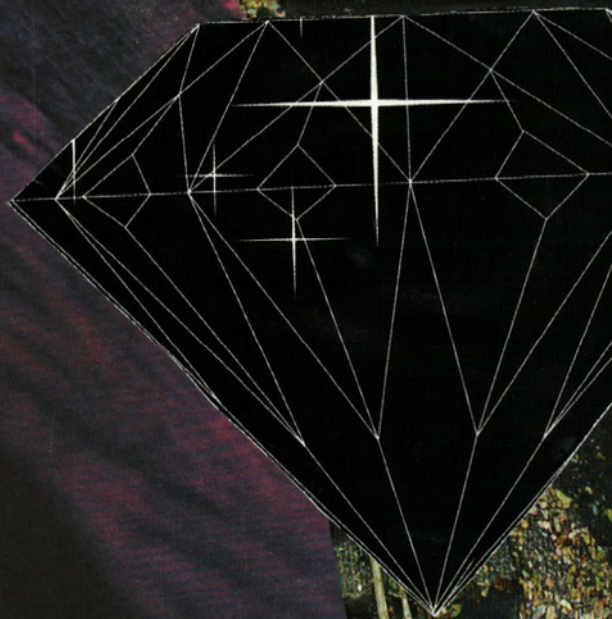
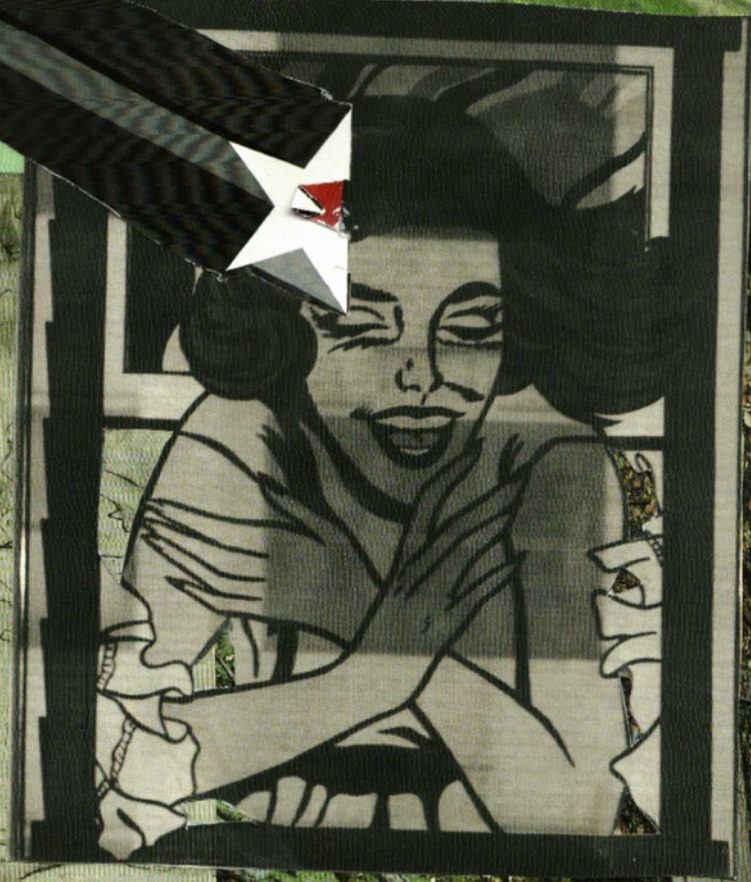


