

# STAR-SPANGLED BANTER



by Bob Marcacci



# **STAR-SPANGLED BANTER**

by Bob Marcacci

for Angela

published by  
Unl i kel y Books  
New Orleans, Louisiana

[www.UnlikelyStories.org](http://www.UnlikelyStories.org)

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*In the Order in Which they Appear*

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dictate promised world	5
american said he was something more	6
"and what am i but a man"	7
believe	8
breaking news	9
fast talk	10
"hordes of mice commit suicide on the front lines"	11
I Am Convinced We Continue To Operate	12
i am world power	13
"push blocks into castles"	14
reprinted from the fall of america	15
screwing blind lines	16
The Present Continuous Circus	17
"steer clear of barnyard"	18
"victoria's secret"	19
"weary indigest-"	20
"the shoes go well with the tie"	21
<i>excerpts from</i> in this dream of the panther	24

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## **dictate promised world**

dwelling

state of our mind

attempt to be more precise than time

which will outlive itself

try

taste the hour

men made poems women made them also

the paint the earth gave color to color

argument for serious discussion in a kitchen

where a ceiling-fan revolves and draws smoke

into thinner and thinner sidestreams and gets lost in such white walls

do we make another sufferer

listen to the current story

## **american said he was something more**

said he was war-torn and he was worn  
on his sleeve  
not his heart and not the artful dodger  
who art in heaven  
a heartfelt imagination  
a patriot all striped up and star-studded  
at home with a newspaper  
in his hands  
the word of god awful  
gargantuan  
what he said he said and he meant it  
or that he read it somewhere before or someone told him  
he was not so big only thought himself  
a model citizen  
a regurgitation  
a propaganda tactic

and what am i but a man  
who has never seen a war with a gun  
in my hand so-to-speak  
i'm speaking america

## **believe**

in the uniform      proof  
of the swagger of a nation  
proud to have designs on you  
only troop and pomp of a one-man military  
unit      faith  
in his regiment  
to keep wind locked up  
forever blowing at trees

## **breaking news**

live

iraq explosion

special forces

turkey

chief executive

in his independence day

stand up for those who are oppressed

yesterday

tense with a curfew

force change

## **fast talk**

this truckin' four-wheel drive-shaft  
halfway quad in a 4 X 4 cowpoke  
rodeo for monster cattle calls  
and wall to wall cowboy prattle

wings his little ditty  
some city-slicker hick  
in a 10-gallon misfit  
crammed on his melon

boy-howdy you sho' is  
show biz  
with all that fancy fizz  
and ramblin' man get-up

your mama would turn over  
in her grave  
'f she knew you was so plucky  
and damn me if you ain't

hordes of mice commit suicide on the front lines

possibly triggered by overpopulation on China Steppes

two women who live around the corner complain about mice

in their walls they claim they hear

running back and forth

i tell them it's good to have cats

if this is a premonition of an unprecedented drastic earthquake

scientists have not found any signs

and what has been taken from the sky was scooped

up at one location

## **I Am Convinced We Continue To Operate**

on a basis of mistrust. Our basic nature,  
in recent years, has been  
the result of a carefully thought out plan on the long flight  
from Tokyo to Seattle.

Not a lot of the traditional show-biz razzle-dazzle.

The government's role as watchdog  
will demonstrate to the world  
the depth and breadth of their powerful grip.

I thought about what I had seen.

I can barely maintain a straight face.

## **i am world power**

bruised like a hypnotic monster-  
nation with a notion for black blood dirt  
under my skin like everyone and a sucker  
in my mouth.

there is nothing greater the earth flushes  
continuous shit blank universal majesties  
over and over

push blocks into castles

or airports for the toy airplanes

stand up toy army men

on the fantastic carpet

gun down the whole lot of them

**reprinted from the fall of America**

by the honorable elijah muhammad  
    shadowing with wings  
    the dead piece of our earth  
                the moon  
                a look at venus  
and they did not lose their hands and feet  
    on opposite sides  
                babylon the great has fallen  
hateful bird  
    destroy them  
  
                the heavens shall laugh  
can designers and manufacturers dress the woman  
    in a country that preaches christ  
        you can hardly walk two blocks  
            their voices are heard on the air  
                if they were true  
what kind of little girl can we expect from a mother

## **screwing blind lines**

fuck the girls

get stepped on

wish the sky would die

red white and bled-blue

because they bother me

the newspapers

don't say anything

black and white

most people own color

TVs

i don't even like it here

## **The Present Continuous Circus**

Apparently transparent visionary circus caravan  
came aware on the granite steps leading to the Boss.  
The gargoyles slept behind the blackened window glass.  
The sidewalk ended here, at their feet. It rained.  
Everything was consumed on one instant.  
It was Tom Thumb who pulled out a plum from the gutter pie.  
Everyone joined in to sing christmas carols.  
Someone spread a rumor about the Boss  
so a lengthy investigation was to be held  
if they could get a hold of the acrobats,  
who were at this very moment going blind  
from reading the newspaper.

