

BELLADONNA* 11

Nine Songs

by

Lisa Jarnot

*deadly nightshade, a cardiac and respiratory stimulant, having purplish-red flowers and black berries

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for Angelo Luna and Eamonn Taylor

Train Phantom Finely Mine

Swiss Fish

Dumb Duke Death

Tiny Little Shrimp

Sheep Ode

Altered States

Dracula

Plastic Spider Catcher

Indian Hot Wings

Train Phantom Finely Mine

I clyde the epic
I resting clouded
I cloudest epic I
R-esting clyded by
clyde resting, constant by
I constant, constant I
rye clyded epic rye
clyde clouded rest and by
and contract reaped in my
rye happened blinked tie,
tie rider helpful thy
train phantom finely my
train epic phantom fie
buy epoch fibrous spy
spider wonder level dry
drying spider spliced in rye
ransom effect ripped and my
my event mine handsome mine

Swiss Fish

His- fish- is-- fish-- if- fish-- is-- fish
I- wish-- I- wish-- swiss-- fish-- I-- wish
swiss fish swiss fish swiss fish swiss fish
I-- wish- swiss- fish- swiss- fish- I- wish
if- fish- I- wish- swiss- fish- swiss- fish
if-- his-- swish-- fish-- I-- wish- I- wish
I-- swish- swiss- fish-- his- fish- I- wish
is- fish- is-- fish-- his-- fish- I-- swish
his- swish- his fish-- his-- fish-- I- wish
is- his- his- wish-- his-- fish-- is- swiss

Dumb Duke Death

down dire	dank dive
death day	deep debt
dim dale	dour dose
ding dong	deem dead

dip down	ding dong
dame chase	dug dirt
cheap date	ditch dib
dance dodge	chimp chore

do dive	damp dank
dull duck	death do
do doze	dead deal
dork deal	duck dell

door dirge	do deem
chip cheer	dawn down
dusk dew	dark deep
duke duel	dog dawn

dab dash	dig ditch
chin chink	deed done
dim dark	dead duke
dog dawn	ding dong

Tiny Little Shrimp

Up out out of the despair of night
the blue shrimp swaying to the
sound of drums, the blue night
swaying to the shrimp light guns,
the gun shrimp hunting in the
village fens, the village fens of
floating shrimp, the foliage of
smoking tides, the shrimp boats
amber in the glow, the work boots
suited with the boats, the shrimp
boats hollow filled with fish,
elastic glowing in the mist and
dressed in bins of shrimp.

Sheep Ode

I seek a wife a sheep that seke
a sheep asleep a wife to keep
to keep a sheep asleep that sekes
I seke the sleeping sheep that sleeps
and tracts of sheep with wives that seke
the screaming sheeps in tracts asleep
the themes of sheep that scream awEEP
a sweeping screen of weeping sheep
the secret sheep who seke to bleat
and bleating sweep the beak to sleep
the sheep asleep in bleating reeds
unbeamed and bleak the sheep awEEP
to weep not sheep, unbeam thy sheaf
with leafs of sheep whose theme is sleep.

Altered States

Put them here and put me in beside the
caribou and them beside the past and
put the little stars inside their heads
inside the place they are with all the
crank shafts out in space and pretty pins
of orange bird heads where they go and
also that the radio is where it still
belongs alarmed along the highway as the
bodies where they were inside the ground
and also on the water put the boats of
water let them row for days beside the
moon and next to other things less brave
put all the tea cups and the things
still left I never cannot name.

Dracula

To be dead, to be really dead.

That must be glorious.

Bela Lugosi

safe in heaven dead or heaven in the safely dead the normal deadly safety of the happy hunting dead firs on the roadsides that are gory near the side of me that's happy in the castle with the rodents that are light blue in the moonlight and in deadness that is warm beds that is happy to be leaning toward the window with the moonlight with a list of all the mammals that are named and are peculiar, in their castles, making up what is the sum of me with wolves that are beside me, in this simple snake inside the window with the wings and you the moonlight, and tomorrow I will walk out to the park, to where the heaven where the sun is where it sets.

Plastic Spider Catcher

This evening in the sunlight that
the birds are chirping how and
now they are that how they are these
birds and I am how I am the them
that I am at the sunlight singing
birdsongs by the evening star with
birdsongs? cleaning ladies on the
stairs and how the bricks that stand
though stand I here inside the
smoke and stand I bricks evolved like
birds of sticks and smoke and stones
of birdsong spitting seeds of thoughts
with hands I have that stand and then
the sun goes down and stands beside
the bricks and birds of sand songs
with the hands of birds in sunlight
that is gone with sounds of bricks
and smoking hands of birds that hang
from little songs near inside of
the morning.

Indian Hot Wings

The chicken wing factory is lit up in flames
and the flames are the wings of the little hot chickens.

The little hot chickens are the lampshades of the night
glowing inside the burning of dawn.

The dawn light is chicken-light for little white chickens.
The chickens are white like the glowing of coal.

The coal light of chickens are the white light of chickens.
The chickens are burning and bright in the sun.

The sunlight and lampshades are brighter than chickens.
The dreams of the chickens are bright as the sun.

The chickens are filled with the hot coals of lampshades.
The chickens are burning, the chickens are done.

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