

BARKEATER

fills my toes with rain...

by Damian Weber

**HousePress
NY NY**



Let You Finally
on Damian Weber's *Barkeater*
by Jaye Bartell

Nothing has meaning to me when presented as such, as *meaning something*, in poems or elsewhere. The formulation of experience into poetry toward the purpose of evidencing significance creates instead an approximation, in which the author's sense of meaning occupies the space of the work, instead of the generative object itself. The implication of this fact, that things are best when let to be themselves, is true only insofar as 'A primrose by the river's brim / A yellow primrose was to him / And nothing more...' This is Wordsworth, presenting a foil of a "brute" character, for his argument in *Peter Bell*, in which he proceeds to counter, 'Oh gentlemen, hark to hymn / to be a primrose is my whim / upon the floor / and nothing more'.

D.H. Lawrence uses both figures, their ignorance and envy, to assert a further point in his essay, *Love was Once a Little Boy*, the sum of which is satisfied to some degree in Weber's *Barkeater*. "Ah William!" Lawrence begins,

The 'something more' that the primrose was to you, was yourself in the mirror. And if the yokel actually got as far as beholding a 'yellow primrose', he got far enough. You see, it is not easy for a poet to

equilibrate himself even with a mere primrose. He didn't leave it with a soul of its own. It had to have *his* soul. Nature, babies, dogs are *so* lovable because they can't answer back. The primrose, alas! couldn't pipe up and say: 'Hey! Bill! get off the barrow!'

Weber's poems at once serve and disregard Lawrence's argument, which is not the same as irrelevance. As in the poem, *stoves included*, Weber expresses himself in a way that includes the "primrose," as well as everything that is not the primrose, because the content of himself is so vast that it contains stoves as much as whatever is opposite a stove, let's say a refrigerator.

stoves included

I have love
for all things

With a fraction of the literal words, Weber trumps Whitman even, and certainly most poets one encounters. Unlike Wordsworth, who wishes to become the primrose for its ideality as a form of life, Weber regards the stove, or the ostensible fact that a kitchen would include a stove, in such a way that the stove is itself, and allows the fact of a stove as indicative of human reality, a cause for tender universal affection. The result is a concurrent vast specificity, the

very terms I would use to evaluate the poetry in *Barkeater*, and which includes neither the singularity of the stove, nor the vagary of all things as definition. Respect for the generative object: the more something becomes wholly itself, the more *all things* can be whatever they particularly are.

To say this book is easy to read is granted, but that they are superficial, or slight, I use this essay to disagree. *Stoves included* may be quick, and sweet, and a little funny, but it led me to the concerns of D.H. Lawrence, Wordsworth, and to simply look out this attic window at the buds on the trees of late April, which is a lovely fact, and not be sentimentalized further. These poems are fun, finally, a joy because they take an instant to behold, and offer much, much depth too, that you can look so far that you'll see the back of your own head. Reading one more, because it only takes a second, the eyes blink to begin to look again:

goodbye
pop anywords
are almost neutral
let you finally say
things like goodbye

“Pop” may be the prevailing mode here, despite apparent sympathies to Imagist, and to some degree Objectivist poetics, in the economy of statement, in its “direct treatment of the ‘thing’

whether subjective or objective.” The adage of making things new can lead to the pursuit of novelty over honesty. The pursuit of meaning will yield meaninglessness, as the reverse can also prove true. Best then to say what’s in your head, no matter if it came from Aaron Lowinger in Buffalo, or Will Hubbard in Brooklyn, or your mother’s old general store in East Bethany. If it means something to someone, they’ll hang it on their wall, and if not, it will remain as a record to give place in the future, when friends move away, or the store closes.

Buffalo NY
April 2008

shaggy kerouac

I got five cats son

datachamps

datachamps we!

the pacman refusal

the polite pacman

old pictures

give you faith

make you believe

love in everything's

something you can see

there's joy

in being born

on your birthday

google 01

google, what are

the different

"ways to cook eggs"

so I don't confuse

any more waitresses?

**four unpublished
robert creeley poems
taken out of context
from the @poetics listserve**

1

but here it all goes again
that endless digression
"get on board"

2

I wish there were some
damn way to get out
get in "here" so as
to find the literal company
one knows is "there"

3

sticking to the local
and being handed on

4

an exfoliating self
of weird kind that
literally "echoed" back
in apparent "objectivity"
that nonetheless was just
plain bob or words
to that effect

every**thing**
sounds louder
in the cube

having a girlfriend's
got me looking at
horoscopes again

I said to my dad
in a dream
"I love her with all
my heart and soul
something
you wouldn't
understand, alien!"

