



**Edie,  
Come Back**

POEMS  
AND PROSE  
ABOUT  
EDIE SEDGWICK

Kyle Hemmings  
Scarsions Publications  
2014 chapbook

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Versions of these pieces were published in: Bone Orchard Review, Cease, Cows, Literary Underground, Metazen, Montucky Review, Unlikely Stories, and Uppagus

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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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## A Sacrifice with Expressionistic Leanings

I was an acrylic artist missing a pinky. We were in Central Park protesting the war, protesting the pollution of skies, of clouds so heavy they resembled our dead lovers, of the destruction of parrot trees and glory lilies. Allen Ginsberg stripped naked and led a procession to find whether Whitman had crossed the bridge and tunnel from Jersey, whether the leaves whispered the names from a Union ghost-brigade of young men he had nursed. Some frizzy-haired kid without shoes was tripping and claimed he could pee upon a stone and it would be rainbow colors. And you told me how you could love Andy Warhol from a distance, but up close, you couldn't stand him. Or was it the other way around? You fingered a rip in your jeans. You suspected that in years to come you might be too small-breasted for Hollywood. Then you rambled on about trees. You spat as you talked. You said that once you dreamed that you were resting by a tree and the tree leaned over and raped you. I said Trees don't do that. You said that I didn't know trees, that I didn't know a damn thing about them! A year later, I moved from Manhattan, took a series of odd jobs out West, sold my paintings for the worth of a thousand or a million helicopter trees, crape myrtles, the worth of a whole city of women who refused to wear animal fur. After I returned to New York for an exhibition, I found out that you, Edie, had become a tree. For my next private exhibition, I shaved my head and lowered myself into a wooden box, deeper than it was wide, splinters intact.

# Horse with No Name

So Andy was throwing this like monstrous dig at The Factory to celebrate the opening of his new film Beauty 2, which starred me & these two other guys & I was buzzed on something this freak with outrageously thick black glasses & in tight gabardines & untied Hush puppies, called Horsefly Juice, whatever the fuck that was & the ludes were still keeping my gravity on & Andy was talking to this cute photographer named Mitch & Andy kept ignoring me because he said he was sick of hearing me complain of when I was gonna get paid, he said Don't worry, you'll get your money, bunny, but I kept finding dead ants in my cereal boxes & all kinds of bugs sexing my bed & in walked Andy's new superstar, Miss Ovid Blue, with her fucking hair

dyed what other color? Blue. Fucking palatinate blue! & she greeted everyone like she' was crowned the new fucking Queen of Transylvania with her size Z tits, the sequined gown clinging to her overstuffed figure like a mold she'll have to live with, I mean the bitch couldn't act for shit, like Antonioni or Wyler were really gonna cast her in some Tennessee Williams four-way street collision with lives instead of streetcars. & the bitch could talk up a storm not like she was selling herself but injecting herself & she was lousy street heroin not worth a bathroom stall & a flush. Somewhere in the calamity I lost a

fucking shoe & had to crawl under ten pair of legs to find it. Like I was a fucking Cinderella but freaked. So then this guy showed up, one of Warhol's studs with big dippers but their talk was always salty anti-climax. The guy's name was Max or Sterling. I couldn't remember. But he came up to me after he was done cock-teasing almost every male variety in the room & said Would you like to ride my horse? I was like Are you shitting me or something? I didn't know you could get turned on by a girl. So I kept turning away & he was like No, you don't understand. I have a real horse parked outside. It's a nice night. Let's take a ride. Anyway, it's too foggy in here. So I told Stud to have a nice day, but next time,

get some better acid that makes you hallucinate raccoons or butterflies in the middle of the night & he took me to the window, five stories up, and sure enough, if girls weren't all marshmallow & melon whore, there was a horse! & Sterling Stud wasn't taking No for an answer. So he dragged me down-stairs & after several times sliding off the gorgeous brown stallion, or whatever it was, I was sitting with hands clasped around Max the stud not the horse & we were fucking touring upper Manhattan at 3:30 in the morning! & maybe to show off, Stud actually got the horse to trot down an empty sidewalk. & what people were left on this strange planet called Manhattan stared at us like we were from fucking Mars. Actually, I thought

they were jealous. Homogeneously envious. So I yelled out, You want a ride? You want a ride, you marshmallow whores who will never get famous? Who will never get laid without disastrous consequences. When we got back to The Factory, so many people were either gone or passed out, some naked or making strange motions with their curved fingers in the air, like they wanted to be cats or panthers or they entered a new level of existence, maybe some bullshit karma stuff with levitating gods with hidden mushrooms & I shuffled over to Andy & said, We just rode on a horse! & Andy was like Please, Precious, don't interrupt me now. I'm having this really important conversation that will ultimately lead to the best blow job of my life & don't you know it's rude for little girls to be rude? & I was saying No, Andy, it's the god-honest truth. He waved me away. But it was, I swear, the best ride of my life. It was such a beautiful and elegant horse.

