

A stylized, high-contrast portrait of David Bowie's face, rendered in shades of blue, yellow, and orange against a light blue background. The portrait is the central focus of the cover.

BOWETRY

Found Poems from David Bowie Lyrics

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cc&d chapbook
Publications
Scars

A NOTE ON THE COLLECTION

Grieving the loss of a public figure is a curious thing. When David Bowie passed away, I was devastated because his art and public persona played a large role in the development of my identity as an artist and a person. However, I was acutely aware that my experience of David Bowie was far removed from the experiences of those who knew him personally, and that difference was quite intriguing to me. I began the project before you in late January of 2016, as a means to process David Bowie's death but also (and perhaps more importantly) as a way to celebrate and honor his legacy as someone who knew him only through his music. It started with a single poem that was meant to be a standalone piece, and developed into a cornucopia of found poetry that consumed the better part of my creative energies for months on end. During this period, I spent a lot of time reading lyrics and listening to albums as I selected words and phrases with which to construct my poems. The process was fierce, poignant, and celebratory. In addition to asserting its own artistic "identity," I hope this collection also serves as an acceptable homage to David Bowie, in all of his brilliant incarnations.

For more information on found poetry as a form, you can visit The Found Poetry Review at www.foundpoetryreview.com.

*for my family:
Jay,
Ron, Linda,
Aaron, Nicole, and Morgan*

*and
of course
for David Bowie*

Bless You Madly

Space Oddity 1969

We broke the ruptured structure built of age,
and I'm not obliged
to read you statements of the year,
but my head's full of murders
where only killers scream.
They say you sparkle
like a different girl
but you cry a little in the dark
because I've got to keep my veil on my face,
because I love you badly
because the rats
chew my bones
and there's a cash machine spitting by my shoulder.

Your strange demand to collocate my mind
scares me into gloom.
The hangman plays the mandolin
before he goes to sleep,
before he sweeps the pillow clean.
He dreams our weapons
were the tongues of crying rage
and his, a phallus in pigtails.
I tell him,
Put your helmet on.
I got eyes in my backside
and I'm stepping through the door.
And as the sunrise stream flickers on me,
no purse of token fortune stands in our way.
My spaceship
knows which way to go.

We burnt one hundred days
and I still hold some ashes to me.
I can't touch your name—
it burns my wall with time,
unwashed and somewhat slightly dazed,
but I paint that love upon a white balloon
and fly it
from the toppest top
of all the tops.

JUST AS SANE AS ME

The Man Who Sold the World 1970

I sing with impertinence,
my instinct still emotes it.
My reputation swept back home
in drag,
and they told me I can blow
to the far side of town,
just my Librium and me.

My prayers were small and yellow,
for I realized that God's a young man, too,
and we're just taller children
with minds too green.
So softly a supergod cries.

In the corner of the morning
in the past,
the thin men stalk the streets—
gloomy-browed with supertears—
and I slash them cold
because my logic says “burn,”
because the morals of their magic spell
negotiate my hide,
will do me harm.

Dark and grim,
a nation hides its organic minds
in a cellar.
The sane stay underground
and I'd rather stay here
with all the madmen.
We're painting our faces
and dressing in thoughts.
I promote oblivion,
and they're all as sane as me.

He told us his scheme for a savior machine
while we spoke of was and when,
and plague seems quite feasible now.
There's no death for perfect men;
they're guardians of a loveless isle,
and the savior machine
seems quite feasible now,
while they're gloomy-browed with supertears,
while we're painting our faces
with the morals of their magic spell,
while a nation hides its organic minds
at our secretive ball
of strange, mad celebration.

HOOKED TO THE SILVER SCREEN

Hunky Dory 1971

I'd like to be a standing cinema,
where I'm the twisted name
on Garbo's eyes.
I could be living in a silent film,
but I'm much too fast
to take that test.

Instead, all the nightmares came today.
They said,
Homo Sapiens
have outgrown their use.
They said,
You gotta make way for the
Homo Superior.

I'd like to be a gallery,
to showcase the sun that pins
the branches to the sky.
I want to put a peephole in my brain
so you can cleanse my mind
and make it free.

Instead, all the strangers came today
to shake up your bed.
They bought their positions
with saccharin and trust,
with voices like sand and glue,
and just look at those cavemen go,
now.

We were so turned on by your lack of conclusions,
but you gave your heart to every bedsit room
and were lost to me forever.
These children that you spit on,
they said
*She's an old time ambassador,
but she's so swishy in her satin and tat.*

Time to face the strain.
I'm not much cop
at punching other people's dads;
I'm always beating up the wrong guy.
Instead, I see the mice
in their million hordes,
the tactful cactus by your window,
and it's such a godawful small affair
in the end.

