



**The White Album**  
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**As-Is:** "I'm So Tired"

**Grain:** "Dear Prudence," "Back in the USSR"

## **Back in the U.S.S.R.**

They talk in hushed tones:  
can't say a damned thing.  
Town walls, built of cloaks,  
daggers, rabbits ski-jumping  
magician's hats. Here, we've  
had endless ineptness, but  
at least we can say whatever  
the fuck we want. Porn is  
no more than a mouse-  
click away, Comedy Central  
has the best news, Britney's  
publicly displayed twat  
has gone in for heavy, fruit-  
ful usage, we're maxed out  
on credit card bliss. Complaints  
are like air: legal, safe, unlimited.

## Dear Prudence

I'll make this an exhortation:  
sit yourself, Buddha-like,  
into a trance: you are a child  
again, traipsing Wisconsin  
woods. There is light, sun,  
spring. You are near a lake,  
you hear the name "Niedecker,"  
what it means. You see words  
in stones, phrases in trees,  
metaphors beckoning from  
sand-slopes. It is your duty  
to know names and translate  
what you see in woods, trees,  
lakes. It is what you've been  
sent to Earth to do. You  
have done it, will continue  
to do it, it is all-in-all, is  
all you are. Aqua lake-foam  
comes to your mind's surface,  
your mind is your body, it is  
there to be embodied, it is  
ripe and good. You are glad.

Ditch those fucking beer cans.

## Glass Onion

Put in an Opera, or a Beam,  
into my Revolver is every  
ounce of Jewish guilt, in  
what fucks should've been,  
what drugs should've cured,  
what art couldn't win,  
what time I was bored,  
and shot out when I feel  
my finger on your trigger  
("you," myself, strangers)  
so that I am relieved to  
find myself outside myself  
once again, like an astral  
entity that has plumbed  
Bermuda's Triangle weeks  
at a time. It comes up guns,  
roses, bent-back tulips,  
dove-tails, duck-tails, fucks.

## Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da

Molly strips at The Office  
in Center City Philly: high-  
school dropout, smokes pot  
at the drop of a hat, has a  
kid in second grade, gained  
a lot of weight from downing  
lager during down-time. She  
told me her story because  
Desmond beats the hell out  
of her, she's ditching him—  
needs a better gig. Health  
insurance does not exist for  
her or her kid, she lives in  
fear of Italian Market ruffians  
beating down little Bradley.

I brought her back to  
my pad, fucked her, told  
her I would gladly be a  
father to Bradley if I had  
the time, or the money,  
but I don't. Life goes on.

## Wild Honey Pie

Yellow sun-dressed, Gucci  
glasses: *oy vey ist mir*, what a  
*shiksa* for a humble poet.  
I'm out of fashion, then?  
I don't get the privilege of  
taking off designer threads  
anymore? You've found a  
bloke with cash, a bigger  
putz, or just more credit-  
carded liberality? I'll make  
a bloody volta of cynicism,  
wine, masturbation: we've  
learned to fuck from Internet  
porn, our generation.



## The Continuing Story of Bungalow Bill

Barthelme's Bill (a dwarf, in  
*Snow White*) refuses to touch  
anyone: touch is corruption  
to him. I have this crazy urge  
to confess to him my life story.  
Bill must live in a bungalow—  
the farther you go from soil,  
the more you suffer from being  
untouched. I've just moved  
into a fourth-floor apartment.  
I'm dwarfed by my raunchy  
history— what I need is Snow  
White, doing bathroom lines,  
forcing a four-hour fuck-fest.

## While My Guitar Gently Weeps

For five hundred  
years, they've said  
the same thing:

*these are the end  
times, this is the  
flood, the end of  
things, apocalypse.*

Funny how the  
people talking  
(including me)  
never seem to  
be the ones in  
the street giving  
food to the home  
less. In fact, much  
of this speech occurs  
at meals, over grunts  
of animal satisfaction.

You must be well  
fed to pontificate:  
I, like many others,  
(hungry when full)  
wonder what to do,  
while my guitar  
gently weeps, &  
my life sleeps.

