

Rubber Soul



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“Nowhere Man”: *Blazevox*

“I’m Looking Through You”: *Venereal Kittens*

Drive My Car

With her at the wheel,
I knew I'd have to stop
at some point to collect
myself. I'd be paved in.
By the time we passed
through the Lincoln
Tunnel, I was chewing
on cardboard. My head
spun as she raced up
through Mid-Town to
the Upper West Side
so she could drive right
through Central Park,
picking off joggers. I
said, *how about we stop
for a knish somewhere?*

Norwegian Wood (This Bird Has Flown)

Cross-legged on a hard
wood floor, I quoted a
piece of Keats to her:
*heard melodies are sweet,
those unheard are sweeter.*
She found these lines
funnier than that week's
New Yorker. I used this
as an excuse to touch
her knee: she found this
even funnier. Hilarity
reached its orgasm when
I called her a drunken
whore. I happened to
be alone, sleeping in the
bathtub, and my voice
echoed against the tiles,
a nightingale's: bird-brained.

You Won't See Me

If once I made you jump
through hoops, does that
mean you must make me
do the same? If so, why?
Think of us as pistons in
an engine, birds in a nest,
feathers in a bird, but you
must know that when one
moves the other does, too.

I never became snow to you.
Now I call, can't get through.
What I tell me to do is wait,
but in-between moments
are castor oil, my love, &
I'm swigging them like
nobody's business. That's
what business I'm in: none.

Nowhere Man

What can he be but what he already is?

Don't cry for his non-existent ideology.
He doesn't. He thinks of it at odd moments,
between contented sips of whiskey, NPR
blaring like Wagner, when the moon
makes him feel what he's lacking—
the fire inside, the knotted tension,
clotted arteries, blotted wounds,
sodden innocence. He's as tender
as a calf, simple as a lark, quiet
as a cat. All he thinks about is tail.

What can he "is" but what he's already been?

Think For Yourself

You sent me poetry:
you wanted, I assume,
to ravish me. What can
I do to tell you that I'm
not easily purchased, at
least not by words? I'm
ready to admit that all
the trains passing my
window are going some
where; where do words
ever go? When Hamlet
told Rosencrantz and
the other fellow not to
play him, he meant what
I mean now: either give
me your body or work
on your craft until there
is flesh wherever you
say "I", which is to say
until you are dead, as I am.

The Word

I said to my friend, “love”
was the one we both missed,
w knit stockings, red gloves,
apple-pie eyes. She ran away
from booze, smoke, our beds.
She was too good for us. Now
all we have is the word: “love.”

He told me I misunderstood,
that it’s the word not the girl
that matters: “love” is self-
creating, a verdict delivered
on creation, a benediction on
all manners of bullshit, hung
on our days like stalagmites.

Well, I said, as long as there’s
something in the world other
than bullshit, I guess there’s
something to hope for from
each moment. Not much, he
said, but we have to go, I need
a beer, & he was right, & we went.

Michelle

Looking back, I suppose
the reason I never got
past second base is that
my balls never went over
her fence. That is to say,
she was prowling bleachers
looking to catch something,
while I was stuck on the
field, a professional, master
of laws that dictate quick-
fuck behavior. Yes, I regret
it, I regret the whole thing,
especially now that she's
preggers by some other bloke.
So, she caught someone's
balls, after all: my Michelle.

What Goes On

In my heart: a cave of
yellow light, beams of
which try to pierce you
as you sit in hebetude,
blue. A searchlight of
silver over my head,
green at my feet, red
at my neck-nape, purple
at my groin, all this is
light, all this should be
reaching you, but you
are a closed circuit set
to repeat *ad infinitum*.

Would you open if my
hands were full of gold?

Girl

Just today, she showed up as
I napped, a succubus, but one
w real arms. This one has had
me on the hook for eight years.
Ha! Eight years of her wavering,
of never knowing from one
day (or year) to the next where
I might find myself, in a barney
or getting shagged (or shagging
after a barney or a barney after
shagging). All my wisdom could
be put into a condom, inserted
in a cat's arse. If she stroked
me right now, I'd roll over.

I'm Looking Through You

My eyes are X-Rays. I
see a nightingale that
perches on a branch w
spring blossoms, I see
a field overrun w weeds,
I see a body of fixed
water. All these things
need nourishing, solid
earth beneath them,
sharp blades to cut away
dross, a flame to boil.
I can be these things,
or wander away thinking
*verdurous glooms, winding
mossy ways*. You have a
nasty habit of looking
at the surface. What
words then will suffice?
I'll be disappearing
overnight, sameness to blame.

In My Life

There were ceaseless
nights of *never-there*,
endless days of *couldn't-*
be, eternities of *never*.
I remembered people,
ones marked to mark me,
all ripe to fall from
how I stood. I could
trace pressure drops,
mount masques about
them, moralize, but in
bed I was still alone.
I do not say "over",
I do not say "finished",
but you've clicked me
into a feeling of being
sewn into my own life.
What I remember isn't
them, but a trail to you.

Wait

Half lotus: I sit, you
come to mind, I sense
deep comeliness in a
word you inscribe on
my mind's waterfall:
wait. I kneel in child's
pose, my head against
hard wooden floor, I
feel a raw red heart
beat across many miles:
wait. Ten deep breaths,
your mind projects out
into mine: there we are,
each penetrating into a
collective mind coming
together in a breathing
climax: *wait*. O deep fate.

If I Needed Someone

I'm too much in love to.
I'm in love. I'm much in
what I want to be out of.
There is no substitute in
sight for your languished
open legs. It's not you I
think of: it's her. There's
no substitute for lips, &
lips trump legs like a royal
flush over a full house. So.

Run For Your Life

I met an angel. She
wore red/white robes.
I said *You Bitch!*,
awoke w another one
face-pressed to me. A
woman whispered *Adam*
but wasn't there. Two
scratches appeared on
my body. Concupiscent
visions were clarified.
Everything led up to a
sheer drop. Every hour
became 4 am, w wolves.
It is continuing now.
It wants to continue
until I give in. It would
be easier if I knew who
was doing this. I don't.