I'm drawing to the ragged hole,
but if you see the one
who used to be in charge,
tell him we've lost his poems—
that our backs are on the arch,
that there's a taste in my mouth
like the grim face on the cathedral floor.
It's no taste at all.
Tell him we've lost his poems.

THE NOBODY PEOPLE

The Rise and Fall of Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders from Mars 1972

I'm a mama-papa who gave his life
to save the slogan,
and I'm busting up my brains
for the words
so I can play its wild mutation.
That weren't no dj,
that was hazy, cosmic jive
so keep your electric eye on me
while you're praying
to the light machine.

I'm a funky-thigh collector,
religiously unkind,
but the bitter comes out better
on a stolen guitar.
I'll be a rock n rollin bitch
for you,
like a leper messiah,
while you think about all the strange things
circulating round.

Boys stood upon chairs,
so inviting,
so enticing to play the part.
I gotta straighten my face,
but idiot love will spark the fusion,
sweeping over cross and baby
and all the nobody people
with five years left to cry in.

It ain't easy to get your helping,
it ain't easy going down,
and I'm so wiped out with things as they are,
and all the knives seem to lacerate my brain,
and all the clocks wait so patiently on my song,
but time takes a cigarette, puts it in my mouth
instead.

The wall to wall is calling
from the inside,
a tongue-twisting storm,
and brakes are snarling
to put my spine out of place,
and I'm busting up my brains
to give my life for the slogan,
and the clock waits so patiently...

but when you've lived too long,
you just let the mild floats
ride your mind
until she calls you from the inside.
Until the mothers stop sighing.

I Will Love Aladdin Sane

Aladdin Sane 1973

He looked a lot like Che Guevara,
but strung out on lasers
and slash-back blazers.
He could eat you with a fork and spoon
and his script is you and me, boy.

He said a Benny Goodman fan
painted holes in his hands
and strolled, like a Chicago moll,
past the silent cars that slept at traffic lights,
past a trickle of strangers
left with their own clutches of sad remains.

He ate all your razors,
but he's only taking care of the room,
because you need some guiding,
because how you move is all it takes
for the accidental sirens
to strike their sad, glissando strings.

He kept his gun in quiet seclusion,
said a prayer
that neither hands nor limbs would burst,
said, *Goddamn, you're looking old,*
while cracking all the mirrors in shame.
He stands in steel by his cabinet,
preaching battle cries and champagne.

His trick is you and me, boy.
I said *Baby, you're a porcupine.*
He told me, *I'm stiff on my own legend,*
but you will be my rest and peace.
He clutches his sad remains
and keeps all your dead hair.

There's a sniper in his brain,
regurgitating a trickle of strangers.
Time—he flexes like a whore,
and it's a trick to make you see wide.
He stands in quiet seclusion
while I run to smash
my favorite slot machine,
but he'd left me an autograph
on all the cracking mirrors.
It said,
I'm sorry I ate your razors.
My rest and peace
is played on a sad, glissando string
and neither hands nor limbs
can clutch the sad remains.
Let me collect dust.

SO HARD TO SAY GOODNIGHT

Pinups 1973

Here comes the night,
out there playing
high-class games of sorrow,
his arms walking
down my street.
Devil's daughter
can't resist his money,
romance by the break
of day.
She's often inclined
to borrow someone else's dreams:
hide and seek, as sure as sin.
Funny
how they look so good
together.

I couldn't sleep
last night,
feet off the ground,
nowhere to roam.
I can't say it
to you,
but crying
by the break of day,
worried dizzy
in the head—
this depression
had an easy ride
on the shape
of my lonely frame.

They're turning down the lights;
there is no other day.
A comeback
won't do me no good,
so tonight, I'll spend my bread.
Bring me from town
to town,
and we'll have our living made.
Not even locked doors
get in my way.

I'm a worried guy.
Time and tide destroy
my brain, my eyes just teach me
to despise.
I get funny dreams,
maybe they're true,
but worry always felt
the same.
It's a hot, certain kind
of feeling,
needs some bringing down.

I can live
anyhow,
like a seed into your passing hands,
just please
don't destroy
these bolder lands.
Don't follow
the lines.
Let's try it another way.

SEASON OF THE BITCH

Diamond Dogs 1974

Hope, boys, is a cheap thing—
it even smells like a street,
and changing isn't free.
I'm looking for the treason,
having so much fun
with the poisonous people.
If this trade is a curse,
then I'll bless you with it.
Oh dress yourself
my urchin one,
and run
to a cellar like a church
til the sun drips blood
on the seedy young knights.

