

# writings



kevyn kelly & parker hu  
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Kevjn Kelly lies...

## *Death and Money*

Like, the piece  
of rat meat  
in-between  
the far back right  
molar of a black and grey  
dog, with a lazy eye,  
whose body  
was just mashed  
on the dark  
pavement  
by the tire  
of a mercedes benz,  
driven  
by an old man and woman,  
whose golden heart pacers  
(guaranteed for life)  
decided to crap out,  
in the middle  
of a phone conversation  
with their greedy lawyer  
about the 17 mexican men  
cleaning the dirt  
in-between  
their toes, while getting  
paid five cents  
an hour, for 7 years,  
to catch a rat, in which  
was thrown to the old  
couple's black and grey dog.

6 people in an ascending elevator headed towards the top floor of a topless building.

41 year old man, Jet black hair, thick glasses, kept mostly to himself, wal-mart tattered shoes, late for work by 3 minutes because of the kids who egged his tan colored house, in turn was recently fired, whose mother was dying.

17 1/2 year old girl, blonde hair, pink braces, when talking on her iphone said the word 'like' every other word, giggled uncontrollably, wore clothes so tight around her body that it hurt her to breathe, but would turn any man's attention to her firm breasts in hopes of a quick fuck.

82 year old albino nun with Alzheimer's, whose hands shook uncontrollably every time she did the rosary, whose teeth chattered in the 41 year old man's ears asking if he knew where Nicilino Desento was? (Nick Desento, being the first and only person Nona had ever made love with, now who's clothes had finally touched his bare bones after decaying under 6 feet of ground for over 41 years after dying in a car accident, in which his last words were "If I die, it doesn't mean I gave up")

23 year old mother, a little heavy, of puerto rican descent, breast feeding her crying and shrieking twins, while her husband's body was recently shredded apart in a foreign country by a sacrificed martyr who strapped 14 sticks of dynamite to his chest, but who is now enjoying the rewards of martyrdom, by fucking 72 virgins in heaven.

52 year old Magician who wore his cape everywhere he went with the greatest pride and dignity of any professional job, with honor, dark brown slick backed hair, black tar shining in his rotting teeth, Wrist watch was 10 minutes fast, smokers cough, yelling at this

5 year old toddler that was sucking his thumb, to stop sucking that fucking thumb and to grow up because life is not a joke, a riddle or a poem.

*Untitled (excerpt from a novel)*

“It was then,  
I realized  
that the person  
working at McDonalds  
was an angel.”

Linda Strife  
was a woman  
who kept  
her deceased husband's  
name in the phone  
book until the day  
of her death.

*The last thought that ran through the mind of one of the terrorist hijackers in 9/11*

“I'm going to heaven.”

*June 11<sup>th</sup> 1976*

Thirty two years ago, I remember reading  
in my old town's shoreline newspaper of a  
man who lived in limbo.

The story told of how this man claimed  
the coast guard kept trying to sink his  
boat, for trying to be alive in a place  
where he shouldn't.

One interviewer spoke of seeing this man  
come into town to hang dead fish  
from the lamps that illuminate the street.

When asked why the man would do such a thing,  
he replied, "In the way death shows people  
that he brings beings from one context into another,  
I, as well."

At the end of the article they said this man ended  
up striking an axe to the bottom of his boat, to be  
enveloped into a different context of nothingness.

Thirty two years have passed since that man  
has been remembered. Thirty two years since  
the particles of dust sleeping on that article have been  
awoken. Thirty two years since a specific day  
that repeats itself every year has been thought of.  
Thirty two years since the dead fish swam  
in the air of heaven as opposed to the living fish swimming  
in the water of hell.



The good ol' american boy  
Johnny Haynes, who was now  
the Mayor of the 5th largest city,  
yawned in his air conditioned  
king's suite, as the polar ice caps melted.

The other day  
I put in my  
grandmother's hearing  
aid, to see  
if I could hear  
my dead  
grandfather  
crying for her...