## What Does You In

So I'm asking Andy what does it all come to? I mean the years leading up to. Years of peeing on stairwells so father can slip, of fitting myself in single-breath swallowtail-tight red devil dress while repressing one-wing butterfly scream, ossified by Houdini-contorted nightmares with blue inverted hands tied, gouging on Saturday night's half-cooked chicken just so I can puke up Sunday's bones, snaking in father's moldy closet space while picking condoms from his Sachs Fifth Avenue suit jacket pockets, getting whacked by the woman with spermicidal eyes who disinfect me with name brand bleach and ammonia, biting down on some amateur film maker's penis just he can feel me, feel me? sparkling like Tiffany glass but oh does it hurt to shit, getting bent to get fucked, getting zonked out by artificial star light in some cat's mismatched eyes, just so I can wind up all beat-up and sprawled out on your floor like a Christ figure emptied of all blood and pink tendency.

Tell me, Andy. What is it all about?

He removes two bent fingers from his lips. He says, "Now, hoochie-poochie. Whatever you do or are about to do, just call me first. We have to get it on film. At least fifteen minutes of it. So we can show the world what they've been starving for. And by the way, your first screen test is still valid by me."



## Bad Night to Do the Boogaloo

A crippled war veteran paid me to dance for him. He had a bare-bones flat in Brooklyn. Or was it Mars? I was too far to tell the difference. I did all the right moves. I did the Frug and the Watusi. I did the Jerk and the Swim. He spread out some bills on his night table. I said You want something more? I said You must be hungry. Pretend I'm a vanilla chocolate bunny. Pretend I'm a soft-boiled egg with a painted face. Pretend I'm pink salt-water taffy and the ocean is full of open lips. He pouted like a kid reluctant to do house chores. He said It's not my cup of tea. But then I understood. He had been shot by the Viet Cong, by other one-night lovers, either too high or too low. He thanked me, shut off the lights and went to sleep. I rushed out to score some pills the color of the last taxi cab the fare I couldn't afford. The Iceman had melted. I bought two packages of Twinkies from an all-night deli, lox on a bagel, a baloney and Swiss cheese on pumpernickel, three bags of hard pretzels and a bottle of seltzer water. Hadn't eaten in two days. I returned to his flat and crawled into his bed. We slept like two empty tea cups with plenty of room between. In the morning, I purged myself in his toilet. I gargled and spat. I then folded his clothes, kissed him on the cheek, and left him a nice tip.

## **There Are Certain Truths in Science Fiction**

When I woke up, I told the nurse with fake eyes of North Texas green, or maybe me just being blurry, that I just came back from traveling on a flying saucer with Andy. We had our own personal robots that served cocktails & hors d'oeuvre, rubbed our toes with their metallic noses. The planets we visited lacked the dimension of depth, which meant that around midnight in universal time, we fell through everything. The people we partied with were all imitations of imitations, so it felt like home. On one star, beautiful beyond colors, I faked my own death, just so I could be in the procession. Just before we arrived home Andy said to me: Don't listen to others. They're just jealous of our anatomically-impossible dance moves, of our suspicious antennas, which never vibrate except in interviews. I told the nurse that our flying saucer crashed horizontally & Andy became his own art work. & as for me: I'm really dead. I'm just hanging around for the gossip & a loyal chauffeur.

# My Father Is Very Complex

How to describe my father?  
Well, I'd say that at night,  
he grows amazing superpowers  
And he's darker than an urge  
that forgets itself  
then subverts the masquerade ball.  
His arms become very long,  
can reach me anywhere,  
dig through me,  
as if I'm cracked soil  
that always caves in.  
Really, I'm his misfit shadow.  
I once told my brother  
that we are the outlines  
of his flyaway words.  
We'd never materialize.  
Brother didn't last long  
after that, he became  
the space between me  
and my outrageous fashion sense.  
I wear black leotards  
to attract superficial heat.  
Father denies to the doctors  
everything I say.  
and who am I to argue?  
After all, his ladies  
claim that he's a humanitarian.  
He loves soul food.