Beware the savage lure.
Mannequins with kill appeal
wrote up scandals in other bars;
hunt you to the ground they will.
You've got your transmission
and a live wire
but they'll split your pretty cranium
to wrangle some screams from the room,
while the lizards lay crying in the heat.
They can't get enough.

Gentle hearts are counted down.
Give me pulsars unreal,
and I'm in tears again.
We feel that we are paper,
choking on you nightly,
trusting on the sons of our love:
some brave Apollo,
he'll build a better whirlpool.
In death, the shutters lifted.

YOUR SMILE IS SPREADING THIN

Young Americans 1975

I find the slinky vagabond
that's been blessing all the papers,
the savage son of the TV tube.
He says,
Ain't there a child I can hold without judging?
Ain't there someone whose shine breaks the night?
Well, ain't that poster love.

Fame lets him loose.
I feel him driving, and I'm only the wheel.
He's the savage son
begged off the bathroom floor,
blessing everybody's wall.
He says,
*All I wanted was for somebody to play my song
in tune.*
Can a heartbeat
live in a fever?

Someone like him
should not be allowed,
but still, he swoops like a song,
heartbeat living in a TV tube.
The breadwinner begs from the ghetto,
but what we need, we have to borrow.
His soul shines on everybody's wall,
the myth of a song in tune.

TRANSITION TRANSMISSION

Station to Station 1976

Just because I believe
don't mean
I don't think as well.
You'll find me opening doors
and pulling strings,
trying hard to fit
into your scheme of things.

I don't stand in my own light,
so send back my dream test baby;
she's my main feature.
She's the Thin White Duke
throwing darts in lovers' eyes,
making sure, white stains.

In this age of pulling strings,
I don't think as well,
but it's too late to be hateful.
You gotta get smart,
before the days fall on their knees
and life's taking you nowhere.

Once, there were sunbirds to soar with
but now,
in this age of grand illusion,
my TVC one five is oh so hologramic
that they run for the shadows.
It's too late to be grateful.

Heartwrecker,
you once belonged
in the back of a dream car,
but you forced
your way into my scheme of things,
and now
you'll find me dredging the ocean
for your body,
so don't let me hear you say
life's taking you nowhere.

The days fell on their knees
beneath the bending sound.
Oh sweet name,
it's too late
to say life's taking you nowhere.
Life is so vague,
but such is the stuff
from where dreams are woven,
and the Thin White Duke—
oh so hologramic on my TVC one five—
is sending my dream test
back from illusion.

BLUE ELECTRIC

Low 1977

I saw you peeping,
waiting for the gift
of sound and vision.
You're just a little girl
with grey eyes,
and I've been breaking glass
in your room again,
with the pale blinds drawn
all day.

Don't you wonder sometimes
why I'm always crashing in the same car?
I'm just a little bit afraid of you,
talking through the gloom.
Wait until the crowd goes—
che-li venco de-ho—
sometimes you get nowhere.

Please
be my life.
I will sit right down.
I will give you
the gift of sound and vision,
and it's blue,
blue,
electric blue, and
you're just a little girl
with grey eyes,
drifting over my head.

You say,
Take it on the road,
but I've left every place
already.

I've put my foot down to the floor,
past those kilometers
and the red light—
don't you wonder sometimes
what you're gonna do
with the gift of sound and vision?

Wait until the crowd cries
for you,
behind the pale blinds—
never mind,
say something.
Don't look at the carpet,
like you're talking
through the gloom.
che-li venco de-ho
I saw you
breaking glass in your room.
Just wait until the crowd goes.

I'm just a little bit over
my head,
but I'm talking through
the electric blue
of sound
as I put my foot
through the glass,
and I will sit right down
until the crowd goes—
always taking it on the road
in the same car,
always crashing
through the gloom.
Sometimes, you get nowhere,
but sometimes you get
the gift of a girl with grey eyes,
so here,
take my life.

HIGHROLL GONE WRONG

Heroes 1977

This is the kiss off.
I won't slither down
the greasy pipe
to drink rotting wine
from your hands.
You,
you will be
the protest on the wind:
your fearful hands,
your grim song.

No one saw you
hobble over,
but I remember
your scalding face.
I saw your eyes
at the crossfades,
and there was slaughter
in the air.
Someone fetch a priest.

I remember standing
in back rows,
and shame
was on the other side of the wall,
but you,
you will be the heroine,
standing by the high road
gone wrong,
listening to the tracks
of Sam Therapy and King Dice
with their blank looks,
no books.
You get up and sleep.

Your lips cut a smile
on your face,
but there's grim ice
on our cages.
Just for one day,
we can beat you back.
In the back rows
of city limits,
you spill your secrets,
evergreen.
In the back rows
of the city limits,
the heroine dies.

