

T H E N E W

The New Economy
E C O N O M Y

THE NEW ECONOMY

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A man in a dark suit and tie is walking from right to left across a glowing blue globe. The globe is set against a dark blue background with digital data points and numbers like '10:00' and '15:00' floating around. The man is carrying a black briefcase in his right hand.

CHRISTOPHER MULROONEY

SCARS PUBLICATIONS

THE COMMITTEE ROOM

lay siege to all art in the round
the semi-circular table

monitor the conditions of a sacrifice
on the altar of Beelzebub

you give prizes to all the idiots
in all the world

an insatiable thirst for the infinite
is not to your taste

let the dead rise
to be your stooges

as noted in the Dictionary
of Received Ideas



THE NEW ECONOMY

I. MOM 'N' POP GO GLOB- AL

I own you or me
whatever you are
wherever you may be
you're driving my car

you cannot go back
to what you were
I will not let you lack
the latest stir

once sized all fit
as fit you may
when you've done it
do it every day

I count on my fingers
as far as possible
to deliver my zingers
unto the bossable

II.

SEE BEE ESS

Robert De Niro in
Lonesome Firefighters

monitored from the penthouse
snaking around down the pole
and out into the streets

Sally
in the alley

repository
of all our hopes
and dreams



III. THE FINAL FRONT

this is the way
of the shock wave

it's the stunner
peels off the gunner

and the long dream shapes up

it doesn't add up to much
in the end
but what would you have
in waste management
better than this?

nutriment is absolved



IV. THE ARTS & SCIENCES DEPARTMENT

it is a very dirty game
“a museum of sharks in
polluted water”

come on in
if you have “a rod of steel in your
spine” let’s say

or “non-profit status”

the abandoned buildings
occupied by puerile gangs
these are the Civic Center
this is the city

V. AT THE
PLUTONIAN
OCEANSIDE

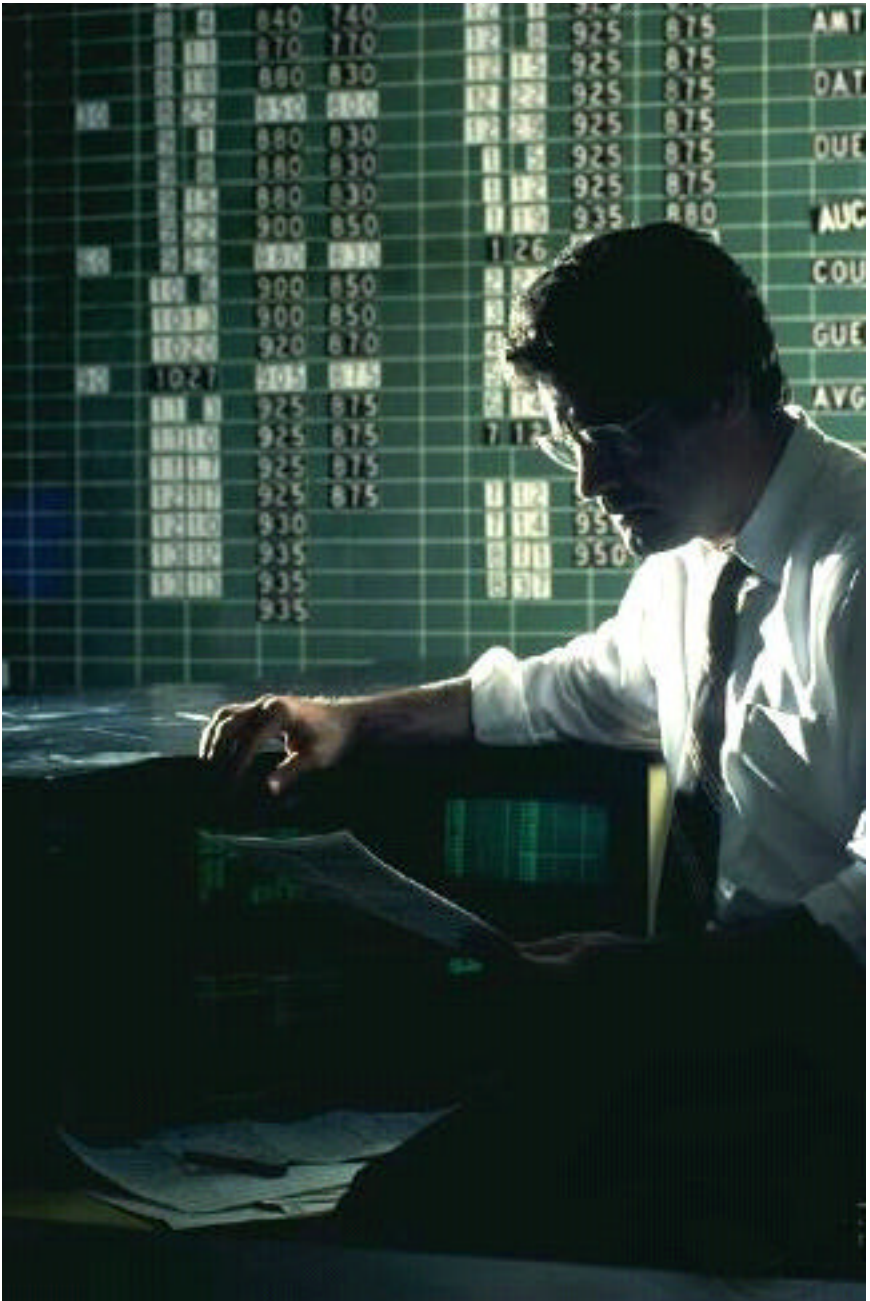
“Plumbing! The new invention!
Pipe the shit right outta ya house!”

