

**OXEYE
READING
SERIES**

10-10-26

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The Reading Room

2713 Atwood Ave

Madison, WI

Jamie Thomson

The child, the waterfall, the fire, the stone

I sat there imagining I could explain a childhood.
The images I saw were the images of someone else's
novel. Let me talk softly as you play your music. Poetry
is just one thing. I leave flowers as a way to softly say
something... While snorting drugs it is best to keep
smiling. While snorting drugs it is best to stop to kiss
other people's wrists. The next tornado's touching down
just south of here. I grab each of these false images
ball them up and toss it in the wind! *O thin men of Haddam*
the children have spoken: we hate this poet. For them
there is only one way of looking (tho they won't say
which). It is boring mainly cos nothing blew up, nobody
went missing (but me). I am writing to say that I am here to
stay. To fill space back brightly—music, life, intentional light.

Jamie Thomson

Way Beyond the Moon

After long enough listening, you eventually feel language. His bewildered face as he produces the very thing he never imagined he could, sudden reality of it coalescing into a boat going to a totally different place. Likewise, Basquiat pirouetted (in a way) so we kids might throw fragments of color at poems to see what sticks, the big square roof across the street has been drying out all week tho I have faith it's gonna fill again! *Rapture* was the name of my favorite star in that galaxy, I'd wander out each night upon the highlands just to take it all in, the endless telephone poles were toothpicks with many more responsibilities, fashions come and fashions go... Lorca's ghost smoking a massive cartoon cigar, holding a chunk of glass up to moonlight, saying this glass is so smudgy, why the fuck did you let it get so smudgy? As poetry lifted you away from us, we walked alongside bon voyaging, that relentless summer heat the reason later we then turned our backs. Where you are going or have been... we commit mind nor soul to no other.

Jamie Thomson

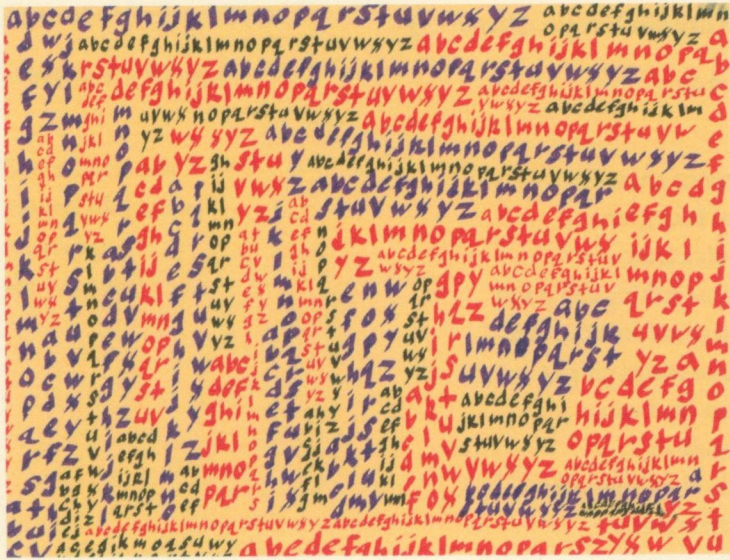
Farmer Tom

There is not enough time nor manners to appease each mammal.
I think of words I read at night as having grazed my brain before then
melting off / away. On a walk, I prefer the touch of my keeper's
hand... Back home, we take up the bottle which wears its black cap
like a  hat. It's no good if talking together's "like pulling
on a string that raises no flag." You drove on until the night took you in.
The night was called Nebraska and it is full of lonely patrolmen. Inside jokes
depress everyone else, it's why I'm flipping past the parlor plays those poets
loved to write... When I got to the farm I was finally able to put down
my mask for a spell. The days were cold from the light they offered but I had
begged for it as such. Had wished the creeps would go away! I know now visions
are deep splits in some collective spirit, extra spots we cut open tho later
feel less certain. For I was Tom. Honest happy farmer. Singing along
with the others. Now alive in terror in the thick of this troubling grammar.

Jamie Thomson

Trespassing

The blurb extols so-and-so's "unflinching" nature, but what we need is a flinching poetry, shows us it actually knows what pain is... Someone's painting the communal stairwell and I am readily sniffin' that gas :). The state of trespassing's one step further, they split the tree into a thousand pieces, an act (distressing to me!) which failed to dredge up for them much of anything? I realize (obviously) this is the meaning of privilege, every beverage you could possibly need in the vicinity of my private porch. It's fruitless to fret impermanence, we were trying to recollect the line to the sky it filled in but got stumped and found ourselves blink blinking. You stay down having fallen, you commune with a starling, stand in staunch opposition to the quotidian poisons, do so and more all before noon only to then realize you are also this brilliant capacity for something else called Murder... Behind one door is not always another. You may display resilience yet dropping your buds swiftly thus are now deemed our failure.



Artwork by Antonio Vargas-Nieto

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