## Happiness is a Warm Gun

A Medusa-mad gaze pierces  
through this laptop's screen,  
group e-mails on MySpace,  
a digital banshee getting friend  
requests from vampire blokes  
“piercing the depths of life”—

He downloads each profile  
picture, keeps a file by his  
bed, they all give head in his  
dreams, he creams on these  
pictures until they're wrinkled  
like prunes, then prints them  
out again, continues to wank—

I need an X-Tube fix,  
people fucking on camera to  
fulfill American fantasies of  
fame and numbers of folks  
watching them fuck or even  
just suck each other off, I  
need to see people fuck—

*Mother Superior jump the gun*  
*Mother Superior jump the gun*  
*Mother Superior jump the gun*  
*Mother Superior jump the gun*

We know how to fuck  
from what's on the Web  
yet we're awkward in bed—  
she tried to give me head,  
blood, bloody, bleeding, bled—

## Martha My Dear

If one speaks of American  
Roulette, how can you not  
come up? Each bourgeois  
domicile your domain, you  
were icing on your own  
damned cupcakes; a napkin  
over-folded, a turkey basted  
with blood. Alas! They could  
not kill your will to cash in;  
you will suffer without ever  
starving. Poets (other than  
me) will not sing you (or  
God help them). Hold your  
head up, you silly girl, see  
what you've done— the  
world has been, remains  
your bite-sized snack.

(I wish you were toasted)

## I'm So Tired

Do a wash (six quarters)  
first thing in the morning,  
continue moving boxes to  
the new place, prospects  
having dwindled (she's so  
annoying on Facebook, I  
can't stand group posts,  
get a life, girl), I live in a  
Dickensian nightmare of  
sensual deprivation, all  
by myself (play me some  
Air Supply, sounds like a  
tour in 'Nam)(or opera,  
also, might be good, for  
obvious reasons) (damn  
this new bathroom, can't  
turn the water off without  
breaking my goddamned  
wrist), worst of it is that  
there's no end in sight, so  
I sit in the courtyard (which  
doubles as a playground  
for toddlers), have another  
cigarette, curse my lottery  
ticket, it was such a stupid  
get (you'd say I'm putting  
you on but it's no joke), I'd  
give you everything I've got  
for little piece of ass, dude.

## Blackbird

Curtis Arboretum, Wyncote:  
if you ramble through, quite  
early, pre-dawn, there is a  
slope on which you may hear  
blackbirds sing (thirteen ways,  
not really), for a moment  
pretend you're Shelley (many  
think I am anyway), ecstasy  
in the old sense (transcendence,  
selflessness, not just pleasure)  
manifests consciously.

Curtis Arboretum, Wyncote:  
it says something that this  
nocturnal vision hinges on  
pretenses (that this is Albion  
rather than a Philly burb),  
because we do not associate  
suburbs with ecstasy, old or  
new (transcendence or joy),  
the good reason for this  
is that suburbs are a middle  
realm, falling short of both  
urban & pastoral essences.

Curtis Arboretum, Wyncote:  
here is where Romanticism  
ends: unbelievably, my cell  
rang as I lay scoping the sun  
rise. It was my friend in  
Wisconsin, also scoping,  
from an arboretum,  
hearing a blackbird's song.  
All I could think was this:  
the blackbird would make  
a great ring-tone for Sprint.

## Piggies

Cacophonously, registers  
clank: mall's martial law.  
Daisy's at the mall, she  
sees herself in sunglasses  
that festoon her face, Zen  
contentment from what  
rings in her head, signs:  
"Gucci," "Polo," "Armani,"  
religion is television, sex  
absorbed from porn, she's

twenty-one, drinks because  
she is obliged to, fucks also  
because she is obliged to  
(gagging on cock, harder),  
believes material is real, real  
is material, spends her life  
devouring the hopes of Karl  
Marx, who she thinks is a  
comedian, with two brothers—

## Don't Pass Me By

Why don't you  
respond when I  
e-mail you, out of  
the blue, quoting  
James Brown &  
Heart like Plato  
& Aristotle, just  
to invite you to  
join my parade?  
Are you afraid  
(maybe), a little  
shy, or have the  
gossip-mongers  
brainwashed you  
into believing in  
my legendary  
misogyny? Anne,  
it's all bullshit,  
I'm bleeding,  
*Crazy on You*,  
more than a  
rock anthem  
(co-opted by  
The Smiths), it's  
how I feel about  
potentialities that  
we can begin to  
explore, should  
you ever decide to  
think for yourself.  
I quote Doors:  
*The time you ran  
was too insane,  
we'll meet again.*



## Why Don't We Do It In the Road?

Fuck me Fuck me Fuck me  
FUCK ME FUCK ME FUCK ME  
(fuck) (me) (fuck) (me) (fuck) (me)  
*fuckmefuckmefuckme*

like like like like like like like like

I'm a I'm a I'm a I'm a I'm a I'm a I'm

FuCKiNg

Fuck

## I Will

Long labor in thought when  
I in labor lie; that is, while we  
couple I revisit the playpen  
where I played & was free.  
Original innocence is leaves,  
scattered along a winding  
way, seldom seen/retrieved;  
our kind of tie's not binding—  
of course, the seminal moment  
seems like forever, more  
than a little death, but openness  
lasts for ten seconds, no more.  
I think our bodies grow rich,  
innocent, on this sustenance.