Inside an apartment,  
one of one hundred  
and fifty three in a building  
in Brooklyn, Tito Lopez  
sat on a couch,  
with a creaking fan  
blowing dirty air,  
to watch  
a box that informed him  
of the weather.

While outside,  
the trees,  
dissected by four  
intersecting streets,  
moved frantically.

The true silent witnesses  
of the world.

Telephone Poles  
keep the best secrets.

*The people that work at rest stops*

I once knew a barber who kept a clipping  
from every one of his customer's hair.  
He put in my ear all the commandments  
of a barber's dogma, and told me  
there was something holy about running  
your own fingers through a stranger's hair.

He said, "*No matta what kinda hair!  
Hair full a dye! Hair stiff from gel!  
Fake hair ta hide that fact that someone  
is dying and even the hair of da dead,  
so they too could look presentable  
at their funeral! They come in,  
they go out! I fix them up, I do!  
They come to me with their problems  
and I give them solutions! I fix  
them up so they are acceptable!*"

For as long as I remember he kept speaking,  
but my lunch break was up,  
so I had to head back to work. Before  
I left he slipped in my hand his business card,  
and on it, it said, "*Who will save my hair when I pass?*"

I looked over  
to a conversation,  
that didn't involve  
me, twenty feet  
away.

While a lady  
with a chipped  
tooth, looked  
on at me from  
the 41st window  
of her new apartment.

Knocking on the door  
of the chipped tooth's  
apartment, was the brother  
of a man who flung  
his body 41 flights down  
from that window, because  
of a lover who slept with the man's  
brother. The man, before  
he flew, punched his lover  
in the face chipping her tooth.

I looked over  
to a conversation,  
that didn't involve  
me, twenty feet  
away.

While a lady  
with a chipped  
tooth, looked  
on at me from  
the 41st window  
of her new apartment.

*Ice cream man*

An old priest told me  
it was impossible  
to predict the future.

A mentally retarded child  
runs naked from a shack,  
to unfold a plastic lunchbox,  
full of nine screaming pennies,  
hoping his tongue may touch  
an ice cream. While another child,  
hair made of gold, walks with confidence,  
to grab five ice creams, so she may watch  
all five melt on the ground under her toes.

It's not hard to predict the future  
when the truth is so blatant, I say,  
slipping the words into the priest's ears.

Gay lovers elope  
in the middle of sun dried fields,  
with clenched fingers  
peeling the skin off  
ripe fruits,  
while twirling in a universe  
of strict conservative morals.



## *Replacing a Dead Dog*

To think of a screaming  
black dog, shrieking at its  
owner, hoping to communicate,  
a common idea that each  
will never understand.

...somewhere where parker hu lied

*dancing at sullys*

i shüt i shah \ i shah shah when i  
man that jam jam that man  
i love

i love to go

and move under hazy moonlight with some other arms  
flailing with that beatmoving-moving with a little gold over the side.

today everything is sweaty

he stands on the cobblestones talking to his old faculty members and friends but i am only absorbing the dampness of his white alumni tee, watching a tear of sweat crawl miserably down his cheek. you know why everything is sweltering today? a tropical storm is pushing up from the south, discharging its fury and anger up to the northeast. our polite, passing conversations told us so. those were the drops of self-circulating melancholia that he wanted to shed, but since his social sense knew better, he opted for perspiration instead. at least, that's how i saw it.

i think he wishes so much to revisit the past, he'd loose five thousand eminent tropical storms to return to it. you can't repeat to your youth! i want to scream at him. you can't defy gravity and evaporate. but if he had a fever, i'd tell him the opposite; sweat it out, sweat the sickness out. maybe that's better advice, the healing method that has withstood the ages.

*the cheesecake factory*

ceilings as high as faux heavens  
glassy and dimlitgolden like vegas evening.  
he is pawing over polished laminated menu,  
she is small in elegant booth seat, looking for money.

OH FOR DAYS TO SUN SET THE NIGHT ONE ONE ONE  
ORION. AND EACH CHILD'S SPARKLING EYES.  
OH FOR DAYS TO SUNSET THE NIGHT ONE ONE ONE ORION  
AND EACH CHILD'S SPARKLING EYES.

