

MEDITATIONS ON FOOD, LOVE, FLEETING
THOUGHTS, AND MYTHICAL CREATURES

Poetry Manuscript
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SIGNED: _____

Abstract:

Someone told me I needed to write something about my manuscript
It began with a few thoughts in my head and a few words on my lips
I took a class over the summer and felt inspired
So I drank caffeine, read books, and became wired
With ideas and the thirst for a creative edge
My brain went round, occasionally stuck in the hedge
Now a year later I have a final product
Filled with abstract, bizarre, poems to show
How my creative thoughts actually flow
Please enjoy and remember a poet is never
Finished with their work...not ever
But these poems had a due date
And I didn't want them to be late!

Poached Eggs

It was National Hug day
yesterday, but not a person
stopped to give me a
hug. It's 2007 and I woke
up at 6 am. I walked
about in the neighborhood
only to find the streets
tenantless and unduly silent.

Too bad! My morning
chats must be left for another
day. And my salutations to
the dogs, especially the poodles,
will go unsaid.

I approach my apartment
complex and as I reach to
turn the handle on the door
my neighbor four
apartments down steps outside
to water her plants (she's never spoken to me before)
and screams HELLO as if she
knows my quotidian morning didn't
go as it should have.

Now I'm here
writing about the strangeness
of my morning wondering
what other perplexities might
bump into me today.
Will Ray Charles Robinson
come back from the dead
and play the grand piano
I don't have.

HONEY! My wife's calling
apparently breakfast has
arrived and I must
go and eat my poached
eggs.

Poem

Rent-a-dinner
and pass the half eaten
carrots to the next house
over who would have preferred
the sourdough but it was consumed
at house #2 and they forgot
to leave any for the next
family after all the nourishment
had to pass through 12 different
neighborhoods to get to the
house who was unhappy about
the carrots
that's the problem with
renting dinner you can
never tell who will pay
for it next and at
what moment the men
in the vans, with names
like Kevin or Dan, never more
than 2 syllables
will take your meal away
mid-fork with only $\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of 2% left
they come in
times up
we've got to get this meal
to Broadway and 4th and
that's going to take 15
with the food gone
you sit like a fool
staring at the black table with
a wooden perimeter
trying to figure out where
the crumbs have fallen
and wait for the next
meal to return
cereal with bits of
chicken accenting
the skim milk

Pop Culture and Clichés

Freud and Elvis sing songs of opiates and
Madonna doesn't really need to say a prayer
when Michael Jackson beats it to remove his skin
and nobody likes muffin bottoms
because the calories are at the top
mixed with chocolate chips or blueberries
but most women won't eat them because
their brains are streaming catch phrases
and jingles: loose weight, be happy!
I guess it is just Hollywood colliding
even the best fall down sometime
or need to picket for raises
sometimes everybody plays the fool
it's flute, stupid someone
smiled at me on the subway
she was with another man
they were beautiful that's for sure
maybe they were born committed
it's never uncomplicated
life is a banquet
suckers have the media hanging out
of their size 16 jeans and
double extra large sweater
we are all in it together

Movies #2

Why do you tell stories that can never be real?
Or, when there is a reality it's only depressing.
Is Kiera Knightly too beautiful to play Elizabeth Bennett?
Making quiche while watching Pride and Prejudice ends
with flour dotting the floor like chicken pox and
egg shells cracked in half but lined in a row
below the stove,
Nothing is clean
like a movie.
The characters are your friends,
lovers, whatever.
Doesn't everyone want to be Luke Skywalker
Indy? Master Wayne. Maybe Dorothy because of
the red shoes and dog.
No, Never a woman.
Hollywood can't make a movie
without a book behind it.
Right Academy Award winners?
Newspapers claim pessimism
of films reflect our culture.
Blood for oil and money
and country for young men
this time around
Every one is dead.
And poetry is just a rambling of sorts
for those without a way to form clear sentences.

An Affair of Dreams

I didn't realize that engaged meant married
won't you come regardless
we can wander
through coffee shops
dancing the Greek Antikrystos
while listening to music
from the Basque Country side
and forget those who hate baklava
home grown vegetables
literary criticism
80s pop music and
follow me as we run around the park
14 times until we can't remember
our throbbing thighs from
our ear lobes and feel
the cracks in the inconsequential
lines on our lips that
will never touch
and the ring stays welded
to your finger eat
coffee beans with me
mixed in with
nuts and berries
and whole pieces of garlic
get sent home from the
smell coming out of
your checks and spin
the tetherball cord
around the corner
of the school
5 blocks away
from my childhood
never mind hand me
one of your 12 year old ties
for me to wear with my
cut offs and sports coat
and modish mascara
don't worry it's not an affair
that you'll remember

Collage poem #2

There, in front of him
where the small stars had been the night before,
was an endless row of date palms,
stretching across the entire desert.