steer clear of barnyard

talk        the strange talk

    a toy machine makes

when the string is pulled out of its hole

            goes back in as the middle spins

## **victoria's secret**

perfect at the bottom of the ocean

a serious malfunction                      hope

tragedy community

salvaged bodies are recovered

suffering families

insurance claims killed all the other ones

traces on nightbeat embedded

treasure mecca

homeless jobs at the tourist attractions stable

plan implement remains combination

fire olympics

day and night tuned

to the tv

clearly we're a little bit happier

at the pool

ice-cream vendors win this time

**weary indigest-**

iculate            ion  
                  morsel  
                  charged from one end  
moody electrocutor of insects  
i'd forgotten  
                  you made me promise  
                  routine  
expousing nations  
the names of movements            conjecture aperture  
                  the fledgling party  
                  to progress progressives  
                  have we reached the end of science  
                  frozen solid  
conversing at room temperature  
                  it's that much more difficult  
                  strut-  
er            we can only see to the edge of the universe  
                  byproduct wormholes  
there's no such thing as a fad  
circling the globe in the space of an hour  
                  wooden match collective  
                  jargoning excrement  
irrational systems of belief where you tell the same story  
                  to me through the window  
                  i think

the shoes go well with the tie  
i've been wearing everyday  
thin gold rope chains  
succoring plastic taxes  
cowboy denim shrink  
in the future you will  
they put together synthetic plant life  
that can grow in space  
dormant for eons  
transmitting the same message  
media circuits trial and error technology pucks  
burgeoning with culprits  
insecticide genotype configurations make it hard to concentrate

what is the most popular sport in the world

i discovered a new island                      complete vacation packages

this is a short questionnaire  
44 city  
see your participating northern california chevron  
dealer            i need another chance  
jazz on the half-  
shell            a 24 hour cable

stop the opponent watch  
the damn cowboys  
that qualify wherever you need to be  
falls somewhere in the middle  
number 8 in a series  
breakthrough too far removed  
at a point far from center from a negative posit  
  
i don't know exactly not really a pool player  
what this is leading up to tear at heart  
wrench invaluable palpitations fret  
nursing a paper-  
cut to health i'll drink to that dark  
beer please  
slumped back in the pitch bar  
smoking no one  
guitar to talk to  
  
meeting for 12 at drinks  
noon maternal care  
nursery rhymes and the like  
happy father mother happy  
passing cigars for the doctors  
  
dead assassinate daze considering sides  
tetrasick at this rate no word for it  
pondered calendar holidays in different countries

wired invites in the letterhead      an artistic splotch  
to imagine the guests attending hocus-  
pocus      nobody's party      collecting  
gifts      scheduling delay patterns on circumferences  
in cases of emergency axes  
planets      catonine  
lives      purrowing  
jaws half-  
licked

*excerpt from in this dream of the panther*

in this dream of the panther

suffer

claim the moon and the green-black forest

and darker colors among shadows

claim resistance

in this revolution of the panther

we listen in the silence of darkness

we feel darkness and move through shadows

challenge rosettes that form

eternity

in this dream of the panther

we smell the warm breath of night

and the green virgin of the forest near us

we sense her walking with us

leading us to running water

smell her presence among the small animals

she protects

she is not afraid of us

in this dream of the panther  
panther night  
the dark night of lonely stalking and scents  
of hidden flowers and dark prints in earth  
dream above earth sleep with her touch  
this long sleep  
in long animal breaths

in this dream of the panther  
we trample flowers and roar  
we conquer jungle  
lovers

in this dream of the panther  
we never see sky  
and trees and heavens  
we dream of meeting

in this dream of the panther  
in this dream  
we make a darker dream  
the lonely wandering dream a long love's path  
to dream again  
we call out in the dark forest

in this dream of the panther  
we cherish

in this dream of the panther  
perhaps  
we are too precious  
we love each other and the warm light  
we need

in this dream of the panther  
press against earth  
the feline body and sound  
of the heart

in this dream of the panther  
ancient symbols  
in darkening rosette  
we are one of them

in this dream of the panther  
search for tracks in warm earth  
search through leaves and buried remains  
search dark passages of rain forest  
search long hours of green-blackness



### **About the Author**

Bob Marcacci is a California Vacavillian presently living and writing in Beijing, China. His poetry has appeared in many online and print publications around the world. He is the host of the International Open Mic every Wednesday evening at The Bookworm in Beijing, and PJ for The Countdown at <http://miporadio.blogspot.com>.

Thanks to those of you who continue to provide Bob with your support and interest. Find out more about Bob, his life and his poetry at <http://marcacci.blogspot.com>. Send this e-book to someone you know or e-mail Bob with your rage or praise: [bmarcacci@hotmail.com](mailto:bmarcacci@hotmail.com).





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