Fib Sequence

Larissa Shmailo

Argotist Ebooks

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This book is dedicated to the memory of Steven Charles Werner: private investor; nobody's stooge; the funniest man in the world.

May 3, 1954 – March 26, 1985

Fib Sequence

I am not your insect

Your underfoot, your exterminated, your bug. My unabashedly hairy legs, whose gymnopédies twitch like a chorus for a fatal Sharon Stone, delight in *ces movements qui déplace les lignes*, in the motion, the quiver, the *mort*, the catch. Mother Kali, you have made me what I am: feminine, brilliant, entirely without fear. Like my mother, I watch and pray for prey—that it be there, that it give gore, that I feel it die, that there be more.

Aging (Fibonacci Sequence: 0 1 1 2 3 5 8 13 21 34 55 89)

$$F_n = \begin{cases} 0 & \text{if } n = 0; \\ 1 & \text{if } n = 1; \\ F_{n-1} + F_{n-2} & \text{if } n > 1. \end{cases}$$

none

1(one)

1(ego)

two (I)

I 2 threeeeeeeeee

5 school, ruled 2 three

hate math 8/5 parents split divisor 3 & me

bad teen luck black eight-in-hole no triskaidekaphobe *call* five ringtones *call*.

now lucky legal drink: I'm old-gold-rolled ready-to-hold; I stick on 13 so play *vingt-et-un* with me tonight.

still 13 in the soul, getting old with a balding, working luck. 34 is dirty floor & still behind, & the legal drink now a double, hit me hit me & no! not prime.

Fivefive, now fivefive, finally loving the mother/other/the 21-still-angry child & forgiving the serious careerist, so knowing, so sure, so 34. Take our bald inner luck as it comes, let's leave the dirty floor alone (why are these aches all right ,why are these losses, these losses, so possible to endure?) Five years plus ½ century, decoding while eroding, ofivefive.

89 am I 8 or 9? The young ones are 34, my children 55. There are 13 pills in the morning, 13 pills at night. But what, exactly what might happen next? A working soul and another season's turn, what else did I ever have? This world is greater than my numbers, the *poésie* of my self. I take the garbage out and set it on the street with joy. Tell me your secrets: I am the one who truly wants to know. Lemniscate, I move toward ∞ today.

560 Brooke Avenue

The walls, barbed wire, barbed, next to a
drive-by window of Burger King: *Dios*, is
this your way? Electric doors, opened one
at a time, they make a sound, it maddens.
All the time the boys do time, all the time
they say, "Lunacy, this is crazy, crazy mad."
It is. "Nigga, nigga," one boy prays, farts as
the JC twists his hand: He tries to laugh, he
cries instead, *porque*? Scared, so scared, his
scarred voice cracks, 15. "Nigga, *ay*, I here
4 murder," he lies. O child, perhaps so. My
Jesus of the got-nailed, my Angel of the why,
& what could you have done yet, & why are you
here*, porque*, my God, & *donde vamos*, u & I?

Bhakti 2

You will leave your wise men. Your mind, with no object to rest on,
I loved him so much that I followed him on mornings *will ride on*
when I could have slept, slept late, slept and not *the horse of*
felt the pain beside me, curled round my *my breath.*
body like a spoon. His body like a *And you will be my*
light in the bedroom, his smile *body, ever returning.*
like a dog in the bed. He shakes *And if you miss*
me with hugs, overwhelms me with *salvation,*
kisses. I raise my arms to embrace his neck; *never*
There is nothing in the day except him*. returning, I will*
offer it, Bhakti, ever returning, again and again and again.

Winedark Sea

In the east, in the eastern rising lands, a tide, westering, earthdrawn, rising, the morning sun bloodied in its wake. She drags, pulls, shifts, hauls, trascines her hydraulic load. Tides born of tides, moondrawn, myriadheaded, within her, within her blood, *oinopa ponton*: the winedark sea. A wet sign calls her hour, bids the earth-shaken fallen rise, bids the wet-dirt wounded rise, bids the blooddimmed peoples rise, as she radiates out, out, out, forever from her bed. The wet sign calls her hour, bids all to rise from childbed, bridebed, deathbed, rise. He comes, the pale salt vampire, in clouds and tears, and claws, battle-led, draws, battle-red, mouth-to-mouth, limb-to-limb, skin-to-skin. There. Here.

