

Poetry Series

**Jimi Doyle**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2017

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Jimi Doyle()

# A Frank Discussion

Here is the serenity:  
it fell out as we entered the cab

Here is the loyalty:  
Tammy Wynette singing that song again

Here is the courage:  
blinded staggered down

Here is the sacrifice:  
rusted in cans

Here is the wisdom:  
bursting forth with steady double hunger

Here is the faith:  
pleading with the executioner  
afraid at last

Here is the joy:  
sized in crumbled robbery

Here is the promise:  
sea pines and the scent of the sea  
the rain bird starts a song

Here is the love:  
reduced to stymied poetry

Jimi Doyle

# American Jesus

there is no dog-gone Jesus  
like the American Jesus  
big and strong  
with hundred yard dash

he built a dam  
he built a railroad  
he drives a Cadillac  
or a pick-up truck  
on the highway system he built

he washed the feet  
of a pretty girl

in his bed  
in his motel room  
by the side of the highway  
system he built

Jimi Doyle

# Anvil Arm

the rain forged its anvil arm  
through the dusty membrane  
kissing the grass leaves  
into an ocean trance

now snow is turning...  
i'm bone-jacked  
with slink shy girlfriends  
here in the third floor apartment  
trimmed behind  
a grey city back porch

now and again  
we run out  
for this and that

i saw the best minds of a generation  
lying  
asleep

we worked at races over the phone  
made calls for a collection agency, too  
gaining consent  
like the electric moments  
of afternoon thundercrack

ancient sense  
like spring soil ascending...  
then you're dazed with strength

randomness compels  
lucky circumstances  
which can pay the dream tax  
for all the ammunition we need

our gang was movie stars- no film  
no ammunition for our pistols

five gallons of gasoline

in big glass jugs  
weird sisters tried to warn me...  
i know that now  
but i scotched it like a bug

Jimi Doyle

# Bill The Suicide

cold grief or demented vacuum?

grey head in coffin  
suicide neck

drunken sorry note (with misspellings)  
something nice about everyone (i love you)  
debts owed to companies (many thousands)  
punk kids from the other marriage (haircuts at the wake)

martyrdom of dust and tedious fear

ordinary con job  
with thank you notes and symmetry  
(the wife who found his body)

Jimi Doyle

# Breathing Machine

I have a breathing machine  
I use it when my lungs are dirty  
blocked with soot or feathers  
or when there is too much moisture  
in all of the air around me

and I need to take a sip to breathe

I have a breathing machine  
I use it when I breathe out my dreams

when boredom gets to panic  
I think about my machine

every time a buzzer sounds  
every time a snake slides  
every time Jesus gets lonely

machine

Jimi Doyle

# Corn

first the seed

...in March the muffle cover of snow disappears  
and good Illinois soil emits  
from moment to moment  
all the aromas of the history of the earth

then the shoot

...in April with each rain grows stronger  
in May as thick as a doe's leg  
in June stronger still and green

then the ear

...as June is July as tall as the boy  
who rides in the tractor  
in August all children work at de-tassling  
'til the end of long days now golden and rose

then the kernel

...August bakes away  
and September on the coolness of evening  
is harvest  
the monstrous combine gleans  
all the cobs  
and screens  
fodder for forage forever

Jimi Doyle

# Creep (For Hugh H)

MASTURBATION HAS BEEN MONETIZED  
FINALLY  
COUNTLESS YOUNG WOMEN HAVE BEEN PROSTITUTIONIZED  
PERPETUALLY

A DUSTY CREEPY PIMP

USED JAZZ  
USED FREE SPEECH  
USED PHONY NIETZSCHE  
USED PHONY PHILOSOPHY  
AS PROPS IN A WHOREHOUSE

DUSTY DRAPES AND MUSTY HALLS

THAT MOTHERFUCKER BILL COSBY LEARNED HIS  
TRICKS IN THAT RUN DOWN JOINT

CAN YOU IMAGINE A YOUNG WOMAN EMBARRASSED  
TO SCREW YOU?  
YOU SCREW HER ANYWAY

CAN YOU IMAGINE EJACULATING INTO AN UNCONSCIOUS WOMAN?  
COMMON EVENT

CONSUMERISM  
CHAUVINISM  
ARE SACRAMENTS IN THIS FUCKED UP CHURCH

SAD STUPID ORGIES OF AN ANTIQUE PETER PAN

HAVE YOU EVER HAD A WOMAN PUT HER SEX ON YOU FOR LOVE?

TO MAKE YOU FORGET ALL OTHER WOMEN?

TO BRING ALL THAT HUMAN SEX CAN BE IN LOVE ON YOU?

RIGHT NOW?

