Strange Little Vehicles

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STRANGE LITTLE VEHICLES

by

Andrew Merecicky

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Andrew Merecicky

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ABSTRACT

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by

Andrew Merecicky

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It isn't an exploration in or an experiment regarding. It is a praxis, as a commute is the opposite of an adventure. As le chat regarde le poisson. As when one looks at anything, it becomes strange. That is, a thing (a thought, a feeling, Gertrude Stein's "piece of coffee") once considered becomes little and different. It is the world that is large and alike. It is ultimately the similarity, the recognition of which we, who feel small and unique in the grand scheme, find terrifying. Language is always, as Lyn Hejinian wrote, social; it is a vehicle.

As I originally conceived the title and the language that follows it, I thought of these vehicles not unlike the general sense of the vehicles in Buddhism, as a way through or across. The undulation of the other and back, the movement which constructs for one the self. As such the poem becomes a living organ, a biological extension of the poet, like a lung filling and emptying. The vehicle, which transports as in Whitman's "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry," not vessels, which merely contain.

In her essay "Happily," Hejinian writes, "Are you there?/ I'm here/ Is that a yes or a no?" The reaching for exactitude causes exactitude to slip away with the intent of the question and how it's received. It becomes impossible to say. And we who write poetry know to say nothing is the same as death. Such is the distance, such is the poem.
Strange Little Vehicles is the poem I have been writing for the past three years. It is incomplete. To borrow a line from "The UNLV Graduate College: General Guidelines for Theses and Dissertations," it is a "partial fulfillment of." The poem, or at least this part of the poem which I am submitting for approval, is subdivided by the asterisk symbol both as demarcation and as the essence of a line (not repetitive) of poetry. Rather than Henry James' stream of consciousness, which has for some time been regarded as a poor analogy (first by James himself), the poem proceeds in an organized manner similar to a rockslide in its rapidity and fragmentation.

This poem's orchestration includes a particular attention to the "page," in quotes, because it is an electronic page alone to which I took the compositional effort. I must refrain from commenting on the content as content is traditionally understood. From where the poem begins, or where I intended it to go, does not to me seem as important or relevant as where it is, namely its context and the reader's context, over which I have little to no influence. I will say that my concern for the poem is in its sustenance. Thinking of such monolithic works as Walt Whitman's Leaves of Grass and Louis Zukofsky's A, I was primarily concerned with how to keep going. As George Oppen put it, "We are committed to the problem we found, the problem we were born into—."

Lastly, I am fascinated with the sounds of words next to words, the "music" of the written word in the mind's ear as well as when spoken and its inherent illumination as a poetry which precedes authority. That is, I believe in the poem which is coming into being, sometimes, at its best, at the direction of its own sound.

I want to give something for the eye to do as well as the ear. The mind makes its own way.
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VITA ..................................................................................................................................... 61
Strange Little Vehicles
—all written near
the slender pistiled
Tao-sop

an orchid—

* 

and the meat truck for the morning
delivered lighted
upon the brick
a spack of pigeon shit drops
the street corner
white plop

inch forward
patient battallion
cut stone and sculpted cornices
a cone in three points
on the dragon's back
I count them
call them by their dateless reach
I woke up drunk
the square whimpering behind
    is a weightless throb crown
when I think I need to be in
the street again
    in three

    four hours
    —quiet —lunch —out

on the ash balcony
avenues gaunt red inflamed
    in force all against
all together
how my noticer bulges
    in the wind

bed
sí
sí, la cama is

our fortune
    (buenos días,
España

an open landscape cooperates
with its own interrogation
    / in the summer
in Plaça del Sol
    |||||||| in spring
    a woman's careful
hen wing sky — Over

her neckline slackened in
the dark BLUE
all one piece

dusk the tower
    bull's horns
there in pink
    is a hound's tower

he howls
and I hear him

*

in Picasso's "La Vie" (I searched
for a
way
thru— / / out)

in the ragged couple
in artifice and wine
in shade

I saw the street
Travessera de Gracia
flooded by
los bomberos blind loitering
spending it for the cameras
beneath the afternoon
(in her small mews)

my screen arranging
postcards for the guidebook
another another

another plot
a tombstone bent
fucked
into its collectible self

the cloven street
one thinks of charms

a new impetus for a brutal golden vision
whispers the miniature beat nerd
in my brain

I'll never be dead
everyone else will die
I never
ever will
* the loafer watches lacerable peaks
hugs his knees

the sanctifying towers —
hike the sail white ghosts!
to see down latitude!
what they see . . .