## Reflections after a Near Fatal Overdose

I told the psychiatrist that she would look good with a pencil-thin mustache, I mean if she let me draw one. Kind of like a unisex Dali. She smiled at me as if I was something she recognized from outer space. It was embarrassing to be at a loss for words. I said You want to hear something funny? A nice young man who was probably misdiagnosed as his mother's eardrum asked me if I were on a diet. The thing was he was almost disappearing like me. She didn't laugh. She used almost no make-up. I lit a cigarette. I said that when I was young I would paint eggs blue at Easter. Mother said not to throw them out. There are so many starving children everywhere. I said right now I can paint you a blue silence. Well, it's all about self-worth, isn't it? I finally asked. I mean this whole business about psychiatry. When she wouldn't commit to an answer, it reminded me of Andy during interviews. Tell you this much, I said, I'll always be the kind of girl who needs a wall to lean against. Most of the walls I've encountered in my various lives were too thin or too thick. Later, they placed me on a floor where there were quite a few schizophrenics. Even the word sounded crazy to me. Another label to slap you with when someone wants to preserve their own image. Out in the courtyard, we stood at odd angles from each other, not saying a word. I could hear them with perfect clarity. They thought I was an egg-shaped alien with cracks running down my sides.

# Vaudeville Is Never Stale

I was sitting in her apartment trying to get her to eat. I had brought over some triple stack sandwiches from the deli on 52nd between 2nd and 3rd. She said she couldn't hold anything down. On the coffee table was a crumpled letter. Her sleek legs, covered in purple leotards were crossed, and she was chain smoking. Occasionally, she wiped her eyes. She said that another brother had committed suicide. Her cigarette went out and she re-lit it, but her hand shook so much that I had to steady it.

I only knew Edie for a few months, from some bashes at The Factory. I met Warhol through a friend of a friend. I was really too old for any of the nonsense, the scenes and the happenings. I was a vaudeville comedian from way back. So I stood up and began cutting up some red wrapping paper that Edie left on a fold-up chair. I made three perfect roses. I said, "Look, pretty girl. Look what I brought you. Some flowers. Only you can't put these in water because they're made of paper." She broke into a girlish giggle that must have hurt. She said she'd keep them by her bed, and perhaps later, she'd frame them with something Andy had given her. She then kissed me on the cheek and said, "Thank you, Uncle Snow." That was my stage name when it used to rain cheap love. But the girls had beautiful busts and overripe thighs. They didn't starve themselves for a hoot nanny. My joke files and my sterling silver humidors were always full.

I left Edie's and about several blocks from her apartment, I heard a car screech. I turned around. Edie was scooping her hand in the air, as if some waif of a symphony conductor gone mad, her skinny body a wavering ribbon against the onrush of blat and metal and impenetrable window shields. She shouted to the taxi driver, "Can you watch where you're going! You're going to kill somebody." And even though the light had turned green for traffic, I believed with all my heart that Edie was right.

## Dangerous Strangers

You can love me three flights up from where the cats howl from garbage bins. Or you can love me tomorrow without an under-city trace. I can slip away as fast as your money. You'd never know that I was once a princess and Massachusetts was an island of women who invented their pasts. By winter, they became manic-depressive and they itched for dangerous woodsmen from the north, who could start cold fires. My ancestors spoke in perfect conditional tense until love became a pickpocket's game. My pockets have been empty for some time. When you go home, you'll try to wash off my girl-downy scents—the litchi, the magnolia, the freesia. You won't whisper in your wife's ear that you just tasted the cunt of a princess and you swear it was honeysuckle mixed with your apricot brandy breath. You'll begin to doubt that you were ever real about anything. Instead, you'll tell your wife to move over. The bed will become a pond of hard, stagnated water. Geese will fly from that bed. They will sense by instinct an open window.

## **Eddie's Song**

As a frittering girl with big superficial eyes,  
I hid under the bed from my father  
who was now screwing a woman of rock-hard silence.  
I imagined making love to Bob Dylan but I couldn't decide  
whether we made a baby under the bed or on top of it.  
Maybe we just made time. When thirsty, I will drink  
cool water from a rusty spigot. When I become longer,  
hen the years stretch and snap, I will teach a parrot  
to sing a song about a braised heart misshapen  
as a cauliflower never floating to the top never completely cooked.  
It won't get me anywhere, but it's the only tune I can carry.

