

The background of the cover is a collage. On the left, a woman with blonde hair, wearing a black dress, is smiling and looking down. On the right, there are several smaller, semi-transparent images of people's faces, some of which appear to be from a film or television show.

*pushing
the charm*

Christopher Robin chapbook

2004 Scars Publications

FALL



This is the season
When my
Friends
From the real world
Go back
To school
Work
Or other legitimate
Time wasting endeavors
And leave me on the curb
Counting my penny scratch
Whittling poems
From wooden mind
And being
NO
Zen meditative
Instead irritable
At their prospects
And mine,
Zero!
She says she has an art degree
But I have
No such thing
But I do have a book coming out
Next week!
This is real, baby!
A spook with an actual book
Literary flesh
something to chew on
To toss at the world
Perhaps become something...
In the material minefield
Don't say I didn't warn you!

DISABLED DEPENDENCE

Me: can't we be friends?
Her: you're a punk!
Me: friends again?
Her: you're a know it all prick
I made you what you are and I can
Ruin you...brain damaged-I took
You off the STREETS!
Me: I'd like to be friends
Her: if you mention
My mental health
One more time
I'm gonna
Punch you
In
The
Face!
And then you fall on the bathroom floor
All alone...scream and no one comes
The PG&E guy makes a play
For you
The garden starts to wither....
And the car needs an oil change...
Me: friends?
Her: ok.

Chronic Illness no.1

Baby, it's as if
Kindness
Was
Being
Rationed
Chronic Illness no.2
My twenty dollars
A week
And
Some
Old flowers
Might not keep
The rage
Or even the suicide
Away
But whoever kills
The other one
First
Just know, baby,
Simply know,
We tried like mad
Before giving up
On the humanity
They couldn't spare
Chronic Illness no.three

*are
you
afraid
that
I'll
Die
Or
Are
You
Afraid
That I
Won't
Die?*



Women's Jail

In the southern Utah jail
I had boils on my back
It was around Easter time
I tried to convert to Jesus
I made an appointment
I thought it was the thing to do
But mostly my time was spent
Trying to make
This Gun's & Roses backwoods babe
She'd let me listen to her rock n' roll
Tapes in the yard
While I watched her work out
She'd gotten "attempted murder"
("that nigger will never touch
a white woman again")
she was not exactly
filled
with
grace....
but she knitted constantly...
as if to make up for it
dolls and stuffed animals that she gave to the guards...
(and we all teased her about this obvious
breach in masculinity...)
the night before I was rolled up
she'd turned her back to me, while we shared
her cot, and we watched a movie together;
she also gave me a pair of her panties as a souvenir-
when I got out I put twenty five dollars
on her books (for a subscription to TV guide)
but I refused to write a letter

(continued)



I went to the nearest town
And tried to commit suicide
With a bottle of Jack
And ninety aspirin-
And I thought about her
While sitting on the motel bed,
Lit up and pale, bald, scarred
And jittery...five hours from certain death
By poisoning...
And it occurred to me
That perhaps I was better off
Locked up...
I would have gotten used to her looks,
Eventually...



Literacy

I had my first
Orgasm
In the bathroom
Stall
Of
The local
Library
Around the age
Of
Seven
Or eight
I just thought you'd like
to know
How much I value
Literacy

CHARM

She
Asked me
Was I trying
To
Poison her?
And
I said,
*I don't know
you
well
enough
to poison
you*
and sent
her
home



PUSH

You need to push me
My arms are weak
The chair is too heavy
I can't push myself
You are such a WIMP!
You can't even shake
The thermometer...how come?
Get off your emotional shit!
Get off your desire!
Will you fix me a soda?
Make love to me!
How could you?!You knew I was fragile
After the cancer
How could you have sex with me?
You're like a child
Don't abandon me!
Push me make love to me help me up
Carry this push me carry me make love
To me don't abandon me you're like a
Child make love to me grow up please
Grow up help me.

POEM FOR GWEN ARAUJO (AND FOR JENNIFER) 10/18/02

Her first thought was,
*tonight
I'll either be killed
Or someone else will...*
Before arriving at the
Mountain bar
Where they bought her
Six drinks and flirted
And questioned her
well, what do you think? she'd retort
batting her eyes, giggling and evading...
all the bio-chicks loved me in there... she said
when she returned
(drunk)
I was like their Mother Hen...
and after she sucked my cock
we lay together on the tiny couch
and she cried
and told me the bad news:
*they killed her last night," she said

(continued)



*she'd been fulltime for two years-
beat her to death and strung her up
by a rope....
She was seventeen....*
And every time I know she's in
Some strange bar
I think,
*is it going to be her tonight?*and she tells me
she has to do it
it's not the men,
it's the experience
she has to be regular
she has to fit in
and every time she makes it home
we talk about it
and wonder....

Christopher Robin's BIO

Christopher Robin is a zine publisher, underpaid labor monkey, traveler and activist from Santa Cruz. He has been publishing on and off in the small press for about ten years. With the help of a friend in 1999 he published his own chapbook entitled...

“Who Will Pay the Royalties for the Voices in My Head?”

Since then he's produced several storybooks, zines and poetry compilations (mostly in tiny rooms). Nowadays he boasts of a one bedroom apartment where there is still not enough room for his publishing ventures and yet... much to the consternation of those around him... he presses on!



Pushing the Charm
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