what goes right in goes on
outside

the pipeline is laid what you
can skim a little out of the thing
is gravy after a fashion

in a boat

on what you call a TV tray
before “the tube of boobs”

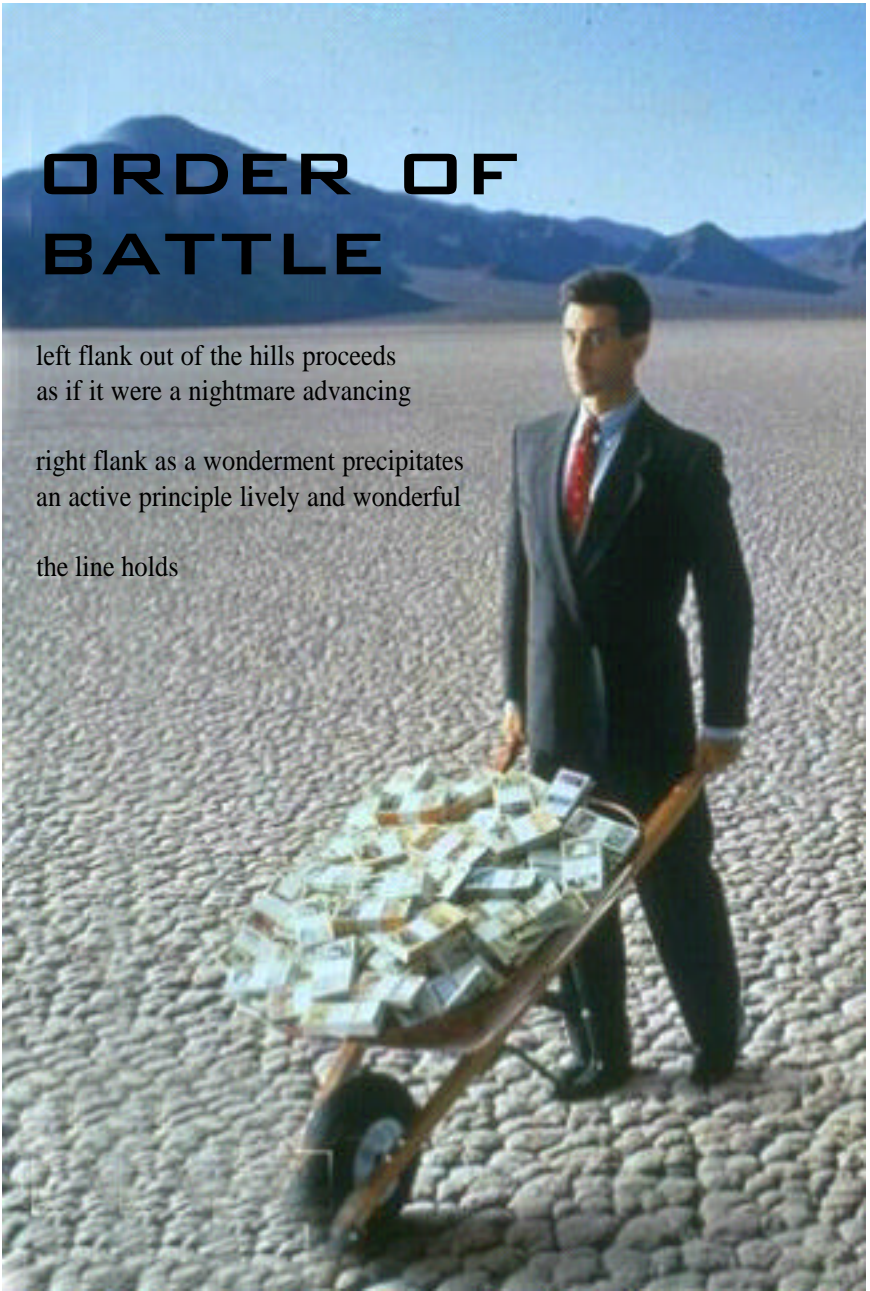


ORDER OF BATTLE

left flank out of the hills proceeds
as if it were a nightmare advancing

right flank as a wonderment precipitates
an active principle lively and wonderful

the line holds



TRIAL BY FIRE

bespeak misery
and too many hellos
cloud the night

as far as you could see

not a particular misery and a folk song
opening on Hollywood Boulevard
on the nineteenth at seven p.m.
be there and be there or if not
go away go away as far as you can
and don't you ever
come back

see cause like I'm the see-all
be-all end-all love-all
maelstrom on your wavelength
honey I'm the dam built
by more beaver than you
could ever hope to shake a stick at

I'm the love gun who raved up the rope
and got the sea pictures of the Loch Ness monster
up the ass

bounding on the main where the avuncular
sits over all with a great liking
like a buzzbomb
over Wren's faux steeple
dream-holes and all

why y'all anyway away
why y'all away
anyway?



IT'S ONLY FAIRGROUNDS

bruised the mind felicitously argues
its cases singing along the
avenues

you can't take them too seriously

what if the breaking word soars
like a jet
sign of felicity
away?

the dunderheads of political
science have had their beefsteaks
tomatoes and all

to the bruised eye of the mind
the startlingly argues
mad as a hatter
tincture of mercury traces the gaps
with a felt hand
"the rubbing and the chafing"

the cockchafers get a rubdown
after the concert
the why not the wherewithal
the splendid buttons
the overdrive literally
the cocktail shakers
the mixed drinks

and in a Lake Placid holding zone
or pattern all the jets
that never come down

TWO EPITAPHS (SIMONIDES)

THE SPARTANS OF THERMOPYLAE

you as you go
tell the Lacedemonians
we lie here under orders

THE ATHENIANS OF CHALCIS

down we came
“under the fold of Dirphys”
the nation memorializes us near the Euripus
and with reason
for against the horrid cloud of war
we gave our best

THE BROKEN CLOCK AT THE DARK GAS STATION

nothing would do
but my lady barrister's place in the bee eye dee
oh vaguely like the old atmosphere
I found my girl being sweet-talked at the bar
by a dying millionaire

