



**Gaudaustful
College Poems
(1970 - 1974)**

**by
Biff Mitchell**

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Disclaimer

These poems were written many years ago when I was, first, a model college student, then a dazed acid-freak who rarely went to class, then an honors lit student with a serious drinking problem. And, oh yes, often (quite often), hopelessly in love. So if some of these poems seem stupidly romantic, obscure, pretentious, or just plain dumb...welcome to the world I grew out of. Damn it.

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All rights reserved. No part of this book may be used to make fun of the author or hold him personally responsible for brain damage as a result of reading said part, which has not actually been said, but is understood to have been said at the time of being said, retroactively, after you've read it.



morning sounds before sleep

a truck approaches

from somewhere

grows from zshzshzsh

to zshazshazsha

crlinck crlinck

over a bump

roaring presence

diminishing

roaring

threatening

dies away

somewhere else

a man calls

something like

oge ooge

echoes through space

spaced

out there

he whistles

frfrfrit

an answer

uck ooo ayr

as a plane passes over

far away

like unsteady thunder

forcing zuoo and tapering

forcing zuoo and tapering

forcing less

melting into

another truck

zsh rising

zsha threatening

ZSHAAAA

and passes

followed by a car

shhhooo closer

Shhh

g u u u u u

motor vibrating

struggling

less

shhh

and

silent

sleep

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to my roommate

your snoring
kept me awake
so I left the room
and smoked
one of your cigarettes

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tonight

I'll wait till dark
when no one's around
and carve your name
on a tree downtown

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green monster

paling minds
and sunshine
and lemon rinds
are here

I touch my face
my foamy head
is here
my body sinks
in the slosh of the room
that can not be

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a second's regret

I saw her through a window
just a fleeting glimpse
of something that might have been
had I paused a moment longer
at least as long as something
pulsing strong inside me
long enough to pause and glance
and see her face again

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library lover

Saturday night
 and it's closed upstairs
 but I sit here
 the solitary student
 in the basement
 reserve reading room
 to the left
 no others but guards

Harriet Irving in stone
 you're mine
 mine
 and my mind revolves
 around my new love
 whose warm walls
 surround me
 envelope me
 the seat of my chair
 caresses me
 most erotically

but, ah, hard fate
 a hang-up already
 my love will be untrue
 she will open herself
 tomorrow
 for others to enter
 defile her
 tread within her
 and sit on her sensuous leather

o, jealous soul
 what's the buzz?
 at 12, she spurns you anyway
 throws you into the street

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in flight

if I were a bird
I'd fly away...no
I'd soar away
from where I got my wings

I'd fly in circles
and dive in spirals
and other crazy things

my wings would take me
no, they race me
in daring blindness
across the skies at night
when the only sensation
is the wind
on my wings
while in flight

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she seemed

gone now
past the time she had planned on
but leaving
she took so long
scraping her feet on the ground
and several times turning around
as though waiting for me
(but then I didn't see)
to say something
or do something
it could have been anything
and it bothers me now
when I think about how she seemed
to be trying
to give me another chance
to make the evening meaningful
and only now I know how much
I wanted her to stay
but now
she's gone

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ping

sometimes I don't like people
I wish they would go away
get lost
scram
beat it

these times I'd rather be alone
to keep myself together
before
I fall
apart

but people are like myself
they're always around
in person
or in
my mind

I can't just flick my fingers
and say the magic word
ping
you're gone
goodbye

once pinged away so casually
they might not like it
or me
and never
come back

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escape to Lebanon

upward it grew and spread its leaves
 a rainbow of petals and crimson sheaves
 dancing and prancing with rapturous heaves
 shouting in color "I live! I breathe!"

it was a purple flower, my fantasy
 within whose roots my seeds became entwined
 only to cling and starve and hopelessly
 attempt to find the bulb, the flower's shrine

now I am drawn to Lebanon, in clouds
 their mellow vapor takes its toll
 on my senses, forcing dull submission
 they wrap my mind in their beckoning shrouds

carried from care to Lebanon, the bowl
 takes the reigns of my tugging permission

pulled from our earth, my fantasy's roots
 left with my seeds still hopelessly dying
 the uprooting murdering unborn shoots
 sucked each life-drop like soured wine

ho Lebanon! my clouded mind finds life
 respite from death, within your sun-cured greens
 my soul splits, my mind spits through the clouds
 "Come heart, join your mind in Lebanon."

with dark entangled life my flower blooms
 the roots and seeds destroyed beyond recall
 the fantasy is gone, the future looms
 half-heartedly my lids on dull eyes fall
 shutting out reality...

