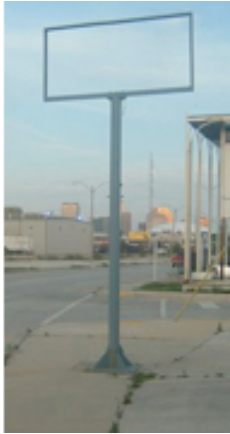


One day collected signs
framed nothing but blue sky
wires and clouds and dreams
of services to supply
EXHIBITION OPPORTUNITY
FOR VISUAL ARTISTS IN NEW ORLEANS



Lyrics by Chris Sullivan
un-acorolla songs with Jake Fussell
"Thats Right Baby" is Poetry by Jordan Davis
Published April 2009
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Hey take a hit off of this bong
help me find words that almost
rhyme with orange

Andrew, I found this thing for you (repeat)
Andrew, I found this very certain thing for you
I lifted it off the street it had been flattened
by the tires of great big trucks
I thought of you Andrew and how you like this stuff
it is an index of that very asphalt
you can see what it was and you can see what it is
so Andrew I found this thing for you

Today there is no biologically beneficial reason why
I should like foods that are crunchy
cause Baby I got you

Hey Alma May, could you cream my cup of coffee
to the color of a brown paper sack
I'm sorry to say its To Go but
I'll be back tomorrow, Alma you know that

Anyone can drive my car
does 105 like a Sunday drive
not a rattle not a shake
does 106 like it was 45
Cupholders work just great

Like there ain't enough Junk in New Orleans
1

(Perch they are the best eatin)

Didn they get a big hurricane there a few years back?
No they ain't put no burger king in there yet

There used to a boat there
just across from the dog
with its four legs set straight up
off the neutral ground lawn
and every time I passed that pile of junk
under the long black tarp
I thought oh my god
they got to pick that up

Fixin New Orleans
one golf ball sized spatula of Bondo® at a time
if the woman who covets my genes
knew what fumes was let into this brain
she'd say mister that's just cancer
and you can stay on that stupid ladder
fixin New Orleans

Too many things in his hands
Grasper of mucho
Finneser of nigh
ceppn some shoulder of yours, Hon

Give him a clue and he'd laugh for you
timely best and true

2

I will come when I am called
I will not break dance in the halls
I will not laugh when the teacher calls my name
x50
(handwriting on ruled paper in the collection
of William Passarelli)

There are hearts in the concrete chips only I can see
gal I think you know what that jackhammers done to me
where spells of the evening I once gathered you
I'm outstanding in this field I'm a net for the blues
you told me once to count on for there to be change
I got and four and half toe left foot
you have never seen
at the 180 of the cul-de-sac its quiet and I'm all ears
if the river were my friend

Man called boss thinks my name is When
soon as I get out of the can
see I ain't no jerk
I save it up for work
shittin on company time

Not Expensive, Carefully
\$19 an hour
Moving and Delivery

Suddenly this pile of pictures I took
wonders are they the pages of another book
of my beautiful maladies for you

7

The Tree I Loved
broke every breeze
gave me shade
made of leaves
that fell and pleased
Mr. Jeffrey
I should Rake

Do you think a man without a thing
in-between his legs just might have
something interesting to say?

Property Hand Blood Clotting Thing
early in the morning, all day long

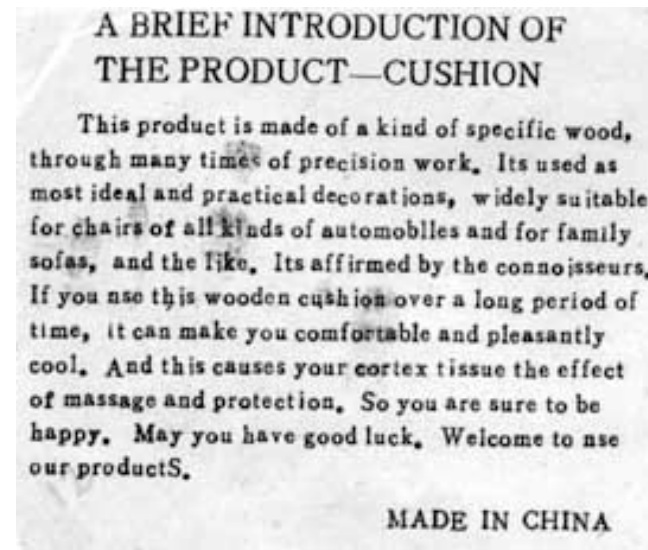
I am Clinically Sane White and 49

If you don't mind my asking
do you work or *reside* at the Respite Center?

The exceptional we routinize immediately;
exceptionalizing the routine takes a little longer

or the amnesty of magazines in waiting rooms
the phlebotomists name is Manny
he smiles and calls me Money
I wish you'd a stuck to me
that'd be some softly bobbin swim
down in the salt lagoons

6



These flowers were not gathered to be called my stash
any home ought to have any number of right places
to keep the kinds of things it likes to have
I don't like keepin Marijuana in a wrinkled
little baggie on the table
I don't like the can disguised as shavin cream
an old Nat Sherman box won't last two moons
no red beaded shell keeper from Cameroon

3

Followed her all day
just a swinging and a swayin
shes my highway 20 honey
from Florence to Berniece
Chrome Girl cerebro pneumatic mud flaps
(which kicked a rock and cracked my windshield)
why you do me like that

Dear Fe
I wish I could loan you my mittens
Time and Water wait for no man

One sip on a Simpsons Coffee Cup
I Homer duct taped over for you
Corolla squeaks the coast is clear
Phones don't ring in fiction no more

Old Nissy Never Been Washed Once
all I ever did was change the oil
that an all 5 brakes myself every 100,000
they need em or not and you know what
they don't

She has a shock of curls so profuse
it tempts the appetities of motorized gardening tools

Didn't I ask you the best
has anyone ever told you
questions, baby you ever heard?

4

"Highway Crews Side of the Job"
was written by Richard Russell
Light Maintenance Foreman NYDOT
in 1958 and published in the Schenectady Gazette

It was simple, sweet and it was basal
I loved this kitchen and these paperback books
you stacked to place a lamp on our table

Up here who knows if we ocean or land
so eat every speck of food on the plane
they give me your voice came from so far away
it was so good to hear and say
Au, Contrail!
above this ground of such travail
how the sky turns into a page
oblivious and blue

I will be honest with you
then again maybe I won't
mind if I took time out
for a quick consult?

Have you ever shared a little Spartan Trailer?
with just enough room for your sleepin pad
next day come in the mail
a bottle of pills 7 day detox cleanse
Have you ever shared a little Spartan Trailer?
2nd verse **REDACTED**

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