Los Angeles St.

Christopher Mulrooney

Los Angeles St.

the dangerous curves ahead
malingeringly multiplied
linger in the august memory
of slaves here and abroad
to a pink fashion sense
roadmending abolishes quite

this is the street of heavenly views
the Amsterdam and Zurich marts
compounded daily on an account
severely multiplied in recondite addition

on a wine chest the silver salver
and brazen charger receive the slip
of paper identifying the culprit
it is a moment of supreme silence

the witness is large or small effaced
to be sure leaving nothing but a mind
scarred to be sure and no road more
assured than this one line by line

the little finger

humbuggery of a conventicular Diocletian
enough and twice over

had a little finger in your ear
wiggling and writhing there dystopic
as all get out

Yuma revels at the new sea breeze
washing your undies
in the fetid air
outside Phoenix

adobe of a ziggurat

in a western ghost town

the never-figured forth
figured very strongly
as the black applies
to any hearse or
caisson

variorums of the likely happenstance
migrate to these waters

shipshape the very expanse
of sky
holds its own

the purblind with tears
stumble allusively

pass

roaring Frenchmen knew these waters
between those Alpine meadows
curious and ornate
and straight-flecked
ornamentation of those
crystalline structures
the sort of thing
bounders write about
as curios

Technicolor study no. 2

Angelus Temple

the curve of the mind in space
is the reflection of thought
thought the many dimensions of which
all have names
I have given a name to this one
this rare ability
all are known to possess

Technicolor
the mind's eye revolting in its sleep
projecting a varicolored image perfect in every detail
rich full colors
and the drama
for its critics

bordello

*Roman beaker, ca. 200**

drunk
I'm gone
these whores are too damn pricey
and you don't get your money's worth
pimp
here she is
what you want
and at a good price too
whore
no way
I've a John coming
eunuch
so it goes
you're in you're out
who can tell
in this world

** in the Los Angeles County Museum of Art; it depicts a theatrical scene with this imagined dialogue.*

the boulevard

the spindle-leg reviewers sat on the fly of a sailor's suit
and squirmed to beat the band

the tall ships entered the harbor
like hobby-horses in the stable of a speculator

Create-A-Coterie

the first Fascist port
was an angular two-ship depression
in the shingle at the steep entrance to a cave

the cameraman winds around a hill to get this footage
risking his life
he's brave bold and yet ambitious

in the cave proper two revolutionary guards
prepare to execute a third young short
a girl with a long rifle of new make
she is about to cry

executions among the guards
mount up
the cameraman flees though hardly concerned
under occasional fire
up a crowded escalator

in an Eastern dominion
two or three detectives search a car
find a cigarette and a roach
plant another
have another plan won't play ball
with the potentate of recent vintage

they are cut loose
in a rolling car at night
no lights or steering
it grazes to a stop along the curb

outside the director's showcase
Create-A-Coterie

audience questionnaire games
this satirical film
has you filling out your plot
winners rise in numerical standings
and who would you like to see saying or doing what
the rounds continue the audience merges
into a complete personality
white-haired and very hip-looking devoted to a star called Win
the focus group consulting team explains
aside that's how it's done

you drive up past the studio now a motel
the Jewish Quarter is now semi-industrial
the avenue is a back alley
ahead of you a fiery crash you drive around it
cheap plastic body off its frame
the driver has an extinguisher
fights the flames on a puddle
in the street you drive past

the universitarian minister

Young U Katschei
has a very philosophical flavor
in its same mind
in its quad

he has a very sane philosophical flavor
to his mind
the old quad
in his lunacies

in his very freshly-swept
garden cornices and terraces
you would say the guard has swept upon
the marketplace and left a
cordon sanitaire

or what's the difference
militaire

they will name the cities for him
of his very country

the people in his mind Jane there
and Joe and Murgatroyd and
Crabapple and Mountjoyce
and Riddle and Rum-tee-tum
and the old boy in the chateau
who smelled the ivy and his wife

Palisades Park

I

now I know that you are dead Robert Lowell
because I have your Collected Poems a volume with 666
with an introduction by a critic
and a poem set contrary to your wishes

in the corner of the old cathedral the rebel dam and daughter
        with her dark-haired playmate
are selling books against the canon
quickly I buy *Justine* for a modest price and feel remorse
having discussed this rather too quickly
it is their sandy honeymoon an extra dollar would be fitting

it's a code of acting what can I say remembering the roles
against bad actors and the like
and if the popcorn won't be served
why then to comically stand where the concessionaire isn't

II

in the realm of the great citizens
flying to the moon
what's over here
that was cities
you can say a trace what over there the bond war
making undercrowded street things overcrowded street things
not commanded by the astronaut in his capsule

III

at night the cannons thunder in a stormwave like a great
boredom always repeated
he looks upon the prisoners below it's the hour of sweetness
there is nothing noisy now but muffled grows without a
hitch
his helmet's in his hands to greet the memory of lilies roses
jasmine in closed gardens
and beneath the hooded mask he thinks of hair so dark
awaiting him upon the quay vast sea of shadow mauve
the nut tree's brilliant crop madness poles down vainly listen
lovely to the little bird on your shoulder warbling
light's our love a spotlight sends to the top of the lighthouse
heart
my recall's a lighthouse flower her dark hair the terrible light
of volleys added all at once to your beautiful eyes

Sunset

all the very laundered fellows
come to the Strip
the lights are very come
down to the wire

the gals walk on tiptoe
glad to be home
with the cat and
goldfish maybe in his shelf

Diebenkorn

give if him a nice big tribute
fanfare and piano music
hollow-eyed and treacly

let fireworks be given off
the city can afford it

somewhere in this vicinity
place a small chair there
and a small table
nothing against any walls
that's it now a curlicue
could be you understand