It befell upon a Friday
in right hot weather,
as this creature was coming
bearing a bottle with beer and
a cake in his bosom.

When the doors opened,
he stepped out into a torch-lit,
stone passageway, quite different
from the wood-paneled and carpeted corridors above.

So...do you accept my offer?

Will three become four?

And they saw that the white dude
was wearing his purple mandarin coat

The Well-Regarded Rabbi
Put a halt to the prayers.

Then he saw a blade
a sword in her armory
an ancient heirloom
an ideal weapon

He turned on their
Incredulous toes
It all made sense...

When people consult me,
it's not that I'm reading the future;
I am guessing at the future.

They took everything the Germans left,
and then they went.

#2

I like dogs. Their
Barks annoy me though.

But they know me
When I need to snousy.

I rub their butt
And walk them at 7. Daily.

I cook their meat.
And watch them chew a bone.

I hear them whimper.
And they go deaf and blind.

Wake up they say.
I am alive aren't you?

I watch them age
One day I hold their paw

And I say thanks
Bud please don't die

Jackolobes #2

I had tea at 6:43 am
a jackolobe went by
outside the living room window
antelope ears twice the size
of the jack rabbit's lower body
which was running off to eat
a posse of mice that it saw
in my neighbor's yard the one
to my right who is always putting up
traps to catch the garden mice
today it would be the jackolobe
the mythical desert creature that stopped
by as my wife went out the door
to live with another
and missed it all
twelve hours have passed
since their departure and
now I'm sitting with my cigarette
half smoked and the ash
ready to tumble on
to my lap, but I couldn't
be bothered while I smell of
burnt paper and stale tea
the imagination is ticking
one, two, four...

Garlic #1

I ate garlic like an apple and got into a car
My sister was driving
She told me I needed gum before I could go
Out in public where other's breath wouldn't smell
Foul and trapped inside of a
kitchen frying pan
I took the stick of gum
While envisioning the
garlic infecting the flavor
of the other vegetables
now in my mouth
mixing with orbit peppermint
and the stench lessens
as we park the car
in front of the shopping mall
I chew harder
we walk past the cars
and my gum has bits of garlic twisted inside
the smell of fries and pounds
of hamburgers come running to the door
and the sounds of people enjoying their
deep fried chicken without the bun
and overpriced sub sandwiches on wheat
take over the room and I notice
in the mirror the garlic wedged between
the gaps of my teeth. I am decorated
with smells and told I need a shower.

Pretense for Ignorance #2

I am a wall you ignore.
I am transparent
but you can't see
I am walking clichés
with two minute pop songs about love
on replay in my head.
From my encasement in plaster I know
you are kissing someone
but all I see is white space
with both figures missing
their arms and
their toes are tied around
each other's calves.
I went to the bar where I bought you a birthday drink,
Sitting on the outside wall, I remember
I never bought you anything
we never ate lunch together.
Ignore me
my bicycle seat digs into my butt
we rode around together
Your memory is 2.35 minutes
in my head
your head became fractured
I'm a statue not a wall

#1 Pesto for all

I reached for my spatula
and flung the pesto sauce
on to the ground
I have avenged your
cooking insult look
at what I am capable of
creating in this kitchen
of ours pesto
deep beneath the plumbing
and flecking
already pale green
tile Noodles are placed
like streamers amongst the pots
and pans sitting
content in their dish
strainer I've killed Grendel
all over again
look at how amazing my
cooking is better
with butter instead of
olive oil and pine nuts
are unnecessary
when cooking for
the unappreciative and
ignorant but little flecks
of charcoal hair always
capture the attention
of the passive and weary
when dinner's been
forced in front of them.

