

Naked in Daylight

Poems by Carol Adler

=EXCERPT=



A Dandelion Books Publication
www.dandelion-books.com

Copyright, 1994 by Carol Adler

All rights exclusively reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or translated into any language or utilized in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher.

Dandelion Books, LLC
Tempe, Arizona

First Published Edition – May 2008

Adler, Carol

Naked in Daylight – Poems by Carol Adler– ebook edition

ISBN 978-1-934280-62-1, 1-934280-62-3

Disclaimer and Reader Agreement

This is a work of poetry. Any resemblance of fictional characters in this book to living or deceased individuals is purely coincidental. Neither the author nor the publisher, Dandelion Books, LLC, shall be liable for any damages or costs related to any coincidental resemblances of the fictional characters in this book to living or deceased individuals.

Under no circumstances will the publisher, Dandelion Books, LLC, or author be liable to any person or business entity for any direct, indirect, special, incidental, consequential, or other damages based on any use of this book or any other source to which it refers, including, without limitation, any lost profits, business interruption, or loss of programs or information.

Reader Agreement for Accessing This Book

By reading this book, you, the reader, consent to bear sole responsibility for your own decisions to use or read any of this book's material. Dandelion Books, LLC and the author shall not be liable for any damages or costs of any type arising out of any action taken by you or others based upon reliance on any materials in this book.



Dandelion Books, LLC
www.dandelion-books.com

Tea at the Everglades Bath & Tennis Club

Ignoring the valet, I park my Toyota at the end of the lot
slip off my badge and straighten my wig.
Even though the trek through the desert
takes longer than planned, I'm still early
but the cucumber sandwiches
are already next to the samovars,
six penguins standing guard.
Why had I come--just to prove I could pass?
Even the chefs are Aryan. Hair bristles on my tongue, my
hands grow breasts. Two pigs squeal out of my shoes like
popovers, taking my toes with them. I stand nude in a
marble tub extending my nipples to the host. The mirrors
turn black. Is there some mistake, I wonder, as an angel
hands me a lyre. Psalms cleave to the roof of my mouth,
rosehips become blood. As I limp down
the golden staircase, the Red Sea parts
indifferently. Outside
I crawl on my knees over burning cinders.

Age of Uncovery: April Fool's Day

Someone must have turned on the light
or maybe it was just a feeling.
I woke to the sound of turtle-doves
not just cooing, but singing an intricate
Montiverdi-like madrigal. I know even the most gifted
conductor couldn't teach turtle-doves
to master four-part harmonies, or even
sing in unison. Birds are birds.
I'd like to dream in continuous swoon
knowing this wish is my only reality
like the reality in sex that seems to
intuitively seek hidden intimacies. Dreams
that force two souls to shed their separateness
zap, dropping them into a reflecting pool of

touch and taste that scatters the heart
forcing it to enlarge itself
in widening rings. I've scoffed at the lover
who spends his life trying to effect
a perfect orgasm, the addict who won't give
up until he finds the Truth.

Armies have polluted their dreams
in order to purify rivers of blood
and return to the bed of love
with suitable charms. How many Crusades
ended up as ritual slaughters? Flashing metal
from sharpened blades pleurably ripping
at flesh; convolutions of
maimed bodies rotting in the sun. "Amo, amas
amat" in tasteless wafers. Communion
of lips and tongue.

Monteverdi was no saint
nor can any artist control
his emotions if his lover steals
the key to his strongbox. We're only
human. Even turtle doves drop their excrement
wherever they can.

Perhaps Freud was wrong. Perhaps
we take pride in needlework, the tatting

of intricate affairs, lacy wristbands
of black adorned by peach-colored roses. Simple ticket for
immorality to anything that lasts
longer than a kiss, spray-painted initials whitewashed
from the mind.

I know the assurance I need each day
is nothing more than my own affirmation mouthed
in language my body understands: simple gesture
of peeling an orange, keeping the rind intact
without puncturing its delicate skin.