## Julia

I was a fly in your skirt, I  
sullied the air distilled from  
breaths you took that I  
wasn't privy to. What then?

A first kiss in your kitchen,  
a consummation & rapid  
withdrawal, as if I were a  
bee to you that, stinging,  
grew moribund. Still I buzz.

## Rocky Raccoon

Rocky has a government  
agency sinecure: *hot shit*.  
Oil has resulted in an  
increase of liquidity &  
financial viscosity, but  
Rocky's days are numbered.  
He will retire on savings.  
He will rant at liberals on  
TV, remembering good  
old days, lipstick on what  
he drew first, then spit,  
Rocky collapsed in the  
corner. Rocky's a goner.

## **Birthday**

I would like you to dance—  
if you're shy, take a chance—  
stagger tipsily into me,  
cocktail spitting drip on  
pink dress, I become a  
link from your Malkuth to  
general Kether, that is we  
get all tantric & shit, all  
ductile elements grind  
away together, Malkuth  
means dance me to  
the end of love, on  
this, your thirtieth,  
welcome to pre-middle  
aged bliss, kiss, kiss...

## Yer Blues

“two parts cute, one part art”,  
that’s what I said about her, I  
also meant to say “very nice  
craftsperson, very crafty but  
falls far short of actual art, it’s  
like Trix, for kids”, that’s what  
I thought about her, in fact  
that’s what I think of most  
of them, “my disdain is that  
of an artist looking at crafts-  
people”, of course it’s disdain,  
“only the Mozarts know who  
the Salieris are”, but what  
crux may come depends on  
me staying clean as possible,  
“craftspeople like basket-weavers  
often get caught in their own  
twine”, especially when they  
try to figure out what’s over  
their heads, it wouldn’t be  
if one of their cute parts  
could turn into art, but it  
won’t, in fact it’s not cute  
as much as it is crustaceous.

## Mother Nature's Son

Fourth story window:  
trains roll by, en route  
to 30<sup>th</sup> Street, twenty or  
more an hour, tops of  
trees beyond tracks,  
which are elevated to  
window level, this is  
on a hill, wrecking ball  
crane beyond trees,  
trains, parking lot in  
foreground, not much  
depends upon this, it's  
just another view of  
one kind of nature,  
human kind, which  
finds it convenient to  
always be moving faster  
than nature intended,  
a field of concrete,  
below, the street.

## Everybody's Got Something to Hide Except Me and My Monkey

A cigarette is a monkey:  
it swings between lips,  
dangles, burns brightly,  
adds perk/emphasis to  
each still passing moment.  
I am cutting back, myself,  
monkeys on my back  
make me go deeper, fly  
higher, but there is a  
price to pay, I hack it  
up in phlegm, monkeys  
laugh at a sore throat  
that could be to me  
what TB was to Keats.



## Sexy Sadie

Talk about making a fool:

it's not just that you live

in post-avant Camelot

it's that you don't understand

why anyone would chafe against

the confines of your dried-up old womb

it's that you're all about you

but some of us will not be accessories

we might even have a sense of self-worth

leading us to an embrace

of self-formulated & regulated poetics

& of putting our dicks where we want to

## Helter Skelter

*I'll be anything  
you want me to  
be, man. If you  
think I am Jesus,  
man, then I am  
Jesus, man. In-  
side/outside: it's  
the same thing,  
man. People call  
me a criminal, &  
I never touched  
nobody, man.  
This guy in office  
killed all these  
people & I never  
touched nobody,  
man. You all  
created me, &  
you created him  
too. Me & Bush:  
I'm God, & he's  
Satan, man. He  
should be put  
inside, man, in  
permanent  
solitary confine-  
ment, just  
like me. Then  
we'll see how  
tough he really  
is, man, then we'll  
see who's God &  
who's Satan. I'm  
happy inside, man,  
because bars are  
freedom: perfect.  
Throw Bush in  
here too, I think  
he's ready (laughs)*

## Long, Long, Long

Angels talk to me,  
they say, *hey, how  
are ya, good to see  
ya, let me raise your  
vibratory frequency,  
you'll write thirty  
pages in a week, I'll  
prove my divinity  
by manifesting in  
dire circumstances,  
mud-thick summer,  
scum-rich Philly,  
I'm disguised as a  
South Philly yob,  
let's pretend you  
didn't know me  
for an angel, etc.*

So, to me, that's  
God: anything  
that helps me  
do my work.  
Inversely, what  
stops me must  
be the Devil,  
who's much  
more efficient,  
systematic, &  
ready for action.

(I've learned  
Buddha's  
non-reaction)

## **Revolution #1**

Revolution: throw  
out your TV. Out  
a fourth-story  
window. May it  
land on heads of  
advertising execs.  
This is stage #1  
of revolution. By  
the end of this  
side, we'll hit #9.