## Yeah, It Sucks

They admitted me to some big shit hospital where the windows  
breathed outwards but remained clouded. The doctors  
medicated me so I would not feel the weight of the ceiling  
and walls. I told them that it was simply a case of the world  
not giving back what I gave. They shocked me  
until I could no longer recognize my old improvisations  
in Andy's films, or the way I resembled a sexless snake  
in my black leotards. I could shed that skin. Like a reptile,  
I could go without eating for a year.  
I could hold my breath for the count of never.

Mother came to remind me what a waste I had been,  
that paper clips, absent-minded postal clerks,  
the lives of mystics submerged in water tanks,  
were all fatter than I.

I slapped her with my best butter-knife hand.

Joni Mitchell came to visit, had us gather around  
in an incomplete circle, and she sang a song  
after spending almost a half-hour doing weird guitar tunings.  
She apologized and asked for volunteers.  
I stood and began to sing, "The Lady Is a Tramp."  
Even though my voice shook and broke,  
my head full of goose-downy sleep, deprived monkeys,  
and the fact that Sinatra never crooned for me  
under red-stained orange sheets.



# Hard to Let Go

Bob is driving a sleek red convertible, top down, and is trying to end our affair. He says that he can't handle my zig-zag moods and jumping jack illogic. I'm holding on to the edge of his window shield, my body gliding alongside the car. Bob doesn't believe that a girl can hold on and fly at the same time. But I'm living proof of it.

"Get in the car, Edie!" Bob says.

"If you dump me," I say, "I'll spread the word that you sell cheap dope that causes long term amnesia and blood clots."

"Get in the car, Edie!"

"If you dump me, I'll send nude pictures of myself to each of your girlfriends. I mean before the breast implants."

"Get in the car, Edie!"

"If you dump me, Bob, I'll dig a tunnel under your backyard and poach there."

"Get in the car, Edie."

"Bob, you don't understand. You're the only guy I could wrap myself around like a hot pretzel and get off on tasting my own salt."

Apparently, Bob doesn't see the approaching red light. He swerves the car, crashes into a street light. The window shield is smashed. Bob suffers a slight concussion, major cuts to his face, the loss of two front teeth.

Bob doesn't remember everything about the accident.

As for me,

I kept flying

## Dirty Resurrection

I was making love with this jazz musician named Pauly. We were doing it inside a coffin. It was an unknown coffin, any body's tomb, an unclaimed life. We kept the lid closed. This meant that we had to climax before we ran out of air. He came, but I didn't. Pauly climbed out and closed the lid. In the dark, I thought about the room that my father and brother tried to seduce me in, their breaths forming words and the words forming solids with sharp edges. That room felt like a tomb. This happened while my grandmother was somewhere admiring her collection of glass dragonflies and Lady's Slippers and cute sun maidens with big floppy hats. I managed to push off the lid that was their bodies. I was always in some way or another suffocating until I was nothing but air, transparent skin, a little girl's haphazard articulation of bones. One might have thought that I was an exotic bird not worth protecting. I yelled for Pauly to open the damn thing, that I couldn't breathe. I feared he walked away. He opened the coffin that smelled of my sweat, my rosewater thinned-out lust. I stumbled out, dizzy, speechless. Pauly said that next time he'd like to do it in Antarctica on a floating piece of ice floe. He said that after we were done, we'd become very heavy and we'd sink and stay frozen until rescued by a blue whale that didn't charge for private cruises. We'd wake up in a kinder world. I said Pauly, we can't make love anymore. Why, he asked in a grumbling tone. Because, I said, now I'm the daughter born from a thought by Jesus Christ; I'm a pure spirit in a mini-skirt. I will crucify you with invisible nails. I will cock tease you until you are damaged and blue. I will be the face floating in your tasteless chicken broth.

## Internet Admirer

It's a shame. I only know you from YouTube videos and taped interviews with people who may have passed you a drink at parties. I know. I know. That's not "knowing" at all. I wish I could meet the gynecologist who did acid with you, who may have hallucinated your vagina as a multi-colored universe, his precise tools as sickly crabs, the heart more broken than the shell. I would like to have sat next to you on a park bench and talk about squirrels and fat ladies with poodles and secret ballerinas rehearsing in the bathroom and why Lawrence Welk is not a favorite with Swedish masseuses and why some unwed mothers carry sunsets in their bellies and the kindest thing your mother ever said before you sided with your father and whether it's true that Nico's vocals were dubbed over by a patient with a beautiful falsetto and who underwent no less than seven electro shock sessions. Would you allow me to sing? Would you wilt if I did?

