

US ””””

V. POEMS

THEM BY

”””N.D.R.

EXCERPT

SHE HAD A KNIFE TO HER THROAT

She was seventeen when they put her into chemical baths
forced her through electronic tunnels b-film music
ran morphine through an iPhone cord into her sternum
played bongos on her speared eardrums and tied her down
APHRODITE God herself daughter of God
She said she liked singing in flower gardens
where there's no fire and she can eat every peach
pluck every strawberry from the ground they
came with barrels with splinters with braces
with shackles with chains with golden warships
kidnapped her raped her beat her she was 17
when locked in a box sink in the floor
bathroom on the wall she heard the screams and the scratching
of the prisoner cell over
withdrawal Thorazine Lithiumite of asylum's prisons

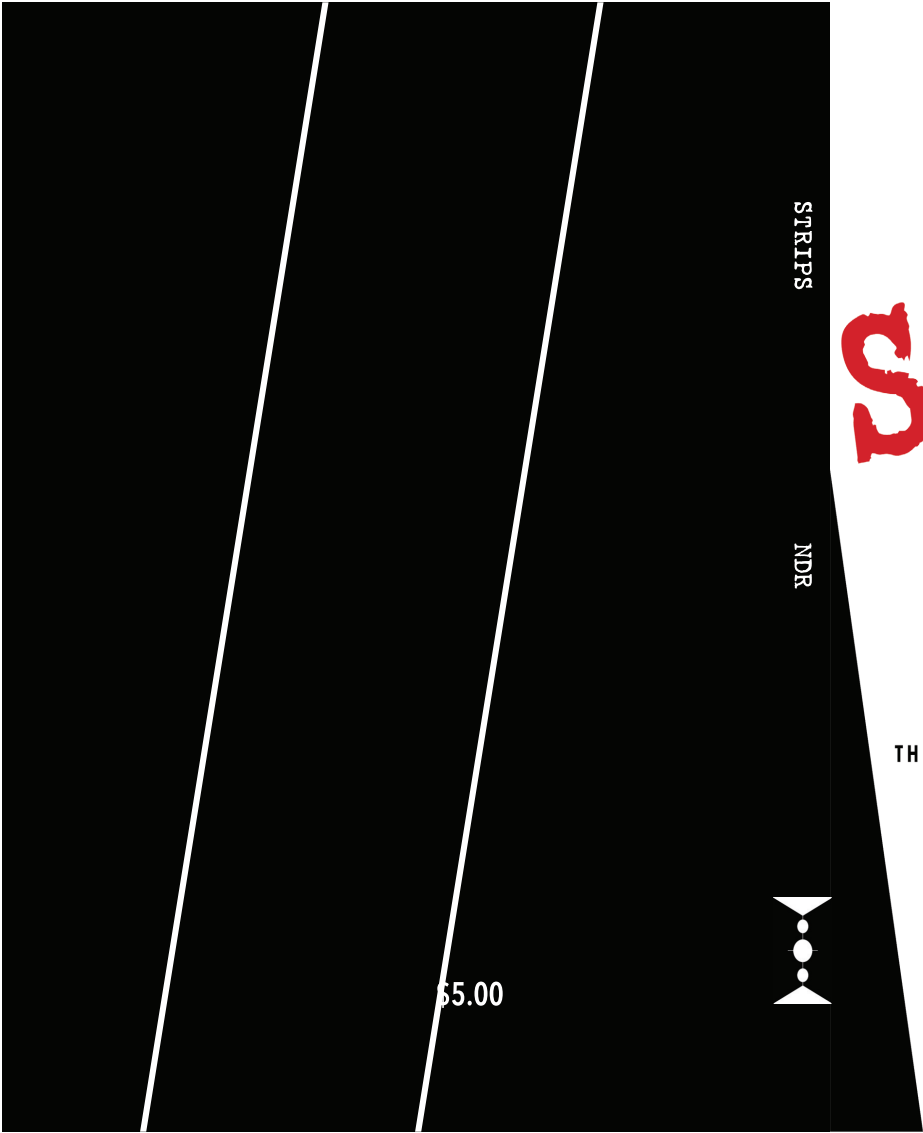
& the guards smoked and joked and hid liquor
in flasks and pockets she, Aphrodite, Love Queen,
administered electroshock in dark rooms by sweating pigmen
who stole her blood & did tests she failed them all
They hung her in the town square Thermopylae
where she finally made love with Hades' bad boy persona
and rode away on an angelic motorbike to a dive bar
where all the damned drink forever and forget their names.