Poem

gas

spilled over the
 pre-dirty cool
 at site warm to
 touch concrete
 making its path
 like an unruly stain
 without wondering where
 it goes
 every creature has a place
 of a clear inhabitation

smell

it diffuse
 and saturate
 the unexplored
 clothing and
 hair joined in the group
 with caffeine and
 cigarettes hanging tight
 like scared
 cat claws digging unable
 to let go without a shower

need

a method
 to revive the
 thoughtless, sinful
 guilt traps the
 Americans even
 further along
 obesity tied up
 in minds
 of the consumers, enjoy
 enjoy your necessities driving by tonight

Two minutes in a song #2

Waiting for the plane to crash I think about
how much my house smells.
Will I die smelling?
The air freshener doesn't work
and the cats, near death,
are defecating all over the carpet.
Not even cooking crepes or baking cookies
has masked the smell of the inevitable.
They're my roommates.
I wonder what it'll be like if they die.
Or I do.
I'd arrange my movies by color,
wash dishes from right to left,
cover all the clocks in the house
with black and white striped cloth,
and speak pig Latin
making sense isn't necessary.
The flaw of the imagination is you have no control.
I saw a man yesterday at 6:35.
I dubbed him Robert.
Someday we'll be friends
but now I'm waiting for the 747.

#2

Poker and writing

Ironed collared shirts and smelly shoes

Baked bread, slightly burnt, and caramelized onions

Dreaming of being someone else

Your shoes are on backwards and your belt is your ponytail holder

50 repeated text messages from your ex: I never shaved my chest

Fighting with your dog on a rainy day for the newspaper

Ending every relationship you've had with a handshake

For-get-table Ch-ic-ken #1

Forgettable chicken

is oh so memorable
burnt in batter bans and blunt
bones protruding about

families talk, fight, chat

around meal time
the chicken catches cold and sits
motionless and uneaten

mashed potatoes and string beans

bits of bacon swimming
against the too turbulent tide
smile and remember
dinner.

forgettable meals sprinkle

memories with new types
of grain: grape nuts and granola
best for diabetic types
the burnt eggplant waits for no one
but the corked wine desires your lips
and the dinner wants only your company.

Table of Shoes #1

I. Birkenstocks

- i. 39 wide in baby blue. The sweat has seeped into the dents where the shadow of a foot was. Perfect for liberals, English majors, hippies, and those who are interested in wearing a façade of general pretension. They are also good if you have a bad ankle, perhaps one you've sprained multiple times.

II. Chaco

- i. in style for those who play Frisbee... if you play you must purchase...although you risk being told they are the most unstylish shoe you could have possibly purchased in the entire store. And, some may not even speak to you again because they are so hideous.

III. Blue and white stripped ballerina shoe

- i. completely impractical but in style, no support if you have bad feet...look for the knock off version at Ross. Disclaimer: give blister after wearing for less than an hour.

IV. Mephisto

- i. similar to Birkenstock, but French...which according to the French is always better than anything German...much like their bread, pastries, rivers, and artists (Cars do not apply to this list) Will not fit around the edge. Not for those with flat feet. Charcol blue.

V. Wide new-balance jogging shoe

- i. perfect for all events...although not a good addition to a dress or anything fancy.
- ii. Amazing for running half marathons, especially at night or in the nude
- iii. A good get away shoe from the party you were at where you consumed copious amounts of alcohol and began singing Whitney Houston until three in the morning
- ii. ugly if traveling as an American tourist

VI. Cleats

- i. very worn from eight years of soccer and two years of ultimate
- ii. bound to turn your feet into a instant deformity in the way of blisters and calluses.
- iii. Also horrible in real grass, not like the dirt in Tucson, AZ that people just think is grass, and often confused for turf cleats although sold in the soccer section of the shoe store.

VII. Black Flat Pointy Shoes

- i. payless purchase
- ii. look like all other girls when wearing this shoe, except shorter because there isn't much of a heel

- iii. Could be confused for the wicked witch of the west if under the influence
- iv. May be a sorry attempt to look professional, but at least the effort is there.
- v. Barefoot could supersede all of these options...and be more comfortable.

#1

Billy Collins hates cicadas
and that's the only sound
playing in the coffee shop
where the books of unread
authors continue to pile up
Donne, Baldwin, Joyce, Bronte,
Anonymous customers sit and
draw the woman writing the poem
that is smooth and never
burnt coffee wafts
from the barista's equipment
someone lit a towel on
fire in the kitchen and
the smoke sticks when
a woman takes a drag and
you're outside waiting for
an ex-lover to come and
meet to catch up on the horrors
of your relationship but it's
been a year since you've spoken
no seven months no 8 months
3 days and an hour passes by
the coffee is ready
tall non-fat cappuccino with
a shot of sugar-free vanilla...