we are spared*
given our own soiled departures

circumstances that bring us to break bread here

<realizing loss
<cool rain
make room>
make do>

* A glyph resembling a star; three in a triangle formation is called an asterism, not to be confused with celestial asterisms, one of the most ancient navigational tools; in computer programming, it serves as a universal selector; wildcard denotation; footnotes (esp. advertising); repetition; multiplication; censoring a text as in 'F*$$k'; to avoid profanation, especially in some Jewish and Christian traditions using 'G*$$d'; signifying a breakage; calling attention to an omission; typographical bullets to indicate list items; when wrapping, to add emphasis; in generativist linguistics, an asterisk in front of a word or phrase means that the word or phrase is ungrammatical; the sustain pedal lifted; zero; in superscript it might signify some property at sonic speed; to mark corrections according to unofficial sms conventions; a flower.
*[s] does a tiny pummelling

ratee-ratwee

jokey lizards kick out mini slop
sixteen puckered feet make sixteen
inaudible slaps

sopy moppy in godlight flow
with her entrails un-
tickled
a plan to reach outer Mojave!
scimitars and notebooks (of course.)

noon-staled trace rolling
tobacco pasted to the small hollowed
bootscole

de dónde
in pointillist plaza

(no small labor goes unnoticed
(why not arcane hisser

all the cutlery in the kitchen
soaking in Coca Cola pitchers
I'll get
  into vino tinto
dance the dizzy-ack
in white & black kerismat
everything-O
Oh so-goddam-rusted

come be a poet under the tree with me
we'll wrestle and break holds

fat chance daddy-O
grapple
  and rip collars
here for flesh
on
the
ground

the eye of the old stone master
clock water flowing between a saint's feet
the stoop under the bitch
winded beside her
red plastic bowl

give me that
one
and one
  waiting for a
Good Dog
*  

**heh.**
that never hurts

without regard their
underground coats

they they they

they are there

a joy to amble
between the peeking light
to twist my chest left and

tu nombre   tu nombre
little bulbs
too easy is

**uhhh ehh errr**
**sooo...**

attending pause
mediating
foreplay for

dummies   purest
rupture impanding
feathers
smokey fibrous electric celebrations stir

one might feel
asleep at the wheel
*  

Drug abuse ✓  
Resistance ✓  
Education ✓  

_fear dying_  
_are dead_  

—Your friends at the APA

*  

and one  

who  

_a thousand white-blazed windows couldn't wake_  

ah let her _dream, cabrón_  

let her be  

I wake her  

anyway—the first thing I ever saw had to be  

tres estrellas  
in a box to light the way
now the elderly
women doubled

leaning out their windows
waving sheets hollaring

*sí el moto, no?*

[something something]

*policía*

the ambulance
the wailing bead
strung across the city's
praying lap

*the fat girl
pulled her skirt
her xylophone
thighs against
the greenlit taxi gust

where does she play
that thing

*push it back a day
lay it down
I woke up too
late to find
food

*water packed
harder than concrete
a riverbed stuffed
with boulders
* 

the end 
of living high 
and cheaply 

the words were 
emptied already 

the bottle 
spilt out in 

wood floors faded by 
and by foot traffic 
coverless paperbacks 
piled in the corner 

now everything was 
only golden 
inside 

* 

what was that 

o 

I thought. 
I heard. 

...
*  
  
the oracles even  
have bouncers  
and keep a line  

no blessing is a blessing  
how it looks in the mind  

bright  
singular  
  intention  

bodies all—  

precise preposition  
for laboring golden arch  

looking up into rain  
useless and  
to keep it  
that way
* 

birds ripping thru
the busted streets with
wind tunnel suits

at the sill she sits
painting her toenails

one at a time
the birds brain
themselves in little
batches on the brick

a hundred softballs
swept off a roof

the residual slop
beer and piss and cigarette froth
(after the morning
streets are swept

she daydreams
about the bare wood studio

what to do
with all the bodies

her mind is a muck
a glass of water
a book
dishes stack themselves

without hearing
a single note

the humming collection
alternatives come in fits
and her passenger wakes

I have to tell you
something
[]
you can't get mad

*

right eye
thru the window
left at the page

O

O

so what
if I don't
want more
than this

[      ]

