

# HYPER POST META

Michael Holloway

Brown.  
Dark brown.  
Line.  
Blue.  
Dark blue.  
Blue.  
Line.  
Greengreengreen.  
Curved line.  
Jump. Dog. Peach.  
Yellowgray sky.  
Old woman.  
Tilt.  
  
1, 2, 3, 4.  
Hold still.  
Light.  
Underlight.  
Slip.  
Waiting.            Leaving.            Returning.  
(two hundred and forty-three)  
Keembab.

Pink.  
More pink. Still more pink.  
Too much pink.  
Less pink.  
That's better.

PING

Yesterday she looked at over 3400 paintings by Paul Gauguin  
and was astounded by his work.  
He could not remember her name but painted her nonetheless;  
walked three miles full tilt,  
remembered the painting coming alive  
and saw the scene painted again  
through cognitive coupling  
or thrilling thinking  
or language linking—  
whoops—  
or reactive resonance  
or artistic assonance  
or communicative clutching  
four and eleven hundredths miles per hour,  
or Willie the Weeper  
or Hilly the Heaper  
or Rilly the Reaper  
or Pilly the Peeper  
or Silly the Seeper  
or Lilly the Leaper  
was a very light sleeper.

Drank water.  
Walked a thorough cool down.  
Drank water.  
Stretched an exemplary set of unobstructing stretches,  
took a steadily colder shower in the Chinese manner

and considered how that great painter  
left his wife, five children  
and high income stockbroker job  
saying, "I can paint. I know it. I feel it."  
He could and  
became difficult, impoverished,  
productive. Shortly before he died he was jailed for advising people  
not to  
pay their taxes, to stay away from the Catholic church in particular  
and  
Christianity in general.

Good guys are locked up.  
You go to work.  
You go to school.  
You go to church.  
You go to the bank.  
Good guys are locked up,  
behind bars,  
doing time,  
wasting away.  
Good guys are locked up  
while Edwin Meese, George Bush and  
you, dear listener,  
and  
(here you fill in your contribution)  
walk the streets.  
Good guys are locked up.

If we could turn this world  
inside out  
like a glove  
like a cadaver  
like a lover  
without pain  
without competition  
without poverty  
(good guys are locked up)  
without racism . . .  
Can't you hear the sound of humanity?  
Can't you hear the hidden away human beings?

And I AM  
nervous for  
Malcolm X,  
Fred Hampton,  
Elizama Escobar,  
Raphael Cancel Miranda,  
who has touched me on the shoulder  
as a human being  
like a glove  
or a flag turning in the wind,  
the cold, the snow falling completely over America.  
Good guys are locked up.  
If racism couldn't do it for this society,  
If sexism couldn't do it,  
If poverty couldn't do it,  
If making bombs and guns couldn't do it,

what could do it, I ask you,  
what could do it?  
Good guys are locked up.

I considered how long since I had written a poem and the play  
awaiting completion, dropped a purple comb to the locker room  
floor, bent to pick it up.

You do remember how in Genesis, Jacob wanted his property  
and his brother Esau too.  
So, in returning from Padan-Aram to Canaan,  
Jacob engaged in struggle with an apparently supernatural being.

To them the rain against the window by the step where they  
sat halfway up the stairs seemed silver. Streams of separate  
memories, parenthetical comings and goings with or without lines,  
they felt no less the worse. Nothing dissimilar from grief etched  
their postures—one fat, one thin.

A while ago it was not raining. Now it is raining. At some  
point in the future it will stop raining. They can sit this one out.  
Weather this storm.

“I’m tired of waiting for the rain to stop every time it starts  
raining,” said Jake.

“The better to develop our patience,” said Roscoe. “It’s just  
one of nature’s little gizmos.”

They dream of things dark and wet. You would do as much.  
They sit and stare as if through a blue, cloudless autumn sky  
into the infinite beyond.

Jacob wrestled with a divine being, a demon, or a mysterious  
stranger which, when Jacob was winning, kicked him in the butt  
in the expurgated version of the bible and in the balls in the  
original or at least the version the expurgators got to read—well,  
whichever—I swerved so violently and deftly that—

PING

Alone, she was looking up at the moon quite late one night,  
wondering if there was some way she could determine simply by  
singular observation whether the moon was waxing or waning.  
She worked out a method, decided it was waning, walked home,  
went inside, checked a calender, and found she was wrong.  
You probably think she’s some kind of bimbo to be out alone—  
late at night—in the cold—trying to figure out something  
about the moon and being wrong. Where do you get off thinking  
the moon is just some stupid rock? The moon was here long  
before you, gentle reader, and will likewise be here long  
after you will have gone. The moon’s influence on the tides  
in one day is more than you influence anything in a lifetime.  
So don’t muck about with the moon. And don’t try to get out of

it by complaining about how this doesn’t even sound like poetry  
to you. So what. Shape up.  
You can throw your back out, as they say,  
lifting no more than a comb from the floor.

She went out late the next night.  
Lowdown the fog was like soup peas.  
The moon was riding high.  
Rain falling only under trees.

She sang this very special sing to herself:  
When the loss is to the West,  
Moon will lose all the rest.  
When the loss is to the East,  
Moon has seen its very least.

She calculated that the moon was waning,  
and to make a short story shorter, she was correct.

At this point you need feel only 50% bad for her. Anything  
more is Liberal posturing—anything less could be mistaken for  
clear thinking.

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