Seoul
Bus
Poems
Also by Jim Goar

*The Louisiana Purchase* (Rose Metal Press, 2011)

*Whole Milk* (Effing Press, 2006)
Seoul Bus Poems
Jim Goar

REALITY STREET
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Jim Goar
for Sang-yeon
I don’t want to write about leaves. The change in seasons. my love. Instead:

The bell at 4:44 and by five. silent. again. You’ve heard it. Rain. Nothing poetic about “she slept”

without a mother. a father. a mother. two brothers

4:01.
The monk begins to sing “Good morning”

Not all bumpkins live in China
A lonely deacon
is hardly necessary for us
to cuddle full and belching
stars from afar
roll over and sleep with no
home I burrow constantly
meaningless I hope
the moon for lack of bananas
cramps that exhibitionist
can’t be explained away
Witch doctors do not flinch
they run the city conjuring doves
and the doves are present and
on spindly legs
in the groin we call lice
holy in flight chasing down
the diminutive red and megaphones full of
chants on strike and workers left
to be mucked up pilgrims or
baffled Mohicans dancing around
and around
the lip makes good crystal sing
requiring this world
of short sight
to
sit
down

the Olympics are
out the window
and I’m

watching yr neck
in languages
and
have only
two eyes

for
taxonomy

emits
reception

a finely tuned retention

a Christmas carol boom
There must be something
on this mountain
top spinning
dizzy mewing
thirsty as hell
in sight of the ridge we
crawl in ports
of entry catch only
what others give can’t
be shellfish with ornaments obscure
all motives in the rain
like chameleon skin blossom
Crocodile blood drawn
tight coils under pillows the
exhale will not
come ashamed or
still innocent she
says white I don’t argue
socks need not scurvy
with a pack of wildebeests
running tatanka hands
my ears are soft horns and my owner
at two o’clock is not my owner at three
blocks of western migration
lemon rubbed teeth of cicadas
without venom she whispers
reptiles behind the knee
So what if bald turkeys stole your wedding dress
My darling
You look nice in that hospital gown.
And remembering your mother’s scrambled eggs
But not her face
Isn’t so strange;
Her eggs were good
And you have your father’s eyes.
Just do me a favor, my suicidal rose
And get off the ledge
You’ll kill the dirt if you fall.
I’m tired of
the zoo
looking for my darling dear
when I cry,
“Koo koo ka koo.”
you don’t

If acorns were sweet
squirrels would be candy
and squirrels are not
in the trees
from the west
constellation that I love

lay me a parrot down
inside your warmest door
The washing machine
and no water the poem
without a bird without
Hae-yeon my darling the OJ is
warm and my coffee is no help

I live next to a
monastery bell that rings
33 times before sunrise
and 28 times at five

“the tutor’s prince-nez lies upon yr
daughter’s white breast”

I have forgotten so many lines this winter
The skin remembers how she crossed
and went away unpacked and stayed
where old times hang and spin
above a summer plane to thrust and fall
to dusk in early night she formed a couch
no longer heard
the oars of season shake and then
and out the sun at five o’clock
threw blind and shadows on my door
a strand of hair and reason break
the bindings of my nevermore
Ensconced
in the
bus coughs
and I turn to
a barber shop widow

smoke inside snow tomorrow

scalding
cane and crane
reminders to shave
everywhere I look

This same corset
these same signs

inhaler and your breath
and your breath is yours

the seat is mine

20 million people live in this corner of my heart

I’m black I’ve turned my
head a torso manikin
who’s dropped my stare

manikin manikin
wined and dined

in sooth    my mouth
  in blood    hot wood
If you didn’t know
better
you’d say
something dead
lives in there
when you know
nothing of the sort
ever does
in the rain
what it feigns
in the sun
My wallet is on the floor carefully bend town before sun became crass a plane shadow a bus shallow a passenger leaves the curb the street if a crosswalk provides if your eye sprouts roots and those roots sprout atoms in ether be still means stay while other wrists twist & mop the light and love an illustrated bird more than the kind that crows.
Fair women

not painted manger find
to hide
this story explains
men ride buses while men ride buses
men
never move the widow
the same seat and pen
shirts cost more one day then the next

Opera of Korea
fish in the store window
red lights and around more red lights
This man of mud and marrow
decides to question the street
for no one walks
anymore they stroll with cranes
and hats removed an orange
poncho in empty flowers
that golden wake across the lawn
breaking little rakes akimbo
tree and mermaid song
a map under glass remembering
There is a list of names outside my window.