*

becoming
not waiting
claiming
not stealing

the feeling
upon listening
of having
said it first be-
longing to
no
one

I have
faith had I
ever any [f]
* 

a green pigeon tucks
her breast against /
squat and toes her shit

on the cereal box buildings
with breathing holes
the good and the

bad ledges
dreams in which
choking on Kraft macaroni

what a pigeon must

((((((by telemetric mind)))))
of a little crust
I came home
    and found it done
with broken feet
bleeding back
licked thru the bars
    on the windows
to fall asleep on the couch
all this time
I walked with my hand
a visor to the sun
more to the point
store to store
for cava and bread
here
replying to emails
a week after receiving
two more lines
to top it off
my father  my lord—just
stay out of my way
* 

a cave exposed
in the sun
boredom

shadows that
wind and pivot
about a forest

c coal hunks
in an X-mas pail

callolillies on
the porch
need watering

a yank at the dollar
in America
many benches
many friends

gymnasiums
galleries (d'art)
guitar tabs

... 

cleaned by mouth
the slums not
by deliberate sanitation

yellow dandelion
rub it on palms
foreheads
Dostoevsky seems to have forgotten that it is after sunset."

we drink beer          mustn't ya saith the germ king          hot water cantare
I know a little fortress we can disappear neat-O

Blue dyed Pink what d'ya think
that's some church down there

[**Dostoevsky seems to have forgotten that it is after sunset.]

[**]
* 

follow 
the breath     zero out 
like a pro     doesn't wear a 
right now interested 
doesn't wear a watch
in place
(marching in)

she paints different 
tambourines     what's the count 
and abstract pigeons
zero out

the rusted page won't 
drag and
drop

* 

I want marigolds blown beneath 
a spanish banister
an open window
they who come by
attacking flashes
something (black) before

we don't need these things—I don't want
to live without them

in the library
the shelf opposite /
form a line

the dead stare
back at us /
consult the magazine
stand next to the a/c

couldn't hold the couple
in my right hand and
in the left two armless
men brawling

grunts and teeth and legs
wriggles above the hook

twitching veins
in the body concealed
and beautiful

against every reason

tracing paper      long hair
shards of olive beer
bottles for a crown
twitching veins
in the body concealed
and beautiful

against every reason
many labor and take
centuries to complete

to clean the cigarette
butts out of the sill
off the third floor

near the butchers
dressed like nurses
in mystic garb

I admire the private
publication of these

balcony in the blue
and green streets

thick pencil sketches
brushing of finger backs
the floor smudged
particles descendents

bits pressing with
a bandit mass
down on my chest /

I need to get up

the chamber splatter
a stranger's echo in my shower

spinning clay plates
in full articulation

and I in the half-breath
invisible and toss
in the warm sun

a man who doesn't see
how he is wasting my time
and so keeps talking
in his own theater
* 

fly on the glass
tilts the hand
black bulb splattering
desiring my furthest self'
which no longer belongs to me

a habit to knock on wood
a gesture to disbelief

scratching waves
sing lullabies
sing
is ritual

a tangled plumbing
muscle memory

and cross thyself
when I loaf

who loafs
to say there are no gods
no self no soul no will no won't
I built a lair here
smoking a bowl in my boxers
tiny yetis swarming
my groin

make a box
and fill it
with artificial

do it

their poems made me
often want to die of thirst
envy the blind cartoon cattle skull
bleached white
awaiting inscription
awaiting skin
waiting nil
* you know it's not that color
though it is now untended garden keep
. . . tread on me
it got that way
naturally

New York of those who are Real!
New York of the one-way glass!
New York since 1931!
New York of the Cleveland Confectioner's Son!

teach me how to irritate
to be irritated all day long

(must be humid to conceive) . . .

in the sun's hot bondage under the motoring whirr
gone out from leaf blowers lawn mowers
tractors and combiners

and the fly in my ear
is a digital bee

behind the lens of an empty womb
a low hanging

green branch

Must and dewey

wiped off the brow
off the front of my teeth
and smeared in your palm
in humiliated disappointment
in a greatly abiding
unconditional . . .
* two flights of stairs
  a short leap, saalam, saalam
  a technique:
  extra innings

  a kiss on each cheek
  to prove speech has a brother

birdseye faceth

* summer collecting
egg cartons
in the midwest
isn't any better

  so we could record
  in the basement which was
  a brother's room

  everyone worships
  in hope to go back
  where

  a name
  an outpost to nowhere
  a holiday

  a bruise from the wind

  swing low,
  swing low

sweet

  lover

  no one was
  supposed
  to see
who get nervous when
the record unnoticed

and one can't know
one as though before he was born
everyone has seen
that western

