

Poetry Series

Alexandre Nodopaka
- poems -

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Alexandre Nodopaka(1940)

Biopsy:

Conceived in Ukraine, Alex Nodopaka first exhibited in Russia. Finger-painted in Austria. Studied tongue-in-cheek at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, Casablanca, Morocco. Doodles & writes with crayons on human hides. Full time artist, art instructor, judge, and self-appointed critic with pretensions to writing. Considers his past irrelevant. He seeks now reincarnations with micro acting parts in IFC movies. The secondary synopsis is that the author has been a mechanical engineer and practiced that profession between 1962 and 1998 in the San Francisco Bay Area a.k.a. Silicon Valley. Alex Nodopaka began his career with IBM in San Jose, California. He subsequently worked at Memorex and many disc drive companies in the disc drive industry. He also worked for Stanford Linear Accelerator and the Stanford Architectural Office before moving on to a variety of other engineering functions as an engineering consultant. In 1985 he had an engineering article that dealt with clean room environment specifications that was published in Machine Design, a monthly technical magazine.

alexnodopaka2@

Art Editor (2013 to present)

Art Editor (2010 to 2013)

PUBLICATIONS dealing with artistic pursuits * Peninsula Magazine * Pacific Guest Magazine * Peninsula Guest Magazine * Livermore Times * Pleasanton Times * Dublin Independent * Menlo Park Recorder * California Today San Jose Mercury * Menlo Park Almanac * Painterskey, USA, France, Russia * Numerous Web E-zines exceeding 70 in hard copy and on-line between 2003 and 2013.

OTHER MEDIA: * Featured on PBS Television 1981 * Featured on Palo Alto Community Television Channel 1998, California * Album Cover rock musical band NETHERWORLD * Guest speaker Brooks Camera San Francisco * Juried Art Judge * Self-appointed Art Critic *

GROUP AND ONE MAN SHOWS: * Art galleries in the San Francisco Bay Area, California * Art shows and Festivals, USA * Montalvo Center for the Arts, Saratoga, California * Menlo Park Art Commission, California * Menlo Park Library: Leather Book Bindings * Laguna Beach, California 2002 * Aliso Viejo Library, Book Binding 2003 * Saddleback Art College, 2003 *

~ (.) ! (.) ~

This is poetry in the making,
its content is developing
forming enchanting words and allegorical silhouettes.
Quick with wit, angry as disillusioned slaps,
words and symbols copulate.

Life is eternal and the hunt is its essence!
It is the discovery of telltale traces of
never drying blood and anonymity where
hunter and hunted simply trade places.
They are never left alone
seeking each other.

We are never

a
l
o
n
e

I am always in you
as you are in me
imaging
illusions.

Alexandre Nodopaka

1 Minute Silence

I thought I'd stop writing
my Devil's Advocate rants
today.

But again,
we made the headlines:
mass-killing of 10 in Oregon.

Alexandre Nodopaka

1303 Plus 632 Doesn't Add Up To 1885

1303 plus 632 doesn't add up to 1885

but what's 50 years this way or the other.

I found this booklet
written in sumptuous calligraphy.
Since I lived in El Maghreb
I was able to read the date in Arabic.

The chapbook is thin
with only so many pages.
I'll let you count.

It starts with 4 pages of poetry
followed by 32 pages of text
ends with another 13 pages of poetry
of which
1 page is devoted to a prologue and
1 page to a finale.
41 pages total pages. Right?

All pages are hand written in Persian
not that I can truly differentiate Farsi
from Arabic.
The booklet is lovingly hand bound
in thin khaki leather
issued in Tabriz, Iran in 1303.
That's another dromadery
who didn't reach heaven.

And in spite of mathematics
having been invented long ago
whoever typed on a white label
the information in English
managed to screw up
Mohammed's and Jesus's birth years.

Prose and poetry
is the chapbook content

that I may never know.
Though Rumi and Shams
are on my mind.

The meaning of the content
is Greek to me.
What a bummer!

I reach for the imitation Magic Lamp.
Rub it like Aladdin must've
but no way Jose
the magic is still fermenting
under its shut lid.

Alexandre Nodopaka

2 Haiku Bicycle Brake Handle & Duckling

Haiku 1

Bicycle brake handle
enters my thigh
just saying Hell Ooh!

Haiku 2

ducklings in a row
play fowl ballet
Swan Lake it's not

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

### 3 Cheritas

#### Cherita 1

They fly under the water

without flapping a wing  
when in reality

they graze its depthless abyss  
gliding over a mercurial surface  
that mirrors their spirit perfectly.

#### Cherita 2

The eagle flies high

and lands on the highest tip  
of an ancient cedar.

They both know they are on top  
of the world with only clouds  
and heavens above them.

#### Cherita 3

Sitting before my pond

watching dragonflies  
kiss the surface of the still water

unaware of the gold fish beneath  
going about their business oblivious  
when a Kingfisher plucks them out.

#### Cherita 4

Reclining in the dentist's chair

the oral surgeon declaims my diabetes  
is too sweet and for one tooth extraction



it isn't worth dying for.  
I agree to have the next five pulled  
in a more secure environment.

#### Cherita 5

A stream of water flows left  
  
or right without deliberation.  
The natural inclines and obstructions  
  
are its only thoughts.  
When placing a rock in its way  
its turns around it or plunges over it.

#### Cherita 6

Near a sonorous stream  
  
even before I see it  
my ears become my eyes.  
  
It's only when I try to cross  
and ears no longer hear  
that sight is welcome.

#### Cherita 7

Treading cautiously  
  
on the dorsal fins of catfish  
I'd rather noodle them  
  
carefully avoiding their side barbs  
my hand inside their mouth  
deep to my wrist hidden past their gills

#### Cherita 8

A memoriam for a sitting president  
could start with, &quot;Good riddance&quot;

The middle of it could expand to

&quot;At last&quot; and the stone epitaph could read  
&quot;Why did it so long&quot;

That's if the stone is big enough to spell all this

Alexandre Nodopaka

### 3 Senru/Haiku

In upper corner  
a cobweb  
with no dead flies

Between upper  
and lower closet corner  
a live silverfish

In lower corner  
by window no cobweb  
only dead bees

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

A 1949 Summer Hallucination

In the center of the Atlas Mountains
A boy of 9-and-half years
Squirms in an army cot
In the middle of a windowless room.
No door leads in or out.

The lad resembles me. He's frightened
Because the walls and ceiling
And the floor beneath him heaves.
They expand and contract
Closing in on him as enormous jaws

They compress the hot summer air
That becomes sanguine red
And when the walls spread out
Into indistinct infinity or myopic proximity
The air thins into rainbow colors

And becomes solid and black.
When the youth matures into an old man
He always remembers this occurrence
Every time the rays of the sun
Beat perpendicularly on his balding spot.

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

# A Banter In My Backyard

I spoke to the butterfly telling her  
I saw a lizard in the middle  
of April at the edge of my garden

and how it was jarred out of its  
shaded lethargy by the sprinkle  
issuing from my watering hose and

not the traditional mensal showers.  
The butterfly flitted her wings at me  
which I interpreted as meaning

don't pull my arms, 'They were  
April showers weren't they? '  
but when I looked again at the lizard

now basking on the sun-warmed rock  
the butterfly was gone and I knew  
what I heard was the air whispering.

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

A Bear In Her Tank

Butterfly kisses and teddy bear hugs
give life to a love deep and strong.
Chubby hands and arms to hold on tight

set the beauty of the world to song.
Sturdy little feet and a smile for me,
keep your butterfly kisses and

teddy hugs don't grow on me too soon.
Speaking of butterflies, Romeo grown up,
with laughter engorged, pulses and inflates

his blue-blooded stratum. He vainly hums,
which vein thou speak of.
Taken aback by such impertinent question,

Juliette blushes, leaps over the balcony,
which act loosens the tiger in her 32-cylinder tank,
convincing her she's a jaguar and he her pray.

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

# A Brief History Of Pingpong

for Professor Robert Bornstein at SJSU

Stephen got accidentally untied  
by a single vibrating string theory  
that broke with a snappy ping.

I responded with a pong.

Back and forth  
we've played that game since.

We named it  
The Theory of the Big Ping  
even though it had nothing to do  
with Stephen Hawking.

Alexandre Nodopaka

## A Canto: Rama To Sita

If you are to be Sita and I Rama  
Stop anything related to turking  
Because continuing on a dark path

You expect to meet on a lotus blossom  
But its leaf will not support us  
Nor be a flying carpet as I shall appear

Only a pale reflection of Lakshi  
And though I act as does Ravana  
I yearn for the Divine through you

Alexandre Nodopaka



# A Catnine Moment

Years ago when both were still alive they used to snuggle at our bedtime by my feet. Back to back they finally fell asleep at peace. Nothing like during the day when they would void contact except for Maddie, my Chihuahua that always barked when Romeow came sniffing too close.

By definition the Chich was a lapdog. Sleep was her preferred entertainment. She would become alive only at my exaggerated gesture pointing to the door. She then was young enough to jump off the couch and when older scoot down the 4-step fleece covered ladder. Her tail wagging mad and her gaze still bright

as later in her years somewhat opaque. Communication between us was signing. She was deaf but not dumb. She used that squealing sound peculiar to dogs with her condition only when we would accidentally overlook her time to go outside as I would not accept a sand box inside.

Her barking was not unlike the sound of deaf people speaking. And then time came of her passing. All her life she was afflicted with a heart condition and periodic epileptic seizures and breathing allergies interspersed with pulmonary rumblings we minded only by holding and caressing her with special attention at those moments.

Now she rests in the flower garden outside our bedroom window in a repoussé copper planter topped with artificial flowers amidst white granite pebbles a sign of her permanent presence in her silent private Eden.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# A Cee Dee Cee

Is this a micro  
flash story  
formatted

into segmented  
lines  
to give the illusion

of poetry  
or is this  
a poem

accidentally  
written  
in prose

meant to sound  
like poetry it was  
not meant to be

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

A Cheap Review Or Ninetofive

"The basic fallacy, taking precedence over all specific metaphysical fallacies, is to interpret meaning on the model of truth."
Hannah Arendt

The musical was more
than a pleasant surprise.

And I am not talking
about the shape of water.

My evening was busy
lusting for blondies

with ample breasts.
During the play

they only hinted at them.
Nothing I could sink

my teeth in now that I have
a brand new gleaming set.

Alexandre Nodopaka

A Chinese Tale By God Lei Kun

Once upon a time, the Chinese god
of thunder, and mind you a full-god
unlike Zeus who was the half of him
wore his vulture head mask

and with the clap of his fake wings
startled the crap out of a Geisha with stars
in her eyes. Inadvertently she swallowed one
because of her love

for an at war in China Shogun beau.
Save for glimpsing at the blue skinned god
in a chariot drawn by six Adonis boys
she stopped trying to cough the star out.

She gulped her pride and a few stars to boot
then kneeled before the naked the boys
and signed them with a dewed mirror
prompting each to write a deep throat Ku.

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

# A Collage For Max Ernst

I'm glad you decided to paste art  
The way you did but do not plan  
To tell me how to do mine  
Since I can't live through yours  
But I'll be doing a few gluings  
Somewhat like you did yours  
By chewing flour and

Make paste without haste  
Lick it on scissored papyri cutouts  
Align my DNA a spit at a time  
And the only thing I'll worry about  
Is not to slice my throat  
On account that paper cuts are  
More painful than death by sniffing glue

Now I sense my lips sufficiently tacky  
To seal the ending of this stanza  
By decoupageing a hula dancer  
Enticing me and a Jesus  
Sandwiched between lava lamps  
Into an unholy non-Euclidian trinity  
And to glue them in a hyperbolic geometry

A la Nikolai Lobatchevsky who claimed  
More than one parallel through a point  
And a line in space and how  
Omar Khayam proved that to find  
A right triangle having the property for  
The hypotenuse to equal the sum of one  
Leg plus the altitude of the hypotenuse.

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

A Confucian Dialogue

Too funny for words
mouthed Confucius laughing
his nose off
in his morning dream
when I told
him of mine about my
Parisian guests
upset at the ants
ringing their demi tasse
of their morning coffee.

Upon telling them
that spreading
the homemade honey
from the Mason jar
was full of bees
they took it personally
and started going
around the kitchen
killing them organically
with the spray can
of vinegar.

Then I told them to simply
remove any food
to which their souls
were still adhering.

This would prevent
ants of the same tribe
to return to pick up
their dead
and send their souls
to feast on them instead.

Besides, after killing
the climate change
equatorial-sized cockroach
climbing my bathroom wall

they chose to immediately
depart.

Alexandre Nodopaka

A Contemporary Critique About Art

I'm troubled by the suggestive complexity of
Distinctive formal juxtapositions in this artwork.
Its disjunctive perturbations & eloquence make it
Difficult to consciously enter this chef d'oeuvre in

A manner in which the sublime beauty of the bio-
Morphic forms verge on codifying its agitated con-
tent finding this creation remarkable in how it
Handles the figurative-narrative line-space matrix

By spatially undermining the visual gesture while
Abstractly activating critical thinking. As an ad-
vocate of the issue of content, I feel that here at least
The suggestion of spatial relationships endangers the

Disjunctive perturbation of how disrupting it seems
In light of the eloquence of the substructure that
Conceptually activates the spatial relationships of the
Auto-erotic signifier and appears disturbing in light of

How it imperils the artwork from being understood.
Of course, the matter of understanding or not is
Self-subjective as it will not let itself be pigeonholed
Which is solely a psycho-morphic human characteristic.

Alexandre Nodopaka

A Contemporary Poem About Bright Red

A woman in bright red shorts
flaunts her giggly luscious cheeky rump.
She skips and hops towards me
with a funny hippy gait.

Passing me she fluffs a very long
squeaky one and exclaims loud enough
for other strollers to turn their heads
towards us.

She whines through her brightly
red-painted lips,
How rude of me to fart in public!
I demonstratively pinch my nose,

point at her the middle finger of my left hand
as I slide the right hand
into my rear right pocket and whip out
a black notebook.

I'm as right-hander as I am a right-winger
and wave it as if it were our national flag
at the strollers crossing our paths
while intoning my lyrics in an operatic voice.

Declaiming I'll be an infamous poet but that
for the time being I am in dire need
of fresh air.

Waiting for my excitement to pass

I sit on a freshly painted bright red
park bench and offer the woman in bright
red shorts to join me and to aim her fluff
between the freshly painted bright red slats

and tell her I have a fetish for rose-tinted farts.
She winks at me with heavy
bright-red eyelids, blushes her carmine
painted cheeks and lays me down

longitudinally along the slats and aligns
my tush with a knot hole consequently
proving that the astronomical alignment
of stars, black holes and knotholes

and the speed of thought blatantly malign
the theories proposed by Carl Sagan and
Stephen Hawking and their asinine
astronomical formulas.

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

# A Cubistic Color

The pale azure hue  
Flanking its eastern neighbor  
Strikes me with spiky angularity

Its diametrically opposite  
Obtuse perspective repulses as if  
A South-South or North-North poles

Butted head to head  
And when I approach too close  
They start vibrating a dance of infidelity

Each attempting to take the lead  
The most puzzling effect  
Judging by the sheen

Is the diamond window viewed obliquely  
It appears adjacent to the rainbow  
A Cirque du Soleil Bungee performance

In tiny incremental facets  
Each reflecting different corners of  
A kaleidoscopic universe

Viewed from a multitude of keyholes  
One color absorbing the next  
In one smooth continuous swallow

Regurgitating at the forefront  
An oddly fashioned guitar  
From whose entrails notes escapes

They come in waves  
Opposite the painted moon  
In the high noon position

But before they do they defy the  
nickel plated stainless steel  
to rust before chicken grow teeth

~ ~ ~

Alexandre Nodopaka

# A Disjointed Affair

I saw them fornicating shadows  
on Venetian blinds.  
I wished there had not been such  
interference but city codes required it.

Some of their moves were smooth  
but mostly the shadows behaved  
like matchstick figures  
disjointed at the knees and elbows.

You could tell the he from the she  
because of that huge stick protruding  
from between the tall one's legs and  
how ineptly he stuck it in her belly.

Well, that's how it looked anyway.  
You draw your own conclusions.  
In the end I was very disappointed  
when the lights came on

the wooden puppets were put to rest.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# A Divine Sign

Resting in a hot bath  
I had an unholy vision  
Of an olive tree.  
Its virginal pit  
Still deep inside the fruit  
Hinting to be extracted

With teeth  
And lubricated tongue  
Preparing to do the probing  
I noticed on a low branch  
The noose of a braided rope  
Reminding me

Of forbidden pleasures  
By vice-like grip  
On the day of rest  
When 30 shekels today  
Will not buy a bale of hay  
Or peace of dove

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

A Dog's Predicament

Twenty seven sculptures to his name
made Modigliani famous by the time
he was 36 and I at 79 with more than

3 times his, my figurines accumulate
storage fees.