(note: but it wasn't my dad,
it was an alien pretending
to be my dad)

kid
if you had
yourself
a pretty
little girl
then you
would too

time travel

warn the ex's

(note: had a dream went back in time to warn girlfriends about all the awful things I said but didn't mean, don't you believe any-thing I say, I'll say some things but I don't think that way, I love you like I do today, I love you like I do.)

they call from
restricted numbers
and silently
hold the line

damian 13

sing sad because
no one's happy like you

when

will we go to meet
the new work
and be first witness
to morning?

tartuffe

his almost
earnestness aside
his job of chaste
will please
more than
sliding along
some way
and yellow
gobs of faith

ny

prey
to successive clatter
I mention
the happenings
of be-ats
finally, and come
to consider
the din

napkin poem 04

this place really
freaks me out

start a magazine called
Friends: The New Art

eat

mountainous wang

(note: I bought Henry Miller's TROPIC OF CAPRICORN off a seller on eBay, but they wrote me, "Hi I hadn't accounted for international postage and quoted UK postage on the item as a shortcut as I've been away this week. To send to the book to the USA via surface mail (up to 6 weeks) will be 80p more. For airmail, I'm afraid its an additional £4.40. Please advise what you would like. Many thanks Jeremy." To which I responded, "EAT MOUNTAINOUS WANG." To which he responded, "Fine if you want to take such an aggressive attitude, I will post it to you. I wasn't being difficult but that was what it cost when I weighed the book (it is over 700g). International postage is not cheap, for heavy packages. It will be in the post this week and I shall carry the loss. Regards, Jeremy

caesar walk

on star-dotted lines

winter dream

if you close your eyes
the care of park evenings
snap, and we'll take
the time it takes to find
something to talk about

be easy

around
your formerly
and your familiars

photo-play

closed for two days
dave & damian
rented every movie

(note: dave had a dream he had five hundred dollars and we went to rent a movie but decided to get them all and the employees were happy because they got the day off and our friends thought it was so cool)

apartment

for your place to be
one thing, where I can
remember you as a unit
(needing mnemonics
and tricks
to have the rest)

get a script

of DAYS OF OUR LIVES,
rewrite, learn why, instead
of being the biggest joke on
daytime television it's good,
(make someone else write
it).Change all the names,
drama story, and make point
of view as tv viewer,
emphasizing playful zoom-in
(they're pretending they can
read each other's minds).

the one moon

will gather our look
and have
the sky
submit
our timely
submission

getting

nearer to that
all too often
not too soon
talked about day
when not even you
could have
anything
to say against
what we
are here to do

I don't even know
if there won't be
a certain number
of things that remind
me of me and why it is
without you there
I can't seem to say
anything I hadn't
already practiced
on someone else

the quadratic equation

(sung to pop goes the weasel)

X equals negative B
plus or minus the square root
of B squared minus 4AC
all over 2A

deader

we are all deader
six feet under

let him hold

for the famous hope
your insides hang from

cankles

calf ankles
tube angled
leg pringles

my computer

AMD Athlon XP2200+
Aero7 lite
512mb Crucial pc2700
Abit NF7-s V2.0
80GB Seagate SATA
120GB Seagate SATA
Geforce4 Ti4200 128mb
Benq FP767-12 17" 12ms
SB Audigy 2 ZS

may my love reach you all

in the weirdest ways possible

wiggle

progressive rock
gets your critical edge
wiggling

risking**the possibility
of melodrama**

(which I always
liked to think
risked
the possibilities
of melodrama)

soon

(by tom joyce)

soon I will be with friends
and will not have to
explain myself saying
I didn't mean what I said
it's just a phrase in your head
you say when you talk

buffalo

(by benjamin hilligas)

I'll be at saint paul's
when the churning surge
turns stagnant

holler
on the day
the rough
too much
mis-spoken
promise
of pretty
no-go's

leaflet
to the one time
verbosity
let this
be the banner

black ink
on the peak
of sleeping hips

pappy
onion claw

novel
build nice
little blocks
and put
them places

lockwood library

(by shane meyer)

korean girl taking out
wilde books to learn
english's going to get
socked in the nose

03-03-03

it was three degrees
but the sun was out
and the water
off the road
rose and froze
into little fogs

here

these little lines
say I am here
and you are there

songs to cover

- 1 keep on dancing
- 2 people in the street
- 3 youre a lips girl
- 4 love like yours
- 5 songs that are always
ending

out

I never got
this far out
before

damian 04

there are
other people
named
damian weber

damian 07

everybody
start calling
me "hatch"

hotpants

totally hotpants
is totally hotpants

talking about it
as the result
of some opinion
which reacts
to talking about it
as the result
of some opinion

guitar

(by shane meyer)

