

Typewriter Poetry Collection

by

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THE TYPEWRITER POETRY COLLECTION

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*A Crystal Codex from
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Grave nearby

I wanted a grave nearby
within which a beloved would lie
to share in the comfort 'tween death and life

A cool stone on which to brush my cheek
To weep
The things we've cried to only those who've died
and from the living we must hide.

Sliver Wounds

It's because I won't always have this here
it's magic!
Paper machete fights but always just sliver wounds.
how much more torture could we take now, really?
Not that different from other people
 not that scared, more than
 kindness borrowed lasts a long time!
Just for now, but were it mine
 not yours or someone's from long years ago
 nothing but right now would come
to slash at me, with not even the paper's width
 only trite myths
 and whines about a lusty fifth long intook
take a look
 at how we dance and fight
 and plead for mercy with squeals of weeeee
Stay with me

Happened

Like this didn't happen
think real positive – like
 this doesn't mean heaven isn't;
your name is here
 You put labels on everything for me.
You like that this never happened
you like it because you can be happy being dumb
to yourself
being numb
 like going to the front door
and opening it just to look outside
 at the outside stuff.
Happened; it happened

I can't be secretive and cloudy to
all the rowdy slush inside.

Enough of this, but then
what have we then?

 Nothing but yes, and no, and I can't take it anymore!
You swore you wouldn't hurt us
 Never happened
 Open the door and into the world
where houses are locked up tight.

Stuff

stuff it down
take it in
then swish it around
pound me til we're bound
to drink crushes.

Felining lucky
take the purring train into your hardened heart
first we'll laugh about it like nothing happened that
was nifty.

Fifty dollars come home and celebrate because that's
something to party for!

poor us mice in the grass
little tails twisted from tinges and shingles
cracked tooth gnawed up the crust and divided it
twice.

How much could there be, really?
up down
twisted indeed

money came back around again
Were we there at all?
A money tree is planted behind the mulchies
where do they live, those cocoons?
You were thoughtful before no answer.

behind me sits a clown
she's funny with flowers and clouds to blow
funny nice person who will make me rich,
richer than all the moneys know how to pay up
up down
behind me.

Closely, I smiled, seeing
polka-dots for teeth gleaming
and the doctor thought about his wife.
Just relax, lady, we'll be okay and
we'll make it to the alter on time
to the diamond anniversary
because our love can't die.

Proctarriage

doctor proctor frustration
capped his polished nine
I relaxed right and good
Like you said I should, love
I'll make it to bed to sleep in time
For beauty rest for another day
We just have to wait out time.

Mister Cane

moisture
kitty is wet, there's don'ts everywhere
push me into the swimming pool
shed
Fiery duels and triplets collide, following the mirror's blaze
I'm not crying, I'm thinking about dust.
It blows up all the holes and itches.

Mister Cane called yesterday and gave me a Raise
said I am amazing
oh shoot i lied
said I was overdue
boy am i

Having said too much already
forget it and die.
I will whimper about touches frosted
like cake, only colder with stupid lacy dress-up
They are Supposed To Like That.

Don't forget Monday
forget it and die.
Got to make the 'pointment
got to be frosted like he likes
Crystal glasses for the face cut like balloons.

do i like?
Jester dance and the queen says she rules
but everybody knows where her real hearts are...
on the bottom of the deck
split duo thrice removed
We'll shadow lovely terms of endearment
like going home.

Like going to the reunion last year
and He whispered he liked my bottom still
I'd have to die die die
many have lost their lives under him.

Mister Cane said Let Me Go
He's let me go then if I was stubborn because
he couldn't give anymore, couldn't spare half a cent;
goddamn how I've lied.

Were There

Light up the pink panther lamp

Oh, how you romance me!

Missing you is like turning on and off the water in the hot summer.

Cool it, you know it's the right thing to do

Knew it, missing you is the right thing to do

missing you

Parenthetically, I think you are loud.

In my arms, that is.

don't listen to me

I'm only blushing words

Couldn't we risk another adventure like the time

you did this and I did that and we

ended up

that's the best part

That's the best.

Going to take a walk even though it's dark and the dog's gone.

At night I can sleep,

but toward the street I'll continue

At night I could sleep

I walk

I walk into the halo of the streetlights then

right back OUT.

Forgive me, candle light!

Forgive me, couch

you're dirty and you need to be fluffed

forgive me for my neglect.

Going away this year to a big city.

Maybe to the dusky violin playing

i will walk - can't you hear them?

Restful, getting tired.

were there, but not anymore.

Thieving

I learned how to steal from the blue jays
How beautiful they are, how could they thieve?
 And how could that old cat not see them free
 his left eye when closed with paws batting in the tree.
They came from all sides and cries
But the old tabby couldn't keep watch forever
 And a jay took off with his eye in beak
 still fresh fluids leaking
 and not a growl to be heard as off they flew.

I get them when their eyes are closed
and they think, "what a nicely dressed young girl."
"How could she steal?" never reflected in their eyes, both of them open wide.

And I make sure other little jays are watching me as I pay for my gum
and along I run
With the latest PS2 game in my purse (leave just a corner showing, of course)
so the new little jays might not have to see a bloody goo eye,
but only understanding a sly blind pry.

just simpli city

kindness having been done before;
We'd hire someone freshy fresh
– forget that time you liked someone for who she was
she surely isn't anymore!
And they're all had at the core

apples rot and money spends itself,
going anywhere, little elf?
I Know All These Truths!
I can see inside to the answers and
 they are all the same
I'm right, they are all lying!
 Right! Right!