...my heart escapes
 to join my mind in Lebanon, peace is there
 my soul is one, the murdered seeds are gone
 in cloudy dreams Lebanese vapor strips
 my longings, lays them bare on a bed
 of beautiful visions to die upon

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angel

the night rests gently, shading violet snow
 while crystal drops on blue icicles bead
 beneath the drift that trims the house
 a flurry of flakes in feathered spirals lead
 their briefly dancing lives in passing by
 the green-hued panes of windows framing pine
 boughs bedecked with silver bulbs reflect
 in curving facets the mantle's gilded lines
 the golden traces vanishing under
 a somber group of manger figurines
 whose mirrored shadows face a star to wonder
 for from is flame a candle spreads a sheen
 a soothing glow with mellow warmth caresses
 the angel's face its radiance embraces

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photo image

there's something cold in a photograph
 a coldness my mind attempts to replace
 with warmth and life where a chemical draft
 leaves a familiar but fleshless face
 yet there's something like a miracle
 she's here
 this glossy paper image smiles at me
 this Kodacolor shadow brings her near
 it stirs the musky solution of memory
 a foggy shape takes form within my mind
 with smiling lips and laughing eyes, she says
 "Your future is waiting to shine."
 and kissing lifeless lips through the haze
 my bowels subside and my chest falls
 a photograph can strike with vicious claws

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let's take a day

let's take a day
not time, sounds stale
but a day, and use it
to do something

I don't know
something
I'm serious

how many days do we waste
in class, at home, studying, working
filling time?

let's forget about time
and take a day
and take whatever it gives

we could start here, now, today
let's just
no
I have a test
tomorrow
I work
Saturday
you work
next week
exams

shit
no time
to take a day

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the snowflake

when school was out
we ran home
across the ice
laughing and screaming

five furry shapes plunging into the snow
rolling and wrestling in the white we sank

we sank away from other three, and
eyes gleaming bold fear
I gave her something

then back to the run, leap-frogging
to catch the others and join the bustle

....

she was like the snowflake I gave her
fresh and pure
and already melting

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the girl in the blue sweater

the girl in the blue sweater
studying across from me
is beautiful

I think I'll write a poem about her

....

a while ago I started to write
about the girl across from me

I stared and searched for details
and pulled them apart
like petals from a flower

leaving nothing to write about

...

if the Brunswickan should publish
this "almost" poem
and if the girl in the blue sweater
should read it, I hope
she reads just the first three lines

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dust

the three volumes
on my ash-burned desk
wait to be read

their white crusts deepens
while I imagine
what lies beneath the dust

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morning

morning
moist leaves
patch the pavement
in piles
of steaming death

the city
a crackling bowl
of Rice Krispies
millions
of falling leaves

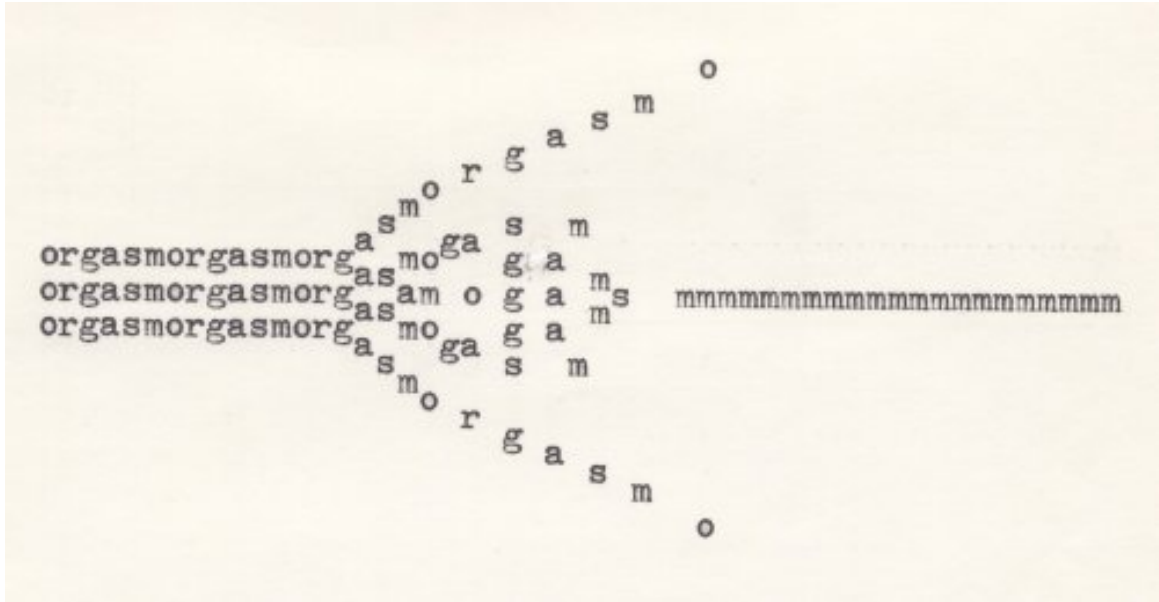
bare knobbed
entanglements
of spiny fingers
scratching
gray planks and glass