YOU WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO EJACULATE  
INTO A PROSTITUTE AGAIN!

Jimi Doyle

# Dawn Beaches Of The City Of Tijuana

Tijuana beach sunrise  
night's darkness passing  
its colors to the stars...  
orbiting westward  
to tomorrow  
over the Tijuanas of Tokyo  
Shanghai and Perth

It is today right now  
as the sun shoulders up  
over painted boards  
bright and various  
battered into houses  
on sand-scrub dry hills

Beautiful poverty beach  
tar film and bits of trash  
scent-marked  
where the breasts of the sea  
and sand-bell  
are displayed like a galaxy

Morning dogs  
are by instinct roused  
to vagrant curiosity  
Returning like soldiers  
of the lost revolution  
to the women war heroes

Everything held in balance  
by the very salt flakes of air  
the city street on the cliff  
is an obituary  
for the history of a country alive  
in spite of wounds  
to the heart  
wounds to the family...

the tribe of fusion greets the day

on the bone-sand  
of ancient murders

Jimi Doyle

# Floating On Cold Water

No vanity fair magazine  
to float on cold water  
and arc further out  
with sea moss and iodine kelp  
and the run of slapping waves  
then wash up sandy in ensenada

Near a cracked up automobile  
breaking through a house rusted by sea life  
insects ornery and electric  
hang in the air  
as Christmas ornaments  
all unpacked

There is nothing to hear now

The water pipes broke in the house down there  
and wood rot  
deep root-flesh  
took over for good

all salt  
all junk

Between which  
tiny blue flowers  
will themselves up  
through cold early dew  
thick as a welcome mat

each a prism  
of all the blue water  
each obeying  
in substance the sun

Jimi Doyle

# Impossibility Of Bad Poetry

a poem is born  
  somehow like men  
and then is  
  like a flower or a razor blade  
and lives forever  
  like a saint

will it slay me?  
or end this dirty vice?  
or teach?  
or pity?

turmoil?  
miracle?  
a tender connection?

needs truth  
needs beauty

poetry?

Jimi Doyle

# Kentucky Derby

(for Smarty Jones)

horse-naked

a barn sleeper  
he can swim in the sun, in a barn

he loafes in an apple yard,  
snapping the pea grass  
as blossoms inhale and exhale kentucky spring

his friend the goat is  
patiently  
trimming the grass beneath

today is saturday

steel strips are winged to his toes  
tiny shields

he can carry a man running  
his tail is a whisper trail

in sharp silk clothing  
a fearless man holds on  
still cropping the slender useless whip  
a man and a race-horse in a jagged steady burst  
pushing through the vortex

is this the vortex of horse speed?  
a horse in a puff  
in a dreamscape a puff

can he see the dawn coming?

he's fast!  
on his toes and  
he's passed us!

Jimi Doyle

# Life Stretch

Running the day to twilight  
Trusting the night 'til dawn  
Challenging pure fire  
Flexing pure light  
Lengthening the sense of poise  
Living in the alibi organs  
    of my body  
Flowing into the moment of  
    rubber band snap back  
Racing eyeball to eyeball  
Chanting the death flow  
Flashing the vitamin of zeal  
Tolerating muscle movement  
Attracting hunger and waste  
Reaping weaving instincts

Jimi Doyle

# Moon Poem

Just another poet  
writing about the moon...  
a place he's never been,  
never truly seen.

Meanwhile, his heart  
is peeling away from his life  
like paint from the walls  
of a cheap hotel.

Jimi Doyle

# Mosquito Fog

Our sweet mothers watched from the porches  
as a big truck would sway down our street  
bestowing a vapor upon our neighborhood  
in a public war against mosquitoes

Was it once a week?  
once a summer?  
did it happen just once?

Kennedy in the white house  
Daley in Bridgeport  
...we were not afraid

God it was fun  
to run behind the truck  
clouding ourselves in and out of eccentric sky  
on earth's surface  
hiding and seeking in killing magic

Big diesel steam cloud  
hazing in billows  
gasoline butter mothball gum

Stenching our clothes and skin  
lasting  
on the grass blades  
elm leaves  
car hoods  
eyes and noses and throats  
scarring tattoos into green branches

It was a bitter blue carnage  
of lightning bugs  
amphibians  
birds

With mosquitos rising  
from the ground again  
steady as the sun

We all wound up going dead bang crazy  
taunted by the grace of children

Jimi Doyle

# Ode To Karen And The Summer

June wore her green dress, long her favorite color  
the color of her ancient Roman clan

Roman Green

June wore her green dress...as my finger traced a soft essay  
upon your perfect back

June wore green

Karen wore blonde

and all around us was light

the solstice was the turning point- solstice curve

poignant as the course of the sun through our summer bodies

the season of the short-lived beings

dead through the dry folds of winter

to flood to life in green vigor

I'm green as a frog, green as any new bug rushing or Mayfly lingering

June's nephews, July and August, were lulled to boredom

by wine and soft days

and left us the blessing

to wallop and play in the gardens

Karen on a summer sidewalk

or a tv show

or a dream in the light

or green eyes

Jimi Doyle

# Ode To Macaroni

Strong enough to carry  
a war army on your back  
union of purpose  
heart with hand  
sun buffs floated  
through green gold wheat.