## Honey Pie

You've got an agent  
for your script, huh?  
We can strip each  
other of everything,  
one baby to another  
saying I'm lucky to  
meet you, weak-  
kneed from what  
is unscripted, must  
remain offstage  
until lights out, no  
camera, action.

## Savoy Truffle

Off to Feinstein & Fervid—  
a bagel with cream cheese,  
washed down with coffee,  
orange juice, even a little  
whiskey for tough days  
when I'd just as soon stay  
in bed watching X-Files,  
eating flank steak, even  
fucking, but at least there's  
lunch to look forward to,  
corned beef club with cole  
slaw on the side, pickle,  
chips, talk to my chums  
about X-Files, hey how  
about those Phillies, here  
have another root beer,  
maybe filet mignon tonight  
as a special treat for being  
made a partner at Feinstein &  
Fervid, oh how turbid, that's  
two more hours work a day,  
two more hours til cow-meat,  
TV, sex, those really valued  
things that make life worth it  
for us at Feinstein & Fervid,  
who are you calling stupid?

## Cry Baby Cry

Twelve o'clock a meeting  
round the table for a  
séance in the dark— it's  
a small black-curtained  
room on the second-floor  
of a row-home in Logan  
Square. No carpet softens  
the floor for those who  
sit. General shudders  
quicken. Ouija Board  
answers "No" to every-  
thing except *Are you here?*  
This spirit is a negative  
creep. Its ambience is  
perpetuated by a piercing  
blue hypnotic light that  
passes from person to  
person like a bong.  
It spells out a song:  
*I'd love to turn you on.*

## Revolution #9

At the Satellite coffeehouse Chomsky-ites have tattoos of Eastern symbols  
(I-Ching, yin-yang, Buddha) all over their arms the screen-saver  
for the computer is ImpeachBush.com while they sit huddled over pamphlets  
printed on cheap paper put together at Kinko's about how to make bombs  
overthrow the gov't grow hemp smoke hemp know hemp be hemp  
or the way to join a food co-op that has exotic berries with anti-oxidants  
& which has been going in West Philly since 1969 but these kids  
were raised on indie punk and their bands only know a few chords  
but everything about suffering and it comes out in songs like glass shards  
no one has Health Insurance many have bikes get in accidents  
get addicted to pills but no one much cares Health Insurance is for yuppies  
what is wanted is a community anti-everything material goods  
are derided in favor of principles but there is no public outlet to bring them  
to the attention of the masses who are disdained anyway for not having  
tattoos playing in punk bands reading Chomsky shopping at Mariposa  
knowing what scum directs the media what polished, rehearsed scum  
polished, rehearsed, privileged by luck and education to brainwash us with  
imbecile illusions of happiness but these kids ain't happy either  
they want something else what they can't admit to wanting a real voice,  
real status real position real influence real opportunity  
& it's not going to happen here at the Satellite so they sip brackish drinks  
unsweetened by sugar give out their pamphlets promote their bands  
find themselves at thirty borderline derelict addicted to Percosets  
that they get through covert means which are unreliable some have canes  
as if this were an old age home which it is as Shelley was aged by radicalism  
unchecked by moderation emotional, psychological, or otherwise  
so that it's the world against them and they ape contentment with this  
scenario that sears its lines onto their foreheads oh the irony  
that Penn is just a few blocks away where Chomsky went, and me  
where real influence is possible owing to prestige and money  
but don't call West Philly "University City" here you'll get spit on  
because it's seen as a marketing ploy to destroy the Satellite  
its esprit de corps atmosphere of huddled hairiness tattooed twists  
wanton sex perverse reliance on self-medication & impending age  
which reduces sangfroid to bitterness just like black coffee & black coffee  
is what the Satellite does best Edith Piaf could sing a chanson  
just for the Satellite only in triple time like a punk song everyone  
would bow their heads, knowing truth knowing failure knowing  
salvaging a life from radicalism is a scary venture not for sissies  
or those who want Health Insurance to keep them alive



## Good Night

Trevor O'Doyle was buried  
yesterday, for memorial  
ten bands for free at the  
Khyber, Trevor's friends,  
even some that were on  
the tour-bus that crashed.  
I saw Trevor's girlfriend  
hooking up with Dave  
Pidanka in the corner,  
thought what is this, *The  
Big Chill* (remember Meg  
Tilly)? I got home from  
the show late/wasted,  
smoked a resin'd bowl,  
felt deadness grow in  
my gut: Trevor's really gone.  
He'd never smoke a bowl  
again, or get wasted, or  
pissed at his woman for  
hooking up with Dave.  
I stared into the abyss.  
*There was nothing there.*  
Nothing said hello to me:  
*I cried like a stoned baby.*