The Other Woman's Cunt

I'm not jealous; I'm merely concerned.
That other woman
Who says she's thirty-three
Who never noticed you before you started seeing me
The one who glares at me and smiles at you
Like an old cat gone in heat:
It's her vagina, dear, you know, that dried up old thing
She uses for storage space? She's got stuff down there, I mean.

Toilet paper, styptic pencils, chewing gum, receipts,
Kitty litter, her brother's dentures, a bowl of Cream of Wheat,
A scratch and sniff ad for some very old spice,
Subways seats (for the disabled),
A flamethrower, her poetry notebooks, a set of formica tables
(Baby, that woman's got
a diner
in her vagina.)

She's got:

- twelve truckers trucking
- eleven doctors docking
- ten grocers grossing
- nine hookers hooking
- eight fleas a leaping
- seven lice a laying
- six scabies scabbing
- five transexuals
- four lesbians
- three cop cars
- two falling drunks
- and a biker with clap and herpes

Her vagina is an attic in the summer, a New York studio for rent
Her cunt is so old….
[HOW OLD IS IT?]
Sedimentation records of her twat show that ancient, I mean *ancient* cultures live there.

I'm not fussy
But her pussy is messy.

A cluttered vagina
Can't come to no good.
A littered-up clitty
Can't do what it should.
So don't eat out, baby—come home.

Scarcity

Listen:
If you wait but don't want
If you want but don't take
If you take but don't use
If you use but don't care
If you care but not much
The petty demon comes.

The petty demon says:
Not all of you are wanted
Not everyone is needed
A few may be accepted
There's scarcity, you see
There are no loaves and fishes—
Not for the likes of you—
A few baguettes for baby
Some caviar for me
There's just enough to shit and sleep
But not enough for thee.

The petty demon shrieks:
Time is money
Sell short
Eat to win
Assume the position.

In the world
In the angry material world
There are men who are not men
Men
Whose imaginations never rise
Above the box and plane
Whose imaginations squat
Upon the positions of power.

If the petty demon bothers you
Here's what you say
Tell him:
I don't know about
Your lawyer's fees
Your MDs
Your CEOs
Your deep freeze

I do know that
The blind man is perfect
That there's more to life than irony
And squealing like a stuck pig
That the truth is hard but you can stand on it
That time isn't money or a threat but a gift.

As you assume your position
In the world
Do not love
Men who are not men
Whose imaginations never rise
Walk tall; walk with God
Assume nothing; take a position.

Aleksandr Blok
Tr. L. Shmailo

Night, avenue, street lamp, the drug store,
Irrational and dusky light.
Live another decade, two more—
It stays the same; there's no way out.

You'll die, then start again, beginning
And everything repeats as planned:
Night, the cold canal's icy ripple,
The drug store, avenue, and lamp.

* * *

Ночь, улица, фонарь, аптека,
Бессмысленный и тусклый свет.
Живи еще хоть четверть века -
Все будет так. Исхода нет.

Умрешь - начнешь опять сначала
И повторится все, как встарь:
Ночь, ледяная рябь канала,
Аптека, улица, фонарь.

Vladimir Mayakovsky
Tr. L. Shmailo

It's after one. You've likely gone to sleep.
The Milky Way streams silver, an Oka through the night.
I don't hurry, I don't need to wake you
Or bother you with lightning telegrams.
Like they say, the incident is closed.
Love's little boat has crashed on daily life.
We're even, you and I. No need to account
For mutual sorrows, mutual pains and wrongs.
Look: How quiet the world is.
Night cloaks the sky with the tribute of the stars.
At times like these, you can rise, stand, and speak
To history, eternity, and all creation.

***

Уже второй. Должно быть, ты легла.
В ночи Млечпуть серебряной Окою.
Я не спешу, и молниями телеграмм
мне незачем тебя будить и беспокоить.
Как говорят, инцидент исперчен.
Любовная лодка разбилась о быт.
С тобой мы в расчете. И не к чему перечень
взаимных болей, бед и обид.
Ты посмотри, какая в мире тишь.
Ночь обложила небо звездной данью.
В такие вот часы встаешь и говоришь
векам, истории и мирозданью.

