

PROBABILITY OF DEPENDENT EVENTS

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Sophomore English

I always imagined Catcher in The Rye
To be about farms and dull boring pain

But it was all about this guy
Who had it better than me
Depressed about everything such a whiner

My handwriting got so good
That I wrote my name all over the school and my town
And my notebook I couldn't help it

Troy ollied up the four in the quad and kickflipped down
He boardslid the stair rail behind they gym
Switch and backside and frontside to fakie

What's your favorite font on the computer?
Why is Holden calling everyone phony when he's the true phony?

Can I borrow a dollar?
Can I have a spicy Cheeto?
Do the zombies have ham in them today?

If I write fuck you on my desk in honor of Holden
Will you make me stay after and clean it?
Will you give me an extra credit?

A Tree Fell in Brooklyn

There's a disease going around the East Coast that makes basil plants turn white

That's official

I'd bet my mother misses me now.

Hail the size of marbles was hitting the windows

I was hitting the brick wall with fists the size of melons

When the 9th grade class treasurer died

They took his picture down from the hallway

He was smiling with fluorescent lights in his glasses

Please Remove Your Hat

You wanna talk?

Fuck you mister so and so

I don't care at all

If you think I respect you

Respect has nothing to do

With my endless sorrow

And my spiritual awakening

I Feel Like I'm on Fire

April on my body is universal
I don't believe in seasons anymore

Everything I know I learned from the ocean
Like how to die and how to feel the world

Don't forget me April it's only Wednesday the 21st
And I'm feeling so alone

It's hard to make your body tingle using just your free will

I feel like I'm on fire
I think I taught a spark to go out

Hey children I'm serious!

Perfect Human

Even I have faults
No one is a perfect human
Like when I dance I often ache
There is the endless page
There is the open road
And there is me on the internet tugging away
Even I take days off
When I need to circumnavigate a heartbeat
My paychecks are blue
Like my blood
And in my dreams I'm alphabetizing us
So I roll over you in the bed
Over you and over you until it makes sense
I have a hole in my shower wall
And the mice watch me through it
The little perverts
After I shower I often ache
On the way to the bathroom
Do you feel pain in your arches too?
It's just a part of me now

Little Binder Clips

Binder clips are the most violent
Desk organizing tool

And their small binder clip children
Can bruise a fingernail

This is not genetic
It's learned behavior

A binder clip is trained to bruise
And keep bruising

The little binder clips
Uphold the endless squeeze
To make sense of the bending they endured

When they were just little flat pieces of metal
Not trying to hurt nobody

Kangaroos

They want to send Cesar back to Mexico

He hopped the border when he was 1

I don't want to write like the famous poets anymore

A kangaroo in his mother's pouch

Hopping

High School Eternal

It's hard to make your body tingle using just your free will
And ecstasy makes me real emotional

“Can I borrow a dollar for a cup of noodle?” said the identity poem

And everyone has a story
Like the time in science class
On the second floor someone threw a basketball
Right through the window

It landed in the hoop on the playground
It really happened

Glass sparkled around the rim like diamonds

P-Spunkz

(For Roderick Donelson)

There's ivy growing out of the gutter
And I've decided not to screw in the light bulb
Some plants die when you leave them untended
Some break through the concrete 100 years later
America's brightest minds still wear color coded t-shirts it's just not fair
Roderick once blew up a condom under the desk and let it fly
He had the class going nuts it was problematic
He'd stare out the grated window of the portable
Into a square cement stamp in the Outer Sunset
Grey sky grey buildings the grey feeling I'm lost
Roderick was so slick with his fresh fade leather coat studded belt
He had the girls going nuts it was problematic
I wish I was so loud all of them would listen
I'd give words bigger than bricks or bullets
I sit at my computer I just write the word fuck
Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck
Until it's not violent anymore just ridiculous
Fuck doesn't give anyone access to eternity
My Williamsburg heater pops in time with the Bushwick pistols
And Hunter's Point and Bayview pop pop pop
Three or four men were seen running towards Sunndyale Street
A bit past twelve on December third two thousand and ten
Three or four Pacific Ocean swells unloaded brutally upon Ocean Beach
It's not worthy of news its happens all the time there
It's happening right now someone's diving underneath

Probability of Dependent Events

1.
Suppose you choose a marble from a bag
Suppose that
Suppose the bag contains many marbles
Seven green
Five red
And six blue
Just choosing some marbles
It's a thing you do
Suppose the bag was yours
The marbles were yours
And you lost all of them
You lost the bag you lost everything
Would you punch yourself in the head
Not as a joke but cos you really meant it?