Image poem # 2

Day Dreams of Tea

We moderns belong to the last school of thought
Where sipping coffee and cigarettes simultaneously
While discussing the nature of consciousness
Inside a coffee shop can still be done
Back into the 17th Century
Forget about mariage freres
This is America now
We know the value of time
The next thing doesn't matter
What have you done today?
Imperial China was first discovered
By Emperor Shennong in 2737 BC
Tou, Tseh, Chung, Kha, Ming, are names associated with
Brick teas that dissolve into white pits
Which are like those little pieces of deodorant
In your armpit causing cancer
But we moderns don't belong to that school of thought
Bitter aromatic and stimulation
This tea has tea and water vitality
And my jam and toast wait for no one
To dress themselves
I'm glad I wasn't born before tea
We moderns can't even contribute

To My Buddy The Elf In Denver:

my poetry professor mentioned Paul Valery
and all I could think about was our
Université
the renowned poet's hometown a half hour away from ours
the Venice of France: Sète
I think of my divided lives
I've only known you in a foreign country
does that mean you're foreign to me here?
those creepers at the tram
manifested into weird men coming out of dilapidated bars
the same slimy smile
I had hallucinated people from America all year long
now, it's the French
you
all the other Americans we knew
Eric walked through the student union today
wearing his secretarial glasses, unsure where to put his gangly arms and legs as he walks,
and his oversize t-shirt engulfing the better half of his body
I smiled and realized it wasn't him
I never know when or what to tell people about the last ten months
they ask: how was France?
I always lie and act overly enthusiastic: Wonderful
sometimes I am sure I've invented it,
my dreams line my sleep with angry French women telling me crying is socially
unacceptable and a stoic exterior is best,
frustration as I Try to communicate my lack of paperwork to the French officials,
or, buying a choco croissant with you and David
Tu me manques my friend in Denver

#1

Others find your charm
similar to the cocaine
and coffee
in Columbia
where the beach is
900 kilometers away
and the bus takes
20 hours because
the roads are
packed with boulders
a-mist unpaved
bits of
gravel.
romance is just around
the corner for
you in tea cups
and Parisian chocolate
shops,
you know the type
where they're so snobby
you won't
be spoken to
without a sports coat
high heels
and kilos of chocolate
or you could reek of cigarettes
dandruff, stale milk, last weeks laundry,
bacon, yesterdays Zumba workout, and
books from the 1700s
but with a French accent
the servers come

A poem not to trash

I remember gripping you
tight I let go
and you went away
without much of a fight
I wandered books of
poetry looking for your name
I found only our ending
and nothing about
an original re-birth
10 months, eleven days, three quarters of an hour
since we've talked about coffee, Poe, Chabon,
cigarettes, and our love for jazz
how many people have you been with
now you don't deserve the residence
you've created in my mind
are you comfortable?
you won't respond to my questions
so I've started a new relationship
where I can continue our fights and
wish it was the you I wanted
but instead there are guns, black cars,
conservative politics, star wars collection figurines
wealth in the form of wall street and \$300 sunglasses
the absence of phone calls and red
hair only adding an inch to his height
you aren't going away, you are the Hans Solo
preserved in ice, but in my head
you are a boy who sat on my lap
and argued about who was a feminist
now its communication through
poems, short stories, and plays
not to be read by the other.

Someone wrote a poem about Africa:

1

A young woman wrote: I have a chair from Africa and no one sits in it. Perhaps it's a political metaphor, or just an uncomfortable chair. I never saw the chair, although I imagine a wicker frame and an orange giraffe patterned cushion, the kind that sits directly on the ground. I've never been to Africa, but someone tried to take me there.

2

6 young men sitting on a concrete bench, 12 eyes staring at the blond haired blue eyed girl staring at her skirt, not quite in style, and sleeveless shirt, provocative to them, mundane for her, 12 eyes not bothering to ever look away, to take in the decaying socialist buildings, or the trees that redeem the stark piece of land, 6 mouths shamelessly propositioning for the girl to come back.

3

2 Africans speaking in a language I can't understand. Their smiles and crude gestures make me think it's about women, I'm glad I can't comprehend. The room is barren and dull compared to mine. No books, except for a children's picture book filled with biblical stories; a large television they are borrowing from friends; a mattress under the bed juxtaposed to their kitchen ware.

6

everyone seems drunk as we pull up to the club 20 minutes outside of town a miniature war has broken out no weapons just fists packs of Africans screaming and beating on each other I take my friend Betsy to pee in a bush the alcohol catching up to her we're the only white people we watch from our bush the party we arrive with does nothing the fighting continues under red neon signs people are knocked onto the gravel Hassan decides to fight Drunk, he misses every punch In this Africa all I can do is watch And there isn't a chair for me to sit in.