People will try to be like, 'you can't play guitar anymore,' and, 'what's with the sincerity?' But at the end of the day you're just still having pretty sincere thoughts and totally full of them, like how people will tell you - they'll say something like, 'you're full of shit!' But you'll hear something, like the wind - and somehow be reaffirmed, you know that happens; and when it happens there's always this voice that says this isn't happening; but you're the one that's there. And at the end of the day you're just kind of like strumming, so who's to say you can't play guitar anymore when you so obviously do?

tools weren't
out there
picking roots
and produce

eats
snacking
on dreams

pissed
a novel
passionate
about little
yellings

snorzle
the magnificent

start!
you get
to use
words

roly-poly
daddy's
little fatty

chronology
girls are
chronological

blood summer

the honorable geek

nerdy martyr

up here

it's the

century

postmodern means
now explain the joke

(note: modern means
explain the notes)

pomo

kiss

(note: postmodern
kisses don't move)

food colors

Blue 2 Lake

Red 40

Yellow 5

Yellow 6 Lake

make this
the lead
gravy boat
in your
gravy navy
(I gravy
hate myself)

telephone caresses
and sweet sweet music
for the weary

party ice
party ice!

she's not going
to be the reason
"anyone is anyway
about anything"

lake balaton
the way nothing
looks good
and the way
skin looks green
under some
things

bright words

are sun-rain

ekrem

they
have hells
for sweet
hearts
like you

my damn red feet

are bloody with
the blood in me

theory

keeps ya
grounded

novena

hand out
a novena
like they won
(hand out
novenas
like orders)

Form 990

Return of The Organization
Exempt From Income Tax

pictures prove
we all
know each other

pictures prove
lover after lover
hearted another
long time ago

modern
witness this
unending
upward pull

x-ray tube
an evacuated tube
containing a metal target
bombarded by electrons
that subsequently emits
an x-ray when she feels
like she's slipping
through people

the rest of them

(unlike us)

in this place waiting now

had in retrospect

the look of two people

finding each other

here

everyone

around here's

so in love

into the free

and open air

of not having

you

intestine

word's too big

to mean gut

matt & kim

(alternate lyrics)

all our hopes

and all our deams

in comic books

sent by fax machines

denver

if manhattan
were in colorado
coyotes would walk
the streets at night
instead of rock
and roll vampires

photographs

alienate me

talking kissy kiss
with peachy peach

(note: THE PIXIES from BONE
MACHINE but I was wrong,
it's actually "talking to peachy
peach about kissy kiss")

when

it seems
difficult
the way you
approach them
has changed
what you can say
to make it
easy again

**poetry for the
recently employed**

when he talked
about assholes
I wondered how
he didn't know

cry/dry/pry/fry

(alternate lyrics)
there's so much beauty
it can make you try

the wheelbarrow

(for w.c.w)
so much depends
on a broken toaster
beside the white children

identity hearing

there's going to be
one of these in my
dystopian novel

BARKEATER

fills my toes with rain...

zenith

the point directly
overhead in the sky
when I found out
it's what you spend
your time doing

hiaku

in the bio-pic
of my life, I will be played
by Jason Schwartzman

oink.me.uk

Cultural Learnings
of Music for Make
Benefit Glorious World!

note to self

remember this
remember this
remember this

spits**on cats**

katya
(spits
on cats)

HousePress

thoughtful
considerate people
carefully making books

condoms

less and worse sex makes
less and worse children

(note: I bought this poem for
three dollars off will hubbard
but he gave my money back
when it didn't mean what I
thought it did.)

when

when she's sleeping
the mountains
become porous
(open air
perfect for breathing)

especially

when your poetry
sucks dude

a freddy kruger story

would get right off the
ground and could be pretty
imaginative about different
ways he pushes us down into
hell (more than just chase us
around our dreams!) with
folklore and back-story

when you're

what she meant
when she said
white-space

stoves included

I have love
for all things

dogumentary

about all your
old girlfriends
reader!

song

as habit

melody
as meditation

goodbye

pop anywords
are almost neutral
let you finally
say stuff like
goodbye

beepy blues

cuts 1:36 on a 2:51 song
song now 56% better

you got

to just let
them get it
out of you
cause it
just sounds
better

melody

something hooky
I can get my hands on

our!

equipment!
performs!