In despair I fall on my knees and look

where to put my hand to help myself up
when suddenly Jesus appears
and starts preaching

flooding my infantile intellect
with His typical metaphoric style.
I mean what am I supposed to do

with narrow gates? Thin my girth?
Or throw pearls before the swine?
By the way it doesn't sound like

a Kosher parable! and what of the sheep
without a shepherd.
This is not like they have to have

a shepherd lead them into the abyss.
They can jump on their own.
And as a dog returns to its vomit

so a fool
repeats his folly.
A prediction of Trump's predicament.

Alexandre Nodopaka

A Drop Of Dew

amongst a thousand
waits for a partner.

United
they plunge off a leaf

towards the earth
and

unknown adventures

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka



# A Fig It Is Not

Another poetic dribbler  
oozing metaphors  
like a third hump on a camel.

Nah! Like a furuncle does pus  
and except for  
rubbing mentholated balm

all over her discomfort  
I cannot separate a fig stone  
for an oasis.

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

A Found Poem In The Words Of Eileen Myles

'To be a poet, it's a challenge to do it in poverty, to do it in wealth, ' Myles says.
'To do it in the academy, to do it in a relationship where you're happy.
Everything changes the game. To do it in the awkward state of love, despair,
dying. You just have to work it.'

To be
a poet
is a challenge
to do it
in poverty
to do it
in wealth
to do it
in the academy
to do it
in a relationship
where you're happy.
Everything changes
the game
to do it
in the awkward state
of love
despair
dying.
You just have
to work it.

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

# A Good Bye

I call to inform you  
that I left  
for another woman.

I couldn't stand you any longer  
being out of style  
wearing outdated shoes and

ugly pleated skirts.  
For years I begged you to install  
a new linoleum flooring to

stop the musty air  
rising from the basement  
and pollute our lungs

and that I also lost many coins  
between the flooring cracks  
but you never listened to me!

You make me so sick  
I vomit right now.  
Goodbye.

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

A Half-Century Apart

All I know is what he writes her.
What she says or doesn't
must be guessed between his lines.

It is September 1918 in Battle Creek and raining,
she's somewhere in Illinois where it is not.
He waits to be shipped across the Atlantic

and kills the hours with burning words
promising his Yankee lass that no French girl
will get his best.

He remembers a little of what he learned
of the Gaul tongue and by the end of his letter
he writes her adieu not knowing his fate is cast

in a pine box draped in bleu, blanc and rouge
while hers in red, white and blue
half a century and a score in the future.

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

# A Hindi Canto

If you are to be Sita and I Rama  
Stop doing anything related to turking  
Because to continue on a dark path

You expect to meet on a lotus blossom  
But its leaf will not support us  
Nor can it be a flying carpet

I am a pale reflection of Lakshi  
and though I act as Ravana  
I yearn for the Divine through you

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

A Home In Every Port

Sailing between branches
Pretending to be a spider
I'm but a sailor
Caught in a web of twigs

~ ~ ~

Alexandre Nodopaka

A Hundred Times A Thousand Croaks

A hundred times a thousand croaks

ribbit ribbit back to you
it's the same here
in the wet bottoms of the barranca

i cherish their interrupted concert
the moment my silhouette defines
against the moon or the bright light

of lampadaires
they stop to honor my presence
with silent silence

and after a few minutes of quiet
one croak then two then four and eight
a geometric progression

followed by another invisible one hundred
thousand serenading croaks
splintering the hush into cacophony

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

# A Lenticular Perspective

It's not that I am getting older that I need different spectacles for reading and for nightfall viewing. It's a problem with my separate irises that no longer work like diaphragm shutters in a stereo camera.

The perfection in the formula  $F1$  over  $F2$  no longer applies to me without corrective actions. I need to artificially compensate for the deteriorating organic data. It's something that hardly entered my mind

when everything was working without any demands on my part. The photons would simply come parallel to the principal axis and pass from the focal point or travel from the focal point parallel

to the principal axis or they'd come from the center of curvature and turn back on themselves hitting the mirror at the vertex then reflect from the center of the curvature and turn back on themselves again.

And if my problem were convex, then the light rays would follow the same path given above as if my eyeballs were concave mirrors as long as the image of the object was located between the focal point

and the vertex. Look, I didn't want to bother you with the laws of optics but it was necessary to focus on them here. Plato helped me from his grave in spite of Parmenides' criticism of the noematic thesis.

Alexandre Nodopaka



# A Lightweight Ode To Ars

Fernand Leger watching me  
Bloats my limbs  
But when Salvador Dali comes

He makes my edges flow.  
And if Pablo Picasso shows up  
My face looks

Like it hit the fan.  
Of them all I adore most  
Marcel Duchamp's tongue.

He says I taste like  
A cubed sashimi roll from  
A fauve Rousseau beast.

A the roaring sound  
Magritte pops his head out and  
All gaga about her says Dada.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# A Line Drawn In The Soup

I'm sorry or is it excuse me  
if I speak Russian with a distant  
French accent.

The reason is my two aunties  
with whom I spent a lot of time  
in Kiev where I was made and

lived soon after my birth.  
They spoke to me only in that  
tongue. Well, OK, that's also

because a general under  
Napoleon fell back and turned  
his coat on his leader

by marrying one of my great  
grandmothers. Yet I assure you  
I never thought I was a snob

until marrying my 4-generations  
San Franciscan wife who called  
me a French snob whenever I'd be

overly critical of the Americans.  
I won't mention how proud she  
is upon telling and retelling the

story of when she met in her  
grand- mother's home with  
Jack London's daughters.

In any case I was especially  
critical when I'd observe  
Americans in restaurants,

fork in right hand stabbing  
their plate as if they were  
murdering their mothers-in-law.

Well, it's not my fault if my  
tastes run along the  
troika-furrowed blue lines

in the snow.

I still dissect the chicken  
on my gold- rimmed Bavarian

dinner plate with fork and knife  
using my left and right hands  
with surgical dexterity.

Maybe I missed my  
Hippocratic Corpus calling.  
Unlike some of our presidents

who sketch red lines in crumbling  
sand. Yes I still like borscht and  
shchi and for poetic license that's

where I draw the line with sour  
cream separating the beets from  
the kapusta.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# A Literati Trek Around Babylon

Conversing with vertiginous walls  
estranges my tongue. The latex paint  
is not up to my expected cultural standard.

Words peel off the wall and stretch  
with a rubberized measured meaning.  
Their gist acts as a technological evolution

in the laws of compliancy marrying  
faulty substance with faultlessness  
in the ever rising walls.

Each phrase arrives in rainbow colors  
that must be separated into wave lengths.  
In addition each spells something surreal

in diverse multicolored languages.  
Pasted segments form a labyrinthine puzzle  
where alien alphabets crisscross forming

innovative sentences I'm obligated  
to babble. Suddenly the realization  
of having been transported some millennia

into an antiquated past finds my self  
tumbling downward a spiraling tower  
but instead of falling straight my flight is

helicoidal. I pull behind me streams of  
multilingual banners and feel like I'm  
becoming an international paper-asshole.

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

A Love Letter

I write words and listen to
sounds from Persia.
There's a party next door
and when the exotic music stops
so do my words.

They fall from pages,
shatter and split into
loose alphabet.

In effect each letter
on the ground
forms collages varied as the dresses
of the women over the fence.

Today is a special Babylonian day.
One of tying blades of grass together.
With each tie one makes a wish.
I tie one knot.
You and I.

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

# A Maladroit Art Submission

A few weeks ago I submitted a series of artworks in which Malevich and I collaborated.

Soon I received a letter rejecting my proposal and here I quote verbatim that on behalf of the UReCA Peer Review Board we thank you for your submission to our Journal of Undergraduate Research and Creative Activity.

The UReCA team has carefully reviewed your work (Colluding with Malevitch turning over in his grave) however we cannot offer your submission publication in our journal at this time.

etc. etc. followed by extra ignominious suggestions I didn't care about.

Unabashedly I responded.

Dear So and So,  
Kazimir didn't mind the rejection.  
He turned over on his other side & said  
Try my pimply plane squarely.

Now look! I agreed with him  
that maybe they'd rather see  
his pustulant side.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# A Margarita In My Hat

Florabella's flowery hat  
is enticing my palate to chomp  
the blossoms off her head  
and dip my lips  
in Tuttibella's Margarita

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

A Master Dada Ploy To Plot The Dada Plot Of Dada Plots

St. Dada Petersburg is loaded with Dada Egyptian artifacts. It's a Dada love affair that dates back to the early Dada Cairo nearly two centuries ago.

The Dada sphinxes are located on the shoreline of the Dada River Neva next to the Dada Academy of the Fine Arts bordering on Dada Universiteskaya Nabereshnaya.

It's been a Dada love affair between these two Dada countries not unlike between Dada Peter and Dada Catherine the Great and Dada Tutankhamon though several Dada millennia apart.

I pop my Dada ears and tuck in my Dada seat on a Dada Metrojet Flight 9268 flying back home to St. Dada Petersburg over the Sinai Dada Peninsula. I turn on my Dada Google eyeglasses and hear a faint Dada chatter with a familiar Dada accent,

Dada American voice #1:

OK! I hear the job is done. The sleeper Dada Islamist mechanic was able to get through.

Dada American voice #2:

Vlad Dada Putin will soon be on the spot. That'll teach him to spoil our chosen playground!

Dada Arab voice:

Yes, thank you very, very much,
Dada Allah is Great and in the name of Dada Mohammed,
May He Rest in Dada, He thanks you also.

Dada American voice #1:

Don't mention it Dada.

Dada American voice #2:

Hey, Dada! Job well done.

The Russians Dadas better believe Dada ISIS did it and that shall make them consider stop bombing our Dada terrorists.

Dada American voice #1:

Well, the name of the Dada game, is to confuse who does what Dada to Dada whom. Besides, what's 224 Dada deaths compared to making extra trillions of dollars in the military industrial Dada complex selling arms to all Dada sides for the next twenty Dada years and help with the butchery, Inshallah Dada!

Deafening Dada Dada Dada BOOM!

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

# A Mathematical Conjecture

Is when quasi-symmetric designs  
Reach two stage disjunctive testing  
Upon subtracting the discrete numbers.

They form systems of sets  
And cyclotomy of self orthogonal  
Codal length.

Now, I know this means little  
For those with a cerebral weakness  
For unevenly distributed sets of digits

However, were you faintly acquainted  
With algorithms solving for optimal  
Difference systems of sets

and line spreads you'd be avoiding  
such conflict of codes of length  
in finite geometries.

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

A Medical Synopsis Or Advance Notice

Thursday, May 28 2009 10: 30 AM

Office Visit with SHERRI, MD

(What a cute gal... AND married!)

DIAGNOSES:

Cornea scratch, (Current)

(That'll teach me to mess with pointy foliage and to
Never bend down amongst them without safety glasses)

Dyspnea (Current)

Burning in Bronchi (Old)

Hyperlipidemia (Current)

Depression, major, recurrent,
now in complete remission.

(Never listen or believe a woman who says she gave
her best years to you...
there' re many others willing to do it)

Polyp colon, cancerous, removed (Old)

Hypertension, sleep disorder & apnea (Current)

Heart attack (Old)

(What! ! ! You mean I'm a survivor... lol)
Wow, tell me Dr, how old was the attack?
She says at least 3 months. Up to a couple years.

Ok, I remember now, that's the last time we were
divorcing and she locked me out... lol

Vitals Blood Pressure: 146/87 (Current)

Pulse Rate: 60 (Current)

Temperature: 98.4 (Current)

Temp Source: Tympanic

Height: 5' 9' (1.753 m) (Current)

(I keep shrinking, it's an old number)

Weight: 232 lb 9.6 oz (105.507 kg) (Current)

(Can't lose an ounce, I just won't stop the Vodka!)

PATIENT INSTRUCTIONS

You have been referred for a heart test.
Please call after 12 noon the next business day
to schedule an appointment. Do labs tomorrow.
Start your blood pressure medication today.
Just take it easy for now, avoid strenuous activity
until I see you next time for your follow up and
we can talk about it more.

PATIENT RESPONSE

Ok, I did it all but I refuse to soil your finger and
I'd rather enter the Pearly Gates with
my underwear clean.

Now, if only I can find the keys
And drive myself to the dentist
To rip out my disintegrating bridge
And the two barely supporting rotting roots
What's left of my chewing capabilities.
The thought of being without Vodka
For the next 10 days because of the antibiotics
horrifies me.

OK, had the disintegrating bridge & teeth removed.
My gums are sewn up but didn't bleed to turnip.
And you know what?
Not a hint of worry since finding this out.
I mean the heart business.
And now that my cholesterol registers 145
I may die of hypoglycemia:
reading = above the bracketed numbers... lol
There goes my sweet tooth and Amaretto!
And now is the 5th day that I didn't yet make
a heart test appointment

Nothing like having an Advance Notice.

Alexandre Nodopaka

A Might've Been Pharaoh

One of my first serious girl friends,
of the marriable type,
was a mirror image of Zadie Smith

except she was half Egyptian
half Caucasian. Her Egyptian father
was somebody important in the

United Nations representing Egypt.
Her mother was in some comparable
position representing the US.

It all has to do with how I thought of her.
Pharaonically attractive. Sure we almost
married and had we gone to live in Cairo

I could've ended if not a Pharaoh then in
some Foreign Affairs Ministry. As it was
it turned out to be just a foreign affair.

Alexandre Nodopaka

A Miniature Portrait

The mind's eye
paints on wasli paper

No longer blank,
it's a moth on a pyre.

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

# A Moment Of Aloness

Transformed into a moment  
of loneliness  
There was this single bud  
waiting to open  
under the first rays  
of the sun  
to show her center

Why did I think of it as she  
I do not know  
Maybe because it was closer  
at that moment  
than you could be

And when she opened  
I entered her  
wanting your scent  
I felt very Zen  
and no longer alone.

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

A Mousy Story

I know I know
those fricken mice have guts.

Once upon a time
I cornered one and approaching it

with an open
shopping bag that bitch jumped

past the bag
straight at me now mind you

my hands were busy
holding the sac open so I had to use

my teeth
to bite her head off and I didn't get

any smarter by doing it.
Intelligence isn't something

you can chew on.

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

# A Nose For Priceless Finds

I was wondering if  
there ever was  
another artist that lost their ear  
to art  
when synchronicity stumbled  
my way in a thrift store.

It was a broken clay figurine  
that appeared to me  
of South American provenance.

I came to that conclusion  
judging by her foreshortened  
pear-like very fat legs  
small pierced tetons  
& an open mouth  
framed by painted red lips.

But it's her umbilicu  
more than her missing ear  
that attracted my attention  
as right through its core  
it had an opening &  
judging by the fat lip rimming it  
she must've had an outie.

Thank Tlazolteotl  
her mouth slit was horizontally  
the way it should be  
because since childhood  
I always had this preconception  
that the pudenda slit should match  
the South compass reading  
and not the level slit  
of their exotic eyes.

But in her case it was OK since  
her cranium was also hollowed with  
the objective to be a flower vessel

for pleasuring  
my Gallic proboscis.

So you ask what has this to do  
with the one-eared painter  
to which I say,  
Lucky he who hears only half  
her moans because he's too busy  
with his tongue  
feeling for his other ear.

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

A Nuclear Poem

I did not pass on the other side yet.
God is not ready for me.
I am still building the nose of the puppet.
Everything is fine & dandy on my side.
That's too bad! No miracles in sight yet!

I live as if nothing extraordinary
Will happen in this world.
Except maybe Israel will boom boom
Iran's nuclear toy making facilities
& another maybe is that Amerika

May try to convince India
To bomb Pakistan around the edges.
Just enough to show where the
Real power resides just in time for
A Christmas light show.

We do need a new star to guide us.

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

# A Painterly Opinion

Let it be known  
that in the eyes  
of certain gods  
everything you do  
in your painting  
is perfect

but in ours  
to which gods gave  
freedom of discernment  
they remark  
your technique  
is hesitant.

It is about  
the excessive  
bleeding magenta  
and the dotty impression  
your bristled soul  
projects.

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

A Paleontological Fine Line

I appreciate nature's way of painting.
She uses for substrate any organic
or man-made matter.

She does it naturally, seductively
and at times oh so lethally.
An ever-ready-to-bite apple

skillfully embedded in the weave
of a well-painted tableau tastes akin
to a Belgian linen canvas

and if poorly executed, its aftertaste
approximates cotton duck
made somewhere in the Far East.

That is the prime difference
between a filet mignon and
a Chateaubriand or London broil.

It's not only a matter of price
but the fine line separating
cannibals from carnal taste buds.

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

# A Pinch Of Grass

Patrolling the border  
is like drinking Tequila  
in a sieve.  
It's not only useless  
but counterproductive  
to employ  
uniformed guardians  
that aren't Yankee angels  
and would be more effective  
as masons and I don't mean Franc.

