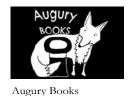
# H i c c u p s

or, Autobiomythography II

Joe Pan



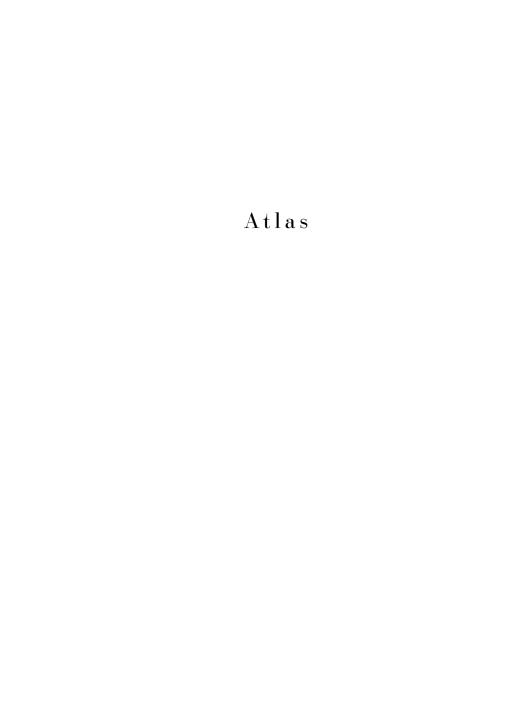
New York, New York

## for Wendy

Last day of spring always our first day—becoming lobsters, we regenerate

The dewdrop world is just a dewdrop world & yet— & yet—

---Issa



#### I-95

Big rigs sashay across broken lines to the windshield wipers' aria

#### Florida

Pinesap popping in the brush fire ash our simple snow

Sticky vinyl seats reek of suntan lotion & all light the same color!

### **New York City**

Laptop on a park bench—man watches a movie of people in a park

Washington Square Park— Pilot Glasses mates The Moustache— A king falls beneath the pigeon's glare

Workaday dawn. Two women recognize each other revolving through revolving doors

Man caught in the subway doors; sometimes changing your mind hurts Advertisement on faded brick—
park squirrel grooms its belly—
Bill Murray recites lines over tea—
weaving cars somehow miss a jaywalker—
some days are about sitting still

<u>Consciousness</u>
Leaf suspended
between passing
subway cars

With the whole underground rattling in womb, she balances, two fingers on a pole

Nights at the advertising firm quartered moon over the Empire State Building, unbranded

#### A spider

needles through a bonsai sixteen stories above 42<sup>nd</sup> St

Noon moon—
city sidewalk—
gyro sauce dripping from aluminum

Rockabilly bebop on Ave B— Lakeside Lounge opens to honor roll rejects, platinum blonds— I'm forgetting to do something

Top of the skyscraper woman who's afraid of heights wears a skirt that isn't

#### **Brooklyn**

Old Polish women pass linked sausages between them long checkout line

In the curl of her ear a whisper I can't manage from across the platform

Auditioning elastic sex the artist strips to a car alarm the stage lights clap off

Belly to bar at the Soft Spot—dusty in rouge smoke, clipped laughter—rap meth in Portland, Park Slope as the new Midwest