

Connelly
& Nester
Percepella

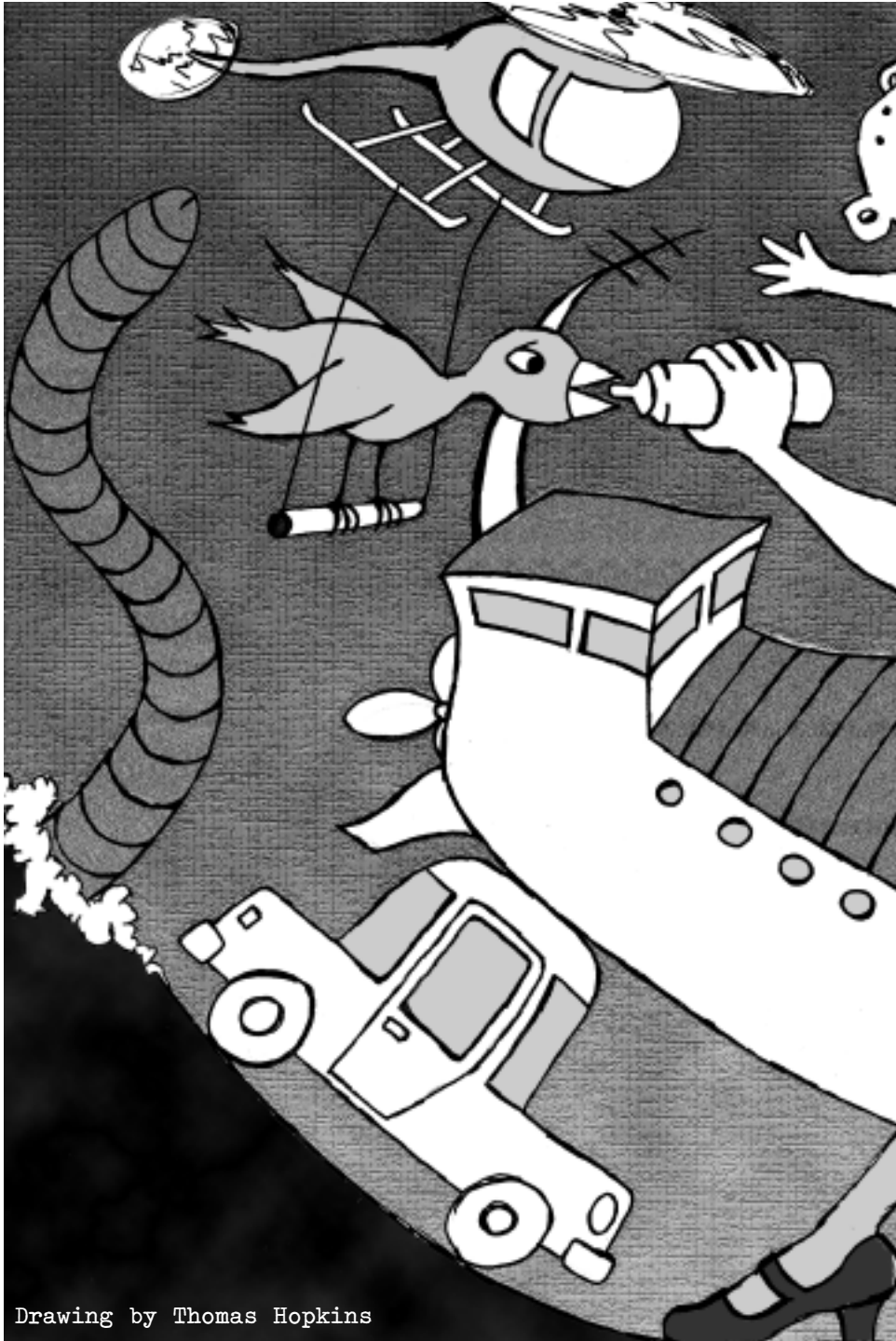
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Percapella



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Drawing by Thomas Hopkins

Percapella

Christopher Connelly
& Daniel Nester

About the authors.

Christopher Connelly is a writer & editor who lives in Manhattan. He has published poems in Black Book Magazine, Le Petite Zine, & Painted Bride Quarterly. He's done editorial work for Painted Bride Quarterly & for Soft Skull Press. He is currently at work on a book-length piece of autobiographical prose.

Daniel Nester wrote God Save My Queen & God Save My Queen II (Soft Skull Press). He edits Unpleasant Event Schedule & McSweeney's Internet Tendency's sestinas section.

About Percapella.

Applying our critical acumen to the often woefully undisciplined field of poetry was simply a challenge Mr. Nester and I could not resist. To bring the rigor of science and the grace of mathematics to the poem was our goal, and I would have to say we exceeded even the wildest of our own expectations. "You can't have an idea that's too big!" I remember shouting to Dan at one particularly trying point during our collaboration.

Our "laboratory" was the dingy, dimly lit conference room of NYU's Expository Writing Program and, occasionally, a bar. Our only instruments: a virtually antique typewriter, Dan's laptop, and an illimitable ability to conduct thought experiments. Sometimes we worked with the lights off and laughed because we felt like refugee scientists developing some secret weapon that, when unleashed, might turn the tide in the war of words.