I went as Tennessee said to the movies
but my friend at the studio turned me out
from peeking at the dailies
although he said he regretted it
management could know

at the town meeting we had a laugh
my pal the functionary and I
at one of the questions
Why do politicians get mistaken for salvationists?
he fell on top of me laughing hearing me laugh
and in a minute he had them singing
Jesus Saves

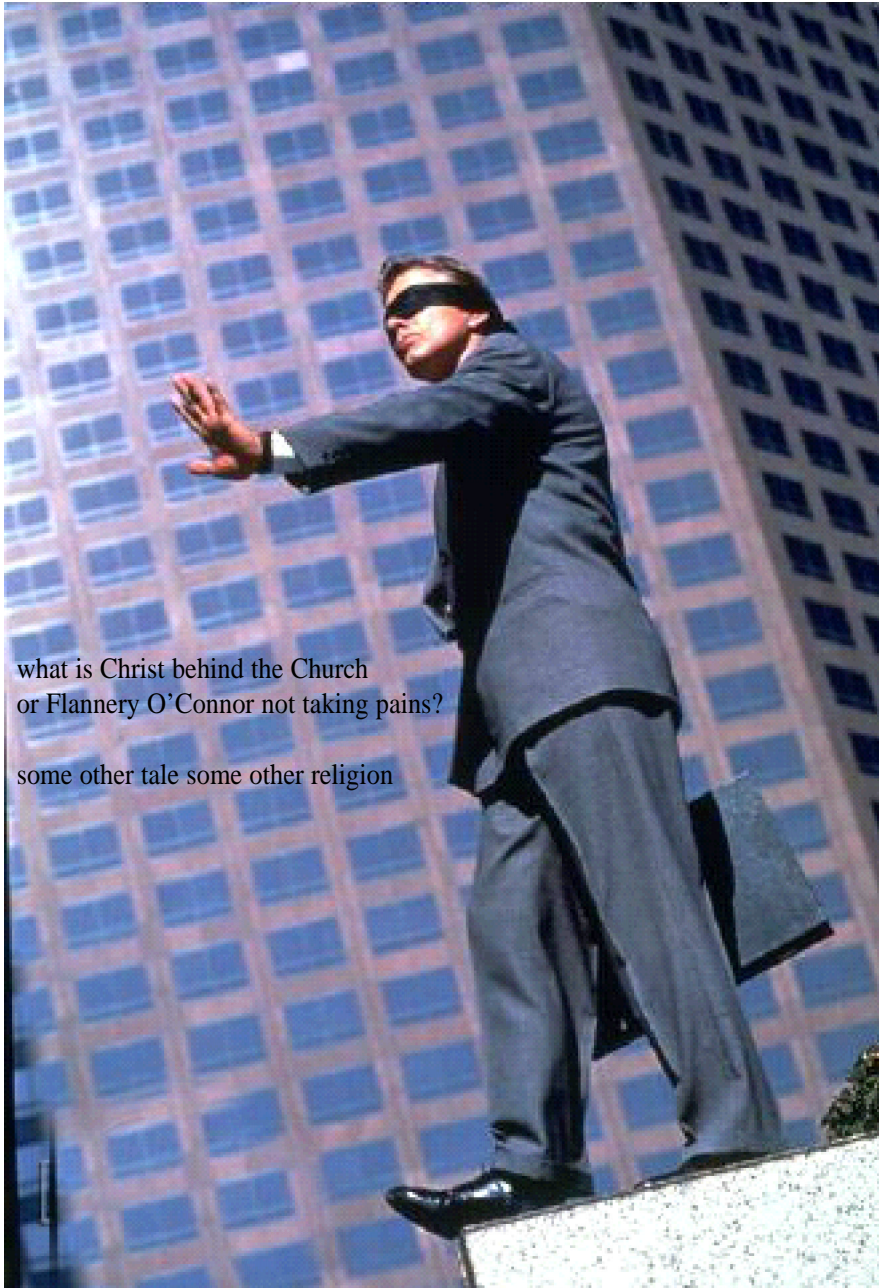
DIE NACKTE WELLE

these are the rich gifts “of the universe”
bestowed simply as a mark of the trader on his horses

in the harbor below some little things
riding the waves that curl and go
below the horizon

