

H i c c u p s

or, Autobiomythography II

Joe Pan



Augury Books
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*

Atlas

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

Consciousness

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
 needs through a bonsai
 sixteen stories above 42nd 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