

# Staggering in Blue

*By J.D. Knight*



For my mother

“The deeper the blue becomes, the more strongly it calls man towards the infinite.”

-- Wassily Kandinsky

# Table of Contents

---

<b>Title Page</b> .....	<b>1</b>
Dedication.....	2
Table of Contents.....	3
<b>Blue Mickey</b> .....	<b>4</b>
<b>Mickey Monday</b> .....	<b>5</b>
<b>Slip Mickey</b> .....	<b>6</b>
<b>Blue Note</b> .....	<b>7</b>
<b>A Slaying</b> .....	<b>8</b>
<b>Love as It Appears to Him</b> .....	<b>9</b>
<b>His Story</b> .....	<b>10</b>
<b>Lollipop</b> .....	<b>11</b>
<b>Potion</b> .....	<b>13</b>
<b>My Idea</b> .....	<b>15</b>
<b>A Letter</b> .....	<b>16</b>
<b>Gear, City Gear</b> .....	<b>18</b>
<b>About Mama</b> .....	<b>19</b>
<b>Sundae</b> .....	<b>20</b>
<b>Messenger of the Sea</b> .....	<b>21</b>
<b>Farewell</b> .....	<b>22</b>

## Blue Mickey

I know Mickey and he is blue  
Blue like a misty sky  
Curled about the breasts  
Of a mountain  
Blue like a sea  
That is clear as an eye  
Glazed with weeping  
Blue as the last descending note  
In Sonata  
Blue like the ache  
Of a breaking heart  
Shuffling memories  
What say you Mickey  
With the wounded words  
That flutter like moths  
Against the burn of the world?  
There is a blue rain today  
That comes steadily down  
Soaking all  
In the wisdom of regret  
Blue Mickey  
Mickey is blue  
And that is the color of knowing  
With the heart  
At the pause, small death  
That moment before  
It pumps  
And forces love into the pale body  
Of the world

## Mickey Monday

Mondays were GRAY (grey??), all of them,  
Like a room FILLED with cigarette smoke.  
Mickey would crawl on  
All fours  
Tracking something that had run a-w-a-y

Off into the **dark** woods  
It ran  
And would yelp hollowly  
Beneath the desolation of the moon

Moon-day

1/7<sup>th</sup> of a life spent in shadow

“I ME I”

Mickey would chant to himself  
Creating a seamless robe of subtle, subjective  
sound . . .

The crows  
Would attempt to break him  
Hacking their laughter  
From the high branches  
And mocking his prayer

To an unseen throne

“I ME I, I ME I, I ME I”

This is the laughter  
Of Forever.

## Slip Mickey

Life has torn [wings]  
And driven him like a nail  
Into the cold ground.

The images of ghost lovers  
Can eclipse the sun  
And raise eternal winters

*Abyssum abyssum invocate*

She would unravel herself  
Like a mummified corpse  
And they would kiss.

She kept her true self  
Somewhere outside the tomb, and  
He was left to copulate with bones.

## Blue Note

Mickey from Chicago, he blue  
As a midnight steel  
Flashed against the gleam  
Of a neon light.

He listens to the blue notes  
Drift like a somber sea  
Out of the clubs that weep  
Like an endless rain.

He's at Damen & Milwaukee

He's at the hub of loneliness

His heart pumps cobalt  
Blood through the veins  
Of his eyes and the women  
See a depth that has no bottom.

He holds a sapphire dream  
In his hand, another kind of blue,  
A burning blue lit with the fire  
Of renewal, of new belief.

Mickey looks up and sees  
A single note take wing  
Against the midnight sky.  
He feels the beautiful heaviness of blue  
and hangs his head with the chorus of somber street lamps.

## A Slaying

The truth was never so fierce  
And stabbed into  
His side  
Mickey began to bleed out  
The most beautiful song  
You ever heard  
A chorus of a million birds  
Praising the first dawn  
I thought  
O' my, Mickey  
The tongue is the sharpest blade  
Will you make an angel?  
Will you smear the notes  
Against the pavement in harmony?  
Picasso predicted you  
And here you are, beautiful one,  
Dying in melody  
On the cold street of desire

## Love as It Appears to Him

Love Mickey . . .

