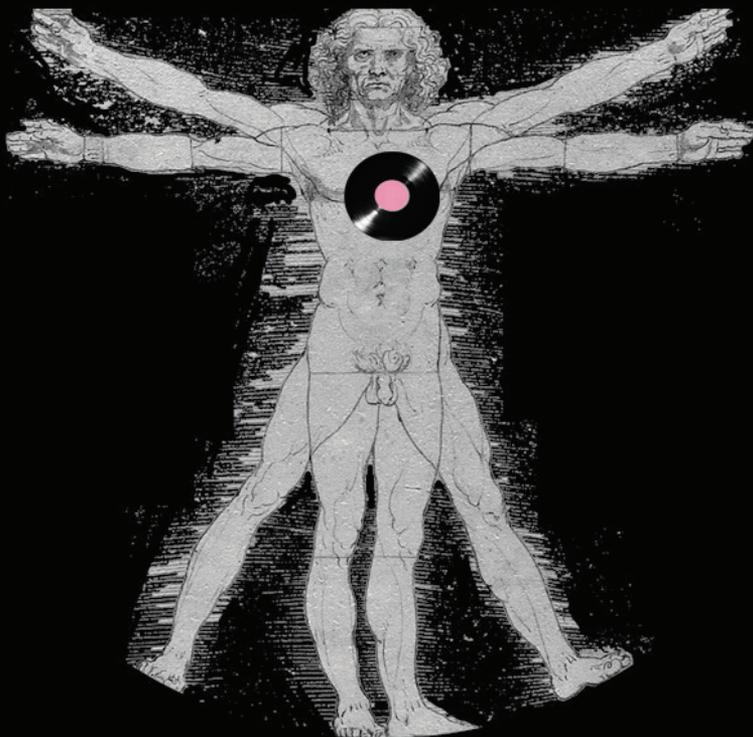


# THE TINY JUKEBOX

Nate Slawson



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by Nate Slawson



H\_NGM\_N BOOKS, 2009

*The Tiny Jukebox*

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a H\_NGM\_N portable document format chapbook

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*for Andrea & Alex*

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## you are paul newman

I be yr horse  
to whip & to  
hold, not corpse,  
not busted ankle  
bone, & down  
my throat you  
can plug every  
dime every  
quarter, so I be  
yr parking meter  
& you be my  
pipe cutting tool.

you are 100,000 fireflies (superchunk cover version)

body is also confession, yr bruise  
a flashlight map  
of north carolina,  
an injured bird, &  
I say hello, bird,  
I don't know yr  
name or if you  
rooftop crucifix  
or if we just sad.  
I listen with my  
lungs, with my  
one good ear.  
yr wings is no  
electric guitar,  
& I is fuckt night,  
no voice, no body,  
no mouth of glass.

**you are black sabbath**

bite my face  
& I be yr dove  
for all time.

## you are saxophone

is not yr soul  
a tiny jukebox,  
a pain in yr heart  
sprung from the  
blues, & which,  
when I cup my  
hand to yr chest,  
be like thunder-  
ous rain, like  
wasps in a coffee  
can, & thou  
nettles & dry river-  
bed, thou sermon  
of fire, sister, &  
we hymnal of  
matchsticks.

you are *blowup* (m. antonioni, 1966)

give me darkness  
or give me *been*  
*drowned* in the creek  
behind yr house.  
I do repent for  
my face hammered  
against yr car window,  
for the H-bomb in  
my head & for every  
morning in the bathroom  
I knelt down to pray  
*car wreck*, knelt down  
& sd *razorblade*, bawling like  
I was fucking oil slick.  
I cannot answer for  
yr skin when there  
is no "we" in the slow  
slow sorrow of  
polaroids, of hand-  
holding dance party.  
& I want bad to be  
forgiven, to be shepherd,  
projectionist &/or light-  
house keeper. but not me.  
not a thing like me & w/  
fish for eyes, them that be  
the color of underwater.

## you are amplifier

I hope this don't  
sound nothing like  
a prison love letter,  
but I wanna play  
w/ yr microphone,  
sing *something else by*  
*the kinks* from begin-  
ning to end into yr  
red red knees & when  
I'm finished I be  
yr fuckin bass drum  
& you can kick out  
the side of my head,  
then cradle me baby  
rabbit-like, all jackie o  
how goddamn sweet  
is that how killer  
would that be?