Strong enough to carry  
40,000 acres of last-patch farmland  
through Morgan County  
bank notes.

Magnetized into  
cooperation through  
the sea-crested toiling  
of cauldrons...

Still strong enough to carry  
every kitchen in this neighborhood  
from Poland  
and Mexico  
and Kankakee.

Strong enough to hold  
as if in factory- calloused hands  
Spices  
Sausages  
Salt

The mornings diminish  
by twos and threes  
and birds of differing songs  
land in wheatfields...  
on the fingerslips.

Jimi Doyle

# Ode To The Red-Winged Blackbird

Ever since I gave up drinking  
I give a little money to bums  
on the street

who, unlike the Red Winged-Blackbird,  
do not squawk  
a tumbling tune  
atop cattails

or flash bold scarlet  
and bright sulphur chevrons

all to divert attention from  
the wife and kids  
softly concealed  
at home

along water courses,  
marshes, and dry meadows

to bums,  
who, unlike the Red-Winged Blackbird,  
are lie-downs  
stinky sponges  
with rotting shoes  
and soggy pants

eyes deep, vacant  
alone  
afraid  
needing to be drunk

to bums,  
who, unlike the Red-Winged Blackbird,  
do not quietly weave  
the arrival of Spring

nor do they flash lightning  
in the glossy black of their eyes...

No.

Today the big lake is sweetly offering  
2 to 4 inch waves  
crashing in miniature like the break at Molokai...

bums are alive  
birds are alive  
I am alive

Jimi Doyle

# Ode To The Sparrow

a hop, a flip, and  
a circus of flight

little brown bird

white brown, black brown, spotted brown

maybe sparrow-brown is the color for humility...

sparrow, i saw you raking through horse crap  
for a meadow seed.

maybe sparrow-brown is the color for courage...

sparrow, i saw you flirting past Tyrannosaurus Rex  
(past a city pigeon) for a city crust of bread.

maybe sparrow-brown is the color for joy...

sparrow, i saw you jumping through the  
stone yard in vesper song.

Jimi Doyle

# Ode To The Uncle Vanya Players

which line is better:

'art gives proof to our ideals'

or

'art gives truth to our ideals'?

phrases are limestone crusts,  
trudged into dust and footprints;

Uncle Vanya, in the back part  
of a storefront theater,

to an audience  
unknowable each night  
chaos grifted  
foolish  
lonesome  
lost

from the players  
somehow filled with courage,  
somehow filled with hope,

is an acrobat

of water, oxygen and light

Jimi Doyle

# Please

please

please

pleasepleaseplease

pleasepleaseplease

pleasepleaseplease

pleasepleaseplease

pleasepleaseplease...

Jimi Doyle

# Shouting At The Sky

My little nephew Kevin  
is riding on the swing set  
Muscling and thumping  
the wooden saddle  
Like a jockey in the derby

Arcing to equipoise while  
Showing the bottoms  
of his feet to the moon

Up and down  
Back and forth  
Suspended from above

Now almost a revolution!  
And a free fall from  
the forest canopy  
Free falling to earth  
Then free speeding to the crowns  
of the trees again

He is silent in reverie...  
until he shouts wow wee at the sky

Wow wee!

I am sitting under a pine tree  
drinking coffee...

And shout wow wee at the sky

Wow wee!

Jimi Doyle

# Stray Dog

maybe a lady  
full of love already  
will fix upon this stray  
and trim him  
and brush him  
and clean him  
and love him for today

and devote herself  
to tender episodes  
and her kind desires

maybe the lady knows  
he didn't get this friendly  
without being kicked a bit

he will not claw the door  
he will not chase a scent

he will love her like a stray, of course  
until he's chased away

Jimi Doyle

# The Alcoholics

birds are perched  
various and serene  
in a sun bleached bare tree

can't they avoid the death there?

I don't care  
I'm just here  
to get drunk

the Mexican artist won't paint the apostles  
the way the Pope paid him to

twelve...not three  
not fourteen  
not six

can't he see the talent wasted?

He doesn't care  
He's just here  
to get drunk

river turtles are basking on a sunny log  
some dropp off  
some remain  
some return

why make a decision?