He borders his world  
With blue

The slick black streets  
Glare  
Erupts in the city's urban bruise

The stray shards of glass  
Litter the corners of his  
Broken heart

And the whoring howls in alley ways  
Spin all his nightmares  
Into art

Mickey, sweet Mickey –

Sing me a bedtime tune . . .

A lullaby growled through wolf-teeth  
Coughing shadows  
With a cerulean hue

And the hackles of time  
Stiff upon the neck of fate  
Rages in a silent corner:

Love is more overdue than late

## His Story

And he wanders amid the ancient stones  
Dragging thoughts of ages, all unknowns  
From the first wondering at dawn  
In contemplation of where life had gone.

Mickey, philosopher of my heart.  
Mickey, the fabric has worn apart.

Thinking mad about his destiny  
Mickey came to speak with me.  
His eyes rolled like a dying fish  
As he unveiled every secret, wish,

That for all his life he held tight,  
To suffocate desire with all his might  
Until this day, he knew he must  
Confess himself or die or bust.

“There was a girl” he began to say  
“As golden as a summer’s day,  
With wreaths of beauty round her face  
And not a mote of blemish on that place...”

And stopped his story in middle undone,  
And I asked of him what was wrong  
And absently he scratched his head  
While I filled my mind with every dread,

But not a word came forth to clear  
Those shadows, and I fear  
Mickey’s story is buried far below  
In a place where only demon’s go.

## Lollipop

*Lollipop, lollipop (singing)*

She licks a lollipop  
It is red and glistening  
And has painted her lips  
Into the sticky grin of a transient.

*Lollipop, lollipop*

Mickey is following her  
With his eyes for a reason  
He simply cannot place.  
The giggle of her voice  
Vibrates down to the base  
Of his spine, primal, alive.

*Lollipop, lollipop*

She catches his eye and tenses  
Like a startled doe. Her eyes  
Widen and all of Mickey's  
Expression is swallowed in her gulp.

*Lollipop...*

Later she will lie on her bed  
And try to wring the stain  
Of his face from her mind  
And Mickey will lie on his bed  
And pray to the lollipop Gods

*Loll...i...p*

And laugh with a voice  
That grinds violently with that  
Of the little girl;

then they will conjure  
Each other, each in an  
Attempt to control the  
Trembling terrors of the world

## Potion

His bitter love is a broken

Joy

The main ingredient in a potion

Quinine I thought

I was wrong

I am always wrong about

My Mickey

His parakeet pecks at his image

In the glass

His dog is chasing his tail

His shadow strides behind him

Unnoticed

He stirs it all with his eyes

Until it is mixed to an emptiness

It is a strange thing

This love  
That we desperately hope for  
This notion of absolute happiness  
In a turning

I watch him add a single tear  
To the mixture

Maybe it will help

The last one spat it on the floor

## My Idea

An idea is like waking  
He told me

He told me this  
While the sleepy smoke  
Of his cigarette coiled itself

There is so much damn thinking  
So must waste

Have you sifted through the heap  
Of your thoughts?  
The refuse of its compulsive themes?

There! He points

There is significance!

The blue bum shuffles in his untied boots  
Across Ashland Avenue

*There is no hurry*  
*Because there is nowhere to go*

Mickey is cracked  
Like a motherless egg

This is my idea, I suppose it is a rancid thing

He shoos the flies, nods,  
And swallows it whole

## A Letter

Dear Demascus,

You are a well-watered soul

The winds here are fierce today

Voices through green flames

And all

The moments

Groan with a burning loneliness

Fanned

By the memory of our lives

There is only so much

And the moments of profound separation

Find us

Pushed into the chamber of our hearts

- Turn the cards
- Toss the coins
- Form the crosses and the lines

Capture this gust of fate hissing across

The un-sculpted blue

Flames consume, destroy the fuel of their own existence

Young love, it was lost before it began

This is all I know

And this is all worth knowing:

The pliancy of once young ragged and stiff with age

I have not forgotten the lesson of inadequate years

Or your symbol,

Mick

## Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