**2**



***ELDERLY***







# *ELDERLY*

## *2*

JOSEPH BRADSHAW  
LAURA JARAMILLO

TED DODSON  
KRYSTAL LANGVELL

MICHAEL NICOLOFF  
ERIKA STAITI

## JOSEPH BRADSHAW

### DAVID WOJNAROWICZ AT THE MOVIES

This seems like a good place to begin, with a sentence about how I keep discarding sentences, starting over, discarding whole paragraphs, thinking about *Arthur Rimbaud in New York* and David Wojnarowicz's face behind his mask of Rimbaud and how it's acne scarred and he's breathing in glue and cardboard dust and I don't know how to start. I wrote to a few friends and asked them to share their memories concerning Wojnarowicz when really all I wanted to know about him I knew from my time in Portland, when I lived near one of the oldest porn theaters in the country, the Jefferson Theater, which has since closed. I never entered the Jefferson, though every day as I walked by, on my way to work or trying to escape the neuroses of my own boredom, I'd picture a teenage Wojnarowicz inside c. 1970. I'd think about how excited and terrified he was the night he found himself behind the back row, about to fuck the woman who sat down next to him a few minutes earlier, who then invited herself into his pants. Ecstatic at first, he felt so lucky he'd finally found a real woman to fuck, that after fucking all those desperate men he was finally going to taste pussy. But behind the back row, in the darkest spot in the theater, she was only offering her ass to him. So Wojnarowicz yanked her panties down to her thigh and saw her balls dangling there. Defeated, still hard, he left the Jefferson Theater and left me to think about his disappointment day after day several decades later.

I keep having dreams about Rob Halpern. In one Rob and I broke into a cabin on a frozen lake so he could fuck me in a warm, private space. In another Rob was covered in sores, had lost a bunch of teeth, and he'd walked some impossibly far distance to my door because he knew I'd take care of him. All the while I'm continuing to think about David Wojnarowicz whenever I'm awake, and some persistent rash keeps growing around my eyes. I've been ignoring it, hoping it's a bout of eczema, not an indication of something serious. But every night I'm exhausted, sleeping fitfully, dreaming about Rob, the best poet I know. At the book launch for Rob's *Music for Porn* at the Poetry Project, I was standing with several others at the break, just after Rob read. A circle formed, with Judah and Jamie and Brett and few others I can't remember, and no one in the circle said a word, no one made eye contact. Rob had exhausted us, and we were all exhausted already, I'm sure, who isn't exhausted? I wish in that moment I'd remembered the O'Hara line "my life is held precariously in the seeing hands of others," not so I could have quoted it outloud, but because that silence we were sharing was the sacred center of something precarious.

Maybe you can only love someone when you know they're not yours, when their wrists and lips are so ephemeral, a city you'll leave and fantasize about returning to for the rest of your drab debt-ridden life. Frank O'Hara knew what everyone in New York knows: the city taxes, no, it poisons the spirit, and it's the toxins we inhale and absorb into our bloodstream that keep us delirious enough to continue, day after day, even as our days become indistinguishable from the nightmares we used to have, back when we slept soundly enough to have nightmares. Now, I dream of Rob and I fret over how I'm supposed to be writing about David Wojnarowicz because I've promised my friends I'd produce something for us all to admire together. I asked a few of them to send me their thoughts on Wojnarowicz and Jamie said he feels perverse for not having read *Close to the Knives*, it's all the rage these days. Rob sent nothing. Jane Gregory and Brandon



Shimoda, nothing. Geoff Olsen sent a poem with the line “Joseph Bradshaw put a picture of Rimbaud w/ X-ed out eyes on his wall,” and Brenda Iijima sent her remembrance of becoming aware of Wojnarowicz in art school in the late 80s, and she wrote about Christ’s femininity and how the earth is being destroyed, whole biomes ravaged, and how it’s inevitable through environmental destruction that parasitical bacteria would attack the human body. Voila, AIDS. Thom Donovan sent a poem he wrote for Wojnarowicz, which starts:

Sublime anger incites you  
To release what your eyelids possess  
Until you are only ecstatic body  
Miles and miles  
Above the earth

Thom reminds me that I’m almost always angry, that I wish I could be diagnosed with nervous exhaustion and given a carton of cigarettes and a hospital bed with endless reruns of *The Twilight Zone* looping through my half-conscious tobacco haze, I’ll finally spit out the Nicorette I’ve been chewing for the past four years and accept the illnesses I’m vainly staving off. To the right of Thom’s poem Gmail tells me there’s a Serta Mattress Sale at Macy’s and I can Indulge my Skin w/ A Hydrating Lotion by visiting [www.vaseline.us](http://www.vaseline.us) and it’s in this poem that we find our dead friends, the ones we never knew, we touch what they touched and we encourage them just as we do our living friends, we participate in life with them and jostle them and make them laugh. Hi William Blake. Hi David Wojnarowicz. Hi Rimbaud.