Vive L'Égypte

A man, beaten — face the color of a burkha
dragged through the mud — is lifted by Isis
with her rose and her *tiet*.

Isis, who loves mothers, the downtrodden, slaves —
who is friend to the Nile and the dead —
who listens

even to the prayers of the rich — lifts his frame —
trampled and broken — from her mud.
Allahu ahkbar! he cries.

She cries. Cairo — Sharm El-Sheikh — Alexandria —
Hurghada — Luxor — Aswan — the blood of Isis
calls from Philae.

Skyscrapers Turn

Speak now.
Darkened, once neutral air,
Skyscrapers turn,
Dream fire, and burn.

Dream fire, and burn.
Skyscrapers turn,
Darkened, once neutral air,
Speak now.

Skin

My tongue is bruised
My nude is creaky
Like a cabbage I sit and wait for you
I stutter like an old gun:
Take me
Know
The fast love of my hair.

Your beady little eyes transfix me
Like rats at the foot of my bed
Your limp pendant wrists still hang on my door
You snicker, get a grip.

You own too big a piece of me
Your eyes say spare some change and I
Don't want to
The March of Dimes is over and I
Take and give no quarter and I've
Already cut my hair.

Skin is just sausage we call home.
Skin is just sausage we call home.

Antiquated alphabet, archaic arch arachnid,
blinking blinding bluefly bling, belle bellicose, bus busy;
(*Coo*!) creating camouflage, (*coo*! *coo*!) cavorting candy,
dealing denotation's din, dispensing (*duh*!) dull dharma;
etching (*ech*!) e-mails' ear-end, exciting edgy Egypts,
finishing (*fah! fichez-vous!*) full fellows' (*fine*!), fur-fusion;
gulping Glagolitic guns, gestating genes' Gehenna;
hailing heck-well-fellow (*hell*!) hip hipster's Hume heroics;
itching (*Ich*!) incipient ink, in-insincerenuendo;
jetting jacks jin-jasper jump, Joe Jersey (*je-vous-aime*, Jane!)
Kiting (kick!) kiboshing kine, kipkinder Ku Klux Klanners,
lipping lilting lullabies, lime-loving little losers.
Ma'moiselle-je-vous-en-prie mires mud, misplaces morons.
Natter (*no!*), negating (*no*!) nixed nubile normalizers.
Omnibus, outstretched Oman, outsourcing omphalos (*o!*);
peppering (*pour-vous! pour-vous!*) porphyry pots, polluting,
quieting Quixotic (*qui*?) *quid-pro-quo* quips' quietus;
riverlike reverberate, re-rippling rhyming readers,
shushing shoelace-shimmering, shenaniganning, shining;
tantalizing tamarinds, tomato-tin tarnations;
ullulating uvulas, uxorious underwater;
vellum venoms, very vast, vehicular VIP-sters;
waiting waiter, wait (*why wait*?), we-weaving wasps whenever,
xylem, xylophagous-like, x-raying xenophobics;
younger you, yet yellowed (*yell!*), Yeshiva's yesterday-yon;
zealous zipping zander-zed (*zut*! *zut!*) *zeitgeber* zest zen.

Chimera 3

Tenebrous manhole undone slowly cu(n)t

We don't see the same shadows. they stopped

To them, we are just hole in time broke undone

chimera, cinema. lightly umbrage neck

Unreal as another striated hole

person's life, cut bone singes done

in bastard heard puddle broke

amber ramble am I am

my high highlight light

reeling shove over dark

ends. Fin. fish

nuage / cut.

Interview

My autobiography will read: I am hired. But no: I am still here, in this little office, where the fluorescent light surrounds me like cloacal fluid. The personnel manager's eyes are dark and dilated, without visible irises, whether from the peculiar quanta of the overhead light or the cocaine of my need, I don't know.

She is self-satisfied and content now, self-consciously busy, and she preens herself with papers on her desk. She is almost ready to talk to me. I wait like a dog who has not been walked for a long time.