the cosmos cares
about you and me

haiku
ghost
busters
dance

haiku
tough
new york
titty

even
though i'm sitting
in my chair at work
i'm still in the middle
of the adventure

eternity
the you in I to you
the we in you is us
(we will be you
and turning day)

story

a family of shut-ins could use me (an underdeveloped man baby giant) to supply their house, in Rensselaer NY, which would be a great location for different peoples in the attic, until it is time for them to leave (this world?). Finally, I rip off the side of the house and chase them away. Only to look, find, live with them, my new life with a family that loves me.

kiss along

current touches

so we can laugh
all the same
and hurry like now
clutching pairs of all
hid in our lower own

beauty into fruit

I grind majestic
beauty into fruit
like the fruit world's
never seen glory

ny

--it was all
slap-hands
and shakes
and Poe
call-in-lates
under so-what
railway stations

in garden dawn

eve sings headlines

song

in doing it
you mouth
the plaything of all
like the love
me and you
left in suspect

america

sixty percent
of the country
lives in texas

(note: about as
political as I'm willing
to be in a poem)

pixel

maybe there's
tiny spaces
between pixels
that distract
the tiny parts
of my concentration

I'm going to make
his art when I get home

said

what I thought
was enough
to repeat here
now for you
and what you
didn't think
you would hear
just reading
something
someone said

be-here

a fussy deep
ridged be-here
fills out the here-at
like hostly buns

everything
damianCo
makes everything
more like damian

everything
damianCo
is fit to the sensibility
of damian

everything
damianCo
is like every
thing damian

haiku
right
fucking
nowly

acta
acta king

morning thought
for am I in summertime
love's fasting-week?

the nearest you

here is the you
walls won't leave
for a home
the nearest you
with some
for the hordes

fern

we are the trees
that fern together
two flames up
(as the winds
and earth do)

damian

you're a rock star! you crave
attention, the limelight, and
the fawning admiration of
millions. you have lots of fans
and friends and you like
knowing how much others
appreciate you

(note: from a
personality test)

haiku

better put
a stone against
the wind
just to have
a home
to die in

my only love's only love
acts like christ's sons

ny

cite these
nope-lands well

:]

awkward
together
forever

expire

we're as one
the mess and me
and should
a glit round me
I'll expire
in the moss

so
in spite
dawn
breaks
my art

2005
road-trip
into the future

the freakout
don't let the freakout
blow your mind

the land knows
it is round and floating

mistake in my novel
december 12, 1954
wasn't the feast day
of the virgin of guadalupe
until 1999

she
explains me
to people

everyday

the framing
of everyday things
is what makes art
everyday

google 02

google, what is
the "US population"
at this exact moment,
right now!

napkin poem 05

you wouldn't want
to just bounce

small

it just means
words fit together
in some far
away way

when I

was the state
you are in

it makes you want like mad

to walk out the door either if
you just go borrow a guitar
and play every song you ever
knew or keep walking and
sing to yourself all the songs
you never got to record
(certainly not right)

faces

make the line
like a parade

car

the cars behind me
think I am going too slow
(I think they're all ghosts)

spacerock

directly from
outer space

obediently get up

turn to yours
and end first

100

a hundred words
and your song's
a party

accountant poet

I'm going to mexico
to study for my CPA exams

megaman

Keep fighting, Rockman
Fight for everlasting peace!

(note: Japanese version
ending)

because

of right now
them's the way
modern people

haiku

ghost
busters
hotel

a shaner song

(written with jaye bartell)

you know you
are still alive if after
seeing/reading/hearing
something great
you hate yourself
for how much
you didn't do it

(note: shane wrote back: I remember, you were like, 'yeah this and that and Modest Mouse,' and I agreed but I didn't, I just felt like that band just gave the fuck up; and there we were and we didn't disappear just b/c we thought someone else was making better music we looked at ourselves and made better music. It took awhile but now we're doing it and the people we thought were cool are now so full of shit it's even hard to believe they were ever good, and you're just like, 'were they?' I don't know. But when you ask the question of yourself, you're just like, 'yes.')

creeley

like his
all I want
is a little
of ultimate respect
where I wake up
and work on work
that gets published
(and totally not self
published)

now's

today

stop phishing

and watch everyone
be great to you
two days too late

coors light

wide mouth
delivers wide open
refreshment

freel

I'm free to feel
because I'm freel

redouble my efforts

more BLACKBIRD HAIKU
finish introduction to novel
finish story TWO SOLDIERS
make more posters
make copy of DON'T VERSE
early morning work
water
be awesome damian!
there's no way
to save money
start contacting
people in zines

(what really happened)

