

A REGURGITATION OF LIFE



MARK GAUDET
CC+D 2005 CHAPBOOK

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Dedication	3
acknowledgments/about the author	4
Bloody Noses and Snow Cones.....	5
Mailer's Reception.....	6
First Date.	7
Christopher Cross	8
Friday	9
Diner	10
Gypsy	11
Runner Up.....	12
Hero	13
Behemoth and the Prom Queen	14
The Day After	15
Daniel.....	16
Potty.....	17
Death Drove a V W Bus	18
And the Band Played On	19
Digging Up the Past	20
Bob Steele.....	21
Buk.....	22
The Thought of You Reading Poetry	23



*For the empty voices
that still need to be heard*



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MARK GAUDET

is from Enfield, CT. He was first published at the age of 15. His two major influences are Charles Bukowski and William Carlos Williams. He has been published in many poetry journals world wide.

BLOODY NOSES AND SNOW CONES

Carnival lights

Shine bright

Smell of stale beer and vomit
lay beneath the ring toss game

A blue raspberry cone sprinkled with crimson
pressed gently against my face

We came to blows.

Infidelity accusations
loud enough
for the hot dog vendor to hear

I lost you
in the heated exchange
But only by default



MAILER'S RECEPTION

We stood in line
And waited
For it to fall

I know I'm too young for this

Stupid tradition

The bouquet flew into the air

As I caught them
I pricked my finger
It bled

And so did my virginity

FIRST DATE

We talked
over pasta and catfish

The past was unforgiving

She sighs

Her red sweater
creeps up
just enough

I peek and smile

How could such a world
be so cruel

to a girl

with a beautiful navel.

CHRISTOPHER CROSS



Your music
makes me think
of sailing
and Laura

But most of all
of the time
I went to
Shop-Rite
with my friend and his Mom

We played with Stretch Armstrong
pulled him so hard

His arm ripped

And the blue goo came out.



FRIDAY

sitting among
scattered papers and
a crusted oatmeal bowl
listening to patters of rain
on a balmy January
drifting away on my palm sized pillow
a cubical bedroom
8:17 and work has begun



DINER

My girlfriend's mother
Raved about this place
"A real greasy spoon"
she said

I went there
After class
It smelled of White Owl cigars
And day old tuna salad

I sat in filthy booth
And drank out of
A lipstick stained coffee cup
Enjoying the ambiance
But furious that *she* recommended this place
To me!



GYPSY

She lays on me
Stretching
Her sharp nails
Scratch across my chest
“Stop It!” I snap
Her green eyes peer at me
She stops
Her small black body
d
r
a
p
e
s
Across mine
A kiss on her head
Is all she wants
My feline friend

Gypsy

RUNNER UP

Feeling like second
is not
the way
I want you
to remember me.

Look away and laugh
when I tripped
over nothing

Offer up
some Turtle Wax
or Rice a Roni
the San Francisco treat
to someone
who was never
in the running
for you

HERO

He was a bulldog of a man
seven tattoos
up and down his arm
he's had them
since high school

the Marines made him a tough
he was a tough son of a bitch
the neighborhood champion
we watched him as he pummeled
our half sister's boyfriend
and cheered him on
from behind the bush

Unitas was his God
and The Baltimore Colts were his team

I only saw him cry 3 times
when Paul died (gun accident)
when his mom died (stroke)
and when his friend's son died (chugging Wild Turkey)
the day I became a father
I cried (unexpected pregnancy)
he told me to be a man
and do the right thing

now the Colts moved to Indianapolis
and Manning is now his God

but he's still the toughest son of a bitch
I've ever known

My Hero
My Father



BEHEMOTH AND THE PROM QUEEN

Show your smile
Try not to hide

I think it's nice when you look
my way

I feel sad knowing
Behind those Foster Grants is a
Swollen eye

And I cry

And cry

THE DAY AFTER

As I drive around
I can't help
But smell my hands
This intoxicating smell
Won't leave me
Donna Karan I think