Well, ok gardeners,  
city sweepers, tile layers,  
housekeepers, food servers.  
How about some cilantro  
& a pinch of grass  
in your Taco, hombre!  
And if they must be jailed  
we send them to Mexico  
and pay for their room &  
board in pesos.

Hey gringos, get a life!

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

A Poem About Love Or The Things That Keep Us Together

are a source of irritation between her and me.
They are very small except they deal with
quantitative arithmetic.

For instance she understands allowing me
a head cover or two but she can't fathom
why I must have a dozen.

I tell her it's to cover as many occasions
the way she hoards shoes and purses
for every seasonal occasion.

Now in regard to potted shrubbery
I understand having a dozen but
one hundred and thirty is somewhat

excessive but since it's one of my form of
exercise besides climbing fifty times a day
the stairs to the second floor bringing her

morning coffee and sometimes love.
Of course it appears I have a green thumb
and the thought crossed my mind

why not raise five-leafers and make some
mullah on the side. Now back to why
I shuffle so much between the upstairs and

the downstairs is because of where
my office is while my studios,
yes I have also many, are mostly in the

garage and outdoors all around
the decks extending onto the boat
where my hammock is stretched.

I like my crotch ventilated when I'm

suspended between the poles reading
some important literature about what's

happening in the world, like who killed
whom and how many and whether the bodies
look like diced sashimi.

It's crucial information that keeps my
brain cells cycling round and round.
preventing their fossilization.

Sometimes I feel my thinking could
influence world events but then I know it's
the Vodka that makes me think like that.

Of course she tries to limit my consumption
of Russian spirits but I tell her there's no
spiritual growth without spirits.

Yes, we both laugh afterwards but less and less.
We're still together but less and less
on account of thirty-five years.

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

# A Poem About Nature

In Spain they squat  
in North Africa they stoop  
and most of Middle Europe

sits on their heels.  
All naturally.  
I remember in summer camp

crouching on hind legs  
over a communal hole  
watching pee recede

within the Sahara sand  
and me in full communion  
with Nature

whacking  
my face like a good Christian  
shooing Moslem flies away

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

A Poem That Moves

I like de-structured poems
and the process of taking apart
the semantics composing them.

I thus obtain a writing that relies
on low resolution terminology
describing a sculpture that moves.

I further dismantle the verbiage
that attempts to illustrate it by re-
composing it on my word processor.

I program sound to accompany
its reading and thus create a piece
I name, A Chorus of Intimate Pixels.

Then I recycle the whole in software
named coincidentally Goo
and the lyrics come alive.

In this day and age of
computer magic it's not difficult
to instill life and to act as a god.

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

# A Poet's Pageant

And why should I  
dry myself  
with veils of lights  
when vine grows wild  
to keep me  
moist and gay  
and why should I  
dig either end  
of a rainbow  
to seek riches

when instead  
by climbing  
its arches  
I can be the arrow  
the way  
nature intended  
me to be  
and maybe  
once there  
I may become a spider

spinning  
silver eternity  
or do as I do  
in my floating vessel  
and hug the waterfalls  
letting my ears  
fill with sounds  
of white froth and let  
Gibran's Procession  
veil my eyes

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

A Prologue For Susan Dobay's Voyage To China

A Prologue for Susan Dobay's Voyage to China
or One plus One equals One

Art is when an artist makes or uses a mistake
to make greater art. Mistakes are not mistakes.
They are that because we call them that.

Susan Dobay demonstrates this
by creating a greater art with what was named
a double exposure and the photographer

panicked thinking having ruined
two images and instead creates Art
that transcends biologically and

metaphysically and physiologically
metamorphosing through manipulation into one.
Here the artist introduces us to a modern China

by overlapping two fundamentally different thoughts
by combining two independent images
summing into one single greater one.

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

# A Proud Capitalist

he says he IS, he IS.  
And why not he intones  
when for every USA citizen lost  
to a terrorist attack

the enemy loses 10 thousands.  
Each enemy costs him  
100 thousand dollars and that's a  
cheap price to pay.

Because that price tag  
comes back home ten-fold  
by selling arms to that same enemy  
again and over again.

No! No! Don't nuke them!  
Help feed them  
so they keep growing 10-fold.  
Vive Capitalism!

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

A Rock Solid Poem

The age of any rock lifted off the surface of the earth is approximately 4.5 billion years old. I position it carefully on a iron anvil making sure I wedge some earthquake tack around to steady it. I put on my clear safety glasses, lift my 5 pound sledgehammer and whack the rock.

I hope no billion year old flints flies my way as I don't want to be blinded in a millisecond. Especially not after that rock has laid peacefully for such eons of time. The rock pulverizes into smithereens. I analyze the leftovers and realize that time has not changed that rock. It hasn't evolved one iota as far as I can tell. Super slow metabolism!

Amazing that rock stood still for such a long time period. Next time you pick up a pebble think that it takes a millisecond to destroy 4.5 billions years. Don't reflect much on yourself because on such time scale humans have been around only the last 3 seconds and that's the poetry of it and what one writes is relevant only when pitted against timeless metaphors.

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

# A Russian Firebird Lands In France

I find myself inside an enclosed ghetto  
fenced in by industrial chicken wire.  
On the other side, traffic and liberty  
circulate at will.

Lining the streets  
with utterly decrepit wooden matchstick fronts  
all the houses are uninhabited.  
I desperately search  
for an exit but no matter how much I look  
there's none  
and with no one around to ask  
I feel utterly lost.

From outside the fence  
nobody pays attention to my calls for help.  
I'm late for my appointment  
with the movie director.  
She promised an important role  
thanks to my multilingualism.

Suddenly I'm sandwiched  
in the midst of a massive crowd of strolling actors.  
They move along and to my surprise  
speak a cultured Russian.  
By their distinguished faces I recognize  
they belong to the aristocratic class  
but not one pays attention to me.

I try moving past them  
but the crowding is overwhelming.  
I decide to fly and with great exertion I levitate  
above the crowd and flutter forward.

The tips of my wings flap  
next to the ceiling which complicates matters worse  
because right below it  
electric wires crisscross indiscriminately.  
I avoid them by weaving in between



or by bomb diving.

My progression is painfully slowed  
until I reach the front of the crowd and when  
I finally land in the film director's feathered lap  
I'm a flaming Russian Firebird

She bends over, deep kisses me and out of breath  
says my armpits smell like a Frenchman's.  
Which verifies my pretentious  
Napoleonic leftover lineage on my mother's side.

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

A Scientific Mind And Poetry

Scientists' minds are organically geared
for the brevity of a formula
and whether their poetry reflects that

rule of thumb is exemplified in their poems.
Reading their stanzas is evaluating
their transpiration.

Of course one could have ADD
or OCD and run-on spiels which
brings me to this one particular poem.

Just wondering if its stanzas might read
better in the third person and whether
their author would dare to incorporate

some highfalutin explanations
explaining in compound exponential functions
and formulaic modes of expression.

Having said this, the temptation to
make a poem from the above is irresistible.
I intend to build on my corollary and

make it into a hors d'oeuvre poem
loaded with caviar innuendos sprinkled with
4D trigonometric metaphors.

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

# A Screwy Poem

Each of your images is a miracle  
Waiting to have its nuts tightened.

The screwy part I like  
Is your asymmetrical point of view.

Were I able to loosen myself  
I would right my iconoclasm

And have my chef d'oeuvres  
Appear more holistically iconic

With Byzantine parcel-gilt oklads  
Surrounding an egg tempera

Virgin Mary and Jesus baby

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

A Sign From Heaven

Living in the apartment
below
I thought the brown streaks
running down my walls
were manna from heaven
but no, it's about the guy
living above me
who put a brick in his toilet
teaching me
to think above my station

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

## A Situation At Hand

I wish you had met her  
like my father did  
that certain day he peed  
against an old oak tree.

His loose woody now  
roams freely the Heavens  
and I bet is stiff as mine  
except his is in Her hand.

He was an unbeliever.  
He taught me to doubt  
anyone claiming to hold  
four asses in their hand.

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

A Sliver In The Life Of An Instant

And time is off, and space is away... Anna Akhmatova

The man looks back on his life realizing that now that it's almost over he's positively amazed by how much he actually accomplished in such a short span of 78 times 365 days.

Every time he stands before the microwave oven waiting for the minute to be up he thinks to himself that's one minute less to live but five more minutes to enjoy his coffee.

God knows how many seconds he whiled away. It's not that he survived WW II by wallowing most of the beginning of his earliest life in its midst but he also survived the North African revolution. He doesn't even count

the Watts rioting upheavals. He ducked the Viet Nam war for 6 and one half years by becoming a military instructor instead of a foot soldier. He figured it's better to teach how to kill than being killed.

Sort of a variant of Red instead of Dead. He hardly remembers his one story fall on a cement floor or his three broken ribs with the bones of his right hand buried deep inside his palm or his fall head first

from a 10 foot ladder toppling over a three-foot railing of an elevated granite-pavers deck. He glances at the Foreign Affairs magazine headlines, Stay Ahead of the News and laughs his head off.

He'd rather create his own news. None of that fake baloney of late. He has 4 dental appointments in January with 2 in February for his heart and colon. This isn't Watergate these are real plumbing jobs.

More of his art is scheduled to be published in the next 3 months in five journals. He's booked solid through March. He thinks he better live till then. Too much to miss if he doesn't. Meanwhile he dreads

mornings. Something in the pit of the stomach churns the moment his eyes distinguish dawn. He forces himself up. Does his meds and makes extra coffee to serve later to his legal concubine of 42 years.

And the moment his head starts filling with the trivia of the day

he begins feeling normal until the next morning when the same feelings recommence but he hopes for a fresh story.

Alexandre Nodopaka

A Sunday On The Grande Jatte

For a long time Georges and I argued about colors in our paintings. My quarrel was that a minimalist quantity mattered while my friend insisted at length to the contrary.

Umpteen years later we realized we talked about different units of measurement. I, the thickness of paint. He, the number of dots. And to prove it he painted that famous public park in fifty versions with

the last one the dullest. He drew charts upon charts to prove his point, pardon my pun, to the point that I saw only moving dots before my eyes. But it didn't matter to the future great artist he was to become.

In spite of my kibitzing telling him that the hats on the ladies heads were over the top because it was a sporty outdoors scene and that the scene had too much visual verticality and needed a few beach goers in striped

T-shirted boxer shorts with others in prone positions on their backs. Hands under their heads, legs crossed, knee over knee. Nah! Georgie didn't pay one frickin iota of attention to my mumblings.

Besides, I also told him the landscape didn't have any dynamic feel and that the density of the hues was much too even and too subdued in intensity and that only the darker foreground saved his ass.

Well, ok, the perspective is OK. But I tell you, those color dots drove me crazy. And that miniature yapper next to the monkey! Monkey? That's monkey business! I'd report that woman for monkey-beating,

frowned-upon form of sexual self-harassment. Finally, nobody gives a shit about philosophy in art or its virtual optics or the psychological influences of color vision, nor its relationship to the other senses, nor