Locking the Door Open

Suddenly the door flew open.
Promises flew out and scattered over the streets
among gnats and mosquitoes that flew around
them in circles, landing on alley trashcans with the flies.
In front of me, rising out of the sewer, with wings
on each ringer, a tear-shaped form, trumpeting.
And the moon flew through the clouds.
Clock hands flew around their faces sweeping off crumbs.
A crow flew backward, like a misguided omen.
The dove flew without purpose, having memorized it before.
At my feet I could feel the lapis breeze
gathering froth, feel it swirling around me in the swift
undertow--a heightening, and spiraling
steam from the pits below,
where pigs roasted, their juices basting the flames,
squelching them only for a moment.
The rivers flew through the town collecting bruises, taking
them to the square where voices flew
among beggars and bejeweled madams whose poodles
flew at one another, as if quarreling about
something more urgent than food.
Everywhere one could see writhing bodies, barber poles
announcing tomorrow's fear, residue of plagues that flew
back and forth from one war to the next. Near
the Danube and the Keys, storks flew
over rooftops and made wreathes for little ones.
Eggs cracked into furred paperclips that waited
for directions stating there's a reason to speak out
before silence succumbs.
Affirmations flew through the wires,
and operators flew to their ears to receive them.
And the necklace of paper dolls flew into homes.
At once I flew to the front door and pounded.
Too late. It was locked open. Rattlesnakes
ran out from closets and drawers,
decisions dribbled and bounced, carpets
chased after me as I fought my way
back, but their tufted claws captured me
and scrolled me into the Law. I tried to kick
myself out, again too late. A metal belt snapped shut, I
was licked for postage, flipped into a bin. I tried
to cry out, but the questions were jammed

by a computer whose chips had been
stuffed into my mouth, a string of licorice
knotted over them. Words spiked my windows,
the glass shivered and flew to
the ground soundless. My vision blurred. I
saw myself beating against ignorance that
refused to let me in. Once I thought I was
home. I thought I was mother. Now I know I
am dust, flying against this gutted openness, unable
to believe, unable to trust. Blinded by the Furies, I've
lost my credentials. Nothing matters except moving
forward when I know I am lost, moving backward
even if trapped. Here I am, a mummied tourist, handkerchief
apparition that flies in and out of a windy funhouse
whose painted door sings and rocks on its rusty
hinge, held there by an invisible host.

One-Letter Word

I.

The one-letter word bounces in its crib
It is tall and straight
Large-boned, large appetite
It is always hungry

The one-letter word learns how to walk
It walks through doors and the doors
Follow after it

And it grows taller taller taller
Now the doors bow down
They let it walk over them and
The whole house follows

the one-letter word learns it is a car
It learns it is a boat
It is impressed with nouns

At once the one-letter word
Makes a list of cities
It buys Pimsleur tapes and a food scale
It mimics, "Ego, ego, ego."

And the lawyers start calling.

II.

The cockroaches come out at night
Make a fist one-letter word

Tell the philosophers to go within
Tell the psychologists to heal themselves

In the test tube that is your stomach
In the computer that prints out your fate
You are reading surfaces

You the hamburg beholder

Your hands are cushions
Your mouth is a bone
You are a soup ladle a broom

III.

Dance naked one-letter word
And your teeth will become horses

Walk on your warts like a martyr
Your feet will sprout compasses

Keep turning every question into tongues
Let the ark feed your psalms

Balance the light on your horns
The breath of the stars will rescue you

Only for a while will you be fooled
Thinking you can take what you already have

Only for a while will you wish
For marshmallows and a pink chin

IV.

Buy Mozart kugel for the one-letter word
Fire the splotchy-cheeked preacher
and dispense with *should*
Snatch up carpets and drawers

Make aisles of lightning bolts
Commission statues and pretend
You and the one-letter word
Are competing for the Pulitzer

Use pleasure as the best excuse
For loving it
Don't expect miracles or bargains

If you do you'll end up signing
the one-letter word as your given name

and people will talk

Behind your back the doctors will line up
The creditors will be alerted

And every time you say you don't care
or you're worth the price
The one-letter word will grow weaker

V.

Humble yourself to the one-letter word
And you will cancel your indigestion
Even the lottery will seem possible

Close your eyes and
Lock the door open

Strap the one-letter word to your forehead
Wrap it around your arm

Surrender to the one-letter word
if you don't
It will tickle you until you bleed

VI.

Beware of those martyrs
They will pawn sticks and stones
As diviners and fetishes

Find the hospitals in their eyes
See them blindfolded
Reading the one-letter word

If they invite you
Bring your own food
Don't even drink the water

When they pass the cup
smile and say you gave at church
Roll in your shadow before they step on it

If they call you for help
Refer them to someone more qualified
Unless they can pay

Beware of these martyrs
Their promises are tent flaps
Their pamphlets are treason

VII.

At last you can press the
one-letter word and get good reception
At last you can be anyone

The one-letter word
Is writing these words
And it can't even sign its name

The one-letter word
Laughs at itself and knocks off
Its head without thinking
It likes to play games

Make love to the one-letter word
Your eggs will always be perfect

Make love
The one-letter word won't ever
Ask you to stop

The Most Profound of All Messages

From "De Profundis" of James Wright, which has been taken, in turn from the German of Georg Trakl.

