

Andrew Mister //

// National Dust

Old Style

Miso soup & Guinness Landlord
still hasn't turned on the heat
Leave the notebook to itself
Traffic's dull refrain, something
the music can't drown out
The traffic most music has become
no face, no name, no number
At least we're trying. Thru the buildings
December's scorched tinsel, a light
I see at the same time every day:
5:45 p.m. Watch the news.
Wait for Gina. Go back to work.

Dayquil

First go to the hospital then to jail
then to a party in Greenpoint
first, secondly, third: three stories
a book I will never write,
an untold plot. On my voicemail
my mom says, “I don’t know
if this makes any sense”
& I don’t either. I have forgotten
to mention many things:
commerce, caryatids, corpse paint.
Come drive me home
where I am loved &
summer never ends.
It is snowing.

Seven Eleven

False because of the surfeit. Dear reader,
these are the first three pages
of the rest of my book
because you're empty & I'm empty
Because everything is beyond description
I know what you're trying to do
Lines that indicate direction
as in a drawing. Tomorrow is always
out there waiting. Why not stay home
where it is cold & you are loved
He was left with six more Elegies and sixty-four sonnets
because everything is beyond description
I take comfort in knowing
that you are no one else's

Out Hud

the L train is a swell train & I don't
want to hear you indies complain
Union squared use less buy more
"Don't fuck up, please."

The soothing sounds of Anal Cunt
Western Mass. grind core all-ages
because we all were young once.

Who will annotate
my uncollected? The great unwashed
of Williamsburg

Between the tracks a rat nudges a Duracell
battery with its nose Caution: rodenticide
Black Metal valentine This is 3rd Avenue
Stand clear of the closing doors

American Steel

for Joe Massey

Things go on despite

An exit sign above an empty doorway
on the second floor of a semi-
demolished factory

remains

A staircase

down into ashes

Halliburton

Until nothing is left
but what we've left behind
dead end admin
carpal tunnel rubdown
The daily news of slow decay
Everything he says
is bullshit. The wakefulness
of the long distance drug runner
the subway suddenly silent
O Williamsburg, so much
to answer for! Woke up at Coney Island
same outfit I'd worn all week

OED

Nervously waiting, a list of words
Someone leaves, someone is leaving
Come home, get stoned, sleep
The next stop is Hoyt-Schermerhorn
I've counted all the pages
they remain blank
Older woman bleached blonde fur coat
looks at me as we pass
on the platform
same outfit I've worn all week
a police state's gentle politics
sing me to sleep, I'm tired & I
get home, come to bed, sleep with me
like recognizing her handwriting on an envelope

Sunkist

An untold plot
scattered towards

a sudden shore

one afternoon
is paradise

in the pop wilderness

there was something

I wanted to tell you

& this

& this

Gem Spa

for Dustin Williamson

we are more than our epigraphs!
Bullets sting our teeth aloud, to ourselves
having to greet you, say “hello”
an historical reenactment
crushed Colt 45 can
in a paper bag
humming the Corpse Overture
confidential music of the daily news
I've grown impatient with my life
a room where someone is always asleep
I'm awake, are you? Hungover
Who could say what I'd been reading

MGM

You smash your heart against the rocks
I mean that in the best way possible
a conciliation prize the \$64,000 pyramid
When I said I wanted to be your dog
a case history
like a tattoo it only hurts
aloud to ourselves
nervous waiting a list
The 39 Steps

Secret Agent

Sabotage

Having to greet someone,
say, "hello"
Don't talk about how much money you make
Don't talk about how little money you make

Culver City

Hotwire my heart

against the rocks

Outer sunset

Lipstick traces

medicated dawn

The air smells like aspirin
or something else entirely

Other Music

Friends, “Fragile”

Sachiko Kanenobu, “Misora”

Emmanuelle Parrenin, “Maison Rose”

Karen Dalton, “It’s So Hard to Tell...”

Bridget St. John, “Jumble Queen”

Robbie Basho “Venus in Cancer”

Meic Stevens, “Rain in the Leaves”

Mark Fosson, “Lost Takoma Sessions”

Glaxo Babies, “Dreams Interrupted”

Milton Nascimento, “Minas”

Twilight, “S/T”

Exxon Mobile

Stop making me make money
Glass shards trace the shape
of a bottle breaking
Motion suggests itself
Neckface arm stretched across
until the ocean frees us
Well beyond the waves, a buoy
Crack, cheeseburgers & chemicals
so you can rest medicine
Honey, let's get out of this country
As everything we don't understand
conspires against us
I just want to dance dance dance
Dance to the radio static

Lame House

We don't live here anymore
Walk to work, keep walking
to Crown Heights. As the bird flies
a glow against the transom window
just keep writing *I feel lost*
an era in which we would count beats per minute
Those were different times
Things might not get better
Things won't get any better
We will all die. So why not stay home
& wait for the never to arrive
But it won't. Not for you, my love
not tonight.

Andrew Mister's poems have appeared in *Boston Review*, *The Canary*, *Colorado Review*, *Fence*, *The Hat*, *the tiny*, and *Verse*. His chapbook *Hotels* is forthcoming from Fewer & Further Press. He lives and works in Brooklyn, NY.