the cold
hangs on breath
a rippling chill
damp
rippling chill

fire
the warmth
of a cigarette
smoke puffs
thinly floating

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orgasm



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belly blame

floppety floppety
 Cyril O Jellyflubb
 watching his belly grow
 said in despair

“Growing beyond your
 measurability
 shocking periphery
 why don’t you care?”

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thoughts after

yeah, you did it again
 took that stuff
 so
 a few hours of crazy patterns
 time
 slowed down so that you could almost
 step outside yourself and watch yourself
 then, speeded up so that everything seemed
 rushing past you at crazy angles, people
 talking in blurbs, your head
 swimming in a whirlpool of sensory
 fragments, spinning so fast that
 you instinctively grip the arms of your chair, hoping
 that after this rush you’ll feel that gentle leveling, that
 relieving awareness of normality restoring itself

it levels
 you can feel it, almost
 like gliding slowly down into the world
 back to familiar surroundings that were
 there all the time, but different, somehow
 you breathe easier now, talk a bit wearily, but
 in longer more confident sentences
 you know what you’re saying now, you’re
 not sidetracked as easily
 a flickering cigarette doesn’t distract you now
 that same flick that, an hour earlier
 would have been a somersaulting ball of flame
 not now
 you’re leveling
 coming down

you can feel it in your gut
that pain is sure now (but hell nothing's pure)
maybe it's that pain that makes you think
nagging
your head is still a bit fuzzy, your bowels sore
your eyes ache from the light filtering
through the windows
they're still a bit big
sensitive
your nerves jangle easily

and you think

what happened?
nothing really, but a couple of times
you nearly lost your mind, nearly
got sucked into that whirlpool
but you knew that before you took it
maybe that's what you're trying to think about now
and what you might think about next time
after

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rainfall

I multiplied the time
between the pit pat
of two random raindrops
by the time between
a thousand other
paired drops
picked at random
and passed into the state-of-the-storm
in time to watch it break
from the weight
of its own meaningless rain

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all blot

scratch of a match
sharp sulfurous flare
rises to the white stick
the innocent snare

smoke rises in mushroom clouds
blotting out swarms of fleshy rabbits
hopping crazily in cold steel forests
soft niches coated with crawling slime of taloned germs
immune to death and life
blotting out sprawling tentacles of harder surfaces
more effective surfaces
for more speed and shorter spans
blotting out crack-trumpeting jumbo-sonic wingy dings
clacka-clickering wheel-coggy thingamajiggers
and buzz-droning flak-static whatchamacallits
with plug-in umbilicals
blotting out delicate needlepoint Valhallas
stitched into the high skies of clouded minds
beyond life
blotting out high places where bloated spiders
drip nerve gas and tension from trembling fangs
for loyal mouth-watering flies below
blotting out better water for the bitch goddess
and her bastard gods
blotting out the insane innocence of packaged suicide
bottled suicide and all the other legislated taxable suicides
blotting out the blotted and the blots and the blotters
in a puff

it's all gone

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Miska grew

Miska
Miska
teeny-bopper
hippie-witch
of the allcult
occult
performace
in stage-set
drug-trips
with REAL ghouls
and rock n roll music
and rock n rolling
ghouls
Miska dances
drug-trips
through
she goes
away
never stays
long
wanders past
past trips
everywhere
she goes
away
never stays
up
long
down
she comes
ready
for another one
somewhere else
with other ghouls
somewhere else
where
witches brew
rock n roll
for dancing ghouls
dancing music
takes her higher
higher brew
brew
away she flew
and suddenly
she grew