Instead, I'll shut off my computer, hop on the subway that will take me uptown, marvel at all the glassy-eyed strangers who stare out but never see the transparent core of anything.

## Art Lesson

Andy introduced me to him at this party where at three in the morning we had to close our eyes and feel who the other was. Sooner or later, we all peeked to see how our fingers had misguided us. He said his name was Ark and described me as an albino bat and himself as a Nothing artist. I said I don't think I ever heard of that school. He said few girls from Radcliffe ever did. He took me to his place in Soho and placed a moon in my mouth. I couldn't eat for days. He showed me his paintings, which to me were mostly abstracts with one or two colors. Others were a few dots with lots of white space. When he refused to pay for the abortion, I smashed my heel right square in the middle of an untitled piece. At least I could be proud that I put such a gaping hole in his work. Gave him something to remember me by. The painting sold for about 7,000 dollars. I never received a commission.

## The Bugaboo Man's Love Is True

The Bugaboo man reaches out from the city's darkest corners, snatches me when I'm thinking of magnolias and cracked hearts, when I'm rolling in the cat's eye of the night. His love doesn't give me blisters or runny lipstick. He's too old for a tight pair of chinos. The stars, closer than we think, will not fibrillate tonight. The closed mind of the sun will not be shocked. The Bugaboo man and I ride all the taxis for free. Even the drivers who cannot speak our tongue understand this kind of love that is not multi-reflective glass shard or insidious poison. We listen as we screech through amber lights to the hot-pretzel vendors closing shop and yodeling stratospheric hieroglyphics. In a back room of some spoiled rich boy's party, one whose piano fingers are constantly broken in thirds and his loose lips always out of tune, the Bugaboo man reads my palm for free. He says your life line is very short. I say Tell me something that will not go down easy. But I don't mean it. I tell him Live to forget your grandmother's hysteria before they invented Freud and the Cartesian dip. I tell him that by day, we are blanched and hard and whiny. I tell him Don't forget to tip your top hat. He says he loves us when we're at our dizziest. I say Would you like more popcorn and dog biscuits that get passed off as honey buns? By blasphemous rip-ribbon sunrise, we are both drip and dry.

## **Edie Teaches a Chronically Depressed Woman to Paint**

At the hospital, the attendants all looked down at me, which wasn't hard since they were all bigger than I. Still, I felt they were conferring upon me some projection of a complex and unspoken wrath. As if I were the ignominiously wayward sister who embarrassed them at basketball games or the fruity-breathed sick girlfriend who would cost them a job promotion, endless nights of red telephone hot-lines and bad connections. I wanted to say, Look, we're all here to mend, aren't we? Later, I was teaching a deaf woman from Ward B how to finger paint. I don't think she was totally deaf because at times, she nodded when I said a word like departure or swirl or loose. Make your strokes loose, I said. She was old enough to be my mother and soon, her finger motions wove crazy shapes and splattered broken lines until it almost resembled a mother, a looming, grotesquely-figured father, a small child. They were all faceless. I pointed to the child. Who is that? I asked, not expecting an answer. We were both that child. From then on, we avoided each other. It was sibling rivalry and not a case of Pop art.

## Three Anti-theories about Sex

1.

Should I believe him  
when he says that he loves me  
& the next minute he's talking about  
Tudor door handles & wind-up ospreys?  
He says he can speak French  
like the waiter on 53rd.  
He fucks like a stiff under blue ice.

2.

If you promise to keep your strawberry-waxed lips sealed,  
I won't say a word about what you gave me in the bathroom,  
as if I'll carry for days an undiagnosed case of mono.  
I will fart foxtail orchards & silver-toothed fairies in my sleep.  
You will have a simple case of the runs.

3.

How can I pay for my drugs? Do I have to fuck every guy  
with a seesaw tongue & baby spiders for eyes?  
Do I have to rub noses with every uptown woman  
with a poodle & a master key, whose husbands  
write dissertations as to why their pets don't shit  
but humans get constipated? Do I have to sing solo  
in a married man's bed & reorganize his drawers of last year's Boxers?  
Do I have to paint myself as ultra-violet & glow profusely?