Built me an igloo in this desert
a simplicity all my own.

Tuesdays

Tuesdays are the stagnant sisters
sultry to the working man
Pan-fried tofu and champagne
from that glass that came
from the college roommate what's-his-name

 Passing to the foul line now.

 That's how the dirty rascal pouts,
 and throws his class ring about.

The girls swoon.

Monday came and went

 but popcorn bag held one hand
 and butter made the ring go 'round,
 when he laid down,

 he found kernels in his teeth.

That's not very neat, Saturday would complain.

But Tuesday's here again.

Paper

Putting out
the paper in the
yard after I read it and none will know I'm home.
The thief will think he's alone,
and into my house he'll roam...
I'll have true company honest through
at last.

Jetstream

Going to walk down the roses today. Haven't I heard that
before?

Passed up by knocking doors
while walking dogs, borrowed.

Unfavorably looking forward
at flights unvisited in the sky.

He wrote it up there for me, you know.

Written in jet stream letters only I can read:

“Seems misfortune and grief,
half-eaten stuck between their teeth
gotten stuck here beneath
our tries.”

Passed by broken window glass
out in a field somewhere.

The glare caught my eye
reflecting certain cloudy curtains
closing up day sky.

Mud Pies

We're waiting for friends
who will bring us their grins
and hide their grimaces
that come from their sins

Oh, Sinner, blessed be!
That is what we all should be!

But if everybody thought the same
who would be to blame?

We're waiting on the buds
to bring us lots of love
and never bind the curse
with mouthfuls full of mud

Those pies were very nice
to look at, then I'd dice
the cake up all real even
but for the boy who was the meanest
got the biggest piece of all.

Ice Canes

Much came fffrom the blizzard
Snow mostly, but ice canes formed
 Crystal tea and breath hussshed
 by the radio playing familiar noise
We hum along
 to prolong the silence
 of our cooling tea-time.

Mary hasn't said a word in fifteen years!
At least not that Kenneth hasn't heard her say before
 -not a one, and he's listened...
 ...so very carefully that
 his ear might break were she to take
 a thesaurus breath.

She's deaf, he swears
but her eyes don't miss a thing,
fingers knitting to c...old-time swing.

"Ice canes," she says, "On the pipes. I'm worried."
Always so.
Why doesn't she know
"Icicle"?
Or that she's as cold and clear
and untouchably near
as she's been in fifty years?

Patients

We're trying the postmaster's patience!
 Here we are, trying another world!
For what do you hire me from this dingy, grassy ride?
I'll hide!

Suddenly we are throwing out our old shoes
Red heels, blue sandals with little bright parrots on the toe
that were so exciting though
I'd just put them on and go.

I kinda filled you up.
Lighthouses grumpy in the distance by day
Is this where I'm going to?
To endlessly watch the sea I cannot cross without someone or something's
help
me

Here's the front lamppost
it's dangling my time here
I love to park in the parking lot in front of the post office
and watch the patients drop their prescriptions inside,
walk away without a cure
forgetting that the trip ahead of them will always end
at the ocean's feet.

Good Folk

gust of 'haves'
just like the mad scientific explanations
that leave the scientist wondering where
he went wrong.

Better for now to lie down your head. Mustn't wake
the wee one.

Don't do that
it's only there for looks
we got to show them that we praise the lord
or they won't invite us
to the Christmas party.
We got to put the wood goose out
so they will know we are Southern
goose lovers,
like all good real Southerners are.
So don't mess with it!
It's got to look so
so they'll think they know
us so.

Hide that! Yes, that.

Can't you think of other people than yourself?
Can't you think of me
and how people with think
if you hang that giant thing from the roof
of our home?

So trashy!
Think *me* boy, think of someone, think of me!

nothing is in the bedroom

but

the walls are light gray
and someone out there *must* know what that means
maybe I'll ask, or just lie here
and pray for the true definition.
He must know.

Problems With We

Too much tea
won't fffhllhhhhj
Problems with the keys
problems with the teas
Leaf breaks in green and is sad
leaf crumbles brown and I've drank that down.

Pictures of teapots make me think about your backyard.
It never was ours, 'cause, 'cause, 'cause
i paid rent, too.
Dogs fought over me in the tall grass like pickers of wheat in sun
green
and
rotten Rottens

gotten tired of drained bags
under my eyes.
Yesterday I passed stopping where I always want to stop
and went home and drank chamomile sweet
thought about the tub full of hot keg beer to bathe
'cause the tea is the same color, you see?

Earl gray is cute
I'd suck it down to the last leafy
they did something else,
You'd never see them anywhere else.

Swirling, and I'm for sale;
only a pitcher at a time, lads
musical teabags caress me and I'm swallowed down to the last droppp

a pot, simple, was never in your backyard. but I was
and you gave me the pot
I forgot we shared.

You're wearing a C cup of your own today
bought and paid for
who will be the first to drink your Tension Tamer
strain too hard, you think you never strain enough;
Tea bags for sale by owner.

Goodbye

There's nothing
like new spring air when walking out of the funeral home.
I'd liked the girl who died,
though she did me wrong once or twice
upon a time.
Open casket and a cold head I'd kissed
Sleep now forever young
Is she still here
in the whispered in ears of the dearly watchers near
the flowers and?
they will die, too

I saved rose petals from gifts
And one whole stem I dried
that I'd bought for myself
When she was Alive

Butterflies land and burst from the top
of her shining wooded bed
Soon to be wed to the earth.

I hope to never be her again.