Who would have guessed when Wojnarowicz was a homely runaway, that he’d later cut out Rimbaud’s eyes and adhere Rimbaud’s face to his own?

Brett just wrote to say I should look into Ted Rees, Trafficker Press put out a book of his, *Outlaws Drift in Every Vehicle of Thought*, a Wojnarowicz quote. Brenda agrees, she says Ted’s reading for Segue last night was great and she told him I was writing this poem and he asked her to give me his email, [meltingglaciers@gmail.com](mailto:meltingglaciers@gmail.com), and isn’t that strange, a poet I barely know knows I’m writing this poem, which I can’t seem to write, and searches related to *ted rees* are *ted rees bio* and *ted rees poet* and *ted rees intersil corporation* and *ted rees snow* and when Macgregor Card read at Triple Canopy a few months ago he leaned into my ear right before he went on and pointed to a name on one of his pages and he asked how it’s pronounced. I said I didn’t know. When Macgregor got to that part of his poem he shrugged and said quizzically *woe-no-WAR-its?* and I heard someone mutter *voy-na-ROW-vitch*, then it occurred to me that I’d never said Wojnarowicz’s name outloud, it had always been my own, secret.

I don’t know how to write poems, how any of us do, it’s just something that happens, a fact to which I remain passively powerless. Keep in mind: passivity and powerlessness are contraries, Blakean contraries, meaning: *aufhebung*, the penis finds a hole, a hole finds another hole and everything begins in holes, ends in holes, this is true, this is a

truly masculine vision of progeny and death, or death and prosody and sometimes I think my life is so fucking awful. My brother Jeremy died in prison in California and now I see him everywhere I go, all over the city, and I go to work every day and look at the ads on the G train for Cole Haan, with the tag line: Only The Boring Get Bored. It's the most arrogantly fascist statement I've seen in any advertising or any poetry. Only The Boring Get Bored. Each syllable stabs at my chest, humiliates me, makes me so resentful of the bosses of the stranger sitting across from me—his bosses are, after all, mine too, and yours if you're reading or listening to me—Only The Boring Get Bored. This phrase is the caption to a range of street shots featuring Cole Haan's shoes in their safe sleekness, modeled with such sexy ankles. I want all those shoes, the white suede bluchers and the calfskin wingtips, I want to lick all the ankles that model those shoes, the young black man's naked ankles poking through his skinny red jeans, the waif's ankles dripping from her gypsy dress, I want to drain my tongue from her thigh down into her gold platform pumps and I want to lick the asshole who rewarded some lower grade of asshole for writing the phrase Only The Boring Get Bored—this is how I know I'm a poet.

The other night Thom said the teenage Wojnarowicz with a fist full of pussy in the Jefferson Theater may have been my own invention, a screen memory. It wasn't in the recent Carr biography, *Fire in the Belly*, but today I picked up *Fever: The Art of David Wojnarowicz* and found the text that must have spawned my memory, called "Man in Portland Movie Theater," reprinted from Wojnarowicz's *Waterfront Journals*. It starts:

One time I was hanging out for the late show, I was about thirteen years old and I had been to bed with a few guys but I never slept with a girl.

The story proceeds as you'd predict: an older woman, much larger than the frail Wojnarowicz, about 6 feet tall in hot pink pants, sits down next to him, they start feeling each other up, find a spot in the theater where no one will bother them, while Wojnarowicz is sweating, he can't believe his luck. But, as he's about to penetrate her she guides his cock toward her ass, and this makes Wojnarowicz suspicious. He says:

I quick slipped my hands down to her crotch and sure enough there was a cock and balls there. The guy turned around with this look of terror on his face... his mouth fell open and he looked like he was afraid I was going to beat him up... I was upset... it was like some kind of fantasy that had slowly started coming true and then it was suddenly exploded.

And now I'm left here, flipping through *Fever*, looking at Wojnarowicz posing as Rimbaud in various places around New York City in the late 70s. Here he's on a graffiti-coated subway. Here's Rimbaud standing outside a 25c peep show palace in Times Square. Here's a Coney Island not much different from today's Coney Island. Here's Wojnarowicz eating a hamburger in the middle of a still afternoon. Here he's reclining on his unmade bed, alone, his cock long and hard in his hand.

