



**LITTLE
UGLIES**

DAWN SUEOKA

*“Indeed, ghosts are a major problem
in our society.”*

LITTLE UGLIES
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UTOPIA

Pride is when nine billion birds flatter the sun.

Karma is when nations rise out of the sea.

The tides grow fat with age as the
sun grows fat with age. In a struggle of
man vs. himself, man is a distant
city, a catcher of dust.

YELLOW SKIN BANANA WITH DARK SPOTS ON IT

Sometimes I space out a little.
I let my body go completely limp.
The sky becomes false to me.
Everything is gross to me.
Ten times a day the sun rises and ten times a day
the sun sinks.
I shut one eye and it is still there.
Don't let anybody tell you otherwise:
Dog bites kid, and the world moves savagely on.
Ha!
In the next century, I hope to be savage as
Paul Verlaine.
I dip my fingers into a lake
that is only a rumor of a lake.
I throw fistfuls of petals into the
heart of the moon.
I shut one eye, shedding tears of red and blue.
Sometimes I space out a little.

ALL GOD'S CHILDREN ON BOARD

Charlotte, like Charlotte
O'Hara, had one father and no more.

This statement is a lie, this
statement is unproveable. God alone

has knowledge of those days, for God
alone is the last soldier standing.

What are gloves for when guns
in the distance are one identical flame? Dear

kids, what is the sun for?
I will tell you when I'm dead:

This statement is a lie, this statement
is a mover of earth.

THERE ARE THINGS YOU REMEMBER
AND THINGS YOU FORGET

How the breath of a younger Bob Barker
falls across the floor like an eagle in winter,
how the wind whips through the chapels
of my own hometown.

What happened just now?

Someone dropped a cheerleader.

How can I trust you if I can't see you?

I sure miss you.

It's said that squeezing water from a stone
is like squeezing salt from a thousand tables,
that in a world where brother shoves brother,
everything will be OK.

I have never believed that,

but for the water that swirls around our ankles,

I am grateful in my own way.

UTOPIA

Our jaws are full of wishes.

Our beds are super clean.

The wind brushes the grass, which we've
smooshed with our feelings.

You talk about the war.

I talk about my bleeding heart.

It's winter here.

It's the longest day of the year.

THERE ARE TRAPS BESIDE THE RIVER THERE ARE
STRINGS IN EVERY BED, *or* DEAR GENTLE READER

When I was young I used to stare at pictures of trees.

The leaves were green the

leaves were brown the leaves were black.

There were no

fathers in the wild. And nothing ever suffers

or has suffered no matter how much

you suffer.

But sometimes the wind blows, sometimes the

clouds break. Smoke rises from a million houses

like a GIF you keep opening.

It batters my voice, my voice that stumbles

like a GIF.

I guess the main questions I want answered are:

How do I know when to start walking around in

my dream?

How do I enter my dream?

In the wild, dogs kill rabbits like kids kill birds.

Dogs kill live rabbits and eat them.

HEY WHAT'S UP

This is not a poem;
this is a dancing ground, a
hustling ground.

Birds climb all over it like
poor people's trash.

Lay your hands on the radio.

Lay your hands on the radio and
dance.

As bluebells grow ever
more bitter, guys with crows
only get cuter.

Yet the most beautiful thing has already been said:

This is not a poem.

DRAWING PICTURES OF THE SUN

What is a car crash.

What is a virgin.

What is a phoenix.

What checks in on a Tuesday and out on a Friday.

What checks in and out of a Palm Springs hotel.

Cacti, furnace of the gods—the
gods and the gods of the gods.

Garden of the Gods is a park in Colorado,
the burning away of falsehoods, revealing Pluto's
transformation in us all.

Change is watery and hard to kill, yet change
is always believable.

I admire strong women,
silence and noise, limbs that grow
like a cactus.

Folding my arms I fall asleep on your couch.

Folding my legs I sink to the
bottom of the river, a free fall.