## Almost Got Lucky Tonight

Tonight, I picked up a master sadist.  
He was sitting at a table at Max's Kansas City.  
I could tell by his bulging muscles and ingeniously  
wicked smile that he lived to kill waif starlets like me.  
I called him my Dr. Know.

After I brought him to my apartment, I said we're not here  
to share a bottle of prune juice or to discuss  
your romantic granny's sweet tooth  
or her naughty indiscretions with virgin sailors.

Dr. Know failed me. Came too quick.  
Nor could he smother me completely  
without the proper training manuals.  
After the third time of throwing me to the floor,  
I couldn't get up. He left the room.  
I crawled over, reached up, grabbed the red telephone,  
and I dialed Andy.  
Told him that I wouldn't be straight for another year.  
I imagined him snickering at the other end of the line.  
He said *Isn't it a shame when you can't even floss your own teeth?*

I said *Go fuck your Brillo pads!*

He laughed, then hung up.



## Get Karma

Maybe next time  
your morning reflection  
will smile back at you  
without trace of tinsel  
or eyeliner, the most expensive  
toothpaste, specks of. Or maybe,  
by some other wet Tuesday,  
the oranges will taste sweeter.  
You might meet a big hairy man  
whose version of love  
is based upon the simple  
skeleton buried under  
his backyard. He'd never  
leave you or his dogs.  
Oh, there are those  
who'd say that as a corpse,  
as a burnt wick,  
you'd look so pure, so satiated.  
Maybe when the world implodes  
and becomes perfectly round,  
you'll come back  
with a better starting salary  
and all the right connections.

# She's Neo-realist

She's walking alone at night  
forgot to take the pill  
that would make her not see  
the moon puking stars.  
Her waist is a lie  
brain matter originates  
from fire & air.  
She imagines mechanical  
women making love  
to their puff dolls  
which only goes to prove  
that sex isn't.  
The elfin street cops  
don't have the monogamous heart  
to look up into her eye blanks  
& tell her that Warhol is a fake.

It's only a truism  
that it's raining  
perfect tennis balls  
in Italy.  
There are not enough hands.  
She wants to be cast  
as dangerous but blue.  
With Belmondo or Bardot  
she would turn to ice cream  
& trendy murders.  
The sidewalks do not feel  
her steps, nor care  
about her long spindly legs.  
She remembers the smile  
of the box turtle  
she lost as a kid  
when the family  
was not a shell,  
when there was only hot water  
& one-way valves.

## After Hours

One day, I became dead. Oh, it wasn't some flamboyant gesture like jumping from a skyscraper on a forever-clear afternoon. I just didn't wake up. I just didn't think that denying all those milligrams and holding one's breath was such a big deal. As a dead person imagining, without all the blood rushing to one's head, I would see a staggered line of people in the rain, holding umbrellas that never close properly. They must be thinking—What she could have been in pictures. I will be a toothpick piercing their tongues at a hastily-prepared meal. And there will always be one man with subverted longings who will say, "It's not worth the price of the ticket." Behind those movie sets, I wanted to be loved. I wanted to be destroyed. I evaporated during sex orgies. Truth be told, I was a howling success. But I will make a comeback. I can promise this. I will make a comeback the way those old celluloid ghosts always did. I will be the ghost who says You can no longer touch me.

## Anti-heroes in Underground Film

I'm the boy who can't act.  
I'll wind up loving you  
like all the other girls  
who lost a sandal and a wig,  
become too lethargic to float upon water.  
Or they sink with the help of mute lifeguards.  
Tell you this much.  
What we have in common: Trauma.  
For years we couldn't see colors  
nor understand the meaning of granuloma tissue.  
Your trauma is an anarchy of silver scars under the skin.  
My trauma is emptiness.  
On the subway, we could sit across each other for hours  
and not say a word.  
And you would know everything there is to know  
about me.