I wrote yoko poem
kicked a hole in the door
finished DON'T VERSE
pushed back
car mirrors
like Ishmael
knocking off
people's hats
(when he said
it was time
to get to sea)
quit TWO SOLDIERS
went into work early
for overtime but missed
a day and worked all that
for free

trasch

follow

the sometime sun
down the furrow
he rolls as
the sometime sun
a-rounds

haiku

 you be
 the bay ship
on the night and black water
 to shine
our love on

haiku

death is but a door
vigo the carpathian
time but a window

napkin poem 07

that girl is
so annoying
(which one)

statesboro blues

no I'm not
good looking
but I'm some
sweet woman's
angel child

why am I giving you
the up-to-date
maybe because
you have become
my day to day friend

ny lawyers

Fischbein, Baldo, Wagner &
Harding
Rockman, Platzer, Fallic,
Rosmarin
Law Office of Stacey
Handworker
Bender, Burrows & Rosenthal
Bangser, Klein, Rocca & Blum
Togut, Segal & Segal
Rose Kissin LLP

martian

seeing speaking martian
simply as a game lovers play

image

girl holds
a sign says
say hello to me

fold palace

(by charles bernstein)
on one of my frequent trips
to the folded place

coworker

put a drawing on her desk
with a candle circle \ slash
says, "don't burn your candle
from both ends"

go get the news story about
the lady who hit a guy and
got him stuck in the window
and drove home, parked in
the garage and kept apolo-
gizing to him until he died

haiku

absol
ute r-tar
dated

character names

Oscar Luna
Willie Toppins
Willie Sotomayor
Samson Helfgott
Cid Herminia
Robert Oscar
Guady Rivera
Lee Darcel
Idong Dickson
Alice Govan
Archibald Cumberbatch
Mr. Angel Arce
Entire Carton
Neblett-Ford
Midge Nutman
Theodosia Kitchens
Donald Waiters
as "Ham-burger!"
Ross Suchoff
Emma Champness

the pope's nose:

--the end
of a chicken
leg, drumstick

telephone doctor

smile, it might be the boss

railing

do not lean

or sit on

railing

larry lee

(note: sign at bennington
college, larry lee was the
maintenance man)

hear the bellow

hear the hello

of living sakes

the fog

there will

come a day

I will no longer

fail to articulate

the fog that

has touched me

and left me

standing here

where I am

superdoer

the shocking diary

of a surgery artist

low-cal andy

in her den
as they pay
lip service
the bandsmen
poke talk
at the bobs
and up and down
low-cal andy
roots around
near the front
by her chair

fettilini

fellini
fettuccini

fettilini**(haiku)**

fettu
fellini
ccini

haiku

polos
get me so
aggro

the short night

has marked the return
to a world where things exist
and can be expected
to happen

be aside its nearing

so when her mouth
lets or seems
be aside its nearing
or you will have
that lovely look
old friends have

moonlight is

(by jack kerouac)
moonlight's almost
like someone
was trying to say
light's the way

(note: but the
original said
"moonlight
is almost like
someone
was trying to
light my way)

damian 07

rooster boy
makes his way
in the world today

a garden

walking
by your house
I see your lawn
is now a garden
for rats and things

(note: I bought
this poem off
aaron for \$5)

snow

from above
returning
to the ground
looks like life
back from
space

smooth

the pages flat
they say things

be
awesome
damian

be (remix)
awesome
damain

damian 11
i'm going
to look great
as a dirt bag

I'm here
(by robert creeley)
i'm here but
it's nothing "I'm here"
can do without
"I'm still here"

the new art
I hope when at last it comes
(after having given up
on the creature row)
I'll be able to save
the anti-charm
of explaining drawings

colors of stars

(by robert creeley)

colors
of stars
all you
people
—cars

(note: creeley read THIRTY THINGS and it sounded like he was calling everyone cars but he was starting a list that went, "all you people, cars, lights, wet streets...)

sex

everyone hears us
everyone here's us

get rich

or die
trying
(go!)

get rich

(remix)
or try dying

life
imitates art
guy

life (remix)
imitates
artguy

napkin poem 06
doesn't this indian-pop song
sound like led zeppelin
(a little)

beringer
only when
the feeling's right
that's when
tom beringer's hair
wakes me up at night

ashvin
is so vhs
he rents dvd's
to record on
the vcr

haiku

ghost
busters
remix

short poems

are the time it takes
to read them

Dear Damian, Thanks for dropping by! You're always welcome in this house, no matter if your hands are dead or alive. You're right about all the things you love, as well as all our friends are! Hope you enjoy Albany, love, Ekrem Berk BUFFALO!