THE BLACK BOOK

Cast aside all prisoners of the credit card war
with crossed off names in ledgers & paperwork
 they have no traction with their plastic currents
trending up through ATM explosions and riots in Times Square
for the men of Armani and Lamborghini
cocaine and Sweden banks and a belt tied around wife's neck
blindfolded taped to the bed pregnant
the fetus forgotten pried from womb with no eyes or larynx
wails angry poetic insanity at midnight waking parents in maternity ward

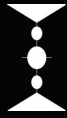
with clinic patrons & pillbox hats with morphine & IV drip
type B blood painting fingerwalls in white rooms with a hole in the middle
sleep medication/conspiracy theorist of the Asylum
 never gets any rest just paces up and down they can't stop it
they yell sometimes at the withdrawal symptom shaking in corner
near open window blowing slight cold winter breeze
the first freshness on face of unwashed four-day incarceration-

THE GUILLOTINE RETURNS WITH TAXES IN THE SPRING
spouting blood hoses to the roses' war
uprooting all crops in the dust field 1930 Ford & Remington
the desert of the city the mountain range Andromeda
mortals immortal in paper contracts
entire gods forgotten on stone carving Hieroglyphs-
but what else do you think about when the TV is off?



STRIPS

NDR



\$5.00

STRIPS

THE SECOND BOOK

NDR

EXCERPT

the observations
will uphold
the word.

XXXX

The man I used to be
hidden behind the man
I tried to be
the man I should have
 been
the one to help you.
I should have been
the one to help you

running eyeliner
and a glass of water
11PM memories flow
out of my alcoholic tongue
wispig toward your ear

I should have been
the one to help you
I heard you were
near vomit on the
 highway
taillight out after
therapy

I should have been
the one to help you
in receiving the
help of my own self
towards the lightbulb-

I should have been
the one to help you
when your friend left
to uteran parties

in the night
pale skin;

I should have
been
the one to help
you
when he might have
slipped something
into your drink
or into you
bodies tremble
among cotton summer-

I should have been
the one to help you
when my lines were
misspoken upon
the stages of your
living room
you woke me
in the morning
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
and we ate breakfast
I took a train-

I should have helped you
not myself
looked deep into the
abyss of desire
the truth of it
what thoughts were
desired
once upon this life

I should have helped you
in helping myself
where the totality of
human suffering

takes the chains
and wire from
the ceiling panel

I should have helped you
when you cried every XXX
 night in the
 heat of anxiety
 my shifty eye
instead of flirtatiously
into the night
imbibed the ointment
of the skull
and the poison
of misery-

I shouldhave helped you
hands tremble
uponkeyboards
and arguments
of diners
24 minutes of shame

I should have helped you
when dimensional tragedy
ailed your family
or your life
or your experiment

I shoudl have helped you
instead of
holding a knife
to my wrist
in the only room
on earth
waiting for my own help-
I should have helped you
instead of
pills pills pills

and memories abstraction
or general abuse of mind

I should have helped you
looked toward that
great wreck
the Great Problem
we all have

I should have helped you
where you lay
at the bottom
of the oil muck cavern
MDMA embedded in your
weeks
in your brain
embedded centrality

I should have helped you
when climate rushes over
the pawns of a new day

I should have helped you
to save the effects
of that torture

I should have helped you
in accepting the fear
of exhilaration
in lonely
chamber
tenement
college
apartment
where no words
are words-

I should have tied
you to a chair

when your arms
moved on their own
when instinct
and physical
imprints of history
trigger cranial spasm

I should have watched
while you came
face to face
with the Shadow
your shadow the only
Shadow there is
in the truly
fucked
mess
of the unconscious
brain

I should have done
anything
while the portals
and realms and Tartarus
and dank
hideaways and grimy
soot-sodden alleys
or projections of
my own shadow
led you
to junkyards of ruin,
I should have done it
I should have extended
the inner circle
of my own shadow
to understand
your shadow
or the collective
shadow
of the

effects of subversive
cultural manipulation
I should have

I

I

I should have helped you
when you last drank
from the cups of death
in downtrodden pajamas

