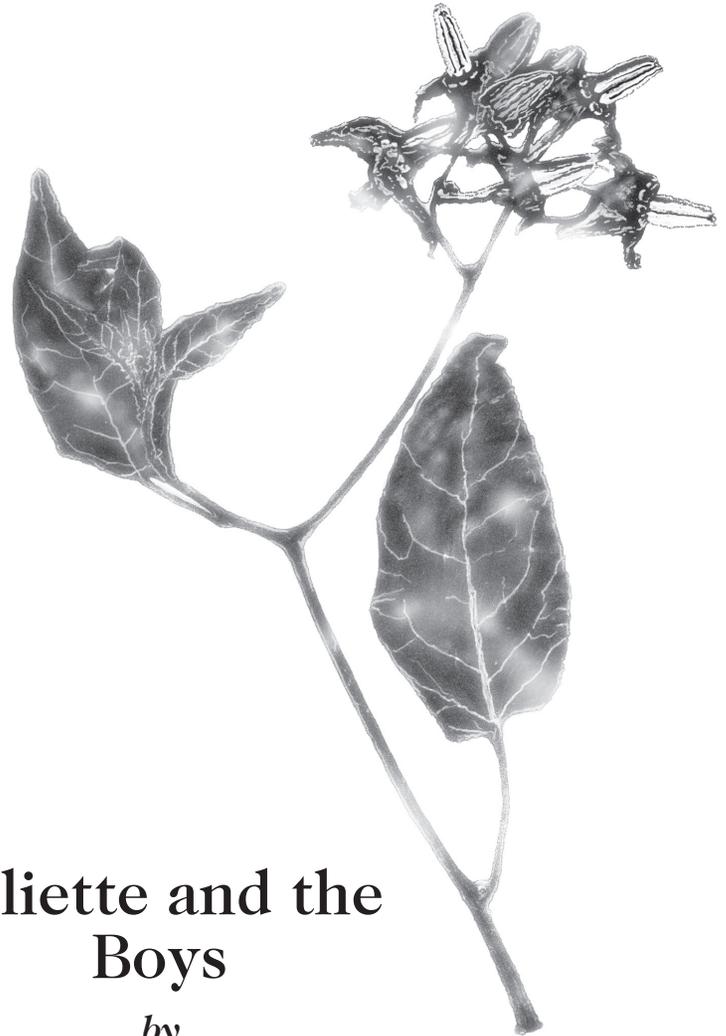


BELLADONNA* CHAPLET SERIES



Juliette and the
Boys

by

Sueyeun Juliette Lee



BELLADONNA* COLLABORATIVE

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

Juliette and the Boys

Sueyeun Juliette Lee

Juliette and the Boys © Sueyeun Juliette Lee

Belladonna* Chaplet #158 is published in an edition of 126—26 of which are numbered and signed by the author in commemoration of her reading with Carlos Soto-Román and Jena Osman on January 31, 2014 at Unnameable Books in Brooklyn, NY.

Belladonna* is an event and publication series that promotes the work of women writers who are adventurous, experimental, politically involved, multi-form, multi-cultural, multi-gendered, impossible to define, delicious to talk about, unpredictable, dangerous with language.

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Juliette and the Boys

C writes
tells me he's been
watching those videos
of me
am I around in October
covered in honey
there are all kinds
of ways to get
lost in a beautiful black
cornfield bent over
backwards and hair
am I thinking
about the Perseids
when I shower
the next one in
knee socks or
the news
whichever
am I thinking of
it too

G calls
the Dutchman arrived
he's had
a hundred swords
hanging over him
\$40K
files 17th century
paperclips keeps
the stoned mannequin
upright
in the basement
thinks about me
now
at lunch
in the morning, too
at night with
trains outside
will I on the phone
with his mom all
breathless next time
it hurts
it rings on
Friday, yes yes

T says
I should sleep more
call anytime the
sky from twelve flights up
is one big
illustrated seam
I've been hard at it
I can fly to Vegas
next week or
spend time on the shore
doesn't like to
hear my voice
like this from
a neon hotel
at midnight
who gets to say
these things
it's too late where I am
he's going to
think of me
for the next hour
all night so sleep
in his thoughts
and just stop it
close my eyes and

K messages
there's Japan
and a steel bike or
a bible somewhere
near the panhandle
in a stab and run
was it okay
am I

P texts
writes
calls
calls again
apologizes
quits

N writes
condolences
sends books
disappears

U sends videos
burns pages writes with
tangerines
my skin is zesty
odd confluences and bourbon
directs me to
draw a bath
be honest
says the things he wants to
with toucans
stunning werewolf I
already knew

S asks
if there are gorgeous
fruit left in the trees
how I snuck back
so quietly

Q texts
the entrance to
the park at night
some beers why
am I so
beautiful
in poems
dusk light shows everything
nicely not noon
takes eight seconds to
have a thought
doodles with depth
wants to chase

H calls
can't hear any jazz
it's abba's birthday
so we plan on tats
she turns
pages without us
could I see the blue
sky flagstones again
how he squeals
holds his legs up
for me to
say goodnight
goodbye
goodnight
all the beers and
cold brew
a bit of Maine still
here, too
put the tupperware
in order throw out
clay casks she was
unbelievable
home
that strange gold dark
goodness you
already knew

Z calls
from the restorative desert
we failed to go together
three thousand miles
sunlight and topography
can jump rope in the
back if he needs to
a thousand note cards
between the pages
when he's not
crying for his
brother's dog

E sends
pics of Virginia
his broken wing
wears black mascara
to honor the dead
recalls how she
such a great person
just sad

X tells me she's crazy
laughs how
lucky they are
another ship
crossing
no bridges
just suffering re-theorized
beauty love
his pain

O sends
funny recordings of
his boss and anxious
wraps big hands
around my
neck

B sends
a panda

J writes
there's that book
on Diderot and Tuesday
can he come by
some noodles
no mountains and forests
for miles last summer
an uncle brother my
friend

R asks
can he slap it
with a belt
shirt off and
hoarse
I look like
just like
his mother

W says
there's a bucket of rats
my guts fell out of
my body and I'm
not so
he puts
his hand back in
there's a good chance
I'm a model
organism
what isn't happening
between us anymore
terrains can tell
the future, too
like oxygen it's
there all the time
doesn't matter
so cry and let him
cuddle me
for class, Juliette
and the boys
climb in bed
with Beethoven
those feelings
presses me
can he
help me with that
he can
be the strongest
baby clasp slips
skinny tree sways
his lip shakes
teeth
and outside
a stranger goes by
eyes shut so lean close
without sake
over him now