You are so elegant and sturdy, a room
within a room

something that opens and closes a door
drives into a wall

REALITY CHECK

The plot of every movie or
book is basically tragedy harm, harm,
tragedy, and then
somebody weeps. Baby, drug
baby, wipe your wet white eyelashes
on the side of the monitor.

On the side of the moon is an opening
from which not a peep is heard all night. On the
side of the brain is a door.

IT'S LIKE WE FELL INTO A DREAM, you
with your sandy hair, me with my
wet, rain-soaked hair.

In this world of magic
and illusion, the moon is
brutal as the waves are brutal.

And the droplets are spreading: beans, pills,
clouds, whatever

STRANGERS TALKING TO STRANGERS

I want to pinch Mount Olympus, to
separate what is real from what is just crap.

I want to praise my own shadow, but odes
make no sense to me.

Mount Olympus has fifty-two peaks, each
one more or less wet

with rain. I want to pinch them one by
one, until my face is no longer

my face and the air

becomes a pile of broken pots.

TO BE TRULY AMERICAN YOU MUST BE TOTALLY PISSED OFF

after Matthew Arnold

In this age of arrr and aught
we are coming together and coming apart:
Sexy, alluring, mysterious for commercials.
Warm, friendly for narrations+commercials.
I may not be a female or a male, but I
know that a beauty queen is just like anyone else on TV:
a woman dragging her dress across the sand.
The sea is calm tonight.
The moon lies fair upon the straits.
I hold you by the elbows, grapple with you,
no trusted mom and best friend.
No mysterious guy next door, warm and authentic.
The waves break against the rocks, pale
as astronaut ice cream or the naked backs
of brothers. The stars
roar, and I am like Awesome!
Is it only the wind, the
wind that brushes the beach? When you wake, say
it was only the wind.

WE OWE YOU NOTHING BUT LOVE

Today is 12/21/12, just fyi, one of the last days on earth. We lie upon this beach, scraping the wind from the sea or a sticker of the sea.

We dream upon this beach, breathing the slimy breath of the sea. I imagine my hero, the legendary Annie Sullivan, who taught me that flapjack is another word for pancake and that dying in dreams = skyping in dreams.

I skyped the whole galaxy in hopes that you would bump cups beside my sleeping head, that my daughter would never be grabbed, and I would never become crazy.

It's sad, but in some cities, water does not equal water.

On Wed. I will read all your chats to you.

On Thurs. I will lie down beside you.

You whose hair is on fire, you may remember me by my flat-footed walk and wide-set eyes—

I WOULD LIKE TO SHARE
MY IMPROVING PHOTOGRAPHY

I am just a simple person looking for answers.

You are a wimp with a mic.

I pat my nipples to better resemble you.

I may even pretend to be you.

Blessed are those who

asphyxiate in secret, the stars

that shine, the hairy stars.

Forget your neighbors, forget your cat. Hiding is
how you know you're awake.

YOU COULD BE A SHADOW

The world is made of water.

The road is a trail of bright lights.

Behind each door is a bride with her puppy, fat
as a strawberry.

This is the lint of American life.

Ladies of Antietam, of Harrisburg, the stars
bend, and I cannot see you.

The sun pouts, with an air of violence, and
I cannot see you.

You've become a stranger,
and by stranger I mean disaster
whereby you feed yourself to others as
the world beats a path to your door.

THESE PRETTY LADIES LOVE TO FIGHT

It's like
seeing people you know
in huge blobs of war,
learning to squat, learning
to scratch, learning to
stay afloat.
It's like pulling a muscle in your
one good eye.
Ladies, give unto us
your chubby tears:
A bird in the hand is a
blade in the hand. That's it, now—
Into the drink!
Into the drink!

HELLO GOOD FRIEND, GREETINGS
IN THE NAME OF GOD

Fighting is a way of praying.

Praying is a way of communicating with God. I like
to fight, is that wrong?

I spent my youth talking to the Almighty
and pretending to sleep.