THE SPACE IN HIS EYES SHOWS THROUGH

Lodger 1979

Action:

boy seen living under neon,
sleeping on the matted ground
but bent on windfall.
Life stands still
and stares,
and you think realism is easy.

The clouds part for you
when you're living nostalgia—
I've got believers
skimming over Rhino.
Like a nervous disease,
they unfurl the flag
and rub the sleep away.

We'll never wonder
how the dollar went down:
drowned by props
my fingers could not grope,
proud and lustful.
I guess the bruises won't show,
just more graffiti on the wall,
and I've got believers
believing me
when I tell them
we'll never say anything nice again.

Action: boy born in slumber,
less than peace,
learning to live
with somebody's depression.
He coughed and shook
his crumpled wings—
a pop of the cherry.
It's a moving world,
but life stands still
and stares.
Somewhere
there's an innocent sky,
so one more weekend of lights
and evening faces.
Uncage the colours.
One more fantastic voyage
bent on bare strip takeoff.

BARRED FROM THE EVENT

Scary Monsters (and Super Creeps) 1980

Psychodelicate girl,
she had a horror of rooms.
She opened strange doors
that we'd never close again.
Waiting at the lights,
she began to wail jealousies
and now she's stupid in the street.
Well, I wouldn't buy the merchandise,
but she asked me to stay
and I stole her room.

Silhouettes and shadows
watch the revolution.
They were blue, but nobody home.
Those midwives to history
put on their bloody robes,
as ugly as a teenage millionaire:
ashes to ashes,
funk to funky.

Sam was a gun—
little metal-faced boy,
one slash of light
but no smoking pistol.
He punishes hard,
says,
Please,
give me the night.
No, I'm not a piece
of teenage wildlife.
Well,
I wouldn't buy
the merchandise.

They've got a message
from the Action Man,
so Earth keeps on rolling
uphill backwards.
I'm hoping to kick,
but the planet is glowing,
just big heads and drums.
Well, how come
you only want tomorrow?
It's love back to front
and no sides,
trying to draw the blinds
on yesterday.

A broken-nosed mogul
is just the same old thing
in brand new drag,
so I train by shadow-boxing.
Don't let me see hope
in those squeaky clean eyes—
I throw the rock against the road,
against the vacuum created
by the arrival of freedom.
There are no more free steps
to heaven
but the little green wheels
are following me,
and those midwives to history
put on their bloody robes.
Ashes to ashes.
Funk to funky.

RICOCHET

Let's Dance 1983

I catch a paperboy
dreaming
of pieces of machinery;
a typical mother's son,
he trembles
like a flower.

Your heavy reputation
doesn't hold a candle
to your high life disguise.
You were the widow
of a wild cat,
colder than a thousand years.

The world is on a corner;
god and man
waiting for the scythe.
No confession
terrifies me,
just the power
to the Charm.
The holy pictures face the wall
and pretend that nothing
really meant too much.
They get home
damp-eyed and weary.

Beneath your makeup,
I recognize your destination.
Colour lights up your face,
and if you should fall...
but I'm ready to throw in my hand.
I feel tragic—
it's in the white of my eyes,
like I'm Marlon Brando.
I know a way to find a situation
but I'm standing in the wind,
like weeds on a rock face.

I've been putting out the moon
with eyes like burning jungle,
and—what's my line?
It sounds like the devil breaking parole.
Even red shoes
dance the blues,
and I'm standing
on a corner of the world,
in its secret, fearful places
with this plague
I call a heartbeat,
so
what's
my line?

THE ROAD IS MUD

Tonight 1984

Where there's trouble,
there's poetry,
and no one talks,
no one thinks,
but one day
I'm gonna get everybody
in line
with these stupid old feet
and this stubborn old fist.

The templars and the saracens
came to kneel
on this empty battlefield.
Strangers rise
from the cloudy above.
They twirl
in nylons and tattoos.
I took the next flight
for Borneo,
where all your sins
are hooked upon the sky.

Here, no one hesitates
to send all the sewage
down the hill.
Your trash
got a camouflaged face,
and you're so surprised
she don't want to kiss it.
You chew your fingers
and stare at the floor,
down where your paint
is cracking,
and no one walks tonight
but someone's living
down your back stairs.

Loneliness
is a free society.
They say it's a waste of time.
Prayers hide the saddest view;
they bear the cross
of the mirror blind,
but terror is a best laid plan
hanging by a cross and nail.
Sometimes, I feel like
the whole human race
is an open drain,
so make the last plane come
and I will see you in the sky.