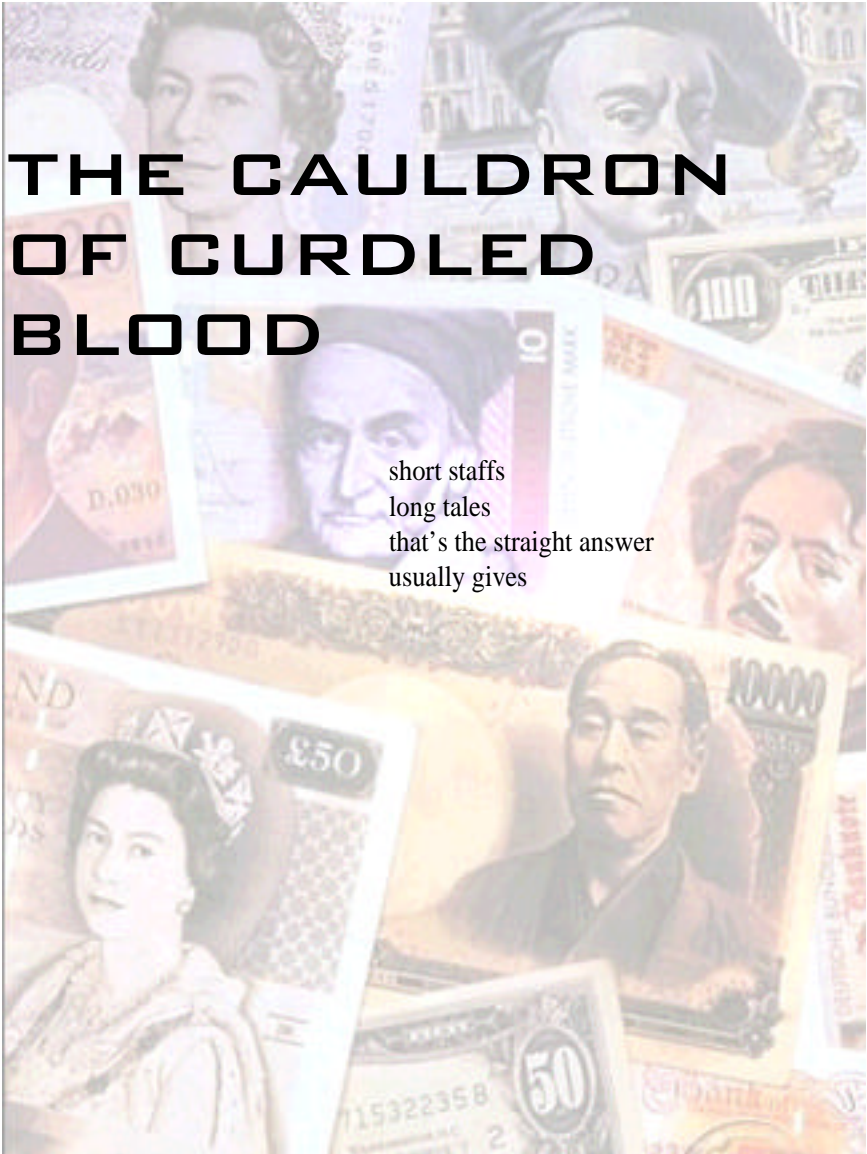


DISINFORMATION



what is Christ behind the Church
or Flannery O'Connor not taking pains?

