

STAR-SPANGLED BANTER



by Bob Marcacci

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for Angela

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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

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.

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