the role it plays in our understanding of the outside world All this, is all too much for a quiet pubic park. There's no way artists will jump on his polka-dot wagon unless there is a rump underneath.

~~~



Alexandre Nodopaka

# A Time To Mend

Angels and devils share their images  
between meetings.  
Everyone engages in their own tour  
attempting to transcript the environment,  
their vision of Paradise, their vision of Hell.

Some have old film 36 single exposures,  
others have progressed and digitized  
their records. The subjects are varied,  
but the traversed territories join between  
the ethereal and the volcanic.

Monuments and crosses in both all figure  
on contact sheets. Their habitat is one of  
common concerns: the cloud,  
its square yards.  
The abyss with its plasma, its depth.

It is the home that has been  
much photographed.  
But so is also the place of life.  
Its hallways, common areas.  
Its private quarters.

The family. In other words the home-  
real or imaginary as in a dream.  
Because both angels and devils dream.  
Through sometimes stolen moments,  
Heaven as well as Hell are very present.

The angels and the devils workshop  
is seen as a moment of breathing.  
Time, parallel to the ongoing struggle  
for their integration. Construction time,  
reflection and exchange

in which everyone freely expresses  
their sensitivity,  
beyond the language barrier.

A time to mend.

~ ~ ~

Alexandre Nodopaka

# A Twisted Mind

I am content  
when contortions  
of metaphors  
align brain matter  
like canned sardines  
in military alignment  
and raise an imaginary  
literati flag above  
my comprehension

Fortunately  
your poem  
inspired mine  
but left yours  
without  
an intelligent  
repartee  
to match  
its loftiness

Alexandre Nodopaka

# A Verbal Tour De Metaphor

He's unafraid of experimentation  
His verbal arsenal is a real treat.  
The power he belts out through his lyrics  
combines prayer and a call to arms.

He pits comma against colon.  
Distributes periods like machine gun bullets.  
Doesn't bother to close sentences.  
Splits phrases with slashes and dashes

putting Ezra Pound to shame  
and to me it doesn't matter if it's true.  
He plays his stanzas like jazzy Klezmer  
where meaning and sound collide.

Wordy claustrophobic metaphors pit  
against incongruous settings worthy of  
Magritte or anamorphous flat cubist  
conglomerations by Juan Gris

a.k.a. José Victoriano González-Pérez. and  
look, this is simply a complex play on word  
worthy of a painting or a poem or it's just  
plain intellectual volvulus twisting.

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

A Victorian Chair

I knew of your lower
nearly perfect limbs.

But now wonder
about your upper.

Arched
they remind me

of an acrobat
rainbowing backward.

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

# A Virginal Affair

My car and I had the thrill  
to drive through the Wawona Tree  
in Yosemite Valley eons ago.

It was a virginal experience  
for the both of us, especially for  
my 1957 Ford Fairlane azul blue

convertible, white vinyl upholstery  
and gold plated chrome trims.  
My car entered her

his white walls screaming  
leaving behind wisps of spinning  
white smoke with me inside.

An aureoled devil.

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

A Wannabe Sisyphus

Last week
I was a giant
lifting uphill a ton.

Suddenly
a crushing pain
in lower back.

From that moment
I was less
than an imp

unable to roll
downhill not even
a feather.

Alexandre Nodopaka

A Wench Before Me

He wrote
a beautiful poem.
I mean the turn
of sentences he twisted
gave my mind a torticoli.

As for me the visual
of Charlie Chaplin
hopping
2 wrenches in his hands
counter clock wise

cranking 2 smallish tetons
kept miraging in front
of the white canvas
in the cinemascope
of my eyes.

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

## A Would-Be Literati Epicurean

I'm sorry or is it excuse me that I speak Russian  
with a slight French accent.

That language is to me a most sophisticated of tongues.

My 2 aunties are to blame with whom I lived in Kiev.

They spoke to me only in that language and Russian,  
my other mother tongue, with a kartavit effect

which is pronouncing the letter r with the soft palate  
vibrating on the back of the tongue. Parrisian style!

Thank God I didn't pick that up even though  
I brazenly wear three solid sterling bracelets  
on my left wrist.

One never knows when one would have to fend  
oneself off in some dark alleys and that would make  
a good flail.

I am in the habit of visiting such places  
while looking for objets trouvés for my art.

In any case I assure you I never thought I was a snob  
until marrying one from Hillsboro  
when she began calling me a French one.

All because I so often quoted Jean Jacques Rousseau  
and Voltaire, Descartes and Montaigne and not least  
La Fontaine. Even at times De Gaulle who said  
the famous *Après moi le déluge!*

I never quoted Victor Hugo. Too proletarian for me!

Until then I didn't know I acted with such panache.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# About Cloudy Literati Reflections

and by the way  
today  
i don't wear  
my toga  
because in his poem  
the bard speaks of God

but i promise  
as i have but one robe  
that upon getting it back  
from the Purgatory Cleaners

i'll return to your gl  
ass reflection,  
yes, that poet also speaks  
of vitrines,

and this wordy mirror  
to the poem arguing  
the telly vs. the showy  
i say in the same  
cerebral breath  
or is it convulsion  
that i recalled the dictum  
of Stéphane Mallarmé,

The essence of an artwork,  
unsubstantial and  
of a higher order,  
lies precisely in  
what is not expressed:  
it is the impact,  
the result of lines  
without color or words;  
it has no material being.

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

About Not Understanding

You managed for me to see it here or
if I couldn't manage to go see it there.

I did and can't make head or tail of it or
of whatever it is though I think that

after a while the meanings will sink in
but right now they simply intermingle

and do not meld as you expected me
to expect in spite of my surrender.

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Above As Below

A cumulus swell

over

laps

a landscape surf

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

Absinthe Minded

Distracted
at the end of the bar
by a could-be might-be mistress
in distress
in a stage of advanced
mental undress

for a moment absent
professor-like I forget
to caress
her licorice-filled .

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Abstract Art

is but random dots  
lines  
for that matter scribbles  
that interconnect  
3 dimensionally  
and when viewed  
from a certain Earth angle  
they appear real  
when in fact  
they are virtual when  
laid flat  
on a flat canvas  
before it is canvas  
or even flat.  
The man picks up  
his conch shell cell phone  
and virtually echoes  
to the virtual world  
his non-creation.

Alexandre Nodopaka



# Abstract Spiritual Expressionism

1. Existence of God.
2. Life after death.
3. Channeling.
4. Life in other dimensions.

IT IS ALL BULLSHIT!

But is it Abstract Expressionist art?

Throw it at a fan and see what happens...  
instant Expressionist Spiritual Abstract art!

Hee Haw,  
Hee Haw, Hee  
Hee Haw

1. The existence of God?  
Here today, gone tomorrow.  
What's gone is gone.  
Charles de Gaul said it before me...  
'Après moi, le Déluge '

2. Life after death?  
No! NO! You got it wrong!  
It is Death after Life!

3. Channeling?  
Channeling to where?

4. Life in other dimensions?  
This dimension is OK by me.

Throw paint at a fan and see what happens...  
Instant Expressionist Spiritual Abstract art!

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

Ace Of Hearts

I ain't goin' nowhere
And that frickin' raven
Ain't gonna make me write
No Poe poem

Nor this goddam bridge
Ain't goin' nowhere either
Not even straddling
Sarah Palin's arse to Russia

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Acquiring Old Books

No, I buy outdated text.  
No! Not out of date.  
Simply ancient.

Not old in terms of antiquity  
But dated in the sense of when  
They were originally published.

It's not like expecting Henry Miller  
To be obsolete any time soon  
It's that his early novel,

The Colossus of Maroussi,  
Was published nearly  
Three quarter of a century ago.

I was one year old then.  
Well, it's not that I was old,  
It's that it took me time, like wine,

For aging, and to record  
This writing into posterity.  
Well, at least until my demise

Which by the way is the extent  
Of my personal eternity.  
Well, this essay started being about

The longevity of the printed word.  
Not any etched word, mind you!  
Just this particular 1941 edition

That lasted nearly seventy years  
Until it fell into my possession  
And my having forgotten it

For over a month on my boat  
Exposed to the natural elements  
While I was away on vacation

Checking lord Byron footsteps in  
Paris and Venice when upon my return  
I discovered the book soaked and

Green with literati fungi  
Who appreciate the organic constitution  
Of the paper if not its literati content.

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

Action Painting

Oh, but I do
want
to paint you
in vermilion

with
my six-shooter
and stir
your gallon snatch

Forget Jackson Pollock
and Expressionism
They are passé
I want some

action painting
with paint balls
and moving
target-twats

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Adult Confessions

The bunny hill lift to Heaven  
is closed not on account of  
the lack of snow or end of season

but because of the absence  
of patrons who rather fancy their faulty  
spiritual aspirations to sizzle

in the passion of Satan's  
flaming Spring embraces. Meanwhile  
this young woman settles

for copulating nimbostratus virga  
and sanctifying romanticism  
above carnal feasting.

Recoiling, rising from my tomb,  
I roll away the stone and skillfully  
reach for her divine fault.

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

Ah! Woman, Woman

The witching hour has not nor may never arrive as neither six nor nine have joined nor formed Ying Yang.

The enchanting hour exists only in our illusory realm

Soixante neuf ne sont

pas arrivés! L'heure enchanteresse n'existe que dans nos imaginations.

The invitation

will forever stand in my remembrance as you permit me to engorge your mind.

Let us not reach the brink of impossible returns where only broken dreams would greet us. Neither you nor I seek temporary gratification in our search for oneness. Woman searches for oneness in such wondrous ways that man will never comprehend.

Yet our wordy foreplay are so tantalizing

that my tongue delight in your moist

seasonings of which only

your exotic mind

could give

a

h

i

n

t

v! v

For you I shall become a herbivore and smell fragrances emanating from your fissures while I crave yet delay carnal knowledge. I relish your undulating and trembling folds and lap

at your fountain of youth while once again I shed centuries as I renew.

So how does one pave an already gilt river with fresh spun

silk seasoned by eons and still make it a virgin

territory to conquer, ravish and relish

la blancheur laiteuse de ta gorge

without leaving traces

of my fangs.

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka



# All Dressed Up

You mean I've been all dressed up,  
cologned, nostril and ear hair trimmed,  
pimples vacuumed, clean underwear  
everything bathed and rinsed inside out  
and now you are not coming for me?

I even thought of being your sugar daddy  
but now that I see that you don't want to be my slut  
does that mean that you want to marry me  
and make me a bigamist.

Hm! On second thought I started misting  
just at the thought that at first you must be

seduced,  
won over,  
blinded by love,  
conquered  
dominated,  
gagged,  
bound

and only then you may believe my empty promises

and only then

I can have you?

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

All Roads Lead To Rome

In spite of her left-leaning philosophy
along Ho Chi Min trail she fled Hanoi
so she wouldn't have to eat no more
thousand-year-old Egg Fu Young
she felt too young and craved for them no more

She had a penchant for the dolce vita
Fearlessly came to Pisa
and gorged on Pizza Hut next to its tower
never minding its right wing leaning

thousand-year-old egg

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Allah's Jewels

My hot & sour lunch soup disappearing at fast slurps` □  
I glean some erudition from two books.

One written in German about Syrian antique jewelry  
the other about Allah in Farsi, an alien language  
I know only superficially though I am familiar with  
important three & four-letter words like  
Tbri ana ee huik nta in Shleuh Berber dialect  
which in French means what the English learned  
when traveling abroad to ask a lady of the night.

Well, I'm fibbing because metaphysically I know  
next to nothing about it except what Zoroastrians  
and Sufis shared in books of learning.

The former spelled it in mystic jargon and the latter  
waltzed me with spinning knowledge and since it's hard  
to listen while you and the speaker are whirling  
given such information reaches you blip-blinking  
like on a skipping unformatted disk recording-din-ding.

Hurried reading caused me to spill a bit of soy sauce  
in my Styrofoam dish therefore accidentally  
if not synchronistically creating a happy face.  
Undaunted by signs from above by the Almighty  
I tilted the plate thus forming new pools of sauce  
but this time I made the faces decidedly skeptic.

Yet what I resented most during the process was that I felt  
like an antique shmuck when it came to the 72 virgins  
and by the time I read Allah's one third of His 99 names  
the ciphers went through my ears as if I had no head.

Mind you it was not the matter of their meaning.  
It was the darn curlicued calligraphy that went far beyond  
the subject and I suspect hashish had something to do  
with it when Eureka! I understood, in Hellenic at that,  
that He meant it to be since He also spoke Greek.

~ ~ ~

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Ambidextrous

I paint wishes  
With my left hand  
With my right  
I take a pee

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

An Allegorical Creation

The apple copulates
with the orange
and they birth a god

The previous deities
didn't know
how to merge the two

because each spoke
in incommensurable
metaphors

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

# An Annoying Sore Of A Poem

The rare times I eat steak  
a piece of meat wedged between  
two of my already sparse teeth.  
It must've happened a few days ago  
because I didn't feel it until  
the soreness hit my mandibles..

Of course I immediately went  
to the dentist to assess my fang problem.  
At the same time I thought to have  
a sort of mini-mouth remodeling  
to improve on my yellowing smiles.  
To my puzzlement the dentist

kept spewing numbers to his assistant  
feverishly taking notes.  
Now SHE was more than pretty  
with a dazzling row of teeth  
straight out of a Hollywood commercial.  
That's exactly what I wanted I mumbled.

The final dollar tally, without delving  
into the gory details was over 11k.  
No wonder I love my over-the-border  
compadres. For the money I would've spent here  
it paid 6 months of vacationing over there  
and had my teeth done to boot.

Sadly they all fell out 3 months  
after I returned.  
Well, this is just another poem  
I ought to submit to Rattle  
to the attention of Alan Fox.  
Maybe at last I'll be published.

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

An Awkward Reading

Of your poem
Wanting to move this
Over there
& From there over here.

Maybe I'll write my own
Tongue-tied verse.
So what's this about
Trump coffee.

Is it red as his hair
& Can he read coffee beans
The way he bluffs
And puffs his name.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Anadyomene Or The Birth Of Venus

Balancing upright, leaning forward in a shy
but invitingly seductive stanza, her left foot
delicately rests over the rim of the shell.
She steers her vessel. The slender beauty's back,

a sail,

her ass blown by sizzling hot Zephyr winds.
I remember! I was the male model when
Sandro and I were young and brash and
enamored with things from the sea. Ah! Youth!
And judging by the wavelets,

Venus moves

toward the shore in elegant insouciant steadiness,
her left hand veiling her barnacle-encrusted pudenda.

Pudenda?

My ass!

Her twat!

Yes, her snapper.

I imagine Lorenzo di Pierfrancesco de' Medici
overwhelmed by the shell instead of the figure
because he was a collector of the earlier, especially
after pigging out on a plateful of scallops
dipped in butter, salt and garlic with a generous

squeeze of lemon.

When Boticelli painted her, I stood behind him
whispering much unwanted recommendations.
But the painter was never disturbed by my kibitzing.
We remained friends long after, in spite of the later
suggestion by Vasari that his version was some other

artwork.

I know better. I remember the artist,
head over heel for Simonetta Cattaneo Vespucci,
a chick who lived in a town by the sea not far from
where Sandro lived.

The painting, nothing like Rimbaud's certain poem

about a decrepit Venus.

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

## And It Was The Knowing That Did It

By the time I was 12 years old I had been an avid reader with little interest in fluff fiction except for Inspecteur Maigret and Hercule Poirot detective stories. By then I had read complete books and readers' digests 'excerpts from the world classical literature. Of course when I say complete books it is in the same sense I was not 12 years old but was precisely 11-and-a-half-years-old and was already acutely aware that speaking in percentages was more precise than speaking in approximations.

And it was the knowing of it that did it.

My other fixation on estimations was to fill my shelves with books. At that stage of my socio-psychological mental development I abhorred voids by lining up books alpha numerically and by author, positioned them vertically and when an empty space necessitated by the absence of sufficient books to fill it and though I preferred to keep them upright but in such times was forced to lay them flat. I made sure the spine faced out for ease of reading of titles. I formed stacks sufficiently high to prevent the adjoining tomes from falling over. Sometimes I broke my own rules and propped a book at an angle but then I thought it was quite creatively abstract as I was very much into contemporary art at the time also and abstract was in like a flint.

And it was the knowing of it that did it.

Therefore keeping everything horizontal and orthogonal to each other than interrupted by an occasional an slant was more than a convenience. Later in life such conditions led me naturally to an engineering profession where everything for the sake of simplicity was at straight angles despite the curvature of the universe. The collecting of books in those times, as I remember, was as valuable as shirts were and for a lost button or a torn page one lost a weekend's privileges. Nor would one dare discard them just because of a missing button or a binding or a page the way we do today.

And it was the knowing that did it.

From the wages of rewards and fear and good behavior allowances I bought books one at a time. Not the way I do now, by the bagful, for one dollar at the Friends of the Libraries, where upon eagerly awaited occasions I give free reign to my literary obsessions and wheel out a cart full of books, which I donate back within 6 months hardly having read any of them because I already had done so. Of course I mostly read these from local biblios, which does not compare to owning hardbound first editions copies one can refer to at one's leisure something one hardly does nowadays on account of everything being available on personal computer search engines. One thing I regret for sure is that the large over-size coffee table books made excellent paperweights, something the pixels cannot replace since quite often I use books as paperweights to hold freshly bound covers glued flat.

And it was the knowing that did it.

So that one time I chose a book I have read umpteen years ago where Dostoyevski experiments in self-hypnosis that reminded me of my own early dabbling in metaphysics. Attempting to duplicate the famous author I was able, after much practice, to do it almost at will until that one time, I stepped behind the mirror and lost my way back. From that point onward I decided to never do it again because as you would have it, upon lighting a candle in the dark and positioning it under my chin I looked a flickering ghoul that hypnotized itself and traversing the mirror my spirit exited the other side.

And it was the knowing that did it.

And as I tried to catch and put it back where it belonged I gasped from fright. It was my first ever, conscious out-of-body experience. The occurrence was frightening but I was sufficiently curious to practice it again several times over the next few weeks whereas I would enter the mirror in small incremental steps. Then came a time I became totally secure in my virtual travels because each time I would find my way back until one night my spirit saw itself in the mirror behind the mirror and again I wasn't sure which of me was the real me as pinching became real on either side.

And it was the knowing that did it.

The following years I experimented further when upon falling asleep I would leave my body and fly instantaneously incredible distances and at great heights and at a speeds exceeding the one of thought by simply extending my arms. Yet I would land like a gracious bird on any terrain until that one time when I flew so high I lost sight of the earth. That was the last time I flew because I sensed I became either atomically small or astronomically large and did not know which I was.

And it was the not knowing that did it.

Then there was that time I told a friend in great detail of the dream I had the preceding night and she, upon listening till the end of it without interruption told me she dreamt the same and from the details of hers I knew hers were identical to mine, which I didn't share with her. And then I knew we were together in that one solitary dream.

And it was the knowing that did it.

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

And So I Start The Day

"I'm just sick of ego, ego, ego.
My own and everybody else's.
I'm sick of everybody that wants
to get somewhere, do something
distinguished and all, be somebody
interesting. It's disgusting." J. D. Salinger

I f#\$king can't believe
it's 322PM
on a frickin Sunday.

I simply wallowed
in bed
until noon
and if it weren't
for my Rx regimen
I would've floundered
the rest of the day
with the frickin news
on the TV
in the background.

I mean it's about
the assassination
of Jamal Khashoggi.
From what I understand
it's the 3rd murder
with two Arabian jerks
in the US.

Basically Trump
declared
open hunting season
on political detractors
in preparation
for his own
similar activities
here in the US.
In which case

I feel it's OK
to have him
or any of his relatives
and goons
put down.

I'll spit virtually
just because of the distance
on their graves.

What really woke me
is sitting at the PC
and reading
my inspirational
if not motivational emails.

This one spells
"All that happens to us,
including our humiliations,
our misfortunes,
our embarrassments,
all is given to us
as raw material,
as clay,
so that we may shape
our art."

So I mold it
and mold it
until
it gets under my nails
if not my skin.

And I say, Shit!
I've been doing this
all my life and
I'm getting
nearly 79 in January.

And that's a lot
of frickin years
if you know what I mean.

And like Hemingway said
Forget your personal tragedies
Good writers always
come back.
Always.

Then for some reason
Toni Morrison
popped in my mind
with her
"There is no time for despair,
no place for self-pity,
no need for silence,
no room for fear.
We speak, we write,
we do language.

So I'm tossing this idea
to instead of writing
and being alone
in that tedious
and lonely hobby
is to go to the beach.

I like it when it's overcast
and kind of dark
and the ocean
is turbulent
like it's supposed to be now.
And watch in black and white
the seagull guano splatters
with their intricate
white
impressionistic designs

It's October you know.

Yeah sometimes
under the fog is so heavy
and so quietly silent
and smooth

like the back
of a sexy chick
and here goes my hand
following the wave
of her spine
going up and down
from her neck
downward
counting her vertebrae
and now it rises
on her back cheek
and cups
her butt
smooth as butter.

I better wake up!

Alexandre Nodopaka

Angioplasty For A Madman

From between thighs
his liquefied soul oozes out.
The process distracts me and
draws my gaze to his breast.

His left nipple,
circled by an indelible marker,
shows clearly as target.
Pencil in hand I pierce

his belly button.
Rush far up his rib cage
until I reach his heart
and in spite of his dismayed stare

I engrave with the pointy lead
a very long prescription.
Notwithstanding
his trapped expression,

the man lost control
of his bladder
and the perfect crease
of his pants.

Where a perfect screw up
for a smile used to be
now his droopy mouth foretells
heart problems.

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Arcane Graffiti

I started this writing  
on the back of pale blue envelope  
whose hue reminded me of a dusk sky  
that lingers right now over the horizon.

Cogitating about the contents  
to seal inside I thought why not  
scribble my opinions  
graffiti style  
and in that matter of course  
I would have to invent some arcane style  
that not even Da could have.

Then I would write all over the out  
sides of the sides and the top of the lid  
but nothing  
I mean absolutely nothing on the in  
sides of the coffin or its cover  
so that in a distant archeological future

all that would be left of the pine slats  
would be fossilized stone  
and serve as metaphor  
that for something to be saved  
it may have to be carved in stone.

There is an assumption of permanency  
in the feel of granite  
and a sense of archival conservation  
in big words  
that reminds me of Moses and God  
which reminds me I wrote of both.

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

Archangel Dog In The City Of Angels

Doctors have invented the most exquisite form of torture
ever known to man... survival. Luis Bunuel

Dressed in a tutu cinching shiny tuxedo pants
and wagging his tail, he rides a bicycle down
La Cienega Avenue.

The red and blue clown shoes on his paws
semaphore with each turn of the pedals.
That is how he journeys the famous boulevard

of the arts in Los Angeles.
Riding sidesaddle to prevent his manly treasure
from being crushed by an accidental fall

he nearly misses the recessed driveway curb
to the entry of his art gallery exhibit.
Bouncing back, from behind him, the wheel

of a horse drawn cabriolet runs over him.
Yes it happens in the early nineteen hundreds.
The driver stops to look the bicyclist in the eye.

To assure himself the rider is still alive
he swings his arm handling the whip and slices
the eyes of the cyclist with the cracker of the flog.

With dead eyes the disfigured bicyclist stares
in horror and is startled by a miracle.
He props himself up. Woofs twice.

Grows wings instead of eyelids
and with a last potent flutter flies off into
a cowboy flaming sunset.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Arghh! Arghh! Screeched The Crow

People don't care
about the modernity
of contemporary art

Arghh!

since they teach their children
they can do better scribbles themselves

Arghh... ha!

Well a few like Klee & Kandinski
excelled at mimicking them

Arghh!

and by the way I diligently buy
the under \$5 chefs d'oeuvres on eBay.
I bet 100's of children during the year
make headstands and scream

Arghh! Arghh!

I sold my first artwork at auction!
Well, it's my way
of supporting burgeoning jackdaws.

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Art Serendipity

Art Serendipity

is walking the sidewalks  
and realizing  
abstract art  
has been with us  
before we called it that.

Every crack  
in the stone  
and every splash of water  
filling it  
defines random forms  
and paths  
guiding that art movement.

My favorite symbols  
have been made  
for millenniums  
by seagull guano  
on the macadam  
of parking lots and  
seashore rocks  
before Jackson Pollock  
was conceived  
in the eye  
of an art-crazy god.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Art That Transcends

Art is when an artist  
Makes or uses a mistake  
To make greater art

Mistakes are not mistakes  
They are that because  
We call them that

The artist demonstrates this  
By creating a greater art  
With what used to be called

A double exposure and  
The photographer panicked  
Thinking having ruined

Two images instead creates  
Art that transcends  
Biologically and Metaphysically

And physiologically  
Metamorphosing into a greater one  
By overlapping two thoughts

The combining of two images  
Summing them  
Into a unified whole.

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

As Nearly Found On A Wall Of A Loo

I ascend from my throne
take off my tiara
shed all my clothes

and give you my Queendom

for, Oh Lord, this is how
you created me
O Lord, I Am Who You Are

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka



# As Time Goes By

As time goes bye & bye  
I look at how things were.  
Dramatically more up

both for her and for me  
yet we must settle  
for the new much less

upstanding if not droopy look  
with on the one hand  
much hair flowing less

I'm dramatically surprised  
by how things look  
from a sun setting horizon.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# As To Where Do Hearing Aids Go

Upon the demise of their owners  
picked my curiosity.  
I listened to pedestrian explanations  
portending higher philosophical aspirations.

Of them all,  
the only one that struck my hammer wrong  
was that God wanted them to better hear  
the Truth.

But I know better and so did they.  
The hard of hearing took their aural devices  
so they could listen to angels gossip  
about more interesting subjects.

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

Ask Ded Moroz

My father and I always bonded.
My mother was aloof since my birth
though I can't really remember.
People sense that I am lovable.

Is my heart communicating this
to others through some
unfathomable cosmic beat?
I worry about how to make

the most of my time because when
I'm not completing something
during the day I have this sense
of emptiness and dissatisfaction.

There is no pleasure in waiting
for things to happen. The waiting
is a long thread that pulls through
your body, holding the needle

pointing at you on the other side
of you. Is that the silver cord?
Can you help me with work
but not money since I am

immensely rich?
What does it mean to be
a stepfather? How can I live
with such a large art collection

and so many books? How can I
end a non-existent affair?
Am I watching too much television?
How can I help others make peace

with past trauma? And no, it's not
about me. Could this be considered
poetry? Won't you tell me? Well,
I think Ded Moroz is a real bad ass.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Asphyxiation By Cheese-Boarding

The suspended block of goat cheese
in the pit smelled so bad there was no
escape from it. Even the old makeshift

too short of a ladder propped against
the wall must have been made for a
French gnome and the enclosure

was so high the sky couldn't be
seen except for a small dot way out above
as far as my Yankee eye could see.

So pungent and oppressive was the smell
issuing from two opposite openings
where the rope was threaded to form

a yoke that I felt I was odor-boarded
in payback fashion for my Iraq misdeeds.
Help! No Exit wrote Jean Paul Sartre

as he was kissing Simone.

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

# At A Glance

In the world of Einstein  
where speed  
slows everything

the smallest mosaic  
fits everything  
of cosmic size

in a glance

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

At Some Time Or Other

I like what I do.
Mostly it is at other times.
Those times when I sense
I achieve something.

Of course achieving
means finishing.
Usually it happens
when I run out of space

on the surface I work.
What concerns me right now
is how much space
I have left

in my mind and whether
there's enough left
for my inane thoughts.
Inane because the other ones

I already have put down
either on paper or
virtual screens or
even accidentally

on tangible things
like porcelain, or wood,
or clay, or canvas or plain
white spaces

that for some reason
are always available
on the pages
that carry advertising.

It's like their maker
had me in mind.

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka



# At The Louvres

I overheard Venus de Milo  
whisper,  
Of what use is my beauty  
if I can't hold onto you.

Glancing back thinking  
she was speaking to me  
I turned on my heels  
and put my arms around her.

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

Ataraxia

Masticating
her words

Ruminating
each letter

I think
of Epicurus

and gas-
tronomical

poly-
andry

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

## Autobiographical Tidbits #2: Castle In The Sky

I saw it not in my country of birth  
but my third country of emigration.  
That country was Morocco.  
I was seven years when I clambered  
round my first mosque.

From then on I have been living  
on cloud nine of my memories.  
Of course I don't exactly remember  
how I felt then, except that I played  
with what to me was my own

castle in 1947.  
I don't remember ever seeing anyone  
but my lone self climbing daily  
the sloping ramps  
of the Hassan Tower.

Well, I take it back.  
I met some soothsayers at its foot.  
More on those another time.  
All along the climb I'd peek out  
the tall narrow openings and take in

not the breathtaking views  
but the height I climbed.  
Once at the very top I'd crawl  
on my belly and elbows  
to its crumbling edges and look

straight down  
one hundred and forty feet.  
At that age it amounted to twice  
an adult's height.  
I don't even remember

being impressed nor knew  
that its construction dated to 1195.  
As a matter of fact

the square minaret was my personal  
sandbox

just a few minutes running distance

from where I lived with my parents.

At the Hotel Mon Plaisir.

Unbeknownst to them at the time,

a by the hour house of pleasures.

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

Autobiographical Tidbits #3: Académie Française

August 1947. I am 7 years old. We debark in Casablanca from a 4-day voyage that started with a long wait in the United Nations Displaced Persons camps in Austria.

We traveled by train through France to Marseilles and on to Africa by ship. I see my first whale in the Atlantic. Rommel by now is kaput and the Sahara is there for me to conquer.

My imagination goes wild. I adapt the best I can. I came with already 3 languages in my vocabulary except the one spoken around me. French.

After a couple of months, on October 1st of the same year I am delegated to the classroom back row for weeks and months. Breaks are spent in the school yard.

All the buildings are constructed of brick and stone. Nobody attempts shows any interest in me except the bully and his clique. At one time they corner and trip me

with one of them slipping behind me kneeling on all fours while the bully talking at me pushes me backward. I tumble but pick myself up too quick and stagger against

the corner of a wall. Scar number 2 defined by a dozen sewing stitches. Yeah, the old knitting style. Upon waking I speak fluent local language in 4-letter words

and make plans to study the laws of physics. Especially the laws of acceleration and deceleration and coefficients of comparative hardness.

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

## Autobiographical Tidbits #4: I Levitate

Today we end up in trans-medium sessions.  
My wife has booked 3 personal meetings.  
One for each of us: herself, daughter and me.

It's my turn.

I enter a motel room rented for the occasion  
where the traveling superman lays face up  
on top of a fully made twin-size bed.

He is fully dressed in a suit but with an open  
collar, dazzling bleach-white, shirt.  
His forehead and eyes are obscured solid with

a humid towel.  
Only the tip of his nose and mouth are visible.  
There is an assistant by his side of the bed.

She recites my name and date of birth.  
30 seconds of silence ensues.  
His mouth opens with an endless stream

of sentenced words.  
The breathless information, he says he reads,  
straight from Akashic minutes recorded

in the heavens.  
For forty five minutes I am mesmerized  
by the flow of esoteric data.

My mind drifts in and out of the netherworld.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Autobiographical Tidbits 1:

Why Whoring Paid Off Great Dividends

From the early sixties on to my retirement in 1998  
I was an engineering whore  
in the Bay Area Silicon Valley.

My induction into the sleazy business  
of electro mechanics was through Mama Whore  
of all companies. IBM.

We all stemmed from her fecund vagina.  
Shortly after, I worked for Memorex,  
who claimed IBM stood for I Believe in Memorex.

Then I worked for Storage Tech, Priam, Cogito,  
Maxtor, Seagate, Quantum and last but in fact  
first company was Ampex in Redwood City,

a sleepy next door town to Menlo Park where  
I lived with my parents. My social life at the time  
was very active as I moved there in 1961 and met

all the prima donnas to be. I nearly married one,  
the owner's daughter and might've been a billionaire  
by default. Yes, Alexandre Matveiich Poniatoff,

AMPEX for short, that's how close I was to  
your daughter if not you in 1961.  
My question, does she remember any of this at all?

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Autobiographical Tidbits 1: Why Whoring Paid Off Great Dividends

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or for short, Memorex.

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Maxtor, Seagate, Quantum and last but in fact  
first company was Ampex in Redwood City,

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Alexandre Nodopaka



# Ay, Ay, Ay, Pablito!

I susurrate your poems in a foreign  
tongue and no matter how much  
my dialect tries to turn Latin  
it flips upside your palate and  
tastes the celestial canopy.

Ay, Ay, mi amor, mi amor, the twist of  
mi lengua en tu boca churns the full moon  
and weaves into starry phosphor froth  
as if writhing giant anacondas  
revolve within the incoming waves

every time I recall the moving images  
of La Noche de los Iguanas  
and sense lizards and snakes  
agitating deep inside mi magma fuego.  
I assure you none of it has to do

with revolvers, Russian Roulette or Vodka  
though my head spins como el fuego  
revolver i devorador interminablemente  
el erótico while her innumerable lips  
on my lips imprint amor, amor, amor.

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

Baby Talk

ah aba baa eeh
eeeeeeeeeeeeee
o oo ooo aaa a
aba abaa abba ee
baba ma mama
da dadaa dada

Alexandre Nodopaka

Back To The Forest

above,

a lush grove

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s

lush

below

as above