It's what I wanted most from my life. Fighting is sitting
beside God and punching his knee.

Fighting is listening
and satisfying God.

AND THE PIPER PAYS HIM

You and vous are just two guys in
trouble, a joke you read
with your own two eyes.
The sun makes you old.
The stars go round and round.
You drive to Burger King, to
Costco, to the Hilton, your
eyes like black tubes.
Rings on every finger, fingers in
every cup, oh
the sun makes you wild.
RT @CassiniSaturn: Hello,
ringing in your ears, your own
red-rimmed eyes. Laughter is
trippy and smells like blood. RT
@VodkaRx : Tonight, find
Saturn near the moon.

PEOPLE FLOATING HATE BEATS

I knew them by their
foams, their
fires; their dirty pictures,
their spilled sun.
They are three in number
but we don't see them.
You there? I'm
evil. I'll soon
depart for the east.
Oh, my sweet
regimes! I kiss their
secrets one by
one: Inside every
god is a smaller god
just like it. Inside
every good job
is a bottle of war.
I try to speak, but I'm
only a ghost. Theirs are
the symbols, mine
are the sighs.

PRELUDES & NOCTURNES

Lake Baikal is the deepest lake in the world, a true miracle of nature.

It's a can of several flowers, and a grave to place them on.

I turn on this old radio, with its preludes and nocturnes, nocturnes and preludes;

all the daddies of the world gasp.

I have a little dog who fetches my slippers.

I have a little wife who strangles me in my sleep.

It's the rain, Dr., it's only the rain.

Lake Baikal is the purest thing in the world.

Lake Baikal is a pistol.

Lake Baikal is calling you collect from places no one's ever heard of.

Girlies of the woods,

we are standing in long lines for daiquiris and the water is rising, rising.

NO DISHES, MORE MEAT

We are living in a world created by Elizabeth Bishop.

Daylight frightens

the faithful; secrets

keep us clean. What does it mean

to confront the gathering cold?

No one can ever know.

Still we go forward, smiling

and miming death, the last itch.

WOULDN'T GIVE YOU MY SHOES FOR YOUR SHOES

These are the saddest songs I have ever heard.
No, these are the edges of the
saddest songs I have ever heard, the places
where words have two meanings:
America is lousy like a carrot.
America is gorgeous like a horse.
Some people say I have
problems, but I'm just waiting for America's
Sweetheart to come to my door and
ask, "Where's the sodee?"
I crack open a cold one, look up into the sky,
but hear only the sound of her shoes.
It is the saddest song I have ever heard,
and I cannot help but weep.

SINCE EVER SINCE

The sun sets, the sun rises.
The cops I've seen strangle the
widows I've seen.
Yet life has a way of turning what's
only a dream into a full-blown crisis.
It is only then that I am truly grateful.
Let's ditch this party with its termites
and withered gods.
If you give me your numero,
I'll call you my radio.
Listen! A billion car alarms are going off!
Touch me with thy hand of mercy,
thy thieving hand,
while above us the moon
grows fatter and more sarcastic.

NIGHT PEOPLE

after Night People

In general, ghosts are just a bunch of bleached-out people with wings.

They often have a motive, which can be silence, dread, dance, or just plain anarchy.

If you encounter a ghost you may feel a burning sensation in your heels.

You may feel partially or totally agnostic.

I was burned by a ghost today.

Tell me whether this is okay or not okay.

The title of this poem is

“A bunch of bleached-out people with no real quote unquote ‘eyes.’”

This is so wonderful!

This is so nice and interesting!

To become a ghost after dying is an act of the purest revenge and the highest compassion.

In fact, a ghost is something I am often mistaken for.

Tell me whether this is okay or not okay.

If you encounter a ghost you should stay absolutely still for ghosts are weapons of mass productivity.

Indeed, ghosts are a major problem in our society.

They see with their
own eyes, channeling ghosts channeling ghosts
channeling ghosts.

A ghost is a person in infancy,
a ghost cut out of paper.

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