after that
a vocabulary

as Christ called it
a life vest

after that
any apocalypse
will do
*  

I envy the ability to think under  
water  in a foreign physics  
an inter-planetary  

a pen and a cloud are  
a few degrees separated  
one eye is more than enough  

I'm not asking you  
to  
kick my teeth in  
I'm saying I hear you  

earliest love reappears  
scented with puzzled vaselines  

I can walk to the corner  
without anyone walking  
to the corner with me /  

I had that Zombie Dream  
again
Wherein Satan is a white-faced hornet
and God
I see the rest is mine

the trees sip themselves
outside the late-shaded room //
you found me
were ahead of me
along the groove
are being tossed

and zoom
requires a limit.

with three to a web
the flies never land

a flower in a crag
out to sea / waves
laying down
their crowns in succession
* 

exhale  
the planet's last pink breath 

the little man in the corner 
laughing is a divination 
with a childhood string 
thrice thrown into the shape 
of a shield  the counter word 
for compounding *deja vus* 

in another tongue  
"touches" are what keep me here 

takes the shape of an open hand 
in a horseshoe pit 
in a bet truth is 
a bedside nurse 
with a forgotten face 
but I know she was sweet 
and I don't owe her 

I struggle with the ocean 
does not mean the ocean 
struggles with me 

to be in charge 
to calculate my own 
tare weight 

the book shelf 
becomes a chemistry set 
and has come from you 

reaches a singularity 
herald beep 
the frequency we have 

never not 
heard and can't distinguish
all a joke
can achieve

and an empty energy
drink rolling around
the back seat

clearing spaces for new spectra
another fastest route around the track
* 

— is something
one never has
to think about

anyone can
draw horns on anyone

two ends of the same
  wicker fingertrap
ecstasy and
devastation

to handle any interruption

face the sky
a clearance

a stream does not
know to be savvy

  or need to be
  grateful
    for delays
a team can teleport a park bench
from Austin to Moscow
and I have two pages
to the Gut
my roiling to not
notice nothing
is missing

Speak to me re: Knowledge
v. domestication
I regret
I am interested
and doughily calibrated
peeking between the boards
in a daydream
you had no wife
were an orphanage

a bite
that came with no memory
flesh shred thin
the light was thinner

every instance I wake
to a peculiarity

then the bough breaks.
Sunrise.
* 

to measure the orange
in the spring room

animal to be
here con-
spiring

stumbling drunk
into snowfall

beyond
20m is wild canvas

a vessel named
Caesura catches fire

by the body
I believe I am
* 

I gave five clues
stuck on the edge of the counter

for a joy assembly

round a campfire
a handful
more to the sur-round

Escher that you?
in unnatural light
trying to fold me flat

I'll make graffiti outta—
please someone has
to do with anything to do
—with you

every step is
a desert
to and fro
* 

the stained glass choir
a living epigraph

... 
a poorly-hid bait
a sorely-missed place

and the first time
someone saw me pray
that was it
the reel ran out
the people started talking
then left slowly
a landscape changes
the window I watch
to years

. . . come to tap my reservoir

. . .

is transparent
has many uses

. . .

the room
I found myself in
not the room
I wanted
the room
I have
to decay

a match
no matter
what direction I'm facing

*

have a smoke before
breakfast with my cat

    a little white ant
    who smells eggs
a buoy rings in a dream
and in real life
I get out of bed to clean
    my room

nor do I read from behind
    my face
every surface clean
and contaminated
dead and alive

fields frozen
underneath
    a place I am in love
        an anonymous priesthood

I am unequipped
and I know by not
finishing my drink
in a place that calls itself
    a tavern

one more night
I've float
and I have sink

and when I pinch
my ears
the same white light
presses in
I feel some-
how courageous

... 

I know where I am
when I hear
where the birds—

child in the edgeless light
my name again

again that I'm able
to put it outside
dominion  my body

my third parent
who trusts what I see
*  

once taken as I am  
amounts to—

time has no *quick*  
—an annihilation  

one builds an epic  
in the attic another  
in a cloud  

: a familiar covenant  

a sunflower barely  
can be distinguished  
from the early hour mist  

*  

for cataloging the various spirits  
is a physical change  

through the blackness strange  
little vehicles make moving targets  
a hand outstretched in the dark . . .  

without intending  

. . .  

to invent names  
for new cloud formations  

one of mine:  
dusk proceeds greenly  

. . .  