I should have helped you
I should have helped
I should have inhaled
in the little box
I should have
I should have
I should have acted
I should have surrendered
to the titan of fear
I should have ignored
my apprehension
the apprehension of
my own apprehension
and the image
of that damned thing
I should have given up
I should have become

shadow

& let shadow become
me

I should have eaten of
the flesh should have
held the cup
to your lips
I should have
made the right
decision

no

no

no
no
no right decision
I shouldn't have
let you wither into
 emptiness
I shouldn't have
ignored the message
the message
the only message
there is but one message
from the pit
where the shadow
originates
and I now live
in the holy
holy matchbook fireplace
the message
I shouldn't have let
the animals run the country
I shouldn't have taken
that job
I shouldn't have sweated
long days alone in
apartment hut
I shouldn't have guessed the answer to
the question of
the apprehensive message
I shouldn't have
let my hair grow old
shouldn't have let my
brain go soft
shouldn't have let
my cock go limp in the
sad bathroom of infinity
shouldn't have let my
personality overtaken
by personality
shouldn't have

burdened the building
with my leisure
shouldn't have
ignored the pleas
the cries the pleas
for help
shouldn't have abased
myself in winter
shouldn't have
cut my skin from
my arms
and laid uncovered
in the snow
shouldn't have let the
obsessions become my
obsessions become my
reality
shouldn't have let the
reality crumble and
destroy all the
other realities like
snowfall in October
shouldn't have let
the witches
weird weird witches
set curses to my car
shouldn't have let the
dictators execute
FIVE MILLION INNOCENTS
shouldn't have left boston
for rubble
shouldn't have let
New York control me
control us
shouldn't have let it
control us
shouldn't have
thought myself invalid
outcast brethren

black spots on wrists
wrists of scars
shouldn't have
ignored the carpal
tunnel in the carnal
tunnem of the womb
shouldn't have
let the limbs of a
ghost touch my body
and feel the
crevices of my
heart palpatations
I should have helped you
I shouldn't
I should have let it die
I shouldn't
I should have euthanized
this country
I should have
eradicated America
I should
I should
I should
I should have
I should have been
I should have been
you.

I come across
the end of time
a puppet possessed
with the end
of time.

"Noah David Roberts' work exhibits a maturity rarely seen in today's techno generation young poets. Even though the poems do contain agonies & triumphs of self, it is not exclusively so, it is teeming & steaming with descriptive imagery, bursting with unexpected apt metaphor. The imagery comes from history, geography, fauna, flora, even pop culture. The speed & intensity they are delivered take the reader into his vision before one realizes it. The sordid yet hallowed sensory blitz of New York City. Unexpected juxtaposition illuminations such as "coagulated musicians..." the esophagus of molested world..." bones flaccid as flesh..."

"Curbside" is a gruesome impassioned yet beatific study of skin. Therein is a chilling unearthly visit to Dachau. Raw & powerful. The theme, the meter, the content. The long work "Slime Thing" explores the struggle for integrity & survival after being thrust into an obviously slimed world in the present day. The poem "Empire" made me think Ginsberg is still alive."

~Andy Clausen

SLIME THING
[and other poems]

EXCERPT

14 ST., 7:53 P.M.

sweating and smog in my lung black lung
lung without lung strangled bronchioles
breathless ribcage pounding blood
in my skull

I ride to the gone world.
How my brain sees what it is that you see
in your vision underground stars &
trams & paranoia masochism as
ever-present as constant shit of U.S.A.
death of heart-

blood skin panhandlers-
sad and weepy-eyed-
an empty stroller-
two men at my back-
cameramen-

ADS!

THE CIRCUS!

AMUSEMENT PARK HELL!

CESSPOOL AND DEATH!

