

why am i fat

poems by Ron Androla

some of these poems have appeared online at the-hold.com

randrola@hotmail.com

**2407 raspberry st.
erie, pa 16502**

why am i fat

pound & a quarter 75% lean ground beef
ann creates a delicious meat-loaf.

plus mashed potatoes with a few slices
of amerikan cheese swirled within,

plus big caps of mushrooms
out of the oven, buttered.

a feast, i eat
seconds. ann has been asleep

for at least 2 hours,
dropping off when bart phoned.

i have continued
this guzzling

of green bottles.
midnight, my bald-spot

is like a black-hole
of my death: i'll be

ready.
i'm ready.

no i'm not.
that's life in balance,

where we all
must stand,

or fall
off. i think homer

simpson
is an ideal, eternal god of men.

we need it all
based on cartoon humor,

these throes of existential
trapping -- as if

a religion of poetry
isn't funny enough

caricatures

need needed

because
look at any human

look at any human
LOOK AT ANY HUMAN

now minus our limbs
& our mouths & let us

roll along,
all molecule'd, the stars...

now what

i drag the self i sense has a body
from our king-size mattress on the floor
in winter afternoon gloom shadow. i rise,

then can't. left thigh-socket isn't
right, there's pain, ouch, when i press
weight that side. hobble with my left

shoulder along hallway wall
to the nook of a bathroom where i piss
weighed into the right of my side.

think it'll work out,
must have slept on a muscle
of sheet & blanket or something,

it'll work out.
hobble around, get coffee,
check thru blinds at the day.

call doug.
he has to leave with his mother
to get his hair cut. there's a little

tension there, i sense it,
he must want to do
something else, something

is in the air. i don't know
how i survived those last couple
of years with his mother,

bad emotional times.
but survive i have,
albeit with a mysterious pinched nerve.

aches & pains.
rectify what my mind
knows as truth,

as waking
in a dark
afternoon with who & what i am.

memory

i don't remember the colonoscopy,
the actual procedure. i remember

looking at things on the ceiling
in a little room, & when the doctor

says turn onto yr left-side
& i turn

& he begins the new drip
in my i.v., or does he

simply shoot an injection,
i don't know, i'm on my side

with my i.v.'d forearm in the hands
of doctor glennon, he's adding

sedation,
next thing i realize ann is

in the room
& everything is done & over

with,
& we fly upstairs

& in the same bed in the same room
with 3 other old guys

i pass in & out of consciousness
for a while,

then eat a
ham sandwich

then i dress
& walk outside in sunshine

to the parking-garage across
the street where i slide into

the passenger side.
way too high to drive.

make appropriate
cell-phone calls.

i just awoke

at the beginning of this poem

from our
couch. ann has left

to get us
arby's & beer.

colonoscopy?
everybody over 45 shld

get
one.

get
one.

i've been wanting to write this poem since morning

darlin'?
yes dear...
you wanta beer?
aha!

that's how i come
from the shower,
clean &
happier. a beer is perfect.

while standing under
sprays of hot water i think
about work
& the 30 years of work

i've worked in amerika's
factories. i begin to see
a long, high, rusted metal ramp
with levels & levels of steps

up the side of a wooded cliff
to a guard's little shack
where the b & w steel-mill
spreads across plateaus of scrap-metal land.

i am seventeen & it's summer
before i leave for college,
i'm college help, one of several
kids of steel-worker dads,

but i don't know anybody.
it's my first day there.
i've driven the old yellow le mans
to this back entrance

where i ascend with a throng
of thronging men.
fast-forward
30 fucking years of life.

my gray hair, my increasing
baldness -- "the steel-mill
killed my father" is the title
of an old poem of mine.

swing-shift, tons of overtime,
production stress & amerikan
culture circa 1972.

my dad smoking those dog-turd, italian

cigars. i'm seventeen smoking
kent cigarettes. i'm
driving spikes on a sunny morning
with a broken sledge-hammer.

i cannot
imagine
my
future.