We don't care  
We're just here  
to get drunk

Jimi Doyle

# The Battle For Time (A Poem To End War)

3,000 years ago or fifty or any  
now to control  
to the time when

any warriors religion my the  
religion made perfect sense; sanity's sense

the way it was written and how it lay explained as written

generating from its loins the useless word...  
as the mother of a puny mule

(they are wise and sly and boldly slide  
when the definitions in people's language are slyly, boldly, under the...)

pointless vanity rule of the psycho

so how can a child grow up without words to learn?  
lifetime of a man oblivion

the internet battle field is a weapon they found!

any psycho with candy  
and only the time victor  
can enjoy sanity in its image  
stolen time by internet photos pocket lens  
ubiquitous gizmos  
comic book gizmos  
that's how its waged!

the photos!

i'm begging you Jesus!  
i'm begging you Allah!

how about the Holy Ghost?  
how about the Holy Ghost?  
how about the Holy Ghost?

Jimi Doyle

# The Dog From The Bog

the dog  
from the bog  
is my new nick-name

i give it to my self

the dog  
from the bog  
the man  
from the ranch  
the fish  
from the water  
the vine  
from the garden  
the blood  
from the stain  
the hand  
from the can  
any name  
from any place

i give it to my self

Jimi Doyle

# The History Of 79th Street

at night 79th street was a Miles Davis  
with sound coming out  
of window cracks and building bricks  
and the melody forcing out  
from way inside

i know because i saw it  
heard it  
coming home late on the bus  
from rainbow beach

79th street was like a germ easing through a bandage  
remorseless will  
inevitable trying

all night long  
shouting like the southland!

all night long  
drinking booze straight!

shark skin suit  
paper bag can  
little green fedoras

legs of ladies sliding through  
heat!

into caddy  
into lounge

high legs of ladies  
sliding through  
high heat  
79th street  
all night long

Jimi Doyle

# The Motorboat Lady

she is supple and slender and shining blonde  
she is ready for the open water  
she is readying her skin with lotions  
she is beautiful

i am standing on the wabash avenue bridge  
slipping the day, willing it

requiring a motorboat  
hailing a cab

Jimi Doyle

# The Rattle-Gator (For Jimmy Hodges)

an unselfish reptile

with absolute honesty  
he warns you he's right here  
with purity of purpose  
he will bite you, poison you, eat you

swampish love

rolling in the sun  
digesting your body  
or watching you run

Jimi Doyle

# The Thousands

1000 arenas  
1000 flaws  
1000 yellow steps

the thousands

deft-footed ones  
sidewise wonders

the moon tonight  
slashing a ray of light  
upon the window slats  
through to the walls  
as moontide arrows

thunder slack moon  
is now hiding  
now showing  
against odd  
almost false  
purple clouds

the thousands  
1000 sirens  
1000 charities  
1000 vapors  
the moon tonight  
razoring through  
1000 false clouds  
finding itself  
against the window  
slats and walls

Jimi Doyle

# Time Is Stiff

time is stiff

the last brown leaf  
is letting grip go  
stubborn, too, the cherry

the stone-bursting squeeze  
of winter's bone  
the thrilling forces  
of the green fields

Jimi Doyle

# Wilson

No street in the city  
has a worse reputation than  
Wilson

historical flop of the saddest ones

Native Americans re-planted  
in dive bars drinking beer in cans  
taciturn and stunned  
bad moods  
bad worlds  
bad decades

History turned upside-down  
foreclosed on

Wilson

an el stop to avoid  
sweet Fullerton and brass Belmont below  
handsome Evanston above  
a street of dreams imploded  
vague somatic concerns exploded  
yeah, and filthy, too

Abandon hope all ye...

I walk down Wilson courageous as  
St. Tarsisius  
my wallet the chalice of Jesus  
in the streets of pagan Rome

Mary Mitchell in the alley  
once a luscious drop of dew  
remembers still her first kiss  
and forgets hard her last doorway  
three thousands  
times three thousands  
becomes three billions

just mark the time

Octavio Sanchez worked hard  
until his arms gave out  
and he had to leave his mountains  
never really learned Spanish, no English  
and the tongue of his Mother Mountain  
has never been heard  
on Wilson

Here is Jenkins on a basement step  
they killed him there  
in dreams he was inside and warm  
among family  
on Wilson, his last meal was blood

Susie Sixkiller gave up  
a long time ago  
when punks murdered her Uncle Sunny  
it stopped making sense  
and now oblivion of nasty wine and cheap whisky

here is trash  
here is death  
here is Wilson

Well, that's the reputation, anyway

Jimi Doyle