MY THOUGHT!

this absolute irony in absolute bullshit mind!
where does it go, this wandering bullet, the
hair of my chest, chin, skin, an eyeball removed?
is there death?

the
convulsing of the esophagus of
molested world traumatized
I move quietly through drab
& cold to get to

14th st.-

stand clear of the closing doors

CURBSIDE

Sensations of skin, the breathing skin, sane skin,
 skin of glass, tying together arrogance and observation,
the skin, the hiding skin, pockmarks and scabs, no-good skin,
 think of holes and rope, skin down the well,
empty skin, floating above city sweating, skin hung out to dry,
 false skin, plastic skin, skin among the bones,
bones among the junkyard, scraps of metal and old bags, where I, an old
skin,
 a skin scrapo piece,
wafting around the poles and rusty mugs, a dead dandelion,
 mentions of history, references for no point,
stand upon the waft of time, the rags of time,
 pricking my skin with clockhands, inevitability of
paper masks of skin, no bones, hiding behind masks of skin paper,
 infested with the virus of history, sick with temptation,
skin drains all consciousness from the brain, brain of bolts
 and wire, wrinkled flesh and cancer, or blood, or lifge,
I watch the mother rustle for coine under the fire-escape overpass,
 thick with child and emaciated until bones flaccid as flesh,
her revelation, burn barrels and tents hidden behind retail,
 drinking of the river of human power until the death,
or the leproccy takes hold again, gingivitis, all manner of disorder,
 recovering at once all that was true and disgusting,
while the man upstairs fucks fifty top-rate schoolboys,
 feeding himself on the fat and merlot of vomit in world,
yet the skin remains a papery sensation a reflection of my own,
 I thought I saw my reflection in your skin,
maybe hiding inside your bones, the process of skinning a brain,

leaving vapid reptile skull breathless, crazy, disdainful,
old grey brain, skin of corpse and statue, old failed skin
with a gap between its teeth, old grey nicotine-coffee brown
teeth,
rotting teeth ripper of skin from skin itself was torn,
never return to the black cat Dachau misery,
no coins in those rocks, sacks of boots near the barrel,
horrified at the new use of skin, it is my lampshade,
I had no knowledge, I was just a boy, It was tearing them apart,
legs and arms flailing, weeping, human under the smog of dusk,
close the door, do not look upon this tragedy, I can not look,
I live in the ghetto of my own fear! my own making!
tear at my body through thick unwashed cotton in the orange room!

the orange room! skin of corpses around the lightbulbs above!
watch the man flayed! flayed man! flayed woman! body torn to
shreds
in the arms of cops in the city! under the city! under my skin!
I did see your reflection! I was afraid! I confess! I confess!
spirits of diversion! I have been conquered! my skin is not my own!
it peels the gravel from the wounds! the barrel! smoldering ash!
there was no beginning! no skin! I am left without the sensation
of self! a woman dies! blood and miscarriage in the water!
no skin! no skin no death! I am not the thing that was!
killed by drunken limousine and champagne! malicious!
poison and drug inside! praying for SCRIPTURE GHOST HOLY LIES
for self-martyrdom! to be saved by nothing! in! polyethylene!
woman's corpse cleaned from street! no onlookers! no onlookers
no corpse! no corpse! no street! only skin! among the dead!
hollow curtains of this life! handcuffed and bound to the sewer!

again! those headlights burned my eyes! I am blind!
no senses! what is touched is charred cells! it is unreal!
It is only a sensation!

POSTSCRIPT TO SLIME THING

lost among the stars
the flying man mourns
witnessing chaos of
madmen running the world
lies taking the heart of it
to the early grave
a woman dies in childbirth
leaving cold medal tending
to a child on the run
another mind to control
and the flying man
moves on in memory
while the burning heart
is silently ritualistic torn apart.

APOCALYPTIC MEDITATIONS



NDR

EXCERPT

Of the Mind Hanging Over My Bed

Cackling cadaver, laughing at me, staring dead-eyed through the door,
coring the spine from a dead bird, the laughter, manic,
I can hear it through the wall- what illuminations
in this dark cavernous desire- hear me, demon! Power and poetry
inside dead empty dead pen, pointless raunchy raw deal with you,
succubus of the heart that it is, as perpetual, the infinity spinning dinnerplate,
a pate gleams in your glassplate eye as infinite as the venom of my tongue,
breathe of the flower of doom, childing and birth, and what I have left
unsaid is unspoken before me, unknown, petrifying, and paranoid,
I am a skeleton inside a bodybag of flesh,

What scared you, cadaver, into this freak hysteria, this mania,
panic, scream, my revelation of your revelation's silence?
What revelation in revelation putrifies the exhumed corpse sitting
where now I sit as if Time were a joke become sad sack tale
what questions, what spectres, what is the grass? or the pistol I noted
on the bathroom tile, where the death hides in this mess,
dressed in the clothes of me, my fantasy, silence, your silent revelation,
as it slowly and then, all at once, a
CATACLYSM of the whole fucking swirl of our body,

as the species becomes one body-
as the heads have a million fingers-
as the mind wanders weary-
as I speak again to myself-

This tragic comedy of hilarious life
where do you go now,
cadaver?