~~~

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Bacterium And Staphylococcus

Once upon a time there lived  
two Latin viruses named  
Bacterium and Staphylococcus.

They discussed at length their physiological  
and spiritual origins the way Ars debates  
the respective virtues of Modern and Rococo art.

One spoke highly of the National Art gallery  
in London and how full it was of staid displays  
and the other of ancient Lascaux,

the latter arguing that eons ago has produced  
modern art far surpassing prevailing art while  
the other produced so-so art yet accepted by the

masses. As a matter of fact the traditional art  
was followed and revered by many billions  
bacteria, i.e. the herd, while the other, due to its

abstract nature was followed by many fewer.  
Bacterium and Staphylococcus went as far as  
instilling into their conversations the influences

of higher metaphysical forces. Each stood valiantly  
its ground, each buttressing their arguments  
with empirical facts and matters of fluff, oops,

sorry, I meant Faith, depending on the moment  
in history. After brief and somewhat antagonist  
exchanges the dispute elevated a notch at a time

until it was settled by each giving the other just  
enough rope to make them respectively dead-right.  
One even proffered an olive branch but not

for the expected purpose since it wasn't sturdy  
enough to save the argument of his protagonist.  
The moral of the tale?

If the branch is too weak, save the olives!

~ ~ ~

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Baghdad Pulp

Muttering to myself  
I peek at splattered satellite images  
through sand dusted lenses  
of distorted streets in Baghdad

One thousand and one daily sorties  
by false kafirs seeking to mate  
seventy two Scheherezades  
in a counterfeit paradise

Oh what waste in the land  
of 1000 and 1 Mohammedian mirages  
where not even a solo safe passage  
is blessed by Allah

But I don't care  
I'll settle for only one of  
The Thousand Nights and a Night  
and a single Scheherezade.

Puris omnia pura  
To the pure all things are pure  
except between the gods  
separated by sand and ocean.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Bar Flies

May 24,2008

cruising up & down  
not far from LA in San Pedro  
I was stumping along W 7th

until I butted against S Pacific  
then looped round to Gaffey  
with Bukowski on my mind  
when, I be damned, two

long-ago-sidewalk-beauties  
propositioned me to a  
well drink at God Mother's,  
a bar down that same street.

In the darkened booth recess  
they rolled a couple of joints  
but them being bar flies  
I swatted them off the rim

of my half-empty  
still paper-wrapped Vodka bottle  
and drank them bottoms up  
one after the other.

Alexandre Nodopaka



# Barbarian Caviar

Bringing the center  
of the blossom  
to my lips

the irresistible aroma  
is literally to die for.  
I now understand

the meaning of petite mort.  
Inebriated and dizzied  
my tongue darts

into the salmon-colored  
center never thinking a flower  
can be seasoned this good.

But then it takes a barbarian  
Cossack gypsy to lodge  
his tongue in rose caviar.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Barbie Came And Went To Heaven

It's not easy to be Barbie's pimp.  
The principal requirement would be  
to be BIC-sized

with private appendages to match  
all made of plastic.  
When it'd come to sex

should latex be a problem  
on account of allergies  
a plastic hymen and a rubberized

gate to heaven with bouncing angels  
surrounding a synthetic Jesus  
is a perfect scene.

Ken in the role of Peter. No pun!  
A sort of Cerberus  
keeper of the Gates to Heaven.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Basho

In a levitating lotus stanza  
he rises screaming to his mother,  
Look Ma! No hands!

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Basho & Hemingway

I ponder several times  
over Basho's Haiku,

"The temple bell stops-  
but the sound keeps coming  
out of the flowers." \*

I surmise he was  
Six feet underground when  
He heard above sound.

