

HUCKABEE GOES ELECTRIC

OR

THE CRACKERS ARE BACK
& THE AD MEN HELPING

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“December wasn’t just the month for holiday cheer. It was the month for water fee hikes.”

Introduction

These poems are improvised (or as they used to say “spun”) in concert with several machines. The first was a radio. I used a Sony “Dream Machine” AM/FM clock radio, an ICF-C243, manufactured in Malaysia. The radio was tuned to 88.9 FM, the local public radio station (WBEZ). I am not currently a member, & in that respect these are the poems of the majority.

The second machine has many components: a desk-side PC tower (rebuilt many times), a monitor, a keyboard, a mouse: suffice to say that the poet works ’twixt past & present. The past is all that is understood, the present all that is not. Inasmuch as I believe this, another machine is at work—Robert Pinsky. He impressed me at a young age, along with Jello Biafra, John Berryman, John Cage, and D. Boone. I detect their programs in these verses.

Transportation machines include several unnamed if minor drugs (such are the times). Their function is to mediate the present, which is where the imagination lives. “There is a constant barrier between the reader and this consciousness of immediate contact with the world,” wrote William Carlos Williams, “If there is an ocean it is here. Or rather, the whole world is between: Yesterday, tomorrow, Europe, Asia, Africa,—all things removed and impossible, the tower of the church at Seville, the Parthenon.”

Huckabee, responding to attacks
has consulted god
& is now committed
to running attack ads
by not running them—
so where's the ad?

“this is so hypocritical,” bemoans the press
“it's totally bizarre”

No. It's just directed
to a small population—
the one that says, “boys, that cracker's
sharp as a whip—let's get him into office!”

**a caution to listeners:
this sex abuse scandal includes descriptions
the more sensitive among us may find offensive**

It's the story of Cody, a Dominican Friar
who found "no shortage of work"—
his orders reporting only to Rome
that global network of sex perverts
in erection-concealing frocks & gold-embroidered hats
(one thinks of the original Surrealists)
his career reveals that "bad kind" of queer
we've been hearing so much about these days
of the Presidential horse races—
Cody paid too much attention to boys
he stayed out all night & "nothing was amiss"
his brothers choosing "to see no evil"
("we live together & report to one another regularly"
assures a spokesman for the Dominicans,
which is what's called Being Caught on Tape)—
"he started using marijuana. his only refuge
was the church" adds the latest victim's mom:
"I just handed him over" (she's from Maryland
as if you couldn't tell)—"handed me over
for hand jobs!" shouts the teen (mutual masturbation
being best kept between a boy & his priest)
& no one's been told "the full story"
& the story just keeps coming out!
"the nature of disclosure here's not good"
says the analyst "& there's more"
our reporter assures us—a teacher
in god's country (Ohio) says it best:
"a danger to children, he
shouldn't be allowed to associate
in any capacity"

The Winner

by a slim margin
“along tribal lines,”
our reporter assures us
“virtually a model of how
the democratic process
should be done” agrees
the analyst, the timbre of his voice
testifying veraciously
“police control the situation”
the ambassador adds: street blockades,
tear gas, live ammo—
144 dead by day’s end—
“virtually a model” the analyst says
(“but not virtual for long” adds his timbre)

Anorectic Editorial

“Food is way too political these days!
I mean when did we have to spend so much time
thinking about where our feed comes from!

“I’m sick of it!

“Why don’t we all just shut up & eat”

Things are not going well in southern Mississippi
advocates for the poor are “hoping mad”—
I say, things ain’t going well in Mississippi, no sir
they isn’t going well down there at all
the ports are decayed—
reduced to shipping chicken
thing’s ain’t going well
in Mississippi, ah lord
the advocates appealed to the federal *giverment*
but that don’t sound like no solution
& the plucked banjo ends it with a nasal twang

sophisticated mainstream filmmaking for kids:

the Barber of Fleet Street is back
“delicious” declares the press

*

the true story of a few intrepid souls
who helped establish an undercover war
there was plenty of “wit” to “savor”

*

undercover surveillance! the awakening
(perhaps too late!)
of the conscious!

*

blinked a memoir
letter by letter—“yeah, yeah, I know
but it comes across better on the screen”

sophisticated mainstream filmmaking for grownups:

President-Elect Hilary calls herself a jogger, perhaps a horse—
“We need a President who will be off & running,” she says

*

“a ‘measure of assurance’ that the system is working!”
grumps the analyst, “*a measure!* humpf! harrumpf!
welcome to the new year!”

We were told Governor Huckabee
would unveil an ad of his own, but he told us
it was wrong to go on like that! He wanted
to maintain a positive campaign. He wanted
to remain upbeat, to not tear anyone down.
“I want you to see it,” he said. “A bizarre moment”
our reporter assures us. “You’d say, ‘where’s the ad, dude?’ ”
& Mitt’s campaign’s responding by e-mail

New Segregation

It used to be common
to see two sets of fountains—
one for whites, one for coloreds—
especially in the south

Now when you see two fountains
its one for adults & one for children—
these are common in international airports
& the parks of newly gated communities

The color for next year is Blue Iris—
it has the calming color of blue
but with a dark mystery inside of it—

there are not many people who don't like blue these days
but the darkness adds excitement:

“have a very happy Blue Iris New Year”
“& the same colored New Year to you”

cut to Lincoln's birthplace. we're live
with “one of the nation's preeminent impersonators”:

- how did you come up with a voice?
- a balance between history & expectation
- does impersonating Lincoln ever get boring?
- the American fascination is only increasing

with charity for all

& fervidness of right

bind the nation's wounds

cherish a just & lasting peace

Happy New Year! Harrumpf!

It's already 2008 in Beijing
& the Dow & NASDAQ stumble again—

One of Ford's would-be assassins
free at last, having served a “life sentence”
as it was understood in the 70s—

from then 'til now being time enough
to get you're head around not shooting the President—
especially given what's happened since Ford

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