Wojnarowicz knew what Rimbaud knew. He knew what George Oppen knew. He knew



what Baudelaire knew, what Brandon Brown knows: we're all so fucking bored, flipping through old books, fingering our phones, performing mindless Google searches knowing we're under electronic surveillance the whole time, I can't breathe and I'm waiting for the poem to happen or something better, like a better job or an inviting smile from a stranger or finding unexpected credits to my checking account and the message I get when I click on the link for *Like Air*, Ted Rees's other book, at [BentBoyBooks.com](http://BentBoyBooks.com), is:

Apologies, but the page you requested could not be found

That must be part of the joke: that of course some chapbook printed by a press known only to the publisher's friends cannot be found, that of course I'm desperate, searching through half-fabricated memories for David Wojnarowicz and friendship and poetry, it's all like air, it's necessary and polluted and my friend Nico Alvarado told me he can't write poetry lately because there's too much anxiety around it, too much pressure, and I bragged that I've been feeling the same anxiety, I've just written it into the poetry—I must have meant this poem, this anxiety. I thought the sentence “I don't need to know anything about air in order to breathe” would have been a good place to end this poem, the comparison between air and poetry arcs nicely, but there's something else here, maybe even an entire page to be found, refreshed, found again, something we could renew forever. I'm just too tired to wait for it.

## LAURA JARAMILLO

*from* MAKING WATER

Time lapse video traces peaches in a bowl from decay to  
dust. To too often catch the weft of life  
woven through bleeding since I was twenty-  
five and friends began to die

A language  
in which still life means  
*dead* nature

The airport is an envelope / notes to future selves write themselves.  
I won't know you then, a problem of time lived through the  
stomach, flora unbloomed in acid excess. Spit into my palm. Your genes  
wash off but sensation makes grooves in my skin



The first prohibition is touch. The savage din made by her knees  
moving under spandex in the yard. Under her uniform skirt hitched  
up beneath the senses. After a soccer ball. The birds sing at  
night  
unbearable and real

Friendship's liquidity

To breathe into this hole where I could write what it is to be  
beside you. I will not write like him: *to be wet with a decent happiness*  
but approximate. Our hearts will transform  
they will not stay  
still happiness is never decent

# TED DODSON

## WHAT I WOULD DO FOR TODAY

What I would do for today doesn't measure up  
[END] [RAVING]

This dial : Season One

[OUTRO MUSIC (Slumberland)]  
Why did I throw that orange over the fence?

Now I have to pay the dog  
fir hiss FOOD

Call the same number  
[ENTER minor invisible  
demon]

It's the only one I have  
still by heart [*allegretto*]

(and two three four and two three four)

] but no one picks up  
[ENTER angry neighbor

behind  
thin sheetrock] invisible [CRIES

for 2'00"  
PAUSE 4

years then CRIES  
for 0'30"] Last day of  
Season Two: harvest

dust thin tuxedo  
enough by heart  
sweat clean  
little thumper thru  
[EXIT little thumper]  
[ENTER little thumper]  
[EXIT little thumper]  
[ENTER little thumper]  
[etc. 100x]



The vellum here is so thin I can see it moving underneath  
"Those are birds"  
[STRUGGLES] "Bur- bur-"  
[EXUENT Young Prince and others]  
"Man was in the forest"  
I don't know where to put  
all of these receipts  
[THROWS UP]

Look at them hanging there! : post-post

post again  
post again  
re post

[ENTER post]

Mao (Meow?)

Some good news @ last

Loss of personality resilience

My can is well lit

Christmas lights  
hung up  
just like home

And I make a surprisingly good tennis partner to myself

blue pens : red pens  
blue pens : red pens  
blue pens : red pens  
blue pens : red pens

Thank you for them all!

[EXIT post]

Do you have 1981 or 1955  
[INTRO MUSIC (fughetta)]  
BVM/BMW? I like the  
classy role play  
a tuft of feathers  
called the  
ssuunn

Now where's my food?

[from the back we hear running  
water tho it's just someone you know

s/he is

SSSSINGINGING]

.....  
: [s/he LOOKS OUT]  
.....

"O why won't you just stop!  
Play dead! O, okay. I didn't know."