the worm gone  
in bits leaves a hook  
wrapped in body
wrapped in a lake

and I found that the tea was good
so I drank more
pink wound in the sky
I found your frequency
in the western golden gap
summer has come
hung from the breast
of the clouds that hood
and are pricked
by minor cathedrals

I planned to sleep for years
in the rural sigh
in a living ghost town
and dream

a city ascended to the clouds
cloistered in gray forests

a faint whistle beyond the hill
marks the silence before I march

nowhere now
and the green-lipped earth
cool upon my neck

the sufficient sounds keep me
steady on at night drowning out
the carnal restless gadgetry

waiting for the lightless winter
to arrive new and translucent

I hear the trees exploding
from a distance a phantom
drum circle—

*  

believe the birds

its imprint, its apparent weight
*  

begins in winter

...  

two bent trees form a port  
in noon warmth  
and I'm not weary here  
    closing my eyes  
    in the shade


time without direction  
bendible carrot between words

I have the afternoon to  
find which way  
the wu went
this is to be animal
not to look at what is shown

are you coming

I know

the world so appetizing
no way to keep at living
in it

the nucleus is untraceably many
—tangled roots alive
—

time to be wayward

it is a moveable importance
—an irregular orbit—
that I know where I'm going

in a balanced frenzy on pew tops
the dialogue changes

when the sun
goes down

my saints never work
they do what they are supposed to
lock the door
reshelve the books

near the tea candles anticipating
a truck with the word *Widest*
painted askew on a metal box
will continue to be parked
where it is for the day
waking up in the midwest

to see more . . .

*heh.*

mine is a mine
possession
possession of the mind

to be beautiful or to have something
to look forward to . . .

I did
it to make
you like me,
O, I have both
your ears

the camera
let me see myself

when wonder wilts

all in bad taste

. . .

rain on
mind
the mess after
a peach after
peaches

little violet
boys throwing
against a pine
a bow

little boy blue
hanging
himself an ornament

splits the trunk
into different notes

let the fruit
take and eat

please lop
the small branch

please obscure
the long branch

please need
for mountains

too
much

lingering sight
forth and forth
firelight

with no account
no famish
*  

...  

palm the sticky gush  
and grass  

a medicine  
to doze generously  
one'self  
in sunlight  

*  

an exit can be green  
why pause?  
can’t?  

spring for drawing  
out no end  

a seed buried in  
polished un-waking  
no brain  
no more burials  

*  

why then laugh I  
the pink folded flame  
...  

which flight to  
drop upon  
makes the man  

with a small mewing  
in the wall  

give the ear the guess  
as hard  
as will it
* 

I did not want the luxury
I wanted sleep
in a dark theater
across the lighted plains
my birthplace a
a single edge
dehydrated salty flesh
the human mantle
the ability to change
headings . . .
stay ahead of the weather

once the mutt has teeth
he's too big to fix
too much to suggest
too fast to grip
moving on through
fear stoked cinema
eternity is one jagged color
loping cantic dance
impossible to trace
has come as once has passed

* 

above the cloud deck
God is played
by a bird on stilts

who pick the pockets
of mothers and the wicked
born in a nest of cigarettes

(in a single direction)
I'm open
a noisy stowaway
drunk on discontent
* 

there is no feeling
different
I want the lyric
to perfect despising perfection

my father wants to believe
I'm not helpless
in my way
can't avoid division
of labor makes me
weak and weakness will
bring me up

a three week seminar
a dream of a new year

on my couch on Oscar's
I'm a trailing chemical wake

I peek and I am
goon
my tongue burnt white

I listen again
a strange man yells gibberish
with a french accent
from a shrinking
iron caboose you are
on the radio too
I am not the only
one left

on the yellow platform
the only one
squinting in the sun
* 

background
a fur
a white noise smear
from a blue flower
creates a world

thirst on the rocks
the sea silent
and disappeared
and the channel the roar
the loose speaker wire needs

the archiving I
and I have espressos

art that lasts
carries two signatures.

vandals
spread what isn't theirs

* 

if in the dark
our thresholds touch
I'd rather be
sleeping
  without awareness or vision

here // now // or not at all

I don't have to
look anyone in the eye

why should I live as though
I'll live forever

stand up
quickly
my head is light
and not now / /
then—

for-
get

love love that wild
settled myself sings
who
not it that tilts the Earth
felt in a shallow cut
Ohio lingers beneath/
on without me

softer

slower

careful I don't get
(exactly what I will)