# Edie, Come Back

POEMS AND  
PROSE  
ABOUT  
EDIE  
SEDGWICK



## Kyle Hemmings

scarswoppeyyand

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**Magazines:** *Children, Churches and Daddies* (co&d magazine), founded June 1993; *Down in the Dirt*, conceived 1994, founded 2000

**Books:** *Hope Chest in the Attic, the Window, Close Cover Before Striking (Woman), Autumn Reason, Contents Under Pressure, the Average Guy's Guide (to Feminism), Changing Gears, the Key to Believing, Domestic Blisters, etc., Ouwra, Exaro Versus, L'arte, The Other Side, the Boss Lady's Editorials (regular and 2005 Expanded Edition), Duality, Seeing Things Differently, Change/Rearrange, Death Comes in Threes, Moving Performances, Six Eleven, Life at Cafe Aloha, Creams, Rough Mixes, The Entropy Project, The Other Side (2006 Edition), Stop... Sing Your Life, The Beauty and the Destruction, c&d v1&7.5 (Writing to Honour & Cherish, editor edition), Blister & Bura (the Keyppers edition), S&M, c&d v170.5 Distinguished Writings: editor edition, Living in Chaos, Silent Screams, Taking It All In, It All Comes Down, Rising to the Surface, Galapagos, Chapter 38 (v1, v2 & v3), *Fidelity, Literature for the Savvy and Elite (v1, v2 & part 1), a Wake-Up Call From Tradition, (recovery), Dark Matter: the Mind of Janet Keyppers, Evolution, (twent), Get Your Buzz On, Janet & Jean Together: po-em, Taking Poetry to the Streets, the Cane-Cize Ch-town Union, the Written Word, Duel, Prepare Her for This, Uncorrect, Living in a Big World, Pulled the Trigger, Venture to the Unknown, Janet Keyppers: Enriched, She's an Open Book, "40", Sextion and Other Stories, the Stories of Woman, Prominent Pen (Keyppers edition), Elemental, the 2012 Datebook, Prominent Tongue, Chaotic Elements, Fusion, Stability Stability Stab Stab, a Picture's Worth 1,000 words (color art book and 1&w art book), Life in Color: Post-Apocalyptic, Burn Through Me, Under the Sea (photo book), Partial Nudity, Revealed, 100 Haikus, Give us the News, Let us See you Stripped, Part of my Pain, Rapp Sazam Life & Death, Say Nothing, Twitterart, when you dream tonight, Infamous in our Prisms, Anisic Nir: an Understanding of her Art, the Electronic Window, Changing Women, the Swam Road, the Significance of the Frontier, The Sweat-soakers a Unpublished, Harvest of Gems, the Little Monk, Death in Malaga, Moments Mori, In the Palace of Creation, R.I.P. Bob the Bumble Bee, Remnants and Shadows, I Saw This, He Drove, Thomas at Tea, Crashing Down Nineteenth, Blue Collar Ballet, spoon, In Your Heart the Apostrophe's Teardrop of God, the Adventurers of the Key to Believing Bear, Anisic Nir: an Understanding of her Art (second printing), *Dodard Ulster / Charlie Newman*, 12 Times 12 Equals Gross, a Marble Nude Pauline Borchese with a Marble Apple in her Marble Hand, Challenge of Night and Day and Chicago Poems, Lighten Up, Not Far From Here, Watershed, You Have Finally Won, Avenue C, Suburban Rhythms, Downs Syndrome, the Dark Side of Love, The pill is a man's best friend, Angel's Syllable Is Good Boss of Devil's Spine, Poems and Stories from the Blue Car Book of the Dead, Cat People, Death of an Angel, Ghost, Science: A Curmudgeon's View, Ghost Dancers Leaping from a Tome, the 4-D Window, Open Wounds, Open Wounds, Anime Junkie, Interestica, Gunther, Cats, Screem Cloud Island, When the World was Black and White, a Petal Under Pavement, the Holy Sea of CE, Book 15 "Halland to Volcanoes, Lost in an Echo, I Was Charles Bronson's Secret Hostage, Erasable Bond, Royal Donor's Death Scene "Is of This, Understood, Alaskan Shogun, Champagne - Hot Water, How a Bullet Believes, the Ylang in the Loung at WagonWheel (I Came in Autumn), Postcards from Edie, the Five Stages of Madheh, Stay in Formation, Shadowing Other Footprints, the Girl Next Door and Other Poems, Major Arcana, Moments Mori & Seward, Slate & Marrow, Blister & Bura, Rime & Repeat, Survive & Thrive, (not so) Warm & Fuzzy, Torture & Triumph, Oh, the Elements, Side A/Side B, Balance, Chaos Theory, Writing to Honour & Cherish, Distinguished Writings, Breaking Silence, Unlocking the Book of the Stars, We the Poets, Life on the Edge, Revolving of your Dirty Little Secrets, Decept Remains, Charred Remnants, Hope & Creation, Sending the Curve, Layers of Creation, Dark Matter, Survival of the Fittest, Crawling through the Dirt, Lying the Groundwork, Weathered, echo, link in my blood, (bonus) 4 editions, Enriched Poetry, c&d Enriched Prose, Enriched with Dirt, An Open Book, Literary Town Hall (2 editions), Prominent Pen (2 editions), 100 Words, 1,000 Words, the 2012 Literary Date Book, It Was All Preordained, Cultural Touchstone, the Mission (issue edition and chapbooks edition), Purpose, Falling, Cheap Thrills, After the Apocalypse 2013 date book, After the Apocalypse (poetry edition), Entanglement, Guilt by Association, don't forget it, don't listen, need, bare minimum, poet as Sociopath, Drawing, Art is not Meant to be Touched, the Broken Path, a New Pen, Need to Know Basis (extended edition), Need to Know Basis (reduced edition), Give What You Can, Down in the Dirt v084, Come Fly With Me, Clearing the Debris, Sectioned & Sequestered, Six Six Six, Skeletal Remains, Out of the Web, Don't Tread on Me, Lines of Intensity, entering the Ice Age, When the World Settles, Into the White, Along the Surface, Life... from Nothing, the Line to Power, Fear the Forsaken, Down In, Falling Into Place, Wake Up and Smell the Flowers, Unknown, Looking Beyond, Forever Bound, See the World Burn, Exploding on the Scene, Announce the Last, Moving the Earth, Catch Fire in the Treetops, Widens in Broken Hands, Autumn Apple, Up In Smoke, Symbolic Manifest, No Return, Grounded, Perfectly Imperfect, Wrapping It Up, I Pull the Strings, a Link in the Chain, Shot out of a Cannon, am i really exist, Home at Last, invisible ink, a new era, Ideals, Friction, See Drift, Spiraling, and Then it Moved, a Creative Journey, Approaching Front**