It was for both a contrecoup  
for whom the bells tolled.  
A sort of ego contredance.

~~~

*Basho (1644-94)
(translated by Robert Bly)

Alexandre Nodopaka

Basho Rises To The Occasion

In a levitating lotus stanza
he rises screaming to his mother,
Look Ma! No hands!

Basho Reflects

A beer in a clay decanter
is better than its reflection

Alexandre Nodopaka

Basil In Magritte's Pipe

Thanks for growing this leafy jewel!
I raise one myself in a gold leafed
planter on the ledge of my

bright kitchen window.
You speak of its 7 wonders but I
wonder if there's an 8th marvel

and what magic can be done with
their dried leaves in a piped dream.
I start stuffing mine with grass

hoping for a hazy miracle. Yes, it's
not cannabalis in a pipe but weed in
a pipe is pasture in a whistle.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Basket Of Deplorables

Come on America!
There's nothing wrong
with saying it like it is.
The bullshit of being
politically or socially correct
is for the ninnies
of this sometime great nation
to swallow their status whole.

The problem is exactly how
she stated it.

She should've added,
All you mother fuckers
right wingers, rapists, misogynists,
public restroom degenerates,
racists and small hand onanists,
should be deported to Russia
where that other Vlad the Impaler
would twist off your tiny cojones.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Being Without Rahmaninoff

I expected
the water heater
on my car top
to have been installed
2 days ago
but it hasn't.

The estimator
told me
he had to submit
the mensuration
to his boss first.

Of course
the son of a bitch
didn't use that word.
You know which
I'm talking about!

It's not that I am
going approve
the proposed
big bill
any time soon.

So I am waiting
for another
estimate
while driving around
with that albatross
on my neck.

The real problem
is that at times
I forget
what I have on top
and accelerate
or slow down
too fast

risking for the whole shebang
to slide off my rooftop
and rip my radio antenna
and I'll be without
Rahmaninoff.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Between A Stone And A Hard Place

No stone that could be
upturned
was ever left in peace.

There was this innate need
to know what lay beneath.
I believed below each

there was a Treasure of
the Sierra Madre.
By my first teen age years

sometime in the middle
of last century
I had seen the movie.

The truth is that I didn't look
for anything that was still.
Gold wasn't it.

Only if it had a black stinger
at the end of its tail
or two horns on its head.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Bill Haley And His Comets

saved me and my sister
from a life of doldrums
when I was a very young
teenager.

Rocking away I spun her
over my knee
as if she were a straw puppet.

My being ten years older
her weight at six years old
was a feathersome angel.

Our mother's eyes bulged
from their sockets at every
carousel turn as she
begged me to stop
the music so I wouldn't
break my sister's back.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Bionetwork

When the growing in the tree
rustles the budding leaves
at the extreme tip of branches

and vibrations emitted
by throats of flora and fauna
transform into chirping,

the wind may be observed.
Yet despite being unseen
omniscient nature is understood.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Bird & Rat Watching

is more essential
than a belief in the divine.

Especially how it was taught me
that it exists only
by the grace of faith.

Birds on the other hand
and their fleas mind you
are an everyday occurrence.

Besides, it's for others to believe
the unbelievable. Not for me.

As far as I am concerned
the divine is the rat
inside my home
that keeps me periodically awake
with every nibble
like it did last night.

Potato couching in the evening
I sometimes see him
with the corner of my eye.

A blurred ghost zipping by.

He's probably a morsel
of the holy trinity
because the moment I focus
my elderly fuzzy sight on the little
son of a bitch he's gone
in less than the blink
of my tired third eye.

It's true to its ghostly presence.
That's what I believe.

Blood Relations

I no longer drink water
with my sister
or Chinnamasta

never having known
she poisoned it.
My blood is thinner now.

Funny thing is,
neither Vodka or Aspirin
has anything to do with it.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Blowing Their Thing

I know of people who play with their thing
but in my case only listening is my thing.

Sadly, my ear hasn't been born with such
self indulgence and I am glad to see a flutist

do their thing on Pasadena streets.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Blowing Weeds

and i
a worm,
mind you,
beneath the grass
watch stars cascade
as i blow
your mind.
Of course I speak of,
Le Déjeuner sous l'Herbe

Le problème avec ça
c'est que l'amour
est toujours l'amour
et dure
que pour trois minutes
pendant qu'il est dur

Alexandre Nodopaka

Blue Bawling

Right now I don't feel
the way my blue bowl does
bawling all over.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Blue Painting Of A Woman And A Bicycle

At the foot of the Eiffel Tower I paint her likeness
with furious sensuous contrasts of sanguine and ultra
marine hues. I visualize a couple of russet hard rubber
nickel-plated spokes and pedals spinning, twinkling
on either side of her y-fork limbs.

Built like a brick shithouse I fancy reading the dimness
of her isosceles tri-angled intimacy with the tips
of my fingers as if my whole body were Braille
palpating the warm seams of her mix of delicate
valleys and tightly canvassed vertebrae.

I clam her tongue-soft brake pads where she's joined
her shiny hula hoops and rose pomegranate seat and
paint her breathlessly, whilst she races her thighs against,
by now, my deflowered labia in the style of de Kooning
melding in her peculiar yet stylish hip sway.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Boxed Disconnections

Imagine

a reclining female figure
semi-naked with a bare arm
resting upon emptiness.

Imagine

symbols floating
around this figure:
two genderless gilted fish.
A dwarfed monolith
shaped like a box.
A loin-covered would-be saint
projecting his horned
alter ego shadow:
a cloned ceramic owl.

All invalid ideas!

But now imagine an arrow
skewering the figure longitudinally
from ass through throat.

Imagine

on the arrow's head a hooded Muse
holding a dildo between her teeth
pondering over her scrumptious rump

and on the arrow's feathered tail
spinning grapes teased by the figure's
immaculate white pumps.

They are all symbols of poetic ills
and mind-inflated boxed

d.i.s~c.o.n.n.e.c.t.~.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Breech Birth Or Birth Of An Ass

Cheeks emerge from betwixt
two adjoining flags. One an all-white square
with a red disc in its center
mimics a supermarket Target sign.

The adjacent flag is the old
red white and blue with stars and stripes
in the top left corner.
The butt handle of a bayonet

originates from the Nippon Constitution.
Its samurai razor tip circumcises
the top corner of the United States of America
Declaration of Independence.

Uncannily, the apparent shadow
under the nose of the birthing life-mask
ominously reminds of the ultimate Kommandant
of the SS and Gestapo.

The mug rests on a paper tag appearing not unlike
the blade of a guillotine and like a metronome
it ticks off the remainder of life's seconds
of his unholy birth and suicide.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Brenda

The first one
I hooked
for a straight
four years.
I was 26.
She was 19.
She was a looker
to begin
with a nice set
of knockers
even though
I had European
inclinations
that anything
exceeding
my cupped hands
was too Playboy
but then I was
no Yankee
mommy's boy
having weaned long ago.
To start
she was the absolute
most perfect person
on the planet.
No arguments.
Everything about this girl
was so amazing
that she was
sometimes thought to be
an angel or goddess.
She was the most
beautiful girl.
She was the kindest
most caring person ever
who would do anything
to make you feel special.
And she has
the cutest laugh

smile
face
eyes
and pretty much perfect
in every way
and it hurts to not be
around her
because she was
the most loveable
person I ever met.
That's love for you.
We messed a while
and when we finally
hooked up for good
by lying to our parents
and eloping to Reno
for a quickie
wedding
that didn't occur
until 9 months later.
Nah! No baby.
She already had one.
But boy!
Did we have fun
till then
playing house.
Four years later
everything
fell apart.
I became
an unwilling
Playboy
for the next
7 years
and the itch
was gone.
Remember
'twas the '70's.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Broken Masterpieces

Broken Masterpieces

For years
we have been collecting
fancy schmancy
dishes and glasses.

They are one of a kind
since we buy them
at thrift stores.

We don't mind.

We pay only
ten cents on the dollar
and when ours
break down
I pose and photograph
the pieces
as if they were priceless
antiquities.

Our friends also
are the same kind.

One of.

And when they die
I would like to pose them
as antique statues
but can't.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Bukowski In French

I immersed
myself
in reading six

Bukowski
books
of poems

and fiction
in one gulp
trying

to discard
the ninety
percent

shit.

For some
reason
he doesn't

have
the same
impact

he had
when I first
read him

in the 1970's.
One book
the seventh

is in French.
In that
language

he sounds

much more
original

but
that's because
I am

seriously
biased.
Voila!

Alexandre Nodopaka

Buk's Mannequins

Like him, at one time, I went around
photographing from outside window stores
mannequins until that special day I went

inside and a store guard came saying
I was not allowed to do that.
I obeyed. Let the camera dangle from

my neck. Went around from display to
display bringing surreptitiously my finger
to the shutter on many more than one occasion.

That's when I came up with a good title
Non-Pornographic Unauthorized
Anti-Photography While Listening to

Charlie. And don't tell me you f%\$kers
that it ain't good cuz he never submitted
it to any publication.

I mean shit!
Just his name is enough to get publish.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Burlesque 1725

Dear beautiful lady
the poor devil very humbly thanks you
for your two melons and prays for you
to content yourself with his small thanks.

He would like to send you some wonder
because wonder he names Melons.

But in a man of his kind from whom
nothing comes out and nothing comes in
he goes nuts for wonderful melons.

If only your beautiful eyes
his house would light would be very well.

So just please truth be told from little thanks.
And if that is insufficient pierce me at an angle
with a sharp dart and may my heart be skewered
on the spot.

May I love you with all my soul.

Do not doubt ebony bait nor my eyes
spearing your melons.

Alexandre Nodopaka

By Allah! Jesus Knew His Doings

While Amina was with child
The father of Prophet Mohammed died
(Blessed also be His name & why not?)
And upon birthing she sent a message
That her child was born. But since it

Was the year of the elephant some said
That as far as white elephant stories go
Adding to such tale subtracts
From its truth. It is not that I want to
Anthropomorphize a turbaned god over mine

Because for what matters they are as human
As I am and having slain them then
As I do now I bury their bones
Under the Kabbah. But the black stone
Is too small for their personae

And without a lid to blow steam
Or a cross bar to prevent sliding down
It's the dawning of ecological warming
With a billion too many on each side
Compounding theirs problems and ours.

It is suggested that what is meant
By revelations is actually premeditated by
The Intra States Surveillance to conceal
Under the infamous bush the shennanigans
Of those in power misleading the surveyed.

Miracles occur on a daily basis.
Rain comes down and makes grapes grow.
And we drink their ambrosia. I call it
Mankind's highest empirical miracle:
The bottling of spirits at proleterian prices.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Caring In A Non-Nuclear Fashion

A normal day usually starts with greeting
my overnight companion with Good Morning!
followed by, I had a good night's sleep.

By now I am turning the corner and enter
the bathroom. Tradition and training tells her
I can no longer hear her since I respond only

with a muffled grunt from behind the door.
I mean after 42 years who wants to hear
anyone's abounding complaints.

The next step is to fix coffee.
She says I make the best. Well, I don't know
about that but what I do know is that

the morning elixir usually puts her in a better
mood by clearing her state of mind.
And that's how I want her to be.

In a clear state of mind.
I mean who gives a hoot about who
reduced the North Korean nuclear threat

and as long as she's happy
with my coffee
I don't need my day more epic than that.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Carnal Terrorism

When one just learned
how to make a real good Mojito
one experiences bliss
in small sips and discovers
godlike feelings of elation.

In that moment becoming
in small portions a spiritual hostage
overdosing on Paradise.

My own craving fills me with horror,

says Phaedra to Hippolitus
adding in self-prophecy,

I turn against myself
to safeguard my self against
my sexual gourmandism.

Falling at his feet,
she confesses,

Observe a woman depraved
in the darkest of sinister love.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Cerveza Taurino

I nearly panicked when the bottom shelf
Of the refrigerator was empty of beer
Except for one can.

Sharing the problem with my mate
She said I ought to stop drinking so much
As it caused me to have a beer-belly.

Guzzling the last swig I replied,
Think of me as a south of-the-border
Moctezuma Buddha.

And like a toreador lunging his sword
In a single swoop in the heart of a bull
Underscoring my machismo

I crumple the can
In a single gorilla squeeze of my hand.
As it starts bleeding

I envision myself a Hemingway hero
Gored by a bull in bloodied Corrida sand
Or towed out in the vast ocean

The way of the Old Man and the Sea
All rolled in one and when I hear the toll
Of a distant bell I wake startled.

Thinking it's for me but it's a bloody
Fricken Sunday and there's no beer
Or Ingrid Bergman or Ava Gardner.

I slide the muzzle of the revolver
In my mouth and for a split second think,
Hey man! Let me first have some hops.

Alexandre Nodopaka

C'est Pas Jeanne D'arc

La même vert-de-gris
n'est pas émeraude
sous sa jupe

Son chapeau
cache plein de legerdemains.
Elle n'est pas pucelle.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Cézanne Affair

She keeps her nipples
in box #2.
The first contains her breasts.

I look for the third
to place her parasol,
which is the key

to her nippleness
when I realize that the shadows
of her tétons

on a late afternoon
are needles
in a haystack affair

Alexandre Nodopaka

Charm And Charm

I was a sandpiper when a child,
gathering days with my beak
and stepping into imagined worlds
along the San Clemente shores

in search of faerie gifts for you
until I would find shells.
Turquoise, pearls, crystals,
I collect mussels

and stuff them under my wings.
I tweet to myself while pecking
at elaborate sandcastles
built for the faerie spirits,

and I listen for their voices
in conch shells and strain
to hear your voice
among the waves.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Chernobyl Hot Rod

Like any fisherman
with longer tales
than truth
I exaggerate my goods.

My six-shooter
is the only one I have
but its loaded cannonballs
are big enough

to knock off Baghdad
in less time than
a Thousand and One Nights
and unless

I prematurely implode
I better cool them
as the fuel rod is too hot
even for Chernobyl

Alexandre Nodopaka

Cicadas

I wasn't going to
write
about the buggers
because of Buk's
feeling
that the name
alone
was so commonly
abused by poets.

But you know what
I can't help it.

Here I am for years
listening
on my Homedics
radio device
to half a dozen
recordings
of the sounds
of nature.

Crashing waves.
Running brooks.
Distant thunder.
Bird chirping.
And of course
cicadas
playing with
themselves.

It is an irresistible
musical event
that reminds me
of my youth
and camping days
when sleeping
or rather trying to
on summer nights

by a lake.

I visualize
those buggers
triggering
their tymbal organs,
wing flicks
wing clicks
and stridulations
the way I used to
masturbate
in my youth.

Now I turn on
that sound
to put me to sleep
rather than read
other poets
boring stanzas.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Cloudy Signals

Cloudy signals

An Ukrainian shaman
says to his counterpart
a South Dakotan shaman,

Smoke without signals
rests against smoky clouds
that traverse clouds

that glide between smoke
that ascends against
vertical clouds on horizon.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Clowning In The City Of Lights

I looked and looked
beyond the deep and the shallow
and connected the dexterity
of my fingers to your brain

Of course you want to know
if I can throw circles
round the Eiffel stake.
And after more looking

I convinced myself life is a circus
and I your smoking puppet
blowing rings
around your Fingers

Yes, YES your Sleight of thOughts
gOt me diZZy and oFF kilter
and I wAnt to be in Paris
a juGGling cLOWN just like you

Alexandre Nodopaka

Coma

Enigmas

Tick our mind.

Excuses

Fault us.

When she offers

What she has

I take and slip

Into a blissful dot.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Commandments

I plead
the sixth

& seventh
and ninth command-

ments
but settle

for the fifth
amendment

Alexandre Nodopaka

Corn On The Cob

I come from the land of locusts.
Periodically, on rare occasions,
back when there was no concern
over climate changes

and the Sirocco blew over Casablanca
the skies turned somberly gloomy.
The feast after their landing was pan-fried.
Locusts with cumin spices. Crunchheeeee!

In fact there is compensation
Nature has a way to substitute a simile
For an allegory or the real thing.
We just have to learn to swallow it.

OK, you wait for an intelligent comment
& the one thing I remark
about the locust aftermath is that there's
no corn in sight any longer.

Don't take this too close
to the kernel of your cob!

Much chuckling... maize! Mas maize!

Alexandre Nodopaka

Corpulent Eyes

She looks firm as an apple sausage

in its pig skin and when easing

out of her corseted flesh

she flows like honey

She would look much better

in flowing pants but when she turns

with a slight limp

her eyes meet mine

In that momentary twinkle

I love everything about her

even her ankles that funnel

into pear-like hips

Alexandre Nodopaka

Cruci-Fiction

I dab my tears
and scream
when streams of pink

drip down
the shower tiles.
I have these visions

of Psycho or
me on the cross
but no,

she left
used tampons
in the soap dish

instead
of a Dear John
good bye.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Custom Painting

A little too skinny and
the color hue
doesn't match my couch.

I may like it better horizontal.
How about 5 feet wide
by 3 feet high

and in cerulean blue tone
with frayed burnt edges.
What's the price in Shekels?

Don't ask me why
it's that Jewish paintings
are greatly appreciated.

WOW!
How about painted in China
with Free shipping.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Da Vinci Was A Pimp

Da seeks a dynamic
technology-based pimp position.

His vast experience in the following areas will propel your
business at the forefront of state of the art multi-technology:

Animation,
Video, Robotics,
Computational Art, X-effects,
Programming for Internet-Based
Interactive and/or Virtual Environments,
Interactive Audio Performance, Motion Capture
& Real Time X-Graphics, Computer Vision, Artificial Life
& Biotechnology. Da is experienced in other XXX-rated media like
Conceptual Strengths, Contextual Sensibilities & Multi-Disciplinary SO
(Sexual Orientations)
Da will work with fervent interdisciplinary zest
for Vodka,
food &

I
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Mona read my classified
&
you know the rest of the story.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Da Vinci Was Also A Pimp

Da seeks a dynamic
technology-based pimp position.

His vast experience in the following areas will propel your
business at the forefront of state of the art multi-technology:

Animation,
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Mona must've read my classified.

You know the rest of the story.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Das Kapital-Ski

What Communism and Capitalism
have in common besides both starting
with a capital C is that in the former

its citizens pretend to work
and their governments pretend
to pay. In the latter,

Wall Street hoodlum adventurist
capital bankers constructed fallacious
investments promising to build

a glorified materialistic future.
Theirs, not yours.
YOU, you are their carroted servant.

They pretend to pay you miser interest
on money they make you believe
you owe them.

Under Communism people expect
very little and are overjoyed when
they get something for nothing.

Anything. Under Capitalism, people
expect everything. They are unhappy
with never having enough of everything.

I deduce it's best to have anything of
something than something of nothing
which explains that make-believe

is of paramount necessity. Which goes
to prove that banking on God
is just another Ponzi scheme.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Deconstruction Of Transcendence

The concentration
on the idyll to nature
as a wide range of loneliness
seems to nature
as disposition is to scenery and
the discovery of post modernism
thus continuing the individual and
the romantic feeling
of contemporary visual representations.

Loneliness is coupled
with a number of symbolic qualities.

Now that emotions and personal feelings
are linked with a Romantic reevaluation of
the representation of Postmodernism
and the discovery it is conjuring,
the pictures form issues
range from the Romantic feeling
to Postmodernism and the discovery of
the message becomes transcendental.

The symbolically charged beauty
of the immediate experience
of motif strands outlining a reawakened
interest in a number of formulations
dealing with the fundamentals of
Romantic representations.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Deja Vu

After the first read I thought,
I'm turning senile
as when with the golf swing
the whole of this affair zooming
past my brain.

Then I read it again, thinking!
Think this deeply through,
imagine yourself in that place
and suddenly the thinking clarified
and I saw a memorial

upon a grassy knoll
with a dozen soldiers firing
a 21-gun salute
with that young blond thing standing
next drowning her love in tears.

I think that's quite a poem.
I mean yours.
It triggered in my memory a somewhat
similar scene observed some years ago
in Arlington National Cemetery.

Now I may be quite off then blame it
on my senility.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Democracy And Art

I died and went to heaven.

There was this angel who told me in cloud language
that most of my published artworks were clouded fluff
and now that I was up here, their bosses,

the archangels presiding over my future artistic fate
decided to publish what I didn't create but had only
glimmers of thoughts and that every time
upon awakening these slivers of ethereal brilliance

vanished into super thin mesospheric air.

Of course now that I was so high up the earthly
heavy mass of molecules couldn't interfere
with my memory.

So, the archangels and I sat in the round on a very
large Cirrus cloud and despite the hurricane wind
we brain stormed until we came up
with the following,

That art was fluff and when grouped in square clots
would look best painted in tetrahedral shapes.
Then, from the adjoining cloud, a bored looking God
peeked and sonorously claimed he had already done it

over and over and that we could do better.
It goes to show that democracy in socialized
heavenly art wasn't worth a fogged up fart
and that it can exist by dictatorship.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Descending A Stairway

I read your exquisitely written letter
seeing each phrase a
particular sketch
of a lithe
person
tap

t
a
p
p
i
n
g

each step
downstairs then
to the garden
to meet her phantom lover inspiring him
to write this poem to emulate Marcel's
Nude Descending a Staircase

Alexandre Nodopaka

Dialogue In A Smoky Barroom

He responds that he's tired
Of barroom poetry
Turns to take a drag from his ciggie
When she tells him hey
No smoking here
Adding she hates in her mouth
The taste of tobacco

He informs her not
To worry
Those are not the lips he'll
Be kissing
She giggles, says ok adding she
Won't fart in his face
He tells her poetry could

Stop here
& That metaphysically speaking
Poetry must be
Spiritually uplifting &
Enlightens her he didn't know that
In heaven farting was
Allowed but that hers was fluffy

They would float like on clouds
& Would be their magic carpet
When she says to him
Yeah & that cloud burns are
Softer than rugs &
To which he replies
Now you're talking babe

Alexandre Nodopaka

Dirt Between Words

I am neither lost nor found
I've just been discovered
barely uncovered with
still some dirt
between my
words.

All I need is a little floss

between
my thoughts and words

between
my dreams and hopes

between
my mind and soul

to gloss my style

Alexandre Nodopaka

Dirt Under My Thumb Nails

Dirt under my Thumb Nails

And I've been told
to wash them.
They were green
and I've been told again
and over again
in the good earth
I could stick
a stick
and it'd be growing leaves
with mushrooms sprouting
around its base.
But what I haven't told you
I've been pissing
round that trunk.
That's no miracle.
The mushrooms
I mean.