Finally, she turns her attention to me. *Why do you want this job?* she asks.

I'm desperate, I reply. My unemployment checks ran out two weeks ago and I have no money. I've been on unemployment a lot these last few years and I have no reserves; in all senses of the word, I have no reserves left. You see, I have a manic-depressive illness, a very severe one, not just a few moodswings here or there, or a common cold-type depression, but grand mal mania with delusions, and I've lost a lot of jobs. I don't get fired per se — they just eliminate my position and this way, they don't get sued. But I did sue one place, not for firing me because I was a manic-depressive, but because I was a manic-depressive. Is there a difference? I don't know.

I got unemployment that time, and then again when I danced over where the AIDS orphans were buried. I was coming late because I had to dervish over their corpses, the corpses of the unburied dead. I was dancing to mark the spot. Perhaps, I thought, perhaps, they would see and understand, but they fired me. I was coming late a lot. They eliminated my position — they were glad to give me unemployment. Really, they would have done a lot more just to be rid of me, I was a disturbance after all.

I take medication now. It makes me slow, but I can still do this work. Not with any enthusiasm — I am no longer sharp. I'm burnt out, as you can imagine, from so many illnesses. Sometimes my thinking is fuzzy, and I simply don't have the fire any more. I used to be quite good, quite an overachiever. I worked long hours and slaved to make everything perfect. Now, I just rewrite the old. It's all old.

With supervision, I know I will be okay. I'm hoping for a boss who is indecisive and a little lazy, and if we can pass letters back and forth for endless time-consuming corrections, it wouldn't bother me at all. That would be just fine. Bureaucracy and indecision used to bother me; I worried about my brilliant career and how the slowness and incompetence and stupidity of my boss would hold me back, but then I became a poet and didn't give a shit anymore. I once cared passionately about poetry, too, but now I don't worry about that

much, either. I just want a paycheck and a place to go during the day so I don't crawl into bed and piss on the sheets. The only thing I have to keep me occupied right now is walking my dog and interviews like these.

You know, a job like this one wasn't good enough for me once, but now this really is the best I can do. I would be delighted if I got this job. If I could do it. If I could show up. If I don't just crawl back into bed. But, you see, the alimony runs out soon. I signed this separation agreement from my second husband on the eleventh anniversary of my first husband's death. It was suicide, maybe; maybe an accident. I really don't know. I was nuts, and signed, you see. Because then, I was confident. I was always so confident, confident in my ability to take care of myself, to come back from any disaster. That's gone now, you understand, completely, utterly gone ... I used to think I could change the world; now, I don't think I can change my sheets.

But I'm pretty sure I can still do this job, as long as I don't have to create anything. If I can copy a template, I know I'll do fine. I was once creative; I was a bright, no, brilliant kid, but I drank a lot, spent a lot of time on psych wards, and it started to catch up with me. There's only so many times you can get really manic before the permanent damage sets in. Anyway, my psychiatrist says I need some structure, and I agree, and a job would really help.

Does that answer your question? You know, your pupils are so dilated. It's an interview, a two-way street. Have you seen into me? I can't see into you. Maybe you're a manic-depressive, too. Maybe you rush out from here every day to the office of a waiting shrink to weep and scream your despair, to say, I can't go on, it hurts too much ....

I see your irises now, blue like mine, and know you have lived without sickness and without despair, and your normal life of normal frustrations and no huge events looks at me without a trace of pity. This interview and our interaction is the worst thing that will happen to you this month. I know you've had your troubles, too. It's just that I have to come back from a place that doesn't even exist to sit here today, and I'm so tired I could just die.

If this were the thirties, you would give me a break. Back then, no one pretended that things were just fine. People liked homeless people, called them hoboes, gave them jobs. I gave my diamond engagement ring to a homeless man last year, I gave all my clothes away to the poor, because I was confident back then. Do you know what I would do for one ounce of confidence today?

I stopped, and the fluorescence ate my words. The papers on her desk absorbed the sounds, and around me like sewage my cheerful interview self returned, and I answered the other questions as anybody would, and she pretended that she hadn't heard a word of what I had said.

Acknowlegments

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