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UPSET TO FIND ONE'S LAYMAN'S HEART DISPATCHED TO THE  
FARTHEST CORNERS OF COMPLEXITY. ONE MAY HAVE TO ASK,  
HOW LONG WILL IT BE UNTIL WE HAVE REMEDY? WHAT CAN  
EVER BE DONE, SHITTING KNUCKLES AND LABRADOR LATIMUS  
DORSI AS THE PATCH OF VICTIM SPITTLE DISPLAYED. SPIT ON  
US SPIT ON US AGAIN! WHEN RETURNING TO THE TRAIN OF  
THOUGHT WE CAN REMEMBER THAT OUR TRANSPORTATION  
NO LONGER RELIES ON COAL, BUT ON ELECTRICITY + SPEED.  
NO WONDER, THEN, THAT OUR MOUTHS CANNOT CATCH UP  
WITH OUR BRAINS, THAT OUR BRAINS CANNOT KEEP UP WITH  
OUR EYES, AND THAT OUR EYES CANNOT EVEN REMOTELY  
DISPLAY "EMOTION".

WHILE THE REST OF US WERE WAITING FOR AN OPPORTUNITY  
TO LAY EVERYONE'S PERSONAL MATTERS TO REST, HE WAS  
THINKING OF HOW TO RECONCILE THE EVER-PRESENT  
AGITATION OF DEATH TO A PLACE WHERE IT WOULD BE JUST  
SLIGHTLY LESS ANNOYING THAN A PACK OF BLOODTHIRSTY  
MOSQUITOES. CONSTANT AND BUZZING NEAR THE EAR CANAL.

3/22

the other day  
i went to  
the doctor

an indian woman—  
blue dress white  
polka dots—  
she said my  
SPLEEN  
was huge. .  
so she then said,  
don't let anyone  
hit you there—  
YOU COULD DIE!  
. . . i THINK.  
(and she  
held up her hand  
like a policeman  
saying “stop”)

i couldn't help  
but laugh  
but only nervously  
because she told me  
that they were  
going to take my blood.

ha ha .. ha      ha.

inside my head i am composing a song  
and sending it straight to you.

i hope you can hear it  
because i put in a string section—  
the smallest violin in the world.



## *good habits of dental care*

brushing teeth is a wonderful ritualistic cleansing. something about running one's tongue over a smooth enamel surface forms a sense of accomplishment from deep within. not merely from the gums and teeth, but from all that comes from the immaculate condition of the mouth.

yet, all nuances of the orifice must be attended to. the tongue must be thoroughly scraped. scraped until the blanket of bacteria has been expelled, until it feels a little of burning. and then there is the business of the back molars, where wisdom teeth were once existent. now there is a space that taunts the toothbrush, a place hard to reach, yet so important. one must scrub! scrub those spots diligently, lest you rob yourself of the complete pristine condition.

sometimes during the flossing process, the gums bleed, though the cut from the wax string is so minute that it can hardly be felt. reach to the farthest back teeth—no individual ought to be spared, for cleaning should indeed come to all. teeth, i mean. now nearing the end of this consecrated time, finally perform your ablutions with mouth rinse. some articles speculate that alcohol-based mouthwash may be, in fact, worse for the sterilization of the mouth. reach for the non-alcoholic alternative, which will do the trick—and without the sting!

be sure to swoosh and circulate the liquid inside your mouth for a most effective outcome. this is the time when all the parts of your mouth are in communion together. do not underestimate the importance of all steps of the ritual. revere the sacred quality of the brushing of teeth, scrubbing of the tongue, examination of the floss, and unification of the mouth rinse. you can find no fresher breath than the one that has seen time and care each and every day—before and after each meal.

i felt the chill breeze of the morning breathed in the air of the sun setting—west coast sand bullrushes rushes rushing past; my eyes, they; oh and i breathed, in, the trembling of the bicycle seat when we biked in the early evening near the waters, foster city, california. the lack of touch is what i Felt, and considered the emptiness of the moment when we visited his elementary school. what filled him with nostalgia was my loneliness and so i wanted to rush us home, home to the only Us, home to a man sailing for the US. i thought

i thought i could see the sky thought i could feel my heart wonting for a sorrow, but it felt of nothing, and so i was sad.