~~~

Alex Nodopaka June©2012

Alexandre Nodopaka



# Discussion Between Plant And Fat Couple

The geranium in the pot  
gazes at its shadow  
and with a smirk from its leaves  
rustles with a chuckle

to its partner branch,  
Look how fat that geranium  
on the dirt is!  
The shadow on the ground

after a short meditation replies,  
It's easier for a camel to hump  
the eye of a needle  
than for a fat geranium

to lay a skinny shadow.  
Upon reflection they must be  
Chinese Taoist philosophers  
in deep contemplation of nature.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Distant Strings

So close yet so far  
would you play

your mandolin  
a bit louder

so when the wind  
blows south

my aural senses  
can delight in you

if not your instrument.  
It has been told

a woman's body  
is like a violin

mine is like a drumstick  
beating your pig skin

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Divine Afflatus

You forgot everything.

Buried your hands deep  
in distant fossil dust and  
tried to interpret my scribbling  
in the quicksand  
but ebb tide  
washed parts away

Still

I lick fossil dust off your fingertips  
that taste like melody  
because Santayana perceives Music  
Music  
the most abstract of arts  
as a servant to the dumbest emotions  
while I respond to the silence of words

Words

that evoke mute portrayals  
brimming with feigned sounds  
in turn triggering  
bona fide verbal passions  
Save for I am deaf and dumb

to echoes of love  
albeit our tongues interlock  
as if they were wishbones

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Do I Hear

I dot remember dash  
reading dot dot such  
dash dot from dash  
the dot 20's and dot dot  
dot the 40's , dot

Oops, dot dot dot that's  
too dash dash many of both  
the dots lost to the dashes.

Morse poetry dash code in  
motion

&lt;&gt;! \*'#

^.`\$\$-

! \*'\$ \_

%\*&lt;&gt;#4

&) ../

SYSTEM HALTED

&lt; &gt;! \* ' ' #

Waka waka bang splat tick tick hash,

^.` \$ \$ -

Caret at back-tick dollar dollar dash,

! \* ' \$ \_

Bang splat tick dollar under-score,

% \* &lt; &gt; # 4

Percent splat waka waka number four,

&) ../

Ampersand right-paren dot dot slash,

| { ~ ~ SYSTEM HALTED

Vertical-bar curly-bracket tilde tilde CRASH.

SYSTEM CRASHED

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Do Not Ask Too Much

What can I give you  
that another cannot  
and if I am able to give it  
shall it be what you want.

Is it like you asking  
who I am and me  
telling you my name  
then wondering whether

I am my name and were  
I to give you the skies with it  
would you ask why  
not also the clouds

and the cry of the loon  
and the moon in the bucket  
to stain my sight and  
the silence of the night.

~~~

Alex Nodopaka Nov©2009
AD Something

The flavor of a morning fig

My flesh tastes of the dew
and morning sun.
My ear delights in the cackle
of the mallard ducks.

I hear the anguished call
of the green heron
disturbed by my appearance.
But it is the sinuous curve.

of the 100-foot palm trunk
with at its top
a swaying bush of fronds

that turns me on.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Do You Know If Lorca Liked Fries

Under different circumstances
I love a BigMaC alternative except
that it deals with the Olive Gardens
where Federico Garcia rests.

But since this memoriam is written
in America what's wrong with
a pair of Golden Arches honoring
that wondrous poet.

I'd tell McD to hold the transfats
when making the French fries and
I'd stick them forming little crosses
to disseminate over his burial place.

I hear the Rightists at that time were
running out of bullets and used Fritas
in their double-ought shotguns to
dispose of their Leftist victims.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Does Buddha Still Walk This Earth

No dear.
He doesn't anymore.

Walking
in the 21st century

is so passé.
He Twitters now.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Does Heaven Have Walls

Layback weekend here!
I'll go later skinny-dipping but first
around noon, I'll walk to an Estate Sale
around the corner from my house.

By then the prices should be half & since
I mostly buy art hardly anybody wants
there's a good chance for me to find something
not only unique but worth writing about.

Like three impasto vertical brush strokes.
A white swatch flanked by two blacks
on a shimmering rust background.
Or a portrait in mustard hues slit in the middle

with its two halves slipped. Dislodged.
Like with one eye adjacent to carmine lips.
There's something about the art of the 70's
that feeds on lateral physical translation.

And if I find nothing, which I doubt I won't,
I'll take it for granted that I saved some dough.
That's how I waste my dwindling allowance.
I hope Heaven is a labyrinth of walls.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Dog Tag

Spurned, dejected, rejected,
a collar I loop.
A noose I become primed for hanging.

My tree is chosen
a sturdy branch selected,
high enough,
from whence I'll swing,
my feet
brushing the ground.

My body shall
twist and twirl some and dangle
beneath
the noose around my neck
keeping my breath away.

Suspended,
my soul shall flicker away.
Of me, only a dog-tag
memento
shall remain.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Don't Cry For Me Tammy Faye

Gazing at a modernistic painting.
reminds me of a Pentecostal sob story.
It prompts me to write
about a tear jerker chef d'oeuvre

Not that I'm meek at heart mind you
but because the tear is black
like a black tear in a canvas
and like a paper cut in the eye

it hurts as confirmed
by the highlighted running mascara
and as Tammy once said,
She felt naked without and that

hiding behind kohl thick layers
was like being a widow blinded behind
a widow's net watching naughty things
between Jess and Jim.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Dreaming Of White Trash

The poorest way to face life is to face
it with a sneer... Theodore Roosevelt

After one and a half years
in a commanding position
the elevation of the man
with the orange toupee
with bottom line
common denominator
characteristics
matching his electors'
is in full force.

What do you expect
of a nation
that admires pretty sunsets
and lonely barns
and impressed by dangling
moonlit tagalongs.

I would like to love
the simpleton
but his abbreviating spirit
amid his ego-maelstrom
stems from the discharges
of orange-dyed hair
on his white trash persona.

Will it take as long to forget
as it will be to recover.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Early, Very Early Dawn

I prepare a cup of coffee. Sit at the PC.
Glance through the bay windows at the piss-
in-the bucket community pond outside.

The fountain is yet dormant because
it's too loud at night and it's still too early for it
to splash its 10-foot high rosary aureole.

So must've complained the old fogies
in my senior citizen community.
Hey, I'm not ALWAYS complaining!

There's this gal that heads toward ninety seven
and is prim and lithe like an old teenager!
I'd have her for a girlfriend were I one hundred.

Then there's my once upon a time shuffleboard
partner or opponent depending on the time
of my arrival for the practice games. He's 90!

So here's the white egret stalking mosquito fish
that abound in what they call a lake.
At the opposite side of the pond is my personal

75-gallon outdoor aquarium gold fish thief.
A hunchback Quasimodo Kingfisher!
Did I tell you I am a water nut?

Anyway, back to my story.
From the time that thief emptied every Pisces
from my tank I installed a barbed wire screen

over its top.
It's like Auschwitz except that the markings
on the fish are not tattooed numbers.

OK, at last I take a lukewarm sip, focus on
the keyboard and you know what?
I forgot what I was going to write about.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Eating Ass

I'm in a fricken mood.
It's one of those lazy days
with nothing to do.

Of course there's plenty
of shit to do
but it's a matter that today

it's not important
if I do or don't.
It's the not doing that's cool.

I mean it's kind of
an epicurean gusto.
OK! Maybe degusto/

I mean here I'm in skivvies.
Topless. No socks. Sitting
daydreaming at the computer.

Decide to saunter to the bedroom.
Prop my head on a pillow.
Grab one of the partially open

dozen books I read serially
and think of a poem to write.
Jump out of bed and head back

to the PC. How about one
about them shrimps with heads
ripped out and deveined.

Shit! Deveined? Meaning their
shit-gut scalpeled out their back
with surgical precision?

As for me I don't bother.
Guts and poop I relish
and their little assholes.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Egon Schiele And Jello

I admire
his inspecting
draftsmanship
into the intimate
feminine parts.

None obscene
despite raising
my masculine interest.

It's not that deformed
skeletal members
attract me.

Maybe it's the mesmerizing
eyes and their gawking
originality that does.

Something circus-like
that would provoke
a double take
were we to cross paths.

Yes
maybe it's his artistically
tortured mind
that's appealing.

Not unlike
the contorted poses
of models
in the fashion industry
who appear in magazines
soft brushed
to perfect
physiological idealism.

His models are all about
the body

and disheveled hair.

His drafting lines separate
the spirit
from the flesh
and get to the essence.

There's a simultaneous
feeling of attraction
and repulsion.

Like eating green
jellied brains
made with Jell-O
in a Borneo bordello.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Eleonore

I must've been
her first conquest.
It's hard to remember
when one is 6 years old
but she
the older woman
by 3 months
took advantage
of my youth
and innocence.

In any case
those were sans souci years.
Hand in hand,
but not always,
we walked
to grammar school
through back lanes
and alleys and pathways
skirting farms.
Yes, it was countryside
all the way.

WWII was barely over.
The Geigers harbored us
by edict.

The price
I learned later
for losing the war.
But the war
was not over
for her and I.

Most days
we were ambushed
by a platoon
of ghost white geese
roaming about

next to the third farm
until we learned
to spy for the evil fowl
from the last corner
of the road
and we waited
until the way was clear
when we'd run
like chicken's
with their heads
cut off.

It goes to say that chickens with heads of geese might've become my medical scientist calling but I ended with an axe in my hand and a damn good woodchucker.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Email From My Daughter Or Modern Correspondence

1. Streptococcus

I saw that I missed a call from you
but I am still unable to talk.
I went to the Doctor because
of my two-week sore throat.

She gave me antibiotics
for my Sinus infection
and streptococcal pharyngitis.
I'll call you when I feel better.

Sending you my love
but holding back
the streptococcus.

2. Leap-year SURPRISE!

You are going to be
Great Granpa Dappa! ! !
And Geri is going to be
Great Nana Nanoo! ! !

I'm going to be Grandma Mia
and Mike is going to be Opa!
David and Patrizia just announced
they are having a baby girl.

Due date is February 29th.2016
A leap year!
Love you without leaping.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Entangled Quantum Physics

It is the sound
of the click
releasing
the guillotine
and the hissing air
molecules
shearing
before
the blade
rushing
the convict nape

Alexandre Nodopaka

Entrechat

Actually I don't understand
why a card has to be post and not pre.

Well, my part in this is simply a preamble
to why not another singing card of Paris

singing in the Springtime. And on that
post-note I skip away singing, Thank you

for the poetic pas de deux perspiration
between your entrechats.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Eve's Plot

With spring around the corner
The ground still sodden from the last downpour
And frosty nights with black ice on highways
God's footing is as unsure

As man's trust in today's banking system
The one thing the Almighty is confident about
Is another Ponzi scheme. A Garden of Eve.
And there he plants a new tree. Again. And again.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Except

for the preceding
commentaries
and the ensuing banter
dealing with birds
and bees
my head is spinning
from imbibing
too much flower spirits
and therefore so would
my comments
were I to offer any.

I can't make head
or tail
of your first stanza
bee-lining
into the second.

So I better shut up
and show
how your poem
inspired mine
as writ above.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Extra Sensory Perception

There's not enough water
in the Pacific ocean

to quench your thirst
yet one single thought

can drain it.
Crossing the street

I meet a fire hydrant.
Guess what I think.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Fast Food

If food traveled
through the gut
at the speed of light
we would be brilliant
but Einstein
would've died
of hunger
and his famous formula
might've been
but a flash
in our eyes

Alexandre Nodopaka

Fetish Poem

Some play
with themselves
others
with semi colons.

I personally prefer
dashes.
Like a dash of Martini
in my Vodka.

At times I settle
for periods
but when it comes
to foreplay

I apply
exclamation points.
She likes the length
and I come

to the point.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Fiddler On A Snowy Roof

I danced through the poem
with a shovel in my hands.

For a moment
I thought myself on the roof

fiddling a air tune on the back
of my spade but the snow

was such I ended one story
lower and on my ass.

No woman greeted me
at the door

with a steaming cup of coffee.
What a bitch it was!

Alexandre Nodopaka

Fifty One Shirts

Today is another
one of those days
we discuss
without
raising our voices
this far
our too many things
and what to dispose of.
Most of the stuff
we accumulated
the last few years.
Shit! I mean MANY
actually most
out of boredom.
I mean who needs
more than fifty shirts
except that this one
is striped diagonally
instead of vertically.
And it is blue
instead of green.
OK, so it gives
an appearance
of slimming me down
and a slanted stanza
but at nearly eighty
it's like I'm really not
quite interested.
Ah, she says
but why don't you
do it for me.
So now I have
the 51st shirt.
And of course
it's the same for her.
Oh, I wore this one
for so long she says
I need a fresh look.
OK, so now she has

a 51st blouse.
Meanwhile our hallway
from the living room
to the bedroom
is interfered
with 3 packing boxes
that have been there
the last 3 months.
And with her back surgeries
it's not like we need
an obstacle course.
I hope there's
no 4th fall.
We're 2 guinea pigs
on Ferris Wheels
not enjoying the ride
and unable or unwilling
to get off.
Neither of us has the balls.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Fifty Per Cent

I thought of writing a half poem.
Just half page. The left side.

But I didn't have enough words
even to do that.

Every time I'd start a declaration
the ink in my fountain pen would

stop flowing because it was so thick
with meaning it would clog the slit

in the nib. and so my pen was full
of half-finished poems and similes.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Fishing For Tongues

I fished without
my dentures
and you know what?

In spite of the difficulty
with biting I caught
my tongue.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Flavored Literature

True originality and out of the box
creativity is to make reality appear
from an incongruous angle.

Of course certain orientations
after some practice appear to be normal
but is the new appearance significant?

And significant from who's perspective?
If the angle of view is so arcane as to
conserve its mystery it is simply

because it has not been experienced.
It's like a magic trick. Until you know
how it's done it remains interesting.

Books tend to be like people. As unique
as each person but in fact each different
from the other. It began eons ago when

recognition inside a library was important.
Therefore books were arranged on shelves
with their spines out but for a change

I found I could recognize a book by its
worn opposite. Not only by a crinkled
pages here and there but specifically

where smudges are the books fingerprints.
Mine of course. Ketchup blood!
In addition to their contents I instantly

know what I was munching at the time.
In fact I respectfully consider I add
flavor and spice to the fiction.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Fleeting Notes Sever The Head From The Body

Daydreaming in a Moorish souq
I glimpsed my friend Rahim strumming a guitar.
The imaginative melody he played evoked
Jala I ad-Din Muhammad Rumi and Ghani Kashmiri.

They were squatting next to a street vendor hawking
Antique jars from whom I bought a diminutive model
Reminiscent of the shape Aladdin so deftly polished.
Under the lid I mentally inserted a few poetic stanzas

Hoping they'd keep company to the Genie.
While the seller was fitting the cap I noticed
A misfit but in my heart knew it was meant
For ascetically flawed notes to escape.

Sharing this writing with my trendy companion
Whom I considered of a superior creative kind
He proceeded to expand on the meaning of the gap
Formulating that a bad note was the devil's work

And should not be breathing the same air
With a scholarly poet and since the fracture
Was jagged and sharp like Suleyman's scimitars
Meant to mince Satanic thoughts before they entered.

Alexandre Nodopaka

For A Lonesome Dove

Now here's a vast piece of land
To afford my peace of mind

All I need is one Orthodox tush
I saw on Pussy Revolution

Oh how I miss
The steppes of the Ukraine

That make my Cossack blood
Stand upright at the thought

Of horsing around
Across its vast steppes

Excepting for the new Rasputin
Putting a la Genghis Khan

His primeval yoke
On my freedom to roam around

Around my lone real estate
And no lonesome dove

Alexandre Nodopaka

For Anthony Bourdain

Without comestibles there would be
no mastication... Alex Nodopaka

How often I virtually omitted
the 'r' and the 'a' in his name
and with chuckles on my mind
I'd pronounce his name, Boudin.

Blood sausage! in that most
epicurean of languages.

In any case good bye my friend
of so many years.
Thank you for all the armchair
bon voyages you offered
in so many tongues.

The world already misses you.

Alexandre Nodopaka

For Heaven Sake It's Just Ride On A Yacht

We sit on the upholstered white naugahyde bench. The three of us, I between my wife and this other woman to my right.

That woman, of nondescript age, feels familiar but I can't quite put her anywhere except that she is on the healthy plump side

with short blondish hair intermingled with streaks of gray and black bangs neatly razor cut below the ears on either side

of her face. Her Twiggy forehead hidden by her bangs down across the middle of her blue-gray eyes.

I feel an underlying attraction toward her as she clings to me and mouths that she's fed up with life.

The ocean water rises from the bottom of the boat soon reaching my nipples. At that very moment the women gently

submerges while still holding my arm. I try to lift her out but she gurgles to me that she's just fine.

Well, it's not right for me to have sex but the thought momentarily crosses my mind as I slide under the water

next to her and enter Paradise.

Alexandre Nodopaka

For Vegetarians Only

I remind everyone
that Vodka is made
of Vegan stuff &
filtered of all bull
sometimes up to
several times
No bull! No kidding!

Alexandre Nodopaka

Foretelling

Foretelling

Grandfather says to his 19-year-old grandson,
When I look into your eyes I see my past.

Smart alec grandson replies,
When I look into yours I see the future.

I don't want him to see the future through me
no more than I want to see my past in his future.