a love poem, lover

it seems it's been a long time
i've written you a love poem
altho i can expound i always write love poems
& love poems to you. you're why i write,

why i've written all these decades.
but driving up the hill from the beer store
where i secure a fresh case of rolling rock
from the guy who counts out change like

"nineteen..." i hand over a twenty, & i
WAIT, "twenty," he says reluctantly,
expecting a tip. fuck him.
fuck the steelers. "have a good weekend,"

the beer-man chides.
i'm not watching the super bowl.
our kitchen is stocked
with edibles & drinkables &

both of us are off work
here very soon: you have another
hour & ten minutes to go,
then you'll be sweeping thru the door,

& as you sweep past,
pecking me with a kiss,
i'll hand off a halfback
bottle up the middle, & you run, baby, run!

so jeeping it up the hill
thinking of writing you an over-due
love poem a mere 15 minutes ago,
i have.

let us
drink
& drink
& drink.

not long ago

a few years ago
we did drink with a guys & dolls euphoria of
dance & song & talk,
we did. the world was all pre-september
eleventh, & a smoke supply
pulsed within wonderment, half-gallons
of kessler's, darling, how many
half-gallons we gulp down back then?

crazy middle-aged people early 40's
picking up a relationship from
1975, twenty-some years later,
but middle-aged, broken by life,
betrayed by love -- then karma
comes sucking its own
mandala cock in an infinite
edible blessing of
consumption.

we used to drink all evening into
night & beyond. a few years
& now we might make it
until 10.
there're bottles of cold beer
to guzzle, sweet-heart, let's
guzzle, pass
out in our homer
simpson way of
reality.

we are like aging
incredibly
fast,
quickly!
what fucking
time-warp is
THIS??

you

you sit awake at four thirty in the morning
with only one light on, & the computer. you

are losing yr eyes, things blur, the reading-
glasses half-help, but even now

with yr face in front of this glass screen
crisp focus isn't physically possible & you

simply chance it, typos be damned. this is
poetry, god fucking damn it, not a colonoscopy,

not a last chance at a job,
not a credit-report. you are always

reminding yrself
being a poet isn't being

a normal
human.

you have this
need

you
create

a
circle with words.

calling off work because

i'm trying to fry breaded cod
filets it's 5 in the afternoon
& ann will be unlocking the door any
minute. i flip the two foot-long
filets of seasoned breaded fish in a
pan but they filet apart in like v's of
white flesh darkly skinned by burnt
bread-crumbs. i think my job is a
piece of shit & what i do is beyond
what a man ought to do
to earn a living wage. absurdity
mutates into hatred:
you wanta know what i think about
the international association of
machinists & aerospace workers
union i pay \$8.25 a week?
don't goddamn ask. ann brings home
a 12-pack of beer, & i rush out to get us
a second 12-pack, & fuck you,
factory of fools, i call off work,
fuck you, smell of fish fills this apartment &
i'm drunk saying fuck you.

sky-diving at 50

nestled within the tendons of ann's
angel-wings, i've slid onto our bed

after sleeping in the recliner
most of the evening

thinking i can ease right
back to the magic

of one's self
losing one's conscious grip of mind.

i'm almost there, ann is so warm,
so soft, giggles, mmmmmmm's,

in the darkness. but my brain
is a lava-coming volcano, all

inner activity bursts up in forms
of fire & thought & memory. ann will be

46 wednesday.
i say into the skin of ann's back

oh ann dexter soon you'll be
the big five oh!

she mumbles from the other
side of the world,

"that's when i want
to go sky-diving for my birthday."

with a parachute? i ask.
she giggles a little like an

amused cartoon marge
simpson.

i'm
up.

i'm
downing coffee.

ann is
peacefully asleep.

i'm

writing.

i'm
dropping down thru black sky

mist of
cold dew molecules crackling,

my head is a blacken'd
melon

while a reader
is a cement street.

somebody tell us

somebody tell us
where our double-chins
are coming from, our

pot-bellies.
two hundred & nine

pounds,
two hundred & nine pounds,

i have NEVER weighed
two hundred & nine pounds,

but i do. somebody tell us
what to do to get bodies of

teenagers again.
i remember the soft blond hairs

of ann's melon breasts. i remember
her honeydew-flavored nipples.