*

up too late
to make the bed again

the book is far enough away
the signal weak
I burn matches in white air
barefoot Barcelona
reiterated what's needed

night after day / night
day around the trunk of a tree
a languish learned

how to pass young and angry
what the west coast mourns
I don't stay long enough
to believe in its haunted vegetation

where the blackbirds are // big
big birds
leaf parting leaf
has no advantage over me
a hot sip — without use
* 

heading for high ground
a place without airplanes
like Enoch

the elements will not
take me directly

the light turning
the gin north blue

the ragged
approaching labors
the band plays two more
   half the audience dances
in line to pee

drunk she rubs
my arm hair
the direction it doesn't grow

another line sinks
the last visible world

*

the orange bread
scent comes to me
and not to me alone

not asking of me
how long has the furnace
by the time

. . . . . and no longer

a man asks for change
I never have
to buy my whiskey
with cash like/
* 

giving up the
pinecone switching to
water . you

always answer me
say later

these things come in courses
in theory in smoke

in practice I fall
too far behind
to worry

the world belongs to those
who plan the next

and those who arrive
can't stay

I read the news everyday
I know what's happened
and the temperature
in Cleveland

I am taken in by the city
you take it away
afternoon light stretched thin
it wasn't then
now it's cold

somewhere
people the same age
a little older are asking

who Osama bin Laden was

soon there is a website
to collect them all in one place
so the user knows
where he is at all times

[bleeds together]

the mountains open
and close their night curtain
as we drive under the clear

more difficult to remain
at home than to make another
and another
purpose is intertwined
a party is a temporary flower
* 

change clinking drunk 
magnificent pure peaks 
red valley back office painting 
Las Venturas I felt thee 
steal my shadow underneath 

heaven has a corner for you 
happy heap that it is 

it's always the penultimo 
when the apron of the night comes off 
and the long walk back home 

to a place I place 

to shut off 
the fat commercial jet hisses 
hologram people 
not yet rendered 

I have a street 
to walk the dog in the dark 
a bar with TVs 
and a bar without 

to my students library 
is latin for wifi hotspot 

I ask Gertrude Stein 
to extract me from the amusement park 
on top of the Stratosphere 

nothing 
s
perilous 

everywhere on the street 
no one has to 
drink to throw down 
but it helps
*  

I bite my tongue
I lose it

it had been
thought a hoax

vague and divisible
reality. a phantom
limb falls asleep

translated from the arabic
*shed thy mortal coil*
is this
an accurate picture

Ovid banished from Rome 1838

do the numbers
suggest.
* 

come unstructure

she asks me to sit
on her cold toes

between nuisance
and pleasure

a reduced file size
is preferable

more democratic
to take
ecstatic //
    out of

what has
what ought
which knot

is similar enough
to lie alongside
and not

know

    what to do

*

is there no place
safe
from this great
effort
*  
very little light is  
green  
is brown too  

so so  
busy  
not meeting people who are  
in the habit of collecting names  

why bee  
why fly  

he's like  
the Ayrton Senna of  

it's easy to go fast  
it's easy to believe  

in the next fat life  
*  

I'll be  
cat  
that  
attacks in  
the dark  

whence each word  
has digital meaning  
and fingers none  
no more  
are calloused
* 

grass is 
real grass who 
pinch light 

what's the matter 
hither header 

the unseen sight 
of recent memory full 
and an ashless table 
needs wiping off 
glass . pint . warm . flat . 
top it off 
now that I know 

galaxy sized 
doll house 
with a working door 
bell stuck buzzing 

the proselytizer left 
outside in 
the cool 
undodgeable spring 

thank y»»»»». well, thank . . . 
s . 

francis of sissy 
to the widdle aminals 
it's OK 
they understand // 
me too! Aren't I 
an animal and / 
there's no talking 

me 
out of it
* 

I know the phrase
but
why not

say belly cut

a child an adult
likes to pretend knows he is
he has a shell

oh my god
I've felt so many
times
like it never happens
to anyone ever

if
I said it's because
he was plagued by migraines
* 

I go to this bar
where everyone has a phone number
cannot be
the beginning of a poem

Charles Bukowski and John Keats
are having an argument
at the bottom of the stairs
hidden in the dark

the part
about the sloppy
corpse now.
makes sense

CB: I always tried to write
ones that didn't
make me
sound like a little bitch
when I read 'em

JK: It's hard to do
though I once knew

a boy
named Emily who bullied me
and later
tried
to kiss me

*

and catch the
face of darkness
before it's gone
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