They say loneliness is death
to the hands out of sync,
is a rich slice of life
cut with a broken spear.
The strangest things
break the sky in two.
There's lipstick traces
on these stupid old feet
but one day,
I'm gonna make the last plane come.
One day, I will see you
in a different Palestine

WHITE DWARF

Labyrinth 1986

Heard about a place today,
in the underground serene.
It's not always swell,
but it's only forever.
You remind me...

Put that baby spell on me,
but I move the stars
for no one,
I just throw in my hand:
don't got no problems,
ain't got no suitcase.
I tap my pretty little feet
as the world falls down.
Dance, magic, dance.

There's such a sad love
closed within your eyes.
Slap that slap,
make it free,
cry hard as babe could cry.
I move the stars for no one,
but how you turned my world
round a crystal moon.
You remind me...

Every thrill has gone,
no love injection.
The bats are back to bed
and it's time to chilly down.
I heard about a place today,
all slime and snails
in the underground serene.
You remind me...
You remind me...
I'll leave my fooled heart
there
for you.

GLASS ALTARS

Never Let Me Down 1987

The glass spider had blue eyes.
At the wintered turn
of the centuries,
she was born in a handbag—
one could almost call it an altar.

Time will crawl
until our tails fall off.
Photograph queen and supplement king
spin the grail,
reckless and tame,
just a one dollar secret.
I like that dirt you dish,
day-in, day-out.
Prison can't hold
all this greedy intention.

I know a government man,
lit like paraffin.
He just flew till he burst
while our heads bowed down
and our eyes fell out,
blind as the moon.
We only smelt the gas
as we lay down to sleep.

I saw a drowning man
with no eyes at all,
with burns on his brain
like Chernobyl,
spitting on the dawn
all clean and waiting.

A toothless past
is asking you how it feels
but I'll cover your head
till the bad stuff breaks.
That's how I liked you best—
late night, big town,
police shakedown.
You still leave a stain
on me.

My fair-weather heart
has fallen in.
I got a bad migraine
that melted metal and steel,
and the streets run red
with a glass-like spider
creating a macabre shrine
of remains.
Trapped in a high-dollar joint,
I called her name:
the glass spider at the wintered turn
of the centuries.
It's how the dead
speak to the living.

BLACK NOISE

Black Tie White Noise 1993

He has no eyes, they say,
he has no mouth.
Oh lord, just let him
see me,
putting on the black tie,
cranking out the white noise.

When comes the shaking man,
streaking cathedral fire.
Heaven's girl in a wedding gown,
a yellow dime on high,
she knows what noise can do.
We're divisible now,
the stitches torn and broke,
but don't I feel like a saint alive.

Who's got the blood,
who's got the gun?
Lit by the glare of an L.A. fire,
the ceiling is the sky
and there'll be some blood,
no doubt about it.
The danger passing you
turns its face into the heat.

Now you're looking for God
in exciting new ways,
like a black-hearted violin.
It's the nature
of too many lonely nights
but you can't buy me off
in this serial world.

Where the traffic is thin,
I slip
from a vacant view.
Where's the pain
in the violent night?
Head
tell me,
skin
tell me,
breath
tell me—
the less we know
the better we feel.

There's no world
so wide
for pursuing your frenzy
while my lunatic lyric
goes wrong,
so I'll put all my eggs
in this postmodern song
but I can't make you dance
to the noise.
These vicious chords
offer joy,
but I can't make you
dance to the noise.

STRANGERS WHEN WE MEET

Outside 1995

The music is happening outside—
it's the kind of explosion that falls upon deaf ears.
The feasting of life, it's happening now,
and it's lights up, boys.
Your silhouette is so stationary.
It's the kind of living that recognizes vanity,
flesh burning in its own glue,
and the pain must feel like snow.
Who's been wearing our deaf ears?

This is your shadow
on my flesh and blood,
the pain turns the reeking flesh.
I was Ramona A. Stone,
until he jumped onstage
with a criss-criss machete,
put me on these interesting drugs.
He said,
My name is Mr. Touchsbriek.
My shop sells empty females.
He pushed back the pigmen,
poor dunce.
His hands held a belief beyond
beyond,
little toys dripping
from the end of a gun.
See how far a sinful man
burned his bloody tracks.

I was an artist in a tunnel,
a night-fear female
suspected of being a shoulder surfer,
standing so near to innocent eyes.
I was that fading photograph
of a patchwork quilt.
I've spat upon the good-timing drone,
I shake the brutal vermin
at the sun.
I can't control
the web we weave,
but the prison priests
are decent.
and the crazed diva's hands
beat on.

What a fantastic, filthy lesson.
The youth advance
in all electric,
the little rose-kissed foxy girls
and little fragile champion boys
wanna be screwing when the nightmare comes
to these summer scumholes,
when a razor-sharp, crapshoot affair
re-explodes.