In Changsha my name. By noon the wall was white again.

Nouns hang from globes outside my window. a list of names outside my window.

my name. the wall was white again.

Nouns hang from globes outside my window.

the wall. a name was white again.
The urge to speak about rain.
just because it is.
right now. as we. It
is. raining. raining. I could
tell you. the Coltrane.
the coffee. who knows? there is.
what did. that sound.
Constipation is an
occupation of wilting
umbrellas are never there
when you need them weeping
in the trestle a camera hidden is a
still daisy of remembrance that
black card played when lights
sleep we rest this journey
lies with paper instead of toes
sheets all filled with lemon
snow and everything is children
from the plant we tend music
of statues drip home open window
sleds of glass bird whose name
we do not know melt back and
forth in the tub a ducky quackady
quack on the bed you need another
shower of snow blue flower parted
this music is closest to German
Drummer. monk. my first coffee.
why all the noise? we are anxious
together. barking dog.

My room is behind the curtains. Good morning.
drapes are closed. Potholders. If I looked outside
I’d know. A funeral.

Five thousand Buddhas live next door.
I have not visited. them. they are
statues. milk cartons in the window.
wind and the absence of tin drums.
It is always today,  
full of clarinets and coffins.  
To a man  
we answer telephones  
afraid. We answer doorbells  
instead of hiding. We accept “bonjour”  
for “hello”  
when they are not the same  
at all.
The table has set
behind the hill and
at our feet full bellied
rest has eroded
speaking is done
on records a crow
asks so we are sure
to be breathing the last
of something inward a
cap screwed tight
an alarm in remission
Neither happy
nor fat bones
are waiting the dark
minced dry as the wish
broken tables and flowers
remember the one who
is not more food for ghosts
will starve without the living to serve
What’s skin
today may not be
tomorrow’s huskers
are growing today’s
bits of no
always say
no
globes hang until
they don’t
I am sure of the dust
my phone should ring,
anytime. you call
Meet you at time frozen
behind this door closed
to those who live
an empty circus a prowling
chameleon somehow warm
fades as do all words smaller
than a penny ring for the dead
While he plucked blues
she inserted a church
bell into his fiddle
to say that his tongue would not
be accurate or wine or just
playing with a room
around the loins and nothing else
was more like a brown
recluse in the pews one stocking
curfew I must get home
curfew I must I must
get home to curfew the bell
has sounded curfew my love
has sounded twelve times
Turn the egg over
it’s still an egg
burn the egg over
and no one gets hurt.

spatula and the trash
played Sunday night

Men do not come till morning.
A pigeon broke its neck
against the cock of Ralph
the embalmer lapsed
displayed flowers
ate feathers and then the dish was
smashed up was swept up was
by taxidermy mounted from
trash reborn into a city
with cars on freeways and glue
to date eligible birds
or chicks if you must dance
heel to toe
in the background of a silent
picture eloping in early spring
a twist
a turn