He a word, then me a word, and on until exhaustion. When we needed a rhyme we threw the I Ching. Need it really be said that "Burlap panty" grew from a particularly abrasive "romantic" encounter and bends backwards from there to lick God? The coinage in the poem we call "OK. So you ask" ("stripeful" is the invented word, if you need ask) should soon begin appearing in dictionaries.

Concerning the rumors that have circulated regarding these poems I make only one rejoinder--I did not write all the dirty words. Any misspellings, however, I confess are my fault.

--Christopher Connelly
New York, 2002

Briefly: dykes like horny
Stallions, subwoofers UNLIKE YOU!

.....

Make-up! Got a date!
Can't be late!

"Freak you all night long!"
--says me
"Nuncia et testiculato!"

OK. So you ask
Sh eil a me too
for another rude
sounding forgetful
neverland.

To y ou, I say
no stripes for me
I am stripeful and
unfulfilled!

Start highways
who could never
finish

razorburn to
nothing.
Paperclipped ideas,

hagiographic
carp, Tonka toy
inoculate

younger or sunnier
tricky and lonely
unlawful unjust
shit-faced dwarves
lick my shins, partly oddly
lame donkey dollar bills
and long lines with fart smells
like a hearty, full, much-loved
life

Mister Mister oh lully lully
formality Bowery and shining pennies
oh crying clover-filled skins oh lully lully

gong mallets roasting organs Mister sly
open-faced and oh so sorry oh lolly lolly

Skanky tots n
spa nky clots
measure total
memory loss or
partial ly gagged
torchfires random
and steamed.

How bout this:
never come close,
sister, ne ver let
chimps into the
playpen.

Laughter was soiled
finally, unbeknown
s t so what?

Zounds, friends,
Turn it down
o nce

and forget.

What's all this hubbub
ugly the chambers emptied
1973--subway's narliest
sputum, nutzoo bad paintings

Hinky camaraderie lies
hardships listening breathful
heartily bald-faced trying
miniskirted Charlie Pride!!

Pills, girls
start parties
and open

wrong chambers
sadly ambivalent
cos we likes

the yearnings
not
to rock
uns teadily

since the absence
o f apertures
o r percapella

in the slippers .

Ordinally we
stick to
ourselves

exclusive,
tighten the
knots where

hair snarls.
Dont cut you
l eave it there

to loll. We are
cardinal numbers
who tighten

and relax like
soapy frolics.

Stink, sunny, ignore flies
bottoms-up, friend: Who licks
the Slambocks most?

Unless we knob cherry
trouble vastly, unless you
roast lemons, just cry
nonetheless, lust for watery
freebies, weebies, wheaties.
Whatever. And wrongfullness, wistful.

Trickster
famous
bare field
dent - gimme

tears or
cheap jokes
just cheese

God o r
l oo sened
underthin gs.

Drumming fingers
mark up sweaty
s calp unquavering

s hrouds ...
megamania
s traps drinks

toot sweet.
o h well.

Bowdlerized, whoa!
Alumni sinners
And cellulite
Fakery mouthfuls
Whoa! Enough!
Yes! Forever
Tonight, I've lost
All sense of
Water.

Ode to quicksilver.
Oh. Nearly transparent
Metal that I covet daily,
Oh. Tiny silver balls
Between the floorboards
Poison but not the bad kind
That lubricate all my
Ass thermometers, Oh,
You droplet of tart delight
You who choose to frequent
Glass tubes, y'all know what
Having a messenger means.

Burlap panty
hose for me
talent shows

watched when
stars winked
or winkled

Today, we
ellipse-seized, tease
period alleged,

sins in fiddle patterns
special order that
and

constrict release
baby tense
up our tense leggings!

Umm umm that's right:
a gainful employ, a
skylined trapeze.

Side doors
Oh !
Why, funny

l ooking transom

?

negative losses
loosen waistlines
unbutton jumbling

guil t tastes just
rope wet
like loonybins .

Strap these Asia minor
Tendencies until they burn
Your girl

Stop it! Now, however,
Do it again.
Now, however, don't laugh

Because my stick is
In your mouth. Pooh!

Ohmigod. I feel like
You when he was still
Alive. It's hard,
I'm tired. Rotten
Drugs, I need
Valium-Librium, the little
Line between
Your music and
Your life.

Sense make a
touch and go
though unlikely

to maim an ch oose
ins tead velvet
chartreuse tackle

for souls.
Furthermore,
sweet child

whose gone.

Lonely, crescendo
s after tapers
expire before magne

ts and dark
sifts into
incense I

need this copter
unmanned.

Cognitive merriment,
Piquant cheesenut
Armored for yet
Sinning, y'all
Line up for this
Discovery: I
Don't taste myself
Too humbly

Jibe talking
Bitch gotcha
Floored you are
Coming to
Waste mine
Eyes another
40 intrepid
Seagulls allude
Missing in
Lost hinterlands

Just cans,
to day, and ten
tomorrow. Ask me
for touch or
mangle the size.

SMOKY SH IT CAN ST
OKE OR CH OKE EVERY
CH AIN THAT S WET
WHY Y ARMSAN D FEET
WAN DER OVER MY FUR

ASSHOLE OH HOW Y OU
WAIT FOR EVERYON E.
KEEP NOTH IN G OR
CHRISTEN THE BALLS
OR SPH ERES WITH M
ILKY SPIRITS TH IS
RECKLESS UNCLEN CHI
N G CON VENIENCE OF
TEN TIGH TENS
DRASTICALLY OR LOSE
MY MATCH