[S/he EXITS in a beam of light  
the light splits the vellum  
the light splits the tuxedo  
the light splits the receipts  
the light splits the dial  
: Season Three: the light splits in half  
all of you on this side  
then the rest of you there]

I am s00rrrie

"s00 s00rrrie

[CRIES]

I'll visit"  
I promise



# THE INFERNO

[CHARGED]

## What?

[CHARGED]

## What? Why?

[ENTER demon]

## It's about time

I read Dante [OPENS the rulebook]

One : "Math is hard"

I'm always freezing up halfway

done with all these problems

I can't even describe I'm just

s00000 tired

too tired

tired driving

[ENTER high beams]

[SOBS]

[illegible]

[EXIT drain]

And now

it's a pretty  
"dark scene"

[CHARGED]

What?

Comes out of this anxiety  
the fuckhead's in the forest again  
the trees bleeding in the wind  
this could be the saddest thing  
some tree's touching fucker  
tips into a newsprint hat

What

heaven dries someone else's eyes  
rolling march sadder tempo  
now that the regent has arrived  
[ENTER] with pearly baubles  
lubed like household names  
only a knight-errant

[STRUGGLES (rusty)]

can serve them as charitable  
contributions in full disclosure  
tho the custody over his own  
agency remains at large  
his windows have no glass  
and the theater he has built  
sees no weather  
the ceiling's only reflection  
a gilded sparrow's rapture meme

[EXIT thunder]

another analog for beauty's scion  
endless variations on a theme

# KRYSTAL LANGUAGE

## PAIN THEORY

you reveal my dynamic monologue  
a personal will is developing you  
not as concise, I become inner  
which I very pussy really

which pussy is not dynamic?  
my very personal reveal  
you become monologue, concise  
as I will, a really inner you

to reveal pussy is very personal  
really become a monologue  
my concise dynamic  
as inner, which you will

dynamic as you become  
which is really my will  
a concise monologue to reveal  
personal you, very inner pussy

*from* TONIGHT THIS IS OUR LAST SONG

Threw the shirt down. Drunk on two beers like a  
girlfriend can be. Our broken window spiderwebs  
around unrepaired. Note what passes for a museum.  
What passes for an occasion to firework. Our generation  
had its Oprah moment. Members of the public tour the ruins.  
Which passes for news. Not much of a sad part to Graceland.  
The best part of my year was as third wheel across Texas.  
It's funny; boyfriends always bring speakers to my apartment.



Not half of anything. Trust a long illness to draw  
power less than perception. No, no time right now.  
Unfortunately. Here, a cargo in Spanish in Cairo I try  
to follow. Teach it to me instant? As far as nebulas go,  
too much poppy. We can get it right. Chilling in the  
library with your death drive exposed. A siren conjures  
inter-action, now with behavior. I had been grieving  
a long time, and she told me I will roll the dice and win.

## SCARCITY CREATES FETISHES

No need to perform a language stunt.  
Fear of peak oil your check engine light freakout.  
Smearing the bike chain across leather interior.  
Tired of being the wrong thing.

Sometimes I go all day without putting my thinking cap on.  
I am a very careful blank target in a shitty emergency.  
I don't know how to reset the terms since  
I think everyone who has sex with me likes me.

If I want to talk about materialism, I'll say the word.  
Wait, the need to safeguard against trends is here.  
"Your thinking cap!" Mother said, "That's so old-fashioned!"  
If behavior modification is the new bad news, try.

# MICHAEL NICOLOFF

*from* AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF "MICHAEL NICOLOFF"

aggressive compliance

the opposite of doctor

convincing them you can taste the food

I demand powerful scrolls

but will they know the smell of bones

when basic cable channels weren't so ambitious

I remember "who had the hammers"

misread that as "Homer and cornrows"

hey savers

don't eat glue

jousting on the PTA message board

that review of literature might actually exist

getting fresh with the overlord

hey savers

rate from 1 to 5:

squeegee,

barf pod,

red beans and rice,

money, accolades for your robot area

40 ft. reefer containers

razor to the tooth

clean air surcharge

hey savers

a lower deck structural igloo

ordering the audience around

like a military unit

the list of films one refuses to see

as a palate cleanser

malfunctioning berries

hey savers

"the super of europe"

"the vernacular spa"

"the most violent model

trading lima beans"

it's been too long

since I've worn my priest outfit

wrong shackle size

chocolate horsies

for whom is the funhouse fun

primal scream doesn't work here

they should make it so your senses

can individually take naps

in the polymath hustle

some duke larping in the night

who shall be my herald

## ERIKA STAITI

*from* THE UNDYING PRESENT

The office in the building is a micro-composition. The building is vertical and shimmering.

