

The Odious Art of Lewis LaCook

Lewis LaCook



Series.1

★

"The spectacle is the guardian
of sleep."
--Guy DeBord

"Not 'piss-painting,' Jean--
OXIDATION art."
--David Bowie as Andy Warhol
in the Julian Schnabel film
"Basquiat"

I .

Reading, the ceiling fan "blossoms"
as onions do in "French Fried Odorous;"
impure, like Whitney Biennial, but
not beyond niceness ("The rain gutters

laquer-haggard-out like a licorice
amethyst, all good breeding and heady
yeast inflection; on the tongue-side
entertaining, but in the twilight...")
Respiration, like a ricochet duel,
spins her down a slick slightly hairy

sluice, lucid for once but for the
lack of bright paving, and yet
amorousness sentient like a sense
that the language is starving, needs
eats! Oh, those lovely quills...

II .

Renee's got mathematic capriciousness tonight.
A cigarette burdens the index and its next of kin.
I barely read the ceiling fan as a comparable
noun; "Got the Kava!" skates, as in rationale for

liking John Ashbery, and my own flesh is pentium ice.
A cygnet and its last gynecological song whitens
yearly as much as paper training scissors to ripen
earnestly into rock, and I'm on a roll, seams,
seamlessly
riding my forebears to the bughouse where care racks
up
sweaty palms, as frigid as a morning's task. Tonight

stares back at us, barely able to make change. I'd
love this familiarity, if a black cat could guzzle moons
apathetically, and the stars across her back aren't
terrible decals, just carelessly rendered; she likes
evenings better now that the inkwell's dried.

III .

Lovingly, I cradle the language "head" in my language
"arms." I fumble a pieta, ever the dutiful Catholic
("You were born a Methodist," my mother interjects
evenly, and lovingly I cradle the language
"architecture"
repeatedly caterwauling a name I've never heard).
Simple; flower an electric fanfare, but don't get caught

rotating blindly in the yard, pelted by droplets; let
a linguist finger your identification, but don't
imagine your mouth crackling with processor speed.
Not unusually loved by anyone, just unused to it,

see? I promise not to flinch when you reach
languidly across the language "half-empty room,"
aberrantly brush a slushy curl from my dead-lake
tailspin eyes. I've got Billy Collins locked so
eagerly up in the boys' locker room. Smoke break!

7/26/01

IV.

Suppose the cash register is a deity under a J-Lo moon. Suppose you offer nothing to this deity but yourself (as seen on MTV's TRL), and Justin Timberlake, high on demographics and non-generic illegal demerol (an accident of pyrotechnics, non-lethal but very Michael Jackson, has ended the salad days of his soul), waltzes

down that carpeted aisle, forty-ounce in hand. Over and over again he drills you for the latitude, the frequency--where is Lewis LaCook? Where is Lewis LaCook's odious art? O Brother, where art thou? And the men's restroom is locked. You kick the door, slip silently into the smell of shit and vacancy,

quite satisfied in the thought that, despite undercurrents of sinister marxism, everything in the store is in the store for a reason. Another call from the head office and you'll rest well in the knowledge that Justin is (by ID) over 21, single, negligently white, and Britney will wait everafter in the tour bus outside, cute as a salamander, and just as evolutionarily significant. So, when do YOU get off?

7/27/01

v.

Danny DeVito, you are so beautiful now that I
remember I have to piss. The stars are grizzled,
islands milk themselves of streamlets and crosshairs,
zero has exonerated me of all the sins of Freida
Kahlo,
zilch in winnings, and whipsmart paddywhacked...
Lord, how the world do look good on that woman.
Even with "taco farts," I get looks on my hair,

muster the syringe-chills from Kurt Cobain's misery,
yellowly walled-up in his former body blasted base,
stinks. And then I come home to Renee Vaverchak,
the woman the world looks good on, like nodding
into sobriety, only every night I dream of being left
cluttered and luxurious in a city on spiny stilts

secular fathoms above peculiar air. Or that
long busride here, hot like a passage from a womb;
I dream of sleeping on squealing seats, framed by
companionable strangers, waking up nowhere. I
know who you are; you're where I get off.