here

a goose
there a goose
and goose

feel
not the dead kind
not the fish hung

nor
syllables
the whitest light
a fist holds

yet still
my hair falls

complaints

I’d like to apologize
(and do)
for dirty Hanes

bananas left up
hostess cards
grown old a turn

pumping break
a turn
to the right

green bride
by my side

36
candlestick in the study

turn out the lights

no need to put

good money
after bad
There is no connection
between tomatoes and poets
and in light of this may I
rest a moment while tradition
shuffles like vegetables to raise
yr leg the stream continues
under bridges while bridges land
on this garden with only one eye
The blood will come and go
as children will go
out of the hamlet by a flute
played once upon a time
for style is straight or slightly bent
souls follow crumbs to the hut
where the oven is with tasty children
wrung dry of echoes the town falls silent
hails never weaken corn
shrugged and lost its yellow its
green a fire consumed
our houses of redemption
Words and now the silence
remains in blue slacks pressed
lemon and belly laughs
between a lover and his daughter
is her mother his lover
for crows to pick
a sieve from water dice
roll little boy yr brother
lost but no one calls to empty
crumbs along the way
The sand has moored us we watch we
drift mostly we drift
in this sand watching through eyes waiting to find
room outside waiting circling still circling and everyone still
Today deserves pause
between still when read
a turtle beginning the girl outside
this slow drawl
just walking not strolling birds eating
interest is better kept curious words
stopped around goodbye
A ground the bend she climbs
buxom and apples in baskets
the collected breath of longing
when bouquets no longer will do
anymore is fateful as dice
in waiting you are the numbers
in heat you are the voice of citrus
she picks four moons to bake
a Japanese lantern on the table
predicates a ground hog in the den
The scope
a circumference

so full of grace

a green light and I’ve
no start at all

a biodegradable fist
and silk for shade

come sup with me

a dusty floor

where no one stands
where

laundry drys

the bones inside
a thrush  a kite

ears bend the shelf

and inside shoes and
outside hands

a can of corn
a can of corn
a can of corn
a can of corn
Her vanity not her modesty
in question is always what
is your name and number two
came up and this was
the second take so
she let me get away with
my advances
filled with little people
you can imagine
the mess so I won’t
bother a weeping soldier or
accost the demarcation line
How did knees touching dark these joints come running

step

ain’t got no that ain’t

mechanics of the head
swivel
round
some words sans gin

imply
toes
better than any
at the end
of a song
who’ll shine my shoes

white spit
good pie
You were telling me about
the cliff behind the fence
you’ve seen the echo but
not the fall into the ocean
one foot at a time and the pants
will never come unless
you relax your monkey will
remain a coconut and sunshine
is all a man needs
in a tender heterosexual way off
where only the hounds go baying
at night the horses are eaten
questions asked by those
who stumble over rocks and
broken legs spring forth from
my beard my woman lives for this
rescue but I am not nor
do I need another
Divine night
look at me running between
rooms on lights turning off
the darkness I pause to look at
snow empty of something
I have in hand cannot be
an oak my bruised love
open a door
good neighbor

you should be
asleep

all night
through silk walls

the worm

inside
half under

my alarm clock

while rain
white rain

tunnels

beneath
the floor
No secret.

garden.

in the rain.
transparent.

waiting for

what passes for

classical music

days
The hummingbird in preference
a twig behind the daisy
prosaic and the clock is falling
letters those fuzzy red flowers
of no particular echo
through dunes heard a moment too
late rising in the brook
a moment too long
then away over morning weirs
hardly brighter than sugar cubes floating
plastic red waters the lawn
I haven’t stepped outside today.
I have no idea if the drummer is.
waiting. that. was my loving. hand.
sincerely. the dawn.
If you need a man
walking white on water
you must be an island
hung out to dry
to sleep with one and
the other picking
secrets from the trunk
of dancing fingers bent
in gates where elephant
want the man to free
bananas and the ceiling
to look just at the sky
There is more space than blue can hold. A hedge of lemon a bookmark in mold.

These two things appear

to appear

by glutinous and prancer by sexton \ the language

wears down

the well

of rugs
dissemble

my memory is shoddy and I have lost the train

is bleating ink

an eye to eye

a bride
snow moving
form exposed
pipes

when all around
the trees in my hair
my lovely locks
at the moon and not above
the leaves
going down

through sex we gain food
farm animal in bed
make me nervous
shouting, “on Prancer” etc

smoke stack laughing

eye swollen shut purpose
slaps me shoulder
shinning through pearly whites
from wherever there is farmer
(whatever that is)
how now brown cow

my name is Jim
and the jungle
is filled with frost
Someone else can freeze sunlight perfect day
twilight till dark sent home
look at me I’ve forgotten to shave until now
money would buy you this head to call
and what you call day after day
my beating heart a scent I’ve never smelled
Beware the disconnect
between need and movement
cars parked
in the road
there must be mention
of airplanes in childhood
fantastic!

To survive
an empty stomach
tomorrow I turn 31
denouement escapes
moves to close
how can end
survive this

fast weep
close the book
draw a gun

hand in hand
how bright your dress
how straight my lies

action hardly matters

after gin you want the
next song or shrug

me

fast asleep
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