some other tale some other religion



THE CAULDRON OF CURDLED BLOOD

short staffs
long tales
that's the straight answer
usually gives

INNOCENT BYSTANDERS

I shouldn't think the phrase goes
somewhere in the Golden Treasury

it's the X factor James Dickey says
the inimitable (Jarrell on lightning)

it is an *n* factor says an aesthete
the aesthetic (I have seen the book)
meaning what is scientifically beautiful

LOVELY AND TALENTED

how is to have a class?
it is like being a director
managing the moviemaking
of a crime-ridden slum called HOLLYWOOD

where the minimegamalls grow
and house the Oscars



PARODE

well that's the story

what have we here mountains
in the varying light

these happy combinations

what difference what you write
in the end

it goes its way

circumspect if you will the alentours

be satisfied
with what you see

pop the gun the question is
blow away the doing wiz
what have we forgone forborne
along the West Coast here forlorn?

we have wondered we have might
to careful lessons given bright
we have myrmidons to bless
anything else would be as less

so wonder now as wonder were
the breaking out of galling stir
we have witnesses to make
and some solemn oath to take

THE HORSE'S ASS HE RODE IN ON

I

with a special twinkle in his eye
and a gesticulation of the lips
he casts his appreciation on the wry
platter and deals gracefully with pips

oh the mind of man has never seen
such a pother made of one
who had he aught of himself been
as thought or bought we'd had rare fun

for we had none at all to watch
him watch you turn then stick his tongue
out at you while he rubbed his crotch
awhile before he rubbed his bung

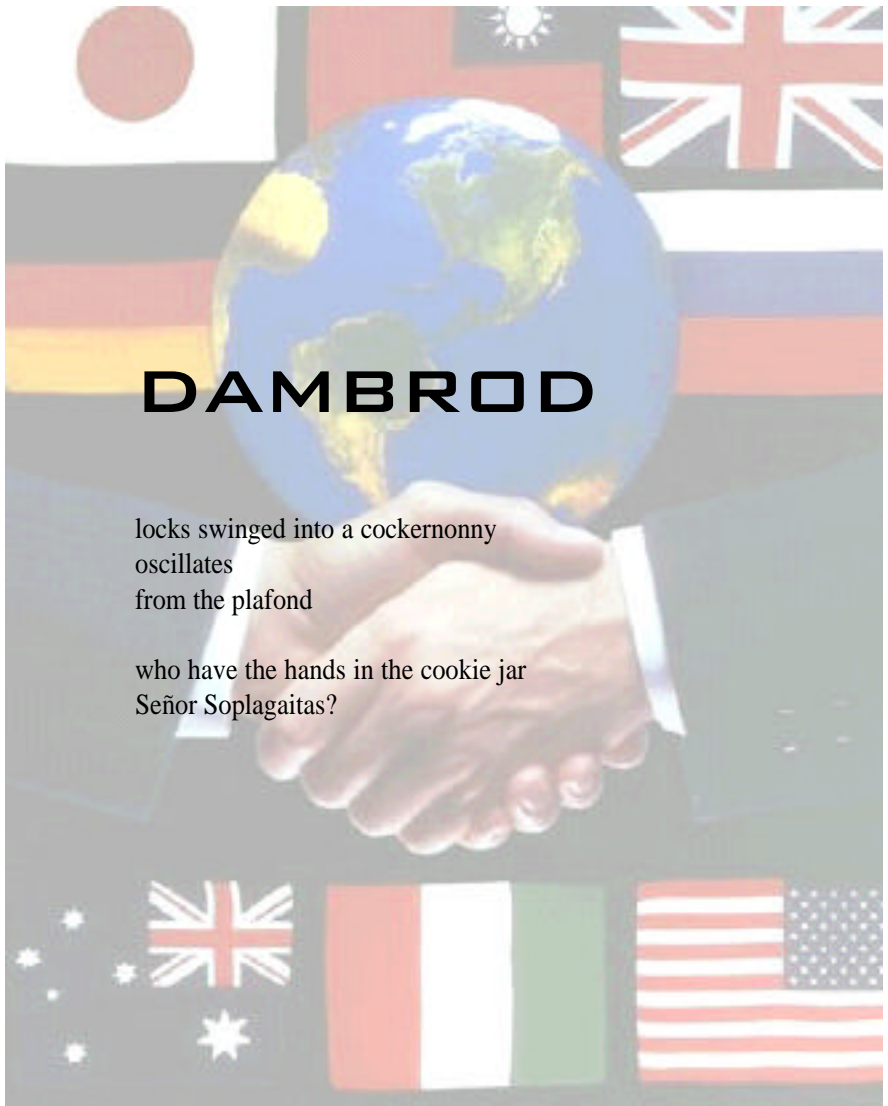
I looked at you you looked at me
as soon as he commenced to pout
as though it were not cause for glee
to put another's countenance out