To have seen it all
is a tightening atrocity.
We're living
in a safety zone, swimming
in a sea of sham,
and the silence flies
like an old hell.
Your custody calls,
but be sweet, spaceboy—
the chaos is killing me.

I stare at the watery moon,
at the clutch of life in thin skies
when the rain sets in.
Winter bleeds
on the girders of Babel,
but I see all the concrete dreams
thru these architect's eyes.

Oh, if I had another broken man,
If I'd only paid my bill,
but now...
Toll the bell,
pay the private eye.
If there was only some kind of future
in our cerulean blood.

AFRAID OF AMERICANS

Earthling 1997

Johnny's in America,
a dopey-morning doc
standing in the mouths
of shrinking smiles.
He swivels his head,
just a human in disguise,
puts his eyes back
in Atlantic City,
no tax at the wheel.
Johnny combs his hair—
it's just the payoff
in another pair of pants,
and I'd rather be a beggarman
on the shelf.

I drink of an evening sky,
my brain falling through
a crack in the past.
Dame Meditation, take me away.
Little wonder
you big screen dolls
pity the animal in me,
sit on my karma,
spinning slack through the end—
fast, like a bad infection
and sure,
I get a little bit afraid.

Silhouettes fall faster
than dreams,
naked and new on a rain-slicked street,
the frail form shot in the head.
Earthlings on fire
say God
is an American
and sure,
I get a little bit afraid,
but catch the last bus with me.
I'm holding your brains
in the shadows
in another pair of hands,
I'm afraid I can't help it.

The chromosomes of space and time
are at the wheel
and I'm gone,
touching tomorrow
where three old men are dancing
like the boys that we were:
our own slim-tie showdown,
as lonely as the moon.

NOTHING MUCH HAPPENED ALL THE SAME

Hours 1999

Seven days to live my life
or seven days to die,
but sometimes
my shuffling days fall to my feet.
What is clay and what is sand?

We are the dead dreams.
We smile too fast
then can't think of a thing
to say.
Seven days to shrink
under vermilion sky.

I was Thursday's child,
always a little late
for the dawning of the day.
The gods forgot they made me,
so I forgot them too,
but I'll survive
your naked eyes.
I am the best jazz
you've ever seen
and I've danced with you
too long,
so throw me tomorrow.

Shallow man speaks
to the trembling shadows,
says
*All the pretty things
are going to hell,
but we can avoid
the sentence of our lives.
Give me money
for a change of face.*
They tilt his head back
on a bridge of violent people,
in a city full of rain.

These are the days, boys.
All the clouds are made
of glass,
all the ravens spiral-eyed.
You didn't feel us coming,
you lucky old sun
lighting lonesome nights.
I remember how we wept.

Hearts become outdated clocks,
and now
you're left with the worst.
We are the tabular lovers
in this lonely crowd.
I am the blood
at the corner of your eye,
and the hymns come to me
at the wrong time
on the wrong day,
but I have seven ways to die
in these noisy rooms,
and all the pretty things
are going to hell.

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, UNCLE FLOYD

Heathen 2002

Boy drags his bones
on a silver screen,
proclaims *Here shall we live
in this terrible town,
parked under the same
old
dream.*

I bet you laugh out loud at me,
sitting here—thin on the ground—
wishing on a cement floor.
From factory to field,
this little town
let me down.

I passed through the shadow
of Jupiter,
all legs and wings.
Down there below,
nothing is moving.
Down in space
it's always 1982,
and a letter in your writing
doesn't mean
you're not dead.

I've put my face in tomorrow
and I demand
a better future.

I used to wake up the ocean,
crawl under the bracken
and take to the fire,
but I got so lost
on the shore, and now
the price for our minds
echoes in tenement halls.

You've been coming to me
for such a long time,
now.

Do your strange, sandy eyes
sleep in quietude?
Do you bloody your hands
on a cactus tree?

Don't stay
in a sad place,
stumbling down a silent path.
Spill your breakfast
and drip your wine;
we could run
from this overdue train
when the rain slows.
Don't forget
to keep your head warm.
When the rain slows,
you can always
come home.

BRING ME THE DISCO KING

Reality 2003

I still don't remember how this happened.
The leaves are spinning, our light's gone,
and I'm looking for water.
I'm knocking on your door
again,
in red-eyed pain.

When it seemed that I would always
be lonely,
I discovered a new killer star—
tragic youth wearing tattered black jeans.
Says she's got her mind on countdown.
Says she felt too old
for all of this,
and life wasn't worth
the crumpled paper
it was written on.
She melted home
through the snow,
flooring all her mischief.