PREMONITION FROM A TURNED AWAY DOOR

Upon entering my psyche place psycho-evaluation room inside of body skeleton
building tenement concrete apartment tenement, dead rats outside, plague and venom,
dust and mites, all manner of roach and rodent and steamwhistle and coal,
nothing complete, only the bright steel drum of death, and the shine of a clear touchpad,
Upon the creaking of the cabinet, the cabinet, floor, joints, beams, bastards, falling limbo trip,
melted wax! Death! Cannibals! Deep monsters in the well of misery!
Upon the horrific revelation inside of the intestine of revelation, the city, the sewer theme park,
where bowels move and groan, the whole gross mess underground, dank muck, old gum,
Upon meditating with apocalyptic vision the Silence inside with incense burning the hairs of
my nose, fucker, stay away!- screams against a mountain- power and poison-
Upon being upon the face of the clock upon the wall, hands melting upon the plastic upon the face,
time ending, wet melting hands empty in cold beads of water,
clean porcelain under brown water dirty brown water from sink brown wax dirty tears,
come from the sink into subversive slow-death home, attacking me,
Upon waking previously in softness infantile dark morning, 3:00AM, no sleep, SILENCE!,
the whirring tenitus, buzzing of drones of air, drones of ear, drones of war!
Upon the realization of the realization I came upon in the moment upon entering,
upon the silence playing upon biological Darwinist fear, Hunter-Gatherer pause caveman,
Upon my- upon my- upon my delay my delay from the discourse coming to my senses my senses
come to themselves thinking of own decision leaving me out upon the concrete,
Upon the step, the broken stairstep to the apartment entrance no keys only one sock,
wet brain upon hands come upon me, the danger come upon me, the thing,
No knocks at my door! No! No knocks! Not at the door! At the door! No Knocks!
No knocks at the door! I am in the terrifying slumber of daydream!
No louder voice scream against the mountain out my window at my window out my mountain
no louder hand screaming through my window against the mountain reaching at my throat,
breaking through my window, No!
No bodies in my cupboards, no blood leaking shower, no skinning of young boys untouched in streetside,
like human vegetable, zoning out, into corner floor, No aspect! Spectres! Dive-bombers! Agents!
No helicopters cameras & machine gun fire no weaponry of destruction no hatred no despair,
no loan collectors kicking down doors, nobody hiding in shower with knife for blood,
No! Only this moment upon this moment I forget about this moment and go into the next looking back,
lost upon this moment, upon time, upon the melting time, upon the hands of melting brain
time,
mountain of thought, melting mountain of thought, descending into dream, descending into day,
into the night, into the day-dream night-dream night-mare night,
lost amid the swirling whirlpool of the brain, Scilla was there, drinking wine and feeling waitresses,
a monster looming behind me always as drowning in the river of human memory I forget,
down the middle of mythology and anthropology I hide in streets in Philadelphia, New York,
Upper Crust, Las Cruces, Denial, Trauma, No Trauma, Question, Jubilee Street, and Albany,
in plain sight my vulnerable target, aiming upon the ground from the building from the gun
upon the stair upon the desk the gun upon the desk Mayakovsky O what did you do,
when my death time is up in the melting of time's ego, and the end of all things, and the button,
and the towers, and the cities, and the dreams, and the daydreams, and nightmares,
mountains, emptiness, spectres, ghosts, visions, hallucinations, destitution, dessicated bodies,
spiderwebs, insects, infestations, confusions, enjambments, torn-apart sentences and images,
and the primary fear summing up the whole thing, inside of the bowels of the city of my brain
upon the bottom table of the skull awaiting, I see, open-eyed finally, this image,
the torn paper, the blooded ground, and I weep, and know what I have seen is not real...

APPENDIX to APOCALYPTIC MEDITATIONS

As more
detached
I become
reality,

my
mind
slips
out
from empty skull,
as time

becomes
time-empty



WAS THE PAIN WORTH IT?
WAS THE PAIN WORTH IT?
WAS THE PAIN WORTH IT?
WAS THE PAIN WORTH IT?
WAS THE PAIN WORTH IT?