Komodo

it has a very serious air
flicking its tongue out
at the likes of you

driving your Simca Bearcat
down from the mountains

its lower belly
just grazes the Earth
which you have trod upon
lo these many years

the flicker of his abstentions
already it is night
and the game
given away

but for one
who cannot see
in the many
who cannot hear

it will have to be
the pet of one
who lives in West Hollywood

Boxsall

see that he's met at the door
but let's not be over-indulgent
get him some coffee or a drink if he wants one
that's it

how do you do I'm saying
how do you do Mr. Boxsall
do you like my art collection
it's my favorite this one
it hardly cost me anything
now it's worth oh millions
but that's not why I love it

I read your review this morning
and I wondered if we might have a chat
do lunch no I have staff for that believe me
do a meet there are young people who say that
no I just wanted to have a chat

look I respect the freedom of the press
you remember Cary Grant saying an unseen power
or something like that yes
that was a long time ago
look here old man
I don't want any trouble with you
or with your organization
but what are you saying
we let the free market decide
what's right and wrong with our product

you can't buy happiness with love
it takes real money
there's a capital investment here
that reaps a whirlwind of cash
flowing in and out all the time
think of the payrolls on our units
we have space to burn here
and our time is valuable
valuable so would you mind
do you mind if I don't see you out
just go back the way you came
don't ask Dorothy anything at all
just don't darken my door in future

Dorothy I didn't think you'd mind if I went
to North Hollywood for a few hours
just to see how things are going for a while
just don't cancel all my calls
and see to it the gentlemen are entertained

is he gone well that's a relief
when the boss gets back just say
I was pretending to be someone
it's part of my acting therapy
who reads the critics anyway

where'd he get that painting did you say
oh it was here when he moved in
there's something about it but I don't know what

Kienholz

1. Barney's Beanery

the dummies line the bar
with a sylvan disregard
for facts

the bean's the thing

2. whorehouse

riches calm and joyousness
these are their reward

who gather to themselves
all things
that mother memories

the statue in the shopping mall

in the performance of their duties
men hold a similar fate is served
high and low and it is said the measures
urged on proved and summonsed
by the rejects of all tyranny will incite
the joy of the people in the strangest way
it is said so in the charter's new preamble
and on the plinth of the statue in the shopping mall

there's gladness in the moonshine jar
and in the globules of a firefly's reunion
and in the keep with the sad moat there is wine
abundant and in the disclose-proof order of shipment
there is the day to be reckoned
the hour even to the minute without hands at all

Magdalen with the Smoking Flame

the blistering lies like his mind
rough along the road between Jerusalem
and the outskirts of Babylonia
flung far and overworn

on the city its bubbles fester
and boil up
evermore
it is the decline of history says all philosophy
in the works

the lamp scuttles smokily
beside the whore
in the museum

have we not again we consider to
have considered
and regard the purposes
hitherto complained of?

the flame regards not
the wench regarding
it

and the museum is free after five

the “Blue Boy”

void the gallery appears
and its parquet
trigonometry of perspectival art
at the new century

what have you dispensed
withal what not

Admiral you have no sextant
mate no Morse Code

untenanted is not the sky
ridiculous

this I take it must be England

rare tenacious shrubbery
phantoms of libraries
like the one at Philadelphia

old men walked there
housed in doorsills
by reflection
his way as much
as to go along the narrow street
happenstance revealed to him
presently
invaluable dignity
soured curded churned

into gladness

this is nothing more than exile
away from summering boards

Michael the Archangel
sweet-tempered
better is
to know him

come his equal-tempered sword
gilt-lain with pithy sayings
in a tongue of faëry-fire

as it grammaticality hath
and declensions by the tonne
some do say

I am no good Publican
masters mine bethought
well

no parson neither
wake up Pompeii faun
in Villa Getty fountains
sleep again

toast hills and sea
in punch

you've been there
all winedark is the sea
a phenomenon which I have often noticed

Odysseus sailed over
the world's edge quite
onto the Pacific

the function of art
Secrets of Magic Craftsmanship
to have a formal venue
for mind and body

says the travelogue writer
the diary keeper

O scapular of might
'gainst the roadways
and cold necessities

barked like a dog for his supper
and no bone
well the disculpations
shall begin

Father
guiding mariners
crest and fall among
lookout from thy
crow's-nest gather
perfect measure
the sailor is not there
swept off by crashers
to sea
and gone

where is the ship no tell me again
by wire and wireless
I read you not

a tale to tell again
the doctor's art
in the Crimea
would you like to know
would you not

the most delicate operation frees him
to go
you must needs find
the stitching of the whole
hangs together

widows and gibbets
a tableau if you like
picture
and golden myth

what a potherb
you can thrive on that with myrrh
and frankincense and money

stood the mother
stark and staring
with a pain
past bearing
another boy he says
that's the boy

ladders knelt so soft in dirt

weary of us bound in tedium
decanting sixteen stars redwinged blackbirds on the thorn
whither they had sung it
so melodious

even comes later now
Daylight Savings are in
travel not in the dark
we arm ourselves against it

the moon a pleasant place must be
governing our gatherings not
nor we have not talked this way
at long heuristic themes
is Vaughan that way you ask

starry mechanics of art
all we have achieved
have described

all that good description
a task like all others
bears witness
well and good

keeper of the true rock in candidness
I've all the cards in view
my gypsy mistress wardheels
all our fortunes says this card is for a reason
next this city state our country and the world
she traces all sidereality and the planetoids
and spheres and what astronomers do not know
as when internal guidance systems true

upon the realm between Betelgeuse and the lair of Satan
    seeking north
and there is something to be divined ought to out of all this
    happy cosmos
gladder in the addition