2.
Suppose you choose a sock from a drawer
Containing six red socks
Two white socks
And four blue socks
Socks travel in pairs
Obviously duh no doy
What if you lost a red one
Would you pair it with a blue
Then a blue would be alone
Once a sock has been lost
Must there always be one sad lonely sock
Could you add the single red to a pair of whites
And place the red around your neck
It could keep you warm in the winter
While the whites go to work on your frosty digits
Or could you hang the single red over the fireplace
Would you get coal or candy?

3.

A student council has seven officers
Five are girls
Two are boys
If two officers are chosen at random
Will they french in the janitor's closet
Amongst mops and bleach
Amongst sticky clods of dust and hair
And the heart pounding so loud it's frightening
And the spit tastes like sour milk but like really good?

4.

The names of twenty volunteers
Including Bob and Laquisha
Are put into a big baby blue bowl
What is the probability that Bob is a straight white male
And Laquisha a woman of color
And if ten of the volunteers are girls
And ten are boys
Why isn't there any box to check for other?

5.

If there are seven fruits
In the fruit bowl
And three are grapefruits
And two are bananas
And two are grapes
Just two individual grapes
Not even connected to each other
Not physically at least
Maybe emotionally
Maybe they have this shared vulnerability
Maybe they're brothers
What is the probability
That the grapes will survive
Being squished by the grapefruits
And that they'll be noticed before they go sour?

Water Bottle

Well

I'm ready to go

I've got my water bottle

And the pinstripes on my work-shirt

Spell 11111 forever

Grand St

All the best technologies

Only damage the book I'm trying to write

The gymnasium was going so nuts it was tragic

If you got the poem right the first time

No one would ever get hurt

That's something that you should take real serious

My munchkins

Basement

All my classes are on the bottom
So I experience all the ugliest things

There are many cars they always honk
And clumps of weave in the hallway

Between each person is space
And each vehicle is space

I used to think every creature suffered the same
And the only differences were venue and genre

A rat bolts by the door
Escaping from a terrible situation

When there's no space
I get sinister

Someone walks by whistling like Christmas
It's how I know snow's coming

Every Cupcake is an Act of Violence

Every visit to the pumpkin patch
Evokes in me a tremendous sense of loss

I was born in the summer of 1983
When everything was golden

Every time I write my name and the date
I remember that all of us are dying

Can you pierce my ear with a paperclip?
Color my hair with a red sharpie?

When will I be able to go into a store
And just take and take and take?

Throwaway Lesson

Baby basil sprouts poke through the soil
And remind the world not to implode

New York City is an oily puddle

There's a hydrant on every corner
Each one spewing its guts

There's a person on every sidewalk square
Each one spewing her guts

Baby wave crests poke through the surface
Reminding the Atlantic not to sleep forever

New York City is grumbling

In bed on Saturday at 10:43
You're asking for five more minutes

Wild Fermentation

My life is a garden of jars
Each jar is bubbling
And either green or yellow or sometimes white

I put the jars on a shelf in my kitchen
For my guests to admire
And they always do admire them

My life is a garden of jars
Of fruit and death and vegetables
I wake up and smell it

Boom

My blood is made of rubber
It's why I jump so high

And push down so hard against the Earth
I'm the heaviest sunset you've ever seen

Can my metamorphosis
Fit into five well constructed paragraphs?

When I sleep
My father seems disappointed

Waking up
My eyelids flicker so fast it's terrifying

I never wanted to be tall dirty buildings
But big empty highways where you can see the water

Semester of Love

I hope you don't forget my birthday

The water in the canal is muddy

I keep throwing rocks

Because it helps me think

It's on June 24th remember

All the hillsides are turning gold

Your mouth tastes like crying

For the first time probably ever

If you forget my number

It's 925 285 8543

Summer Birthdays

Some pencils never get sharpened

Never

And most people know more about eye contact than I do

Where do you like to draw lines?

Where do you find the time to clean your bedroom?

Crystals in Nebraska shine on forever!

I forgot my 19th birthday in San Francisco

I forgot my 27th birthday in Brooklyn

Children in Brooklyn shine on forever!

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