I think of last yesterday
And last night
How beautiful you were
Your skin pale and soft
Curled in a ball
Your petite and naked body
Was half asleep
My four month eternity was over

As my head
Rested between your breasts
Silent tears fell
If I could die anywhere
It would be
Where I am most happy
In your arms

Naked



DANIEL

I try and roll a 20
My constitution is only 12
Hopefully they can bring me back
I tried to help
But these guys don't see it
They laugh and joke
my hp was small
I did save the bigger one
But he never thanked me
At least I did think so
He mumbled something incoherent
A different language
They're still laughing at me
But in reality it's sad
We're all a bunch of losers
On Friday night

We should be getting laid

POTTY

I have to piss
In the small urinal
You know the one kids go in
“Out of Order” reads on the bigger one
smells like raw cod
dipped in a pine sol
two chewed pieces of gum
lay at the bottom

“potty time!”

“potty time!”

If my kids could see me

“Daddy’s on the little potty!”

Screw it

I’ll just hold it in.





DEATH DROVE A VW BUS

My first trip
In a Volks Wagon Bus
Was strange
But even more
Was the driver
He smelled of bad cheese
Or crotch rot
I couldn't tell

His driving was erratic
Like a drunken grizzly bear
looking for fish
In a in a puddle

As he scraped the van
Against the guard rail
He laughed

I thought ,”This old fucker is trying to kill me”

When he dropped me off

I nervously thanked him

“I think I'm gonna get me some
pussy” he muttered.



AND THE BAND PLAYED ON

And the band played on
She stood in front of me
Smelling of talc
Two people as close as could be
Without having intercourse

And the band played on
As close as she was
I could put my head on her shoulder
Eat her hair
Smell the back of her neck
Or just say I love you

And the band played on
Too loud for her to hear

DIGGING UP THE PAST

When I dig up the past
I feel like
A gravedigger

Shoveling

Shoveling

Through the winter earth

I turn and run
Through the night
Passing names;
Dates of tombstones

As I look back
I find bones

Following me

We got hit with a big one
at least twelve inches
my mom said

playing with my Fisher Price castle
a Christmas gift
of two years

**BOB
STEELE**

the voice on the radio
one of these older guys
he had a low bellowing voice

he talked of word jumbles
and facts about 18th Century Ireland

“The word of the day is.....maize” he groans
then he would go into this diatribe on what maize is
and Indians and a bunch of other shit

I sat and waited
and waited

“Southington Publics Schools are.....CLOSED”

Music to my ears
I didn’t care about maize
or Ireland or anything else
this old bastard said

the fact I could play with my toys
and watch cartoons
is all I wanted to do

today my wife wakes me
“Evan has no school today”

“How do you know?” I mumble

“I got an email.”

BUK



The way he wrote
Wish I could

Slapping whores
Then fucking them
Living on \$16 a month
Working in slaughterhouses
Betting on horses
Jerking off
To nothing
To no one



I'm even trying to do it now
To no avail

Pugilistic hobo
Drunken scholar

I want to write
Like him



But
I could never *live*
Like him

I'll take my 7 – 4:15 job
Private schools for my little ones
Dinner on the table every night

Maybe tonight
I'll fuck my alarm clock

And think of you

Buk

THE THOUGHT OF YOU READING POETRY

Rows and rows
of books
face me

Putting my fingers
to my face
your smell from this morning
begins to fade

Looking at his words
they are similar
to mine
this book will come home with me

You look so sweet
reading poetry
almost perfect

Thoughts over take me
each words that passes
your lips
makes me
want to
undress you
and mount you on the floor

Surrounded by books
thoughts
and words

Bringing you to the point
where all we do is
silently fuck
in the company of
Bukowski
Williams
Keats
Ginsburg

Funny

That's what I was thinking

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