## you are delicious

please forgive me  
but do you know  
I wanna bite into  
yr yellow jacket  
& by *bite* I mean  
tear a gash in yr  
belly, that flesh-  
iest of flesh, I bet  
you taste like  
lemonade, so  
sour & so pink.

## you are a planetarium

I do & I don't  
feel bad for scaring  
you sometimes,  
eventhough I'm not  
pack of wild dogs scary  
& eventhough I'm not  
stuck in a subway  
tunnel scary, but I'm  
more all around you  
scary, yr shadow &  
footstep echo &  
those helicopter  
things that fall  
from trees down  
the back of yr shirt  
scary. I'm not  
meaning ghosts  
& shit, more like  
murmured light,  
murmured sound,  
& my hands feel  
like magnolia skin.  
yr neck salt-  
water birdbath,  
a boxlight diarama  
of stars & comets  
& the bluest blue  
nothing of outer  
space.

## you are a brief meditation on a short story

yes I am a little  
drunk & am gonna  
try finding my way  
home by swimming  
laps in yr swimming pool,  
can't imagine there's  
anything more black-  
berry bramble than  
yr eyelashes, yr black  
t-shirt, what we fall into  
when we notice something  
too closely. & this  
takes me back to  
cincinnati, to kentucky,  
to oklahoma, & every  
other place I been  
where I'm currently  
not, every place its  
own film reel, empty  
swimming pools &  
empty houses & I  
butterfly stroke for  
you in the worst way.

*my ska band will be named zooey deschanel*

*The World shall burn //  
to compass all*

—Ronald Johnson

you so cherry bomb

& hello nighttime ghetto fire  
in the back alley of my skull

hello asphalt & cheeks filled with gasoline  
I swallow you like paint

hello nighttime vertigo  
the beat in my head  
is freight trains, is scripture &

*you bible* I say  
you the most  
beautiful goddamn  
& a jukebox of the pinkest pinkest pills  
I ever seen

you bubblicious sucker punch  
you best-part-of-what's splintering  
my eye socket bone

I be sketchbook  
I be the architect of sweet talk & x-rated whispering  
the blueprint of yr ribcage &

all the ways a dirty movie  
could undress you

I wanna bleed technicolor  
I want yr basement to whirl switchblade  
& switchblade & fucking switchblade  
if we hold our breath long enough

in my front pocket is a note  
it says I would try anything once

I would swallow a jar of pennies  
I would take off all my clothes  
& lie down in yr front yard  
w/ a pair of pliers

would be a ladder at yr window,  
yr fire truck, cadmium red,  
yr pantone 192

& if you ask I be an airplane  
in midair bursting into flames

you so fist-in-the-throat  
yr words is hard candy

my chest is boombox  
8 D-batteries blasting *Dirty*  
all up & down yr street

I play yr Jason Lee &  
you is handycam, elbow scars 2 & 3,  
my broken tooth, my sugar cane

& I long to be yr factory  
of daughters of daughters &  
*wowee* & hot hot skin,  
like summer blacktop  
glow at the core of you

you dance snow machine &  
light tower & electric hum

& when I wave my hand  
in front of my face  
I see meteor rain  
I become the carpet  
rolled inside my chest

& I like the way  
the razorblade feels  
underneath my chin

so how much valium  
should I take before it  
means I love you pin-up,  
before you say once &  
for all I'm yr hospital bed

because I have the hardest  
time remembering,  
remembering shit like  
how my eyes is supposed to feel

I like to think you a power chord  
& I'm the entire history of FM radio

one day we will make a movie  
w/ conmen & private detectives  
& you just like Anna Karina  
& we will miss ourselves

I have this dream in which  
we are two cities all street  
signs & flocks of birds &  
you is the landscape I'd carve  
into my wrist w/ a pocketknife

you red vinyl lp  
lunar eclipse & heavenly shit

tonight fireworks in my head  
& *executioner's blackout* I say *faster* I say

before the panic  
& I cry mouthfuls  
of orange paint onto  
yr half-buttoned shirt

I call that lovely pill-rocket  
my mouth burning down  
to my breastbone when  
everything lets loose

& I wish you'd say  
something when I  
key yr name into  
my neck

but believe me when  
I say dirty movies &  
cherry bombs like so  
many teeth squeezed  
into the shotgun of  
my jaw

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*H\_NGM\_N*: *my ska band will be named zoey deschanel*

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