From poem “# 6.” in:

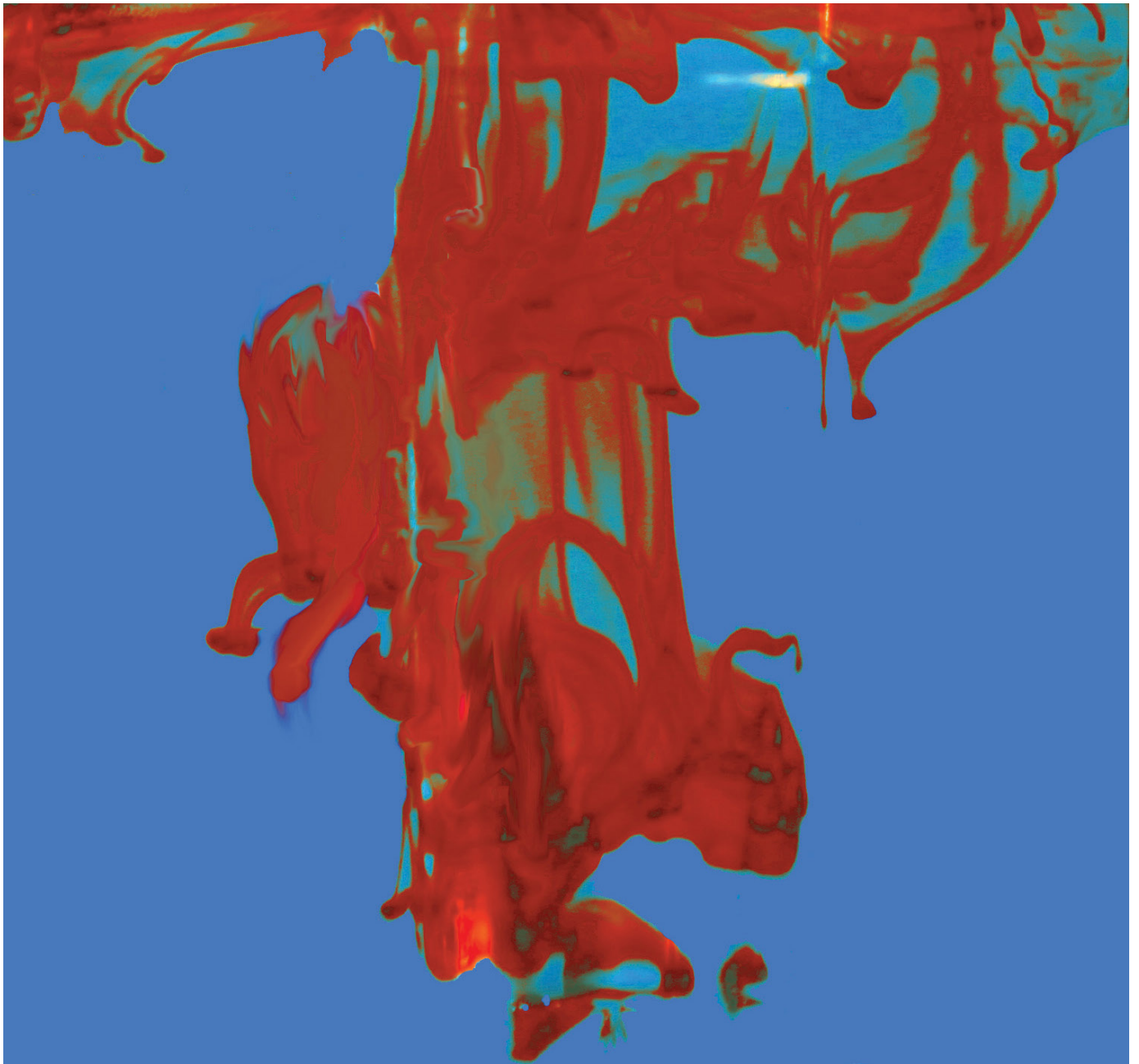
BLOOD IN THE WATER

by

JORDAN ROGERS

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Book Launch at Green Kill.



BLOOD IN THE WATER

POEMS

JORDAN ROGERS