**Compact Discs:** *Men's Favorite Voice the donna tapes, Keyppers the Teed (MP3 Inclusive), Woods and Flowers the beauty & the destruction, The Second Aging Something is Sweating, The Second Aging Live in Alaska, Pettes & Keyppers Live at Cafe Aloha, Painless Orchestra Rough Mixes, Keyppers Seeing Things Differently, SD/SD Tick Tock, Keyppers Change Rearrange, Order From Chaos the Entropy Project, Keyppers Sa, One Day, Keyppers Stop, Keyppers Masterful Performances mp3 CD, Keyppers Death Comes in Threes, Keyppers Changing Gears, Keyppers Dreams, Keyppers How Do I Get There?, Keyppers Contain-Conflict-Centric, the DMU Art Connection the DMU Art Connection, Keyppers Questions in a World Without Answers, Keyppers S&M, Keyppers TEDD Radio (1 CD set), Men's Favorite Voice and the Second Aging These Tracks, recorded artist's Strip Theory, Oh Canada CD, Life at the Cafe (4 CD set), the DMU Art Connection Indian Flux, the DMU Art Connection Movie Experience or Something, Classic Radio Classic Radio Week #1, Classic Radio Classic Radio Week #2, Classic Radio Classic Radio Week #3, Classic Radio Classic Radio Week #4, Classic Radio Classic Radio Week #5, Classic Radio the Classic Collection Collection #01 CD 15 CD set etc Audio CD, 1 CD set, Classic Moments (2 CD set), Classic in Motion (4 CD set), SD/SD Struggling to a Halt (EP), K&K, Jaka and Haystack, An American Parrot, Keyppers the Beated Up/Paul Sadek/The Jackson Parrot Trio, Classic (4 CD set), podcast the Evolution of Performances Act (13 CD set), Keyppers Live (14 CD set), the DMU Art Connection the Things They Did to You (2 CD set), Keyppers Seeing a Psychiatric (13 CD set), Keyppers S1, Paul's 13 CD set, Keyppers the 2009 Poetry Game Show (3 CD set), Keyppers and the HillMan of South Africa Burn Through Me (2 CD set), Keyppers "40", Keyppers Sextion and Other Stories, Keyppers the Stories of Woman (amazon.com release), Keyppers "Debra Yucca" (4 CD set) Keyppers "tummy" (4 CD set), Keyppers "Letting it All Out", Keyppers "What We Need in Life" (CD single), Keyppers "Made Any Differences" (CD single), Keyppers/Archie "Across the Pond" (3 CD set).*