



**Gawdawful
Poems
by
Biff Mitchell**

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morning

morning
moist leaves
patch the pavement
in piles of steaming clumps

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
 thin
floating

arrival

he called it arrival

a cross dimensional jump
he said
into a place or a state

or a "just knowing" the arrival

that was when he could still talk
when he was still knowing here and
still knowing the cubes and spheres of three dimensions
of things that could be described
he said
in the cubes and spheres of here

these things he called the

disjointed

broken speech
of half realities
foundering on a plateau
of meanings
crippled and foundering
he said
flat
formless and lifeless
compared to arrival

all around us
he said
look
vibrations in a pool
crinkles and folds
just foundering around in the pool
and we're drowning in the pool
he said
drowning in the flip flop of
broken meanings

arrival
he said
would be painful but not
nearly as painful as the dull
gray
swatches of ordinary here and now

fuck the sureness of straight lines and smooth curves
he said
screw the rules and the fixed perspectives

the safety of the knowable ordinary
the slow death of sameness

he dissolved them
melted the lines and the curves
axon by axon
dendrite by dendrite
as his brain dissolved
into a pool of new meanings
disconnected
in the fields of his arrival

in there
once
close to arrival
he saw an ancient Indian wandering through the woods
his body
disintegrating with each step
and all the parts of him falling to the ground
fingers and ears falling to the ground
seeping into the ground part by part
and the last part of him to seep into the ground
was his smile

I am that beautiful Indian
he said
seeping
seeping into the porous ground of arrival

he went back again and again
to arrival
to be that Indian
to escape the cubes and spheres of here
he said
and seep visit by visit
into the knowing of his arrival

and then there was nothing left of here
to seep into there
into the rich red earth of arrival

and now his eyes
stare
into a place beyond his stare
where he dances on the ceiling of his mind
and yells
I'VE ARRIVED
through the yellow
incomprehensible
portal of his arrival

* This poem appears on Nanook of the Nashwaak's "My Secret River" site.
(www.geocities.com/Yosemite/Rapids/5189)

tunes

music
 drifts
in this room
 above
and around us

overlapping
currents of tunes
like softly swelling
 sinking
swelling
tides

lulling me
next to you
in to you

into the push
pulling and thrust
shivering and thrust
shivering over
washing waves

of your moans
in the music

and drown
senseless
drift
in lapping tunes
above and around
our floating bodies

plants

leaves quiver hungrily
roots dig desperately into dryness
clenching
in their plastic pots

I have not watered my plants
for too long
and their lack of teeth infuriates them

but they lack no frustration and may yet
place a leaf edge within cutting distance

I can feel the cut

they've place it at neck level
where I bend to set my clock
or at eye level above my bed
at hand level by my books

a reminder a plea

too late

I've dreamed of waking
to a root filled body
in a room of red canals
and all around me
green shaking outrage

I'm waiting for my plants to die

if I water them now ...

twilight

through the first layer of numb fear
 I wake turn knowingly
 to the door's slow swing
 to the mad eyes burning
 the grim smile
 curving along the glinting edge

the room rushes inwards
 I roll with the lunge
 and freeze
 with fear even
 my mind too numb
 to move my back
 bared to the o

to the sharp to the
 cold incision relaxed
 and compliant plunge
 in the quick rush
 to still the beating
 beating life there

reduce it to stone

the sharp sting wakes me fully
 to the dark room and the closed door
 and the clock tickings counting
 the expectant stillness

waves in the wake of a faint echo
 crash in the beads of sweat on my brow

and my eyes glow with rapture
 as I sink back to the dark maze
 to roam the terrifying corridors
 of my own mind

snap

snaps her panty band
 against her hip
 a thoughtless reflex
 in her dressing movements
 she steps to her dress

but why so loud a snap
 the band held taut
 before the snap

still in bed
 he questions this
 hugs empty sheets to bury that
 flesh colored band
 snapped against paler skin

he turns his back on her
 turns
 to the rippling layers of silk
 and flimsy hints
 of internalized woman
 beyond flesh and blemish
 a faceless thought
 a formless but exciting
 sum
 that he thought she would be

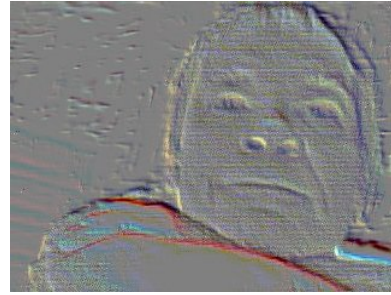
lingering snap
 like a snap on his back
 it was snapped against
 the disillusioning whiteness of skin

and he turns to her
 with eyes half closed
 and sees the sacrificial virgin
 burning in cold flames
 searing her secret beyond touch
 and beyond grasp
 and beyond the well reasoned leer

what she is

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 (www.double-dragon-ebooks.com)

They have his family. He has their secret. Their world is collapsing. He has just hours before he loses everything. He has only one ally...the computer virus that started the whole thing in the first place.

The Baton (www.echelonpress.com)

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) (www.jacobytebooks.com)

"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 (www.echelonpress.com)

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 available as a Dollar Download from Echelon Press.

Team Player (www.biffmitchell.com)

"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