

The Presidento

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The Presidento

the bronze dictator who took graft in the erection of it
has a sparrow by his ear
fat and comfortable above his bulbous rear
not exactly bronze you know the graft
it flies away to me and sings outside my window nothing of any interest
just the one note and a little stain over and over again all day
cheap shit cheap shit cheap shit cheap shit cheap shit cheap shit cheap shit cheap shit

the forger

he makes the money look so funny

immaterialized with laughter you take it lying down

he goes through your pockets willy-nilly

alarum

every alarm in the place goes off when you lift a finger
better pretend with the rest you're a bee with no stinger

big deal

in all the long years I've been doing business
I never saw a dickhead like you he's telling me this
with a knife on me I have been no longer but once
the biggest man on 54th Street and Lexington Avenue my boy is still number one and I
I take these jobs so punks like you don't have no trash littering the streets where you live
you know why I'm gonna tell you why
you nogood punk you ratmouth you weasel and so forth
the harangue of his college years his dedication his struggle etc.

a diverting spectacle

what he's selling you can't use

so why pay out?

as if the jackal could accuse

the lion of doubt

folklore

our man doesn't dwell on folklore much
he knows in court the word of awe impresses them
but generally he is of them so he speaks and acts
the salt of the earth you wouldn't sprinkle on your food

catalogue

oh the usual things dominion England the elect
whatever he can find that can be wrecked

introduction

in the end a satisfying clown
so where's the baker?

a simple candelabrum lights the way
past the catacombs to an interlinking tunnel
across the great crowd-mastering city inversely
and there he stands up to his shoulders in the stuff
rolling up the dough and into the fire

how do you do he says politely

sentry

in my beaver hat bayonet at the ready

I stand to and do my bleedin' duty

is there any man who cannot say the same?

I will knock him down and take his name

far-off

I have named the things because that is what one does
simply to write things down is not enough
you might remember and you might not
therefore it is best stop biting my leg you little brute
it is best I say to manufacture evidence of our existence
oh will you have done growling yes manufacture I say produce if you prefer
better to say we came this way and not presume to pass away
like a thief in the night oh God 'twould never do

balcony

I get in the shivers at night a languorous feeling
not a long symphony on the wireless of the great city
something I never could explain away no matter how hard I tried

the high learning

the Orphic lyre what's it good for?
sure all would listen hell's king bend an ear
and she rise from the dead
still the bitches do me down
says the man in the ancient book

meistersinger

what flat paroles is this I am thinking

where is the song would bend from the river bottom and bring me the cares of the fish flies and sunlight?

ach fish have no cares no more than the fisherman

who hunts them in waders or dozes on the bank

hi-pockets

with my brimfull hat I break the gibus open two eggs' worth
swish them around tap with my cane and there you are sunny side up
two and three shows a day in the sticks and boroughs
more nightly in the big cities never a day off
sweating blood that's paprika there on my plate

capstone

the rambler across the dell
what the hell the garden gnomes
are up to their old tricks again
riding Third Reich motorcycles up the freeway

they belong in mental homes
you say and that from way back when

beautiful architecture

it is in the eye of the beholder
much like a sty or a bamboo tree
if we count subjectivity
as that which in truth is bolder

ramparts

here is the battlefield

a hundred suits of armor and the bloodied corpses everywhere

tins of bully beef

the good news

no hurry dealing with your case
you aren't going anywhere she says
with a smile in a way almost becoming

barking

they do see in later London shows

a bit of slap and tickle

tickle and squirt

pickle and eye

and that is why the Lord Chamberlain sank his chops into the mutton

burst a button on his fly he did just reading about it

portmanteau

one walks into a steamer trunk
not looking I suppose
no it's quite capacious really
underwear tuxedos bell and trim
you could get lost in it without a doubt
no sticker on the outside tells you that

fountain

R. Mutt say this is good I like this this I like
not like that stuff who owns it I know Harry Kike
it says it all you know what given thing can rank
R. Mutt did this we have Art to thank

pourquoi

rassemblés à tout à l'heure le pitre

voit devant lui le divan et la vitre