A cobblestone square, placard gleaming in the dusk.
A shul here once, Jews chanting, "Yisgodol".
A marketplace, now only the words, "Judenplatz."
The wind is chilly in this open space.

On either side, shops for hardware, gloves
handkerchiefs. Owners whose ignorance
keeps them safe.

Coming upon this spot,
a young woman is suddenly overwhelmed
by the sound of voices.

A bearded man, prayer book in hand
approaches and invites her in.
The wind whips through the wire fence.

Her heart begins to hammer.
With his diamond-studded cane, the man
lifts her skirt, fondles her.

When she awakens, she is naked. Blood
streams from her mouth. A yellow badge
is dangling from her vagina.
Bells from the cathedral, voices
chanting the Mass.

Naked in Daylight

Although it's only July
summer has already pulled out
leaving me on the tracks
still waiting to get on.

Why was I late? I'm always on time.
Unticketed, empty-handed

who told me to go naked in daylight
and forfeit the past?

In darkened windows
I see only your eyes
laughing at me

mouthng good-byes.

Leaving

I drive away from the house of myself
without records or books

as if on a five-minute
errand printer still running

head spinning from the shock
of his hand, stars tunneling from my head

I will not look back at the
silver box where the numbers are

gone from the name
I strip off. This crazy woman is no one

I've met. When she comes to the
door I will not let her in because I

will not be there but she doesn't know that
yet. Time it will take, to disconnect.

Other Books by Carol Adler

Poetry:

Arioso: Selected Poems by Carol Adler......a collection of Carol Adler's poems selected from three previously published volumes of her poetry. (Ebook)
ISBN 1-893302-99-7

Fiction:

Slouching Past Bethlehem, by Carol Adler...Dr. Gissalayne Chondroitin (five PhDs in five useless academic disciplines)--currently employed at Hook, Line & Sinker, LLC, ("We give you the rod, you hook the fish")--has one agenda: find a man, fast. But not any man; the sugarcone.com internet match websites has already led her down the disaster trail too many times. Magically—or maybe not--on New Years Day of YK24 (2004) Jonas Foreplay sits down in the empty plastic seat next to her at the SeaTac airport on her way home from her most recent sugarcone.com failure. In this fast-reading novel, Adler neatly hides the truth of what's really happening right in your own back yard. (E-book) ISBN 978-0-97889611-7-6)

Come as You Are, by Sarah Daniels... "Tongue-in-cheek" entertainment at its wackiest—and most subtle. If anyone ever doubted that sex makes the world go around, author Sarah Daniels will put your mind, and body to test. Non-stop humor, humanness and wisdom are bundled together to deliver one of life's most important unheeded lessons: each of us has a unique destiny to discover, and until we find and embark on that destiny, life may be one bowl of cherry pits after another. Adult language and scenes. (Hard copy and ebook versions available) ISBN 1-893302-15-6 [Sarah Daniels is Adler's penname.]

The Woman With Qualities, by Sarah Daniels... South Florida isn't exactly the Promised Land that forty-nine-year-old newly widowed Keri Anders had in mind when she transplanted herself here from the northeast... A tough action-packed novel that is far more than a love story. (Hard copy and ebook versions available) ISBN 1-893302-11-3 [Sarah Daniels is Adler's penname.]

Non-Fiction

Write to Publish for Profit: How to Write Non-Fiction, Fiction, Poetry & Memoirs... and more... by Carol Adler... Writing tips and techniques from an experienced professional writer, editor and publisher who is determined to help you succeed! Chockful of great information, this book is for newbies as well as five-star professionals. Includes special chapters on fiction and poetry analysis of works by top-selling authors. Falling in Love with the Muse...What Shall I Write About?...Flying First Class: Getting Started...Separating the Pros from the Cons...Be Wary Aware of What You Write & How You...Right It!...The "So What" Factor...Writing Articles...Fiction: Write Your Heart Out...Poetry & Roses (Red Ones...The Story of My Life – Memoirs Laced with Gratitude...Resumes, Media Releases & Other Necessities...What Makes the Harry Potter Books Such a Great Read?...Pointers to Learn from The Celestine Prophecy...Writing Great Juvenile Fiction...Writing & Publishing Ebooks (Online)...Publish It!...Be Your Own Best Marketer & Publicist...Are Tutorials, Book Doctors & Editors for You? (Ebook) ISBN 978-1-934280-57-7, 1-934280-57-7

All Carol Adler books are available on the Dandelion Books website www.dandelion-books.com, at Amazon. Com (regular and Kindle stores) and at other online print and ebook stores.



Dandelion Books
www.dandelion-books.com