The City of Margins is a singular perception contained and held by its participants. Those who refuse it are banished or thrown into the realm of lunacy. They write stories but the city and its residents do not read. Nothing exists but the singular truth of glass and sheen. Damp and dark corners do not exist.

One morning a man dies and the next day he has no history.

The dead man's daughter enters the city to gather his things. She ascends in a steel elevator to the thirty-fifth floor where the office awaits her. A drawing appears on the dead man's desk and someone else notices. It is a picture of a tortoise and a warrior with a weak spot. She barely moves a muscle but only in her jaw. The muscle can never reach the goal. The infinite goal is stressful.

She did not want to return to the city. She did not want to sort through her father's things.



These are obligations, she thinks, exhausted. She wipes her brow with the back of her hand. Nobody else is in the room although someone is about to enter. She knows this. She leans into the desk wiping her brow. She holds her hand to her forehead until the person enters the room through a different door. She looks up startled as he walks all the way into the office and over to the window. He looks down at the city. She sorts through the papers on the desk.

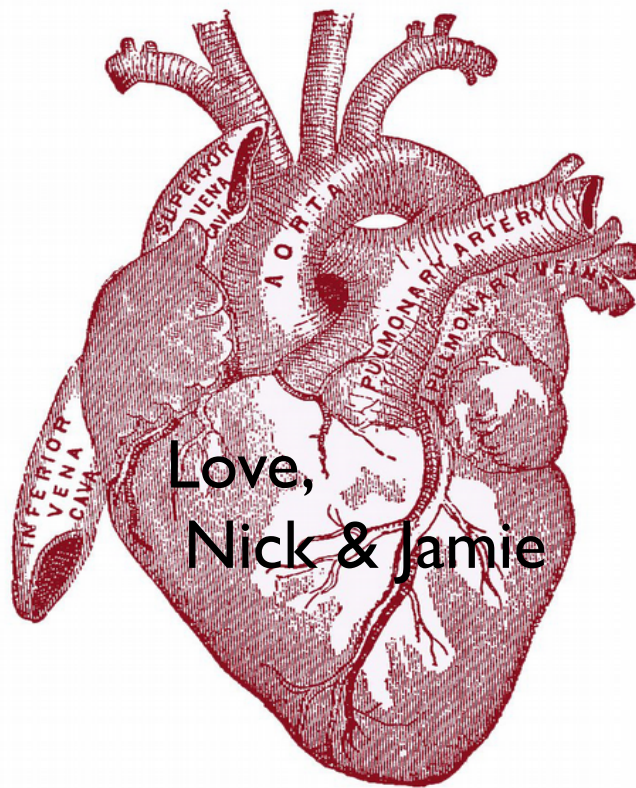
A message is embedded in the note but the note is intended for whom—not him or her—someone.

A single piece of newsprint lies casually over a stack of books. A stationary arrow spears the marginal woman on her side. The drawing vanishes. She was holding it just a moment ago. A portly man reaches around her waist. Every day the punishment is infinite presence. The lesser pains dull the greater and each contributes half the degree of pain to its predecessor, therefore endlessly paining more.

Had she caught the message? The man grabs a newspaper from the desk and puts his feet up. She stands in the center of the room looking out toward the window. She thinks about how to say what she is thinking. She decides to simply think it. Amputation of desires.