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Raymond

he wanted credit
 on a bottle of ruby
 "I'm Raymond!" he said
 chest out proud and arms
 half raised, but fell when
 no response came
 from the clerk's blank face
 no quake or tremor
 cheers or handshake
 just the hollow sting
 running through compiled
 daydreams and fantasies
 none worth 85 cents

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word

for words and words the world turns
 on a tongue-tied axis silence burns
 away sense and saneness
 and words come and words go
 and pass unspoken in the stubborn silence

divine and pure a soundless motion
 the gentle play of intimate movement
 across the wordless worlds of wondering eyes

but o for a word to give her
 a quiet current of sound to stroke the eddying spell
 and leave the silence unbroken

but the words come and the words go and in the silence
 that word remains unspoken

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tunes

music
drifts
in this room
above
and around us

overlapping
tides of tunes
like softly swelling
sinking
swelling tides

lulling me next to you
into you into
the push pulling and thrust
shivering and thrust
shivering over washing waves
of your moans

to drown senseless
and drift in the lapping waves
above and around our floating bodies

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hop-o

hop-o-my-thumb
little orlng-doo
jump from my nose
in the morning dew
to drown like a dot
in a buttercup

tail-o-wag twiddle
your thumbs in a riddle
wise beauty the fragment
the pleasure of little
makes dot on the eye
like in buttercup

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food stop

heaters and coolers in humdroning cacophony
 tense waiters readying empty booths
 a bill advertising ACTION PEOPLE and Pepsi
 the headwaiter with his towel commands the floor
 his eyes set to the clock hands ticking to noon
 the glass door, winterfrozen, cracks open and
 the lunch rush starts with clinkclattering trays
 of stained stainless steel and cheap Chinaware
 spring to clangoring ringmingle with the push
 shuffle grumblemumbling crowdcurrent bodies
 sweating exhaling carbon-tinged morning gossip
 ply trip jabber flop down bob up laugh dry
 laughs from workparched masks edges cracking
 haha did he pushing smiles right where
 shoving around bloodiest race then push harder
 piled right into what's that pit stops smoking
 there's an empty one run crushed closed
 your order flat out sir stopped
 oxygen smothers somewhere under the bog of
 foodsmell and stale tobacco smog bleeding
 heatbloated odors stifling
 breathe in suffocating slogs open mouths gasp in
 the mugsludge between gasping gulps
 from steaming cups of oil murky liquids
 scum slicking like pond slime or think oranges reds
 and whites sloshed to wash down mudmixture globs
 of vegetable studded gravypale blobs
 anemic messes slide on sloggreasy plates dangling
 limp greens bodies bend into the smokey cloud
 bolting past the food shape and the push
 grumble carbontinged crowd jabber shuffling parched
 masks smog odors and dry laughs suffocating the air
 a
 dropped

knife

clang

ring

angs

beside a white
 unbelieving face
 crashed on the floor

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moulding

o, my poor aching head
 though you daydream, you see
 wake up, no, sleep instead
 and try to be like me

be yourself, but yourself
 in the putty-like sub-
 stance that hardens yourselves
 to an agreeable blob

be plainly colorful
 approvingly critical
 and try to make some sense
 out of all this nonsense

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we uncool (a parody on "we real cool")

the average
 millions at the crossroads

....

we uncool. we
 stay school. we

don't roam. we
 make home. we

shun sin. we
 mix gin. we

work june. all
 the same, we
 die soon

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mudflake

by his bed, uneasy, ridiculous
 he stands, looking down, in his mind's eye, up
 to her settled sleeploosened features

bending to her unconscious will, he stoops
 rustling the beat of her steady breath
 with his stiff mudcaked work clothes

sealing the failure of yesterday's dreams
 his lips apologize for today's
 like faith, a mudflake falls from his shoulder

when he's gone, a ray of sunlight pierces
 the room straight like a shaft to her face
 and the mudflake bakes clinging to her cheek