I told her,
*Little girl, come
blow me away.
Dark is forever,
but there's never gonna be
enough bullets.*
I won't look at the shots
by the mirror's frame,
that great white scar.
I breathe so deep when the movie gets real,
like life in a comic,
like the way they did the Bible.

I hear the morning junk,
struggling for reality:
steam on the floor,
empty smell.
There's always someone to hate,
always damp morning rays
in the stiff bad clubs
to stab you from the city spires.

I got a better way.
I'm just a devil in the marketplace
but when I talk in the night,
it's good and smart,
and hey,
Pablo Picasso never
got called an asshole.
Storms keep pounding through
my fading life
but my brain tangles hold me
tight.

The sky splits open
to a dull red skull.
I'm knocking on your door again,
sick with fear and cold.
Who but we remember
the ring of the bell
under chrome and glass,
the hot cash days
with no shape,
no depth.

I owe you
all the days of my life,
my river of perfumed limbs
trailed around through the years,
so when fall dog bombs the moon,
bury my bones in the marshland,
where love lies
like a dead clown.
Don't let me know
when you're opening the door.
You promised me the ending
would be clear.

THE PEACOCK IN THE SNOW

The Next Day 2013

They can't get enough
of that doomsday song,
dirty boys living on a lonely road,
satyrs and their child wives.

The purple-headed priest
fashions paper sculptures of them,
stiff with hate.

He believes that love
is theft.

The gormless, baying crowd—
they chant for death,
gossip til their lips are bleeding.
Soggy paper bodies
wash ashore in the dark.

Say hello to the lunatic men,
soaking up our primitive world.
Lev can't smile
and Sophie can't sing,
but they dress like the saints
and they die upon their knees.
Valentine sees it all,
all the world under his heel,
but they whip him
through the streets—brilliant and naked,
just the way the authors looked—
body left to rot
in a hollow tree.

My father ran the prison,
a landscape crammed with
wrath.

In my scrawny hand,
I've got a fear
of rear windows and swinging doors,
a dread of sighs—
fingers crossed just in case.

You've got a dangerous heart,
leaving slips of paper
in the park,
vile rewards
for the broke and shamed.
Girl, you move like water.
We made our trysts
and struggled with our guns.
Your voice is new
but your fear
is as old as the world.

When the girl and guitar
burn together, hot in rage,
it's something like religion.
It flickers and floats,
spins on your hips,
but stars are never sleeping.
Somewhere in the half-light
will come a silent gun,
beaming like blackened sunshine.
I can see you as a corpse,
hands upon the assassin's needle,
the ghost behind the tinted window stretch
on a silent train.

Just remember, duckies, everybody
gets got.
Today, today
the first of May,
just a mile to the future
where tomorrow is king.
There's a graveyard by the station—
I wear your old red dress,
just walking the dead.
They say the trees
die standing,
but I hope they live
forever.

AIN'T THAT JUST LIKE ME

Blackstar 2016

Blackstar rose a metre
on the day of execution,
struck the kiss
with rattling speed
then stepped aside,
said

*Hold your made hands,
this is war.*

*Take your passport
and shoes.*

*Push their backs
against the grain.*

Your eyes trod sacred ground
on the day he died.

In a season of crime,
none need atone.
The oligarchs with foaming mouths
fool them all again,
survival sex stretching
tails to necks.
The blackout hearts
see more, feel less.

The clinic called,
the x-ray's fine,
but I'm in danger
can't be seen.
The prodigal pulse
returns
and she punched me
like a curse.
I'm sitting
in the real bad

dizzy snatch and
I found your note,
it can't be right:
We were born
the wrong way round.
You said you want it written
on your gravestone.

I've pushed you down
beneath the weeds now,
and I'm cold to this
pig and pug show.
Blackstar rose a metre,
then smote the mistress,
and somebody else took his place.

There were eagles in my daydreams
on the day he died.
I'm not a marvel star,
just a flash in the pan
of the great I am,
but I've got drama
can't be stolen—
a solitary candle
in the centre of it all.
It's too dark
to speak the words,
but this
is
all I ever meant.