VI .

Suffer the little children to come to me,
loudly braying mucous dissatisfaction as
I impound their raver verification. When
Connie Selleca came back from the dead,
Kurt Cobain wiped his fuzzy punkass

dingleberry on the shroud of perpetual
resistance, and that's what started electricity,
Izzy. See, it's all about force and its opposite;
zones in the distended city where Ayn Rand
zonked twice in bloody-stool twilight. That bar,
lonely as it may seem, serves a "fabulous elixir,"
erotic by name, scatological by taxonomy.

Mind you, I never promised not to open
your "gift" before Christmas; I just said
something excruciatingly romantic, so you
took your pants off. Everything later than that
is fuzzy, and smells hard. When my hands loosed
comets from your belly, you didn't even flinch

VII .

Simon and Schuster walk into a bar. An undertow in the hempen strand of sky not so much blue as naval oranges in a nest of hawks wars on the rest of your yearly report. Simon refuses to pay the

bill that Schuster accrues on the oak-lit table, and a horrid row breaks out. Um, I was in the regatta at the time, on ecstasy, and I didn't see John Grisham

power-up Transformer-style, like a "robot in the sky." I've been conditioned to take everything but what belongs to me. Could you see your way to bailing me out? Henna tattoos herniate the tan young goddess, easily mistaken for furniture. There'll be scandal afoot in the washroom tonight.

7/30/01

VIII .

Nothingness could crave heat like metaphysics does,
emptying out the drawers overnight in a glass
cascade,
evil. Danny Wahlberg rips our shadows off the wall in
disgust, tired of jacking off in the mirror and especially
Lewis LaCook, who doesn't seem to mind his caste
especially, divesting the windshields of trash in the
close.
Sunset today was freckled like Renee, whose
mathematics

surprise in precise degrees, leaving the air-
conditioning down
'til the air is no longer "soft, silky," but leaves a well-
water
religious taste in the nostrils. What flavor do you think
is
earlier than that light that crinkles the skyline like that,
Baby,
ending Guy DeBord and almost situated in saturations
of
tinsnip and particleboard? I think it must be a
chocolate
like Heineken. Anyway, Alec Baldwin, I've just
invented an
inversion of nipple on you, so that your man-teats
hang like
grown-ups never get to spoil the time in the parking
lot you
heated the epistemology until it browsed heavier
breaths
than these. I like the "Fancy Southern Pecan Pie"
best,
smother it with worthwhile saliva until a whole harvest
of icy

cranks secures the areas we slept through on our way
through
Renee's womb. I rented a hurried ampitheater just to
seat you
erotically in the back row; you know what I mean by
"back row,"
ambiguously? Just nod if the Dextromethorphan
Hydrobromide
sounds a bit too much for you right now. Kid Rock and
I will
'experiment' until we hit the right combo; I like
midgets, especially
decimated ones, and he grows more darkly political
every shot.

7/31/01

IX .

Mary Tyler Moore came into our store
one day, with Buddy Holly's blown bits
"vintagely electrifying" on a leash;
I waited on her, wanted to ask about Lou,

even Dick, wanted to know if Murray ever surprised everyone by growing his hair back.

Most of the time I just stare, listen to oval music (the Lemonheads, again), virtuoso my bland renaissance library into something little more than an estimated appeal. Renee thinks I look so cute in her clothes. But my favorite

martian has evolved into the incredible hulk, or do the x-men mean mutants can be free, vestiges of Charlie Chaplin and Yardbirds investing freely in my Bettie Page lips? I'll eat the fridge, I guess. I'll jealously tear my shirt. Can you like me when I'm angry?

8/1/01

BeeHive Microtitles | Bmt010104
(p) © 2001/ BeeHive Microtitles
text: ©2001 lewis lacook
<http://microtitles.com>