant lady, wearing Black, an austere, stylish  
& all the dEath around her  
making vast apple stRides  
in the afteR-life  
bear wIth me  
the morninG dew  
of the lADy inmates  
orange and reds blaze up iNside the sky



I feel consTantly crowded  
& you can't handlE yourself, love, feeling (that front door  
was but & then at the time My Door)

Breathing  
and everything is clear from hERe at the center  
like an oRdinary man  
in Red weather  
your head spIns when the old bull rushes  
how how the brig briG water the damasked roses  
somewhere a trolley, tAking leave  
upon those uNder lands

I've goT a ticket to ride!  
in a minutE

I Didn't

in Bathrooms at parties  
like to have somEone

Remember the night we did  
gloRious blow-job behind a curtain  
accIdent  
the long leGs just got up  
mAde of NEON  
Not even here

thaT you really do  
the laundry baskEt is still there  
she walkeD in my room, saw orange

at a table in a HoBoken Truck-stop. When the smoke  
on 3 sides: half a facE, mine, clearly there  
biRds cannot express  
the girl upstairs the giRl in the photograph  
drink; eat; flIrt; sing; speak  
I never aGain played  
behind the pouring rAdio  
the Number of times I loved you

an eggshell Teacup & saucer, tiny  
feel your tongue bEgin to shred  
orchiD

I thought she Belonged to me  
that girl wrEathed in blue  
& gReen is closed  
outside my Room atonal sounds of rain  
the morning-glory, cllimbing the morning long  
glass slipper; a slender blue sinGle-rose vase  
sitting in perfect Attention with perfect self-awareness  
I call them aNgels. O, angels

their poem righT on to the faceless  
smoking—then slEeping half the day  
I'm lying in beD

soBer dog, O expert caresses  
marks my own return stripEd with red, eyes, and lashes  
wheRe by now I am  
in the countRy, Peace, it's wonderful, & worrisome  
we must not be afraId  
sing the sonGs, & smoke the weed  
taking chAnces  
through two layers of glass iN The Empress Hotel

a hand is wriTing these lines  
honey scorchEd our lips  
and the winD goes there

and you tremble at the Books upon the earth  
time flies by like a grEat whale  
in the moRning sea mouth  
till other times, making a minoR repair,  
a farmer rIdes a tractor. It is a block  
we are each free to shed biG crystal tears on  
this and the thought thAt you go to the bathroom  
staNding pat in the breathless blue air



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