Thank you, David Bowie

BOWWYTRY

Found Poems from David Bowie Lyrics

Cara Losier Chanoine

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Fuzzy, Torture & Triumph, Oh, the Elements, Side A/Side B, Babylon, Chose Theory, Writing To Honour & Chant, Disaggregated Writings, Breaking Silence, Undoing the Mystery, the Book of Stars, the Post, Life on the Edge, Revealing of your Dirty Little Secrets, Burial Remains, Chant Elements, Hope & Creation, Creating the Curve, Layers of Creation, Day/Meter, Survival of the Fittest, Crawling Through the Dirt, Lying the Groundwork, Woodshed, who, who in my blood, (book) (re edition), Enriched Poetry, c&d Enriched Prose, Enriched with Dirt, An Open Book, Literary Town Hall (2 editions), Presentment Pan, 100 Words, 1,000 Words, the 2012 Literary Date Book, It Was All Prevalent, Cultural Touchstone, the Micon (esse edition and dpubs&s edition), Purpos, Falling, Cheap Thrills, After the Apocalypse 2013 date book, After the Apocalypse (poetry edition), After the Apocalypse (prose edition), Entertainment, Guilt by Association, don't forget it, don't listen, rood's, ban minimum, Poet as Sociopath, Drawing, Art is not Meant to be Touched, the Broken Path, a New Pan, Need to Know Basis (reduced edition and extended edition), the "need to know" 2015 literary date book, one Solitary Word, What Must be Done, Adrift, Salvation, the 2016 literary date book anthology, the Chosen Few, Sunlight in the Sanctuary, from Smoke, the Intersection, Informers in our Prime, Anais Nin: an Understanding of her Art, the Electronic Windmill, Changing Women, the Swan Road, the Significance of the Frontier, The Svetosvatovs Unpunished, 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, the Drive, Thomas of Teo, Crushing Down Nineteen, Bell Color Bullet, nepson, In Your Heart the Apostrophe's Teardrop of God, the Adventures of the Key to Believing Bear, Anais Nin: an Understanding of her Art (second printing), *Darkard Under / Chant #100*, 12 Times 12 Equals Gross, a Marble Nude Poetesse 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Remains, When the World Settles, Along the Surface, Into the White, Life... from Nothing, Down In It, Wake Up and Smell the Flowers, Looking Beyond, See the World Burn, Aether to the Catch Fire on the Treetops, Wisdom in Broken Roads, Symbols Manifest, Grounded, Perfectly Imperfect, I Pull the Strings, am I really extant, Home at Last, Spiculating, a Rural Story, Grinding Water, Black Cat, a Bad Influence, Too Many Miles, the Love of Laces Resistance, halo goodbye goodbye hello, when the Walls are Paper Thin, Planets Apart, Planets Apart, Nighttime City, the Breaking, I suggest extirpe, New moon, a Perfect Solitude, 6 Foot Under*

Compact Discs: *Mom's Favorite Place the Home tapes, Koyotes the Incl (MP3 included), Woods and Flowers the beauty & the dissolution, The Second Aiding Something is Breaking, The Second Aiding Live in Alaska, Pettis & Koyotes Live at Cafe Alphas, Painless Orchestra Rough Hairs, Koyotes Soaring Things Unusually, 5D/3D Tick Tack, Koyotes Change Bearings, Older From Chant The Entryway Project, Koyotes So One One, Koyotes Stop, Koyotes Material Performances #2 CD, Koyotes Death Comes in Threes, Koyotes Changing Gears, Koyotes Dreams, Koyotes How Do I Get There?, Koyotes Content-Call-Cat-Cat, the DMU Art Connection the DMU Art Connection, Koyotes Questions in a World Without Answers, Koyotes 5M, Koyotes NZBO Radio (2 CD set), Mom's Favorite Place and the Second Aiding These Things, recorded artist Strity Theory, Oh (audio CD), He In The Cds (2 CD set), the DMU Art Connection Indian Flux, the DMU Art Connection Movie Depression or Something, Chant Radio Chant Radio Work #1, Chant Radio Chant Radio Work #2, Chant Radio Chant Radio Work #3, Chant Radio Chant Radio Work #4, Chant Radio Chant Radio Work #5, Chant Radio Chant Radio Collection Collection #1 to #5 (5 CD set) etc (audio CD, 2 CD set), Chant Elements (2 CD set), Chant in Motion (5 CD set), 5D/3D Screwing to a Halt (EP), FR&L Two for the Price of One (EP), A&I, Jaka and Haystack An American Portrait, Koyotes the Bestest Two/Paul Baker/The Indiana Panthers Trio Fusion (4 CD set), podcast the Evolution of Performance Art (13 CD set), Koyotes Live (14 CD set), the DMU Art Connection the Things They Did to You (2 CD set), Koyotes Saving a Psychiatrist (3 CD set), Koyotes St. Paul's (3 CD set), Koyotes the 2009 Poetry Game Show (3 CD set), Koyotes and the Hellman of South Africa Burn Through Me (2 CD set), Koyotes "40", Koyotes Sextan and Other Stories, Koyotes the Status of Women (amazon.com release), Koyotes "Dobro Vecu" (4 CD set), Koyotes "tummy" (4 CD set), Koyotes "Letting It All Out", Koyotes "What We Need in Life" (CD single), Koyotes "Made any Difference" (CD single), Koyotes/Reichold "Across the Pond" (3 CD set).*