II

it all seems so self-evident now
but back then it was funny
how the cheesy laughing cow
came into all that money

to bless his frau the earled belt
whom scandal never tainted
with so much as a mouse's pelt
to cover what's not painted

drying slowly like an oil
of some forgotten city
or the plaster on a boil
soliciting one's pity



DAMBROD

locks swung into a cockernonny
oscillates
from the plafond

who have the hands in the cookie jar
Señor Soplagaits?

TO PRINCE S.M. KACHURIN (NABOKOV)

1

Kachurin, I've taken your advice
and here I three long days persevere
in museologic digs, a nice
blue room that looks out on the Neva.

As an American clergyman
disguised is your poor little friend,
and to the vales of Daghestan
I envious salutations send.

For chilliness, for palpitations
of a false passport, I cannot rest:
unto wallpaper investigations
I do lianas and lilies bequest.

He sleeps on a canapé,
knees pressed up against the wall,
plaid rug wrapping him halfway,
the interpreter I put up withal.

2

When upon the Sunday last,
after the elapse of not quite
thirty years of eclipse I passed
across the room to the windowlight;

when I saw, in all the haze
of spring and of the youthful day
and outlined vaguely to my gaze,
all that had been mine in a way

so long, as an overbright
postcard with one corner off
(cut to save the stamp that might
have been there as the corner of);

when again it all appeared
nighmost my immortal soul,
it, sighing, like a train in weird
meads of silence ceased to roll.

And I yearned for the countryside:
languorous as a boy again
my body ached on every side
and I began to wonder then,

how in a railroad coach I'd repose,
how I'd catch him all unwary—
but slowly smacking his lips he rose
and reached out for his dictionary.

3

I cannot rest my case upon this,
here is one's entire life
halted train-like in the stillness
of these meadows rough and rife.

I imagine all the ditty
fifty miles or so distant
from the great comopolitan city,
the house I stammer in, persistent,

the station, the rain's slant striation
on a dark ground, and again
the farthingale lilacs of the station,
coarsening now in all the rain;

next: leather-lapped a tarantass
traversed by tremulous trickles, and
each detail of the birch trees, as
well as a barn on my left hand.

Yes, each detail, dear Kachurin,
each little one, as for example
dove-gray cloud-edge, rhomb azurine,
stippled tree trunk through leaf sam-
ple.

But how shall I take the local train
wearing this coat, these glasses wear-
ing
(and in fact completely plain,
holding a fictional work by Sirin)?

4

I'm afraid. Nor the rostral column,
nor the moonlit steps descending
to spiraling reflections solemn,
the compact silver wave distending,

could cover up... when we next meet
I, anyway, shall tell you all
about the new broadshouldered neat
slavey and provincial.

I want to go home. Enough, in truth.
Kachurin, may I now go home?
To the pampas of my free youth,
the Texas I found once on a roam.

I ask you, isn't it time withal
to return unto the theme of the bow,
to what's charmingly hight "chaparral"
in *The Headless Horseman*, you well know,

to sleep in Matagordo Gorge
on the fiery boulders you find there,
with a face that watercolors forge,
and a feather in one's hair?

THE NEW ECONOMY

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scarswoppeagpnd

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