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seahead

hot seahead
 in gloryfed
 hold the dripping sun
 over your head
 your sanity's a thin thread
 burning in the liquid light
 a fragile chain of thought
 a slight turn of view
 your offset mind
 bounces off the moonedge
 and splashes in the sunfire

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at night

I wish I were a lamp post
shining in the night
I'd be a guiding light
for those who roam the night

I wish I were a raindrop
falling in the night
I'd be a source of thought
for those who love the night

I wish I were a moonbeam
shining in the night
I'd be a hazy dream
for those who seek the night

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the birds sing

beyond the distant shadows
along uncertain paths
in the eaves and rafters
of the unforeseen journey
the birds sing

a song to join the days
through endless nights

no
I am not here for nothing
I am here to know the birds' song

I seed my ground with breadcrumbs
when my pulse beats with the rhythm
of the birds' song

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impromptu

I sit crosslegged at my desk typing
 a poem that moves less easily
 than my fingers across the keyboard
 tracing in ink the fine edge
 of a vexing thought, blunt
 my numb legs hint with weary stasis
 a more tempered discretion
 restraint
 as I impose my tangled brain
 bloodless upon this sheet

I feel like a lover
 whose mind rejects
 the limits his body perceives
 whose legs freeze in the snow
 of dead fact
 while his brain still stokes madly
 a few glowing embers of vanishing truth

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reconciliation

two reddening wells spilling their warm clean water
 from what volcanic depths?
 subdued by these gentle quakes, he presses the hot spring
 to his shoulder, whispers stillness to the tremors

and nothing has changed as, mystified in terrain furrowed
 by the wild flow of lava, he steps cautiously into danger

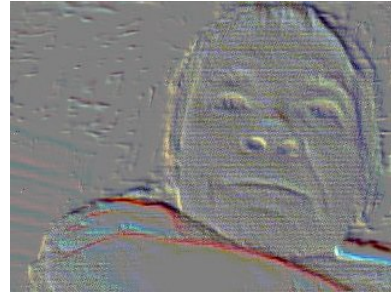
not this
 broken crust, not that
 shifted landmark, easing
 carefully not to touch
 the smallest particle
 or largest rock

where no rock exists

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About the author

Biff Mitchell lives on the outskirts of civilization with his muse, a large red paper mache fish named Betts, and Pico, a diabolical cat that tries nightly to kill him by stuffing wads of paper into his ears while he sleeps. Somehow, surviving this each night makes him stronger.



Visit Biff's gawdawful web site at: www.biffmitchell.com

Other works by Biff Mitchell

The War Bug

http://www.biffmitchell.com/The_War_Bug/the_war_bug.html

"It's rare that a novel can so thoroughly capture the mind, heart, and imagination. Biff Mitchell is a blessed breed of writer who mixes the real, surreal, and potentially real by fusing philosophy, science, human emotions, humor, and terror. And The War Bug is this writer at the top of his game."

Susan DiPlacio, Blue Iris Journal

The Baton

http://www.biffmitchell.com/The_Baton/the_baton.html

When manners and decency are crowded out by telemarketers, cell phones and gum chewers, what happens when the victims start fighting back? Described as "Holden Caulfield on steroids", this is the ultimate "we're not gonna take it anymore" story.

Heavy Load (a laundromance)

http://www.biffmitchell.com/Heavy_Load/heavy_load.html

"If you can accept the unfashionable idea that ordinary, everyday life is worth observing, you'll enjoy this story and the way it is told."

Deborah Fisher, Tregolwyn Book Reviews

Smoke Break

http://www.biffmitchell.com/Smoke_Break/smoke_break.html

Trapped in a web he can't resist, Kyle struggles against a creature more terrifying than anything he can imagine. A novella of horror and humor

Team Player (Coming soon from Double Dragon Publishing)

http://www.biffmitchell.com/Team_Player/team_player.html

"Hilarious, and ringing with wry truth, TEAM PLAYER is a novel best enjoyed by those who can appreciate the absurdity of modern life. Mitchell's characterization is deep, yet the book itself is easily read. Off-beat, darkly humorous and all-too-realistic, TEAM PLAYER is a truly great read."

Ann Leveille, The Best Reviews

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