she must recall my
cock sticking straight up skyward!

we're 30 years from then.
somebody tell us

where to secure
ecstasy.

somebody tell us
we are always beautiful.

kimberly's party at 7 in florida

partly cloudy, middle 60's,
no wind. a new mercedes sports-car,
red ribbons around blue marble pillars
of kimberly's stone mansion. calypso
music inside the rock walls rattle
the windows. we peek thru the glass:

gowns, women are wearing gowns.
men are tuxedo'd, nicely suited.

i have my gray jogging-pants
on & ann is in a see-thru

brown-printed sundress
she's worn since 1975.

we have swallowed
big ecstasy pills,

we are smoking
kind-bud & we are

ready to
party.

*

we have not showered
& we had sex today,

sweat of sex films
our skin. i have chicken

between my teeth
& need an alka-seltzer.

ann's arm-pit
smells like a ripe cantaloupe,

& she's too
drunk to meet people.

the x has got us
way way hot,

we are

panting at kimberly's

ivy-vined
window watching

guests arrive,
served drinks.

look,
chivas by the wooden barrel!

truffles &
caviar!

nudity?
you want nudity?

you think factory poets
have a problem with nudity

high on
x & scotch

in the florida
evening?

*

acuteness of colors
tho edges of things
jiggle, that's my head
shaking, no,
i'm dancing in a crouched position.
i'm thinking voodoo, this
close to haiti,
& losing track how many
fat pink pills of x
we swallow
outside kimberly's
floridian house
handed down
with family money,
lawyers all over,
judges, too.
plus we are very
stoned on kind-bud,
so stoned we
decide to be

creatures of the night
outside & spy
upon kimberly's
party. our faces
are flushed with
vibrations of ecstasy.
we see secret couples
kissing in corners.
ann is sucking me
off but i am emptied
of cum --
she pretends she has
a liquid-filled, droopy lolly-pop
in her mouth.
we peer upon
lesbian lawyers
fingering each
other up under
black skirts.
we watch two old
men kiss,
dentureless.
soon it seems everyone
at kimberly's party
is experiencing various
sexual encounters.
men are seed-pods
bursting milky
seed. the girls
are wet & sticky
with semen,
but they giggle,
they all giggle.

eating soup

ann made soup.
man she makes good soup.

dracula
is on the amerikan movie

channel,
the one with winona ryder.

i am going to eat soup
& watch dracula.

ann is already
asleep.

beautiful day

it is ok for old people, & old poets at that,
to admit they slammed back 16-ouncer cans of
beer with a box of chicken, i mean they drank

80 ounces of beer each
& pigged an 8-piece box of chicken
& it wasn't even evening-time.

it was 5 o'clock.
they passed out.
her snoring on the couch woke him

on the recliner with a sore neck
at 11 at night.
they went to bed

& her snoring
wakes him
early, 6-ish.

dust of snow overnight.
everything outside looks
iced, & morning is gray.

what won't happen

stolen nuclear devices & secret
launch capabilities on any day at
any hour are always possible scenarios
negating a simple broken index finger,
say, or too much fat in one's diet.
jesus god what goes thru us,
our worm self thru tunnels of hours
we chomp away at present air
(talk). i am certain our species

is doomed to extinction.
we are little bubble-dream pods ascending
physical arc of firework
star,

of arcane light falling yellowing from green.
it is horrible to assert such certainty
to our character &
intelligence. our blindness

& our slowness
& our clan-like
realities are
human vulnerabilities

to staying alive
on the surface
of a spinning,
rotating planet in the milky

way galaxy.
let gravity
magically relax
for fifteen minutes...

slice-like cracks of beer-can tabs

as if we ease
air out of
a chipmunk
ripping off its
little head
blood-bubble carbonation

gulp it
chin-risen

howl motherfucker

this is another howl

pile of dead
headless empty chipmunk
pelts

i want blood

darkness

fire

you

easter

ascension, there's a concept for you, we rise
from stone dead body. we ascend like a
ghost caravan to god. we attend meetings,

we make mental blue-prints
as our angel-wings involuntarily
flap. we stand on floors of clouds,

mirages, hallucinations, wisps
half-human, half-mist, all
illusion.