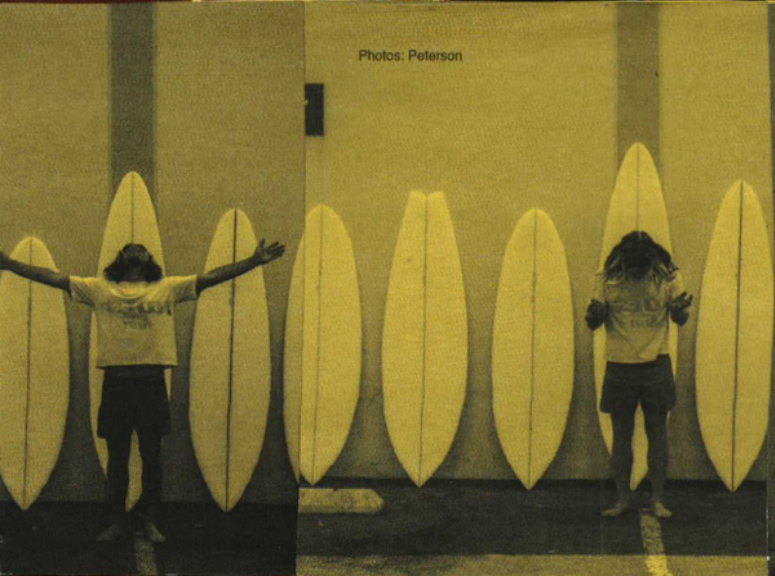
Elderly is a magazine. Creative Commons.  
Attribution-NoDerivs-NonCommercial  
This is issue two (02) for 13 Feb 2014  
We are not for sale. Don't fucking sell us.







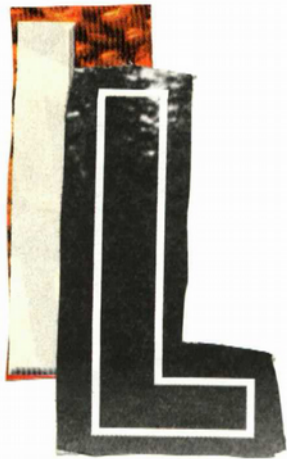
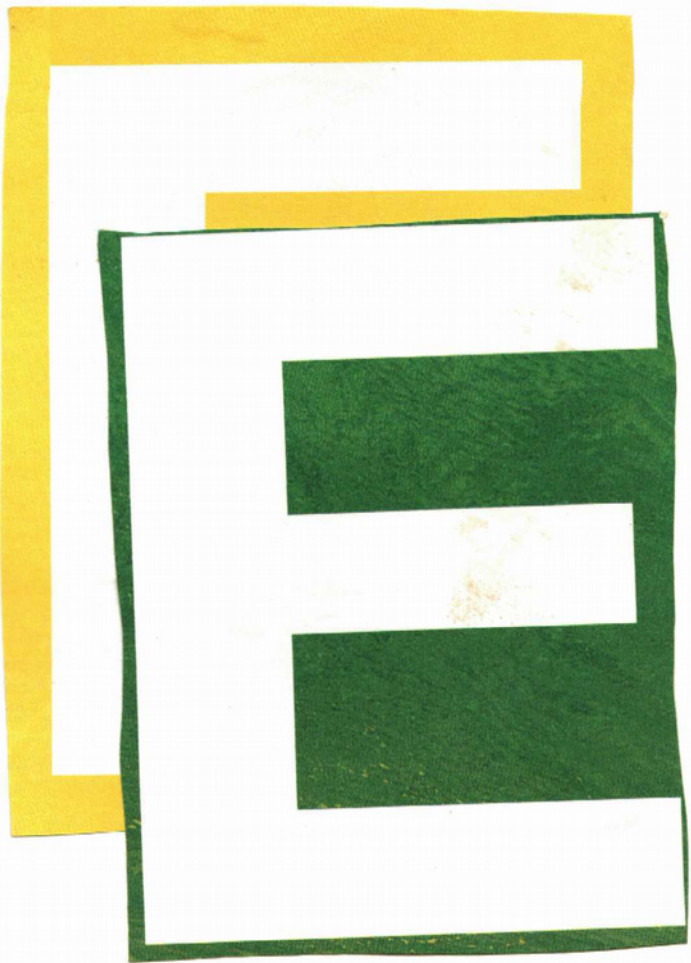
Photos: Peterson



CLEARWATER GLASSING A7







JOSEPH BRADFORD

LAURA JARAMILLO

TED DODSON

KRYSTAL LANGUILL

MICHAEL NICLOFF

ERIKA STAITI