minutes, min min, clock and; hands heal fine

you know why cursive comes out of print? to easier belay yet neatness of the spheres, competing for the sparkling trophies of indecisiveness

once on a test, it was similar in this way except the muscles cramped and contracted and leaked lactic acid all over the floor until it became a replacement for milk but people only said so because lactic sounds like lactose intolerant and no one likes white prejudice.

after the first period another slower era began. the poet-head exploded with the notion of punctuation and possibly hyphenation. another dot, ohyespshit on the map leads to treasure like guerrilla calls in the LED city

all caps and dematt at spat of that which remnants further than the ice caps delineating what is useful and trendily accurate, so the radar sets in and everyone is licking everyone else's skinny jeans. please. just say stop.

ONIONS ARE SO GREAT

when they are pronounced out loud, and correctly.  
they are so romantic.NEXT.

*things i can't read and can't touch*

beat up love at restaurant

jim bathroom kitty faucet (yg)

escape from facility superheros

LIRR utrecht 3, 5, 6, F

2 am, online (4 convos) b-day

Rue + Jon break up (bc parents)

on bus, photographs, we get closer.

*my friend the russian*

well i encourage this tall Russian to dance with me and this is what happened afterward. we take a walk—it's maybe three thirty in the morning, and he can't speak any English. but he does point to himself and say 'Igor'

he tries to teach me words like 'rain' and 'swan' (because it was raining, and there were swans on the pond). i wondered how he might be feeling without his translator, a forty or thirty something year old in a foreign country with a foreign girl, at a foreign conference at a foreign social gathering. but for the past 6 days he still walked this path around campus every night before retiring to bed. he liked to look at the swans, he said. and he just liked the peace and quiet. i learn this all through broken English, of course, and from pointing at things. i wondered if he walked every night in Russia as well, and if there were swans in the water there.

the next day the gold has worn off and so has his sans-translator. before we all leave the week-long seminar he approaches me with the woman who can speak English and i tell him it was nice to meet him. i don't remember how he replied but it looked like his translator was a bigger barrier than the entire country of America versus the Russian language.

*collaborative poem with kc*

*kyle chayka and parker hu*

i had a feeling like i have one foot vicariously in one country, and the other firmly planted halfway across the world. Meanwhile, there's this girl sitting across from me, who I remember from that one year, she wrote as if she were me, as if she could possibly understand what it meant to be tied down in two places.

I mentally categorized some things:

Art faggery and the real world,  
Orientals and the western sphere

Girls named Jessica and some other names  
Staggered words falsely latent with meaning

Then I cataloged some other words:  
Chairs and tables – tables and chairs  
Combinations of colors – sciences  
Books and shelves – pavement  
Art – eyeglasses  
Stars – cupboards

I measured their distance from me and their weight from when I thought them.  
looking across the table, the words felt  
HALFWAY AROUND THE WORLD

I rested them in my hands and thought about how the distance between  
my hands and hers was tied down on two different ends of the table  
Instead of thinking, I juggled words and tried to throw them away from me,  
watching them bounce back mercilessly

less than no distance at all.

Words with meaning  
Words without meaning  
Words were exploding everywhere around me and then quite suddenly

Were nothing at all

They split into their letters, two i's  
Interspersed with e's that looked like ears  
An O that took the shape of our table,  
An E like a down-turned mouth  
Laughing Z's

The letters were anxious to leave so they fled out the door  
Out of my mouth and out the door in dull meaningless streams  
A e I o m n h j l w t a g n w e t a s a d n s t r a d e  
W a i t i n g w e s a t a n d s t a r e d  
Waiting, we sat and stared.



QUENCH & QUELL  
JODI RELL  
SWELL  
SWONDERFUL

pressing harder into the surface of which you write  
gives you the feeling of PURPOSE.

but if you break the tip of your pencil

everyone around you will tell you  
to calm . T F . down.