we can move a twenty-ton rock,
dig a trench, let the boulder roll,
fill the trench back in & call it an

ancient miracle. it's easy enough.
human minds believe a number of
illusions are real reality.

but at least we all ascend.
we attend meetings
& brainstorm. time lasts

by moments, not
centuries. jesus is dead.
eat an easter rabbit.

opening day

opening day of trout it's black
outside, dripping rain. birds are
still singing, warbling around
sounds of pre-dawn wetness. it's
58 degrees, foggy, early april.
i'm back about 5 years ago
& doug's leading me over dangerous
arrays of boulders down by greengarden
park -- a little creek runs thru it.
we follow the water under bridges,
we ascend & climb guard-rails,
cross a highway, carrying our poles
& supplies. we pass other
people also climbing over rocks
& things with their fishing-gear.
it's happening right now,
i'm sure of it,
even in this light, steady rain.

this photograph

first, look, it's a bare
bleached walrus belly

& i'm chewing on chocolate
pop-tarts, frosted, sprinkled

with sugar. smart.
i have seven bottom teeth left.

so i'm fat,
bare-chested, chewing on a dark
brown pop-tart. ann is in the shower,
no, the shower has just stopped.

irish spring soap.
plus my eternal old spice.

plus sandalwood incense
i lit while shitting upon

the dawn water of
awakening. plus a very burnt odor

of something very burnt
when last night the place

filled with smoke
from our toaster-oven:

ann was cooking us
buns,

but in her meditation
of prone-ness she

fell
asleep -- i'm here typing

away
with 6 dough buns on fire

in our toaster oven
in the kitchen.

well,
this morning we made long love,

we look, & feel,
satisfied, but puffy-eyed.

ann's wet hair
tickles my ear

as we press
side by side

smiling here
for you.

what i mean

sub-real, an under-ocean
current,
jupiter's knot of stormy
orange eye.
intention. filling intention
with bunches of fruit.
appropriate green apples.
bizarre blue pears.
banana of liposuction yummy as buttermilk.
belly bulges like a weighted
hula-hoop of gray, hair-fleck'd
lard around the
center of me.
twice they've had
probes up my asshole,
viewing those wet wrappings
of pink intestine.
it's all about death, about dying,
& about loving. it's
about paradox
& wrong answers. so wrong,
blatantly
wrong. i see a star
in the sky.
i am the only man
rooted right here
who sees a star in the sky.
a very far star, its faintness
requires hallucination to focus.
there it is again.
a pulse of light, a beacon
set at one blink
once every day. my name.
i feel ridiculous
to have a name.
maybe you do too.

there isn't me,
there isn't you.

sunday morning blues

we have a thin, blue-yellow box of fish-
sticks in the freezer, & not much else.
we've bought single rolls of toilet-paper
these past 2 weeks
as things run out & tho we can afford
to shop, we don't, we hold off, we
work hard, stay exhausted, find excuses
not to venture within quality market
pushing a big silver cart.
yes, we're a little eccentric, ok,
it's true. soon we'll emerge
from our red jeep on a rainy april
sunday morning, waddling thru
the supermarket's puddled parkinglot,
grabbing two carts,
& it's ann to the right side of the store,
me far left,
& we more or less
need everything.

outside our door

there we are
outside our apartment door

with my key on my thousands-of-keys
keychain aiming for

the golden knob
in one hand

in my other hand i hold
a bag from burger king

& under that arm
a 12-pack of rolling

rock cans. ann has
her purse, a bag from country fair store.

it's 7:30 in the sunny,
chilly, early may evening

& after we are secure
in this tiny womb of rooms

we eat a week's worth of saturated fat
& get moderately drunk

"this IS a little
strange for old people

to be doing,"
i announce.

"i'm not the one
eating the double whopper

with cheese,"
ann corrects

me.
sheepish me.

almost 48
gobbling on a double

whopper with cheese
with my bottom dentures in,

gulping

grog.

but it's
so delicious.

so
delicious.