~~~

Alex Nodopaka February 2015

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Found Scratched Poem

The poem is writ  
On a longitudinal slat  
Of the backrest of a park bench

Its earth tone letters  
knifed deep into the wood  
spell I love you

encircled by an outline  
of a double entwined heart  
filled with red nail polish

the arrow piercing the two  
drips crimson at one end.  
Obviously added by another hand

new initials are scratched  
on top of the preceding.  
A Valentine polymorphy.

Alexandre Nodopaka

## Found Spanish Poem

Hice tres manas hice tu piel  
Hice tu espirito y s? ?  
Forme un camino para tus pies  
Hice tambien tu mujer  
Te sustende desde el vientre  
Hice tus hueros crecer?  
Y al creces la suficiente  
Calur de sol te luce v? ?

Para que ahora memeques?  
Y te complasca decir  
Que un accidente solo crear?  
Del mon Sergio tu existir  
Para que ahora prediques  
Que soy un mito talner?  
Dices que no ferme al hombre  
Que ne sido creado por el  
Hice animals hice la luz  
Y para que todo lotuvieras? Tu

Para que ahora me meques?

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Frankenstein And His Bride

Living not far from Hollywood  
I see a lot of women of every  
possible description.

Size and color and international type.

Sauntering along the boulevard  
by the same name I gawk  
at undulating rumps  
under leopard skins, miniskirts and  
carnival accoutrement.

There's something carnal about  
their déhanchement.

Some young ones  
hop in front of me  
and upon turning  
their heads backward  
they look at each other  
if not at me  
and start giggling.

Others tall as Amazons  
and voluptuous with long  
golden hair  
when they turn around  
is like watching  
vintage movies.

From the rear they look  
twenty something.

From the front  
ninety something.

I wonder if they look at me  
the same way I look at them.

The only way to check  
is to give them  
a bath and a spin  
in the clothes dryer  
before taking them to bed  
and pray they don't remove  
their dental plates or worse  
their front and  
rear end falsies.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Fricken Frog Croaking Lyrics

Here's this Brit bard going by the name  
J.J. who wrote a poem about having  
sleepless nights because of the Greek

frog cacophony

I couldn't help to add my two-notes  
repartee that the Greeks were no

missionary dogs and that except for  
their croaking doggie style the frogging  
amphibians hollered the bloody

nights away.

I told him I knew what's it's like right here  
in my barranca from March to May

where coyotes came in prancing  
sexing the fricken frogs all the way  
to the bone till Kingdom come

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Friday The 13th In Gay Paree

or How Close I Came to Could've Been There

It so happens I befriended a woman  
for many circumstantial reasons.  
For one, of all the random chances

in the world, she became the girl-friend  
of my close male friend of some  
then 25 years in California.

They visited us here on numerous  
occasions where we discovered  
we both were from Casablanca and spent

much of our lives literally blocks apart  
separated by 15 years of anniversaries.  
We spoke French as fluently as native-born

except that her ancestry predated mine  
in that country by centuries.  
During the past decade and a half long

friendship we communicate and visit  
respectively in California and France.  
Her daughter married a Parisian who works

at the Bataclan Café when suddenly  
ratata-tat tat-tat the bay windows crash  
in torrential sheets.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Funeral Flowers Never Fade

I'd rather remember  
the colorful blossoms  
surrounding the departed.

I'd rather remember  
their character and their scent  
not some waxen faces  
straight out of the mold.

I'd rather remember the roses  
and the reds and the yellows  
and the whites and the pinks.

I'd rather forget the thorns  
and the pricks and the angst  
and the contradictions  
between existence and extinction.

I'd rather forget  
the pallidness of life  
and never watch  
funeral flowers fade.

Alexandre Nodopaka



# Gas-X

or Just Another Silly Thought

What if the God  
they taught us  
were smarter  
than all of our thoughts  
combined?

What if had instead  
created flowers  
blooming  
year-round  
and feeding off our sins?

Wouldn't the world  
be more beautiful?

Of course that's if  
the digestion and expulsion  
of sins  
wouldn't generate  
noxious gases  
to stink up the whole world.

Would He have been  
as smart as us for creating  
Gas-X?

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Gazing Into Blossoms

My eyes reflect  
their charcoal flora.  
They metamorphose  
into flowers of evil  
portraying sultry

habanera eyes.  
They made Beaudelaire  
dance with Verlaine  
blew Van Gogh's mind  
and bludgeoned Carmen.

As for me  
there's no problem,  
I'm just a flower  
on the wallpaper and  
I need no watering.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# George-A True Fairy Tale

You know  
you son of a bitch  
how pissed  
I am at you?  
No you don't.  
I'll tell you later.  
Until then  
I brag  
about you  
how much  
you taught me  
by your example.  
But what I am  
really pissed at  
is that you always  
told me  
how great my art  
was.  
Even though  
it wasn't.  
No matter  
what shit I created.  
But maybe  
you knew better  
you being a teacher  
you never  
discouraged me  
except at the very end  
when I walked in  
that morning  
through your open door  
and saw you  
leaning way back  
in your fake  
leather recliner  
with your feet up  
on the moveable  
foot rest  
with you black

Greek captain's hat  
over your eyes  
watching snow  
on the television.  
Except that  
you mother fucker  
were dead  
having taught me  
again by example  
how to die.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Geraldine

I didn't look  
for her name  
but when  
I found her  
she was no stray cat.  
She told me  
much later  
she had me  
for some time  
in her sight.  
I suspect  
it was the voodoo  
she practiced  
with her Wicca coven.  
I didn't pay attention.  
She ensnared me  
while I was  
in the midst  
of my Playboy years.  
I gave her my best.  
She gave me hers.  
After 42 years  
we still fight  
and remarry  
every year.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Ghostly Presence

Yes! the time has come

for the luster of my auburn  
fur to have faded

one hair at a time.

Looking beyond the mirror  
I accept my scalp's fairness.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Ghosts In The Sistine Chapel

It is not a ceiling.  
It is the underside  
of the intimate cranium.  
A celestial canopy,  
perceived from the core  
of my amygdala.

Without a doubt I am  
a rococo cathedral  
where thoughts intermingle  
in a bordello  
of orgiastic emotions and  
aspirations and

winged angels,  
disguised as Muses,  
armed with horned  
fleshy forceps  
insist on being splayed,  
gored, carnally crucified.

They anticipate  
the expelling  
not of blood but of  
sequential eternity  
surnamed original sin.  
A final reparative expiation.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Giant For A Second

Last week I was a giant lifting a ton. Suddenly a crushing pain in lower back.  
From that moment I was less than an imp.

Couldn't bring a fork to mouth. Laying prostrate my mind magnifies the injury  
into innumerable disabilities.

What if I can't get to the toilet and if I do will I be able to twist and reach my  
business end with a wad of toilet paper.

I have these bad memories since my wife underwent 3 major back surgeries  
when they opened her from the front and then the back  
to insert a variety of rods and other mechanical devices and drill screw holes in  
her vertebrae.

Of course I heal but a week later a quarter ton seems featherweight but I won't  
lift even that. Better keep on dreaming.

Alexandre Nodopaka



# Girl With A Pearl Earring By Johanes Vermeer

It was the glint in her eyes that first  
attracted my attention. The maid was  
doing my floor and I thought such eyes  
couldn't belong to such being  
unless she was supplementing

her income by attracting sleazy  
customers. Emboldened,  
I kept staring at her and to my surprise  
she stared back with a steady gaze.  
She opened her lips just ever so slightly

as if she was going to say something.  
I waited in vain for over three and a half  
centuries for her to descend from  
the painting in the manner of Duchamp.  
She was underage then and I didn't dare

make a move on her on account of my  
own advanced chronological life phase.  
My overripe wisdom would've been  
an outright giveaway and I would've  
been branded a rotten dirty old man.

Well, I thought and thought the matter  
over and over and remember telling Jo,  
pronounced Yo for you foreigners, to put  
a glint on the pearl in such way as to  
make it the focus of the portrait.

Yo balked at the suggestion but agreed  
and complemented it with a barely  
noticeable off-white collar on the tronie.  
He capped her with an oriental royal blue  
turban. Added a touch of wet to her lower

lip and I tell you this was no silicone job  
nor costume jewelry.  
Of course we didn't realize at the time how

famous that painting would become.  
And voila, the rest is history!

Alexandre Nodopaka

# God Descending The Staircase

Watching God  
descend  
the heavenly staircase  
towards them  
Eve whispers

to Adam,  
Of course  
It's obvious  
his head  
is always

in the clouds  
but what  
do you expect  
from God  
but fog.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# God Is A Mathematical Interlude

Were the word god replaced by  
X or any succeeding alphabetical letter,  
their resultant algebraic formulae would  
resolve man-made sacred concocted dilemmas.

The only conundrum that would need solving  
would be to define X, Y and Z.

On second thought not all alphabets have them  
while others exceed their quota by man's hand.

Hence, were we to refer to the above concept  
in terms of divine mathematical aseity,  
philosophical contingencies would be mutually  
contingent and enlighten the problems  
caused by verbose ellipsoidal harmonics.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# God Spat In The Clay

God spat in the clay

And it looks I also  
am on a drought binge  
and must spit  
in the sand of god  
to make him  
hold together  
and not because  
he spat at me first.

It's because splutter  
should've been  
created first.  
Instead we wallow  
in the moist of woman  
and no matter  
what we do  
we crumble inside her.

~~~

Alex Nodopaka Dec©2009
AD Something

Alexandre Nodopaka

Goddess Durga

Goddess Durga

Astride on her tiger
in menstrual throes

She feels she has a
Tiger in her tank

But her retinue trumpets
that he lost his woodies

and that she should club
her Wood

~~~

Alex Nodopaka Mar©2010  
AD Something

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Gods Do Not Breathe

Clouds erase death  
as death erases breath

Everybody in heaven  
grows wings

but no one there challenges  
Darwin or questions science

who both teach  
that without air

there's no need  
for feathers

Alexandre Nodopaka

## Going On 80

I still do childish things.  
Laughing at them

reincarnates me  
with all the awes  
of anticipation ahead

Alexandre Nodopaka



# Good Morning-? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? Cb ? ?

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Hello Dawn

I played with your breasts  
They were sunflower blossoms  
Reflecting in my eyes

My thoughts began dancing  
And my fingers started painting  
For a moment I thought

I was Vince  
And my canvas was you  
I gently squeezed the tail

Of the paint tubes  
You came in orgasmic colors  
On my stretched canvas

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Graffiti

Arcane hieroglyphs,  
mangled gibberish,  
cross-orthogonal zigzags  
scribbled across walls.

Spattered alien symbols,  
distorted identities  
ooze on black macadam.  
At night, like Tomcats,

graffitists creep, mark  
their territory. They spray, run,  
invade the stillness of the night  
with spray cans hissing.

Haze-shrouded figures,  
barely delineated against  
any ghostly night, they crown  
ghetto downtowns.

Only at daybreak when Ra's beams  
cast trenchant shadows  
can one decipher their notes and  
drawings and awesome monograms

that camouflage, no! Bandage  
fissures in the decaying walls.  
Only at the crack of dawn, bloody  
bullet holes identify their owners.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Guns Made In America

should rouse people to arms.  
I'd carpet-bomb Heaven  
aiming straight at Its maker  
hovering over that apple tree.

He'd be in my cross-hair  
as clear as I can see the tail  
of a worm doing calisthenics  
from an apple-hole hanging

upside down from the bottom  
branch. These thoughts are drawn  
from real life, like this morning's  
shooting in Riverside county

situated a few miles due east of me.  
I'd also question its maker's sanity  
in regard His techno-speak  
about Love and Peace

that demonstrates buying anything  
not Made in America  
isn't worth a Yen.  
Too bad Mao!

That's a Confucian conclusion  
about Yankee know-how  
and love of guns  
Made in the USA.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Haiku

From my window  
into yours you call me  
Peeping Tom

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Haiku From My Window

From my window  
into yours you call me  
Peeping Tom

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Half-Cocked Explanation Of Duality

The pneumatically operated subway doors  
Glide shut behind me. I seat myself  
Wedging between two one-legged women.  
One has her left amputated the other her right.  
Serves me right to be so lucky.

Being an engineer I toss heat exchange formulae  
And calculate mentally how quickly my thighs  
Would warm if I walked in from the middle  
Of winter and what if each woman sat  
With one good thigh against mine.

But it's mid-summer and I'm fantasizing.  
Being shit out of luck I look  
Across half-drawn glass panes  
Into the next compartment where two chaps  
Read torn half-page newspapers.

I wonder until I notice they are half-faced.  
Well, half the news is better than none  
And half the pain if it's bad chitchat and  
Since I am half-witted it suits me fine.  
Then I think what if those women sat

With their amputated sides against me?  
Would we make a happy threesome?  
At least we could walk without crutches!  
And if you're still reading this and think of Alice  
You understand one-quarter of my meaning.

I don't want to confuse the issue by adding  
What if one of us had poor blood circulation  
To what degree it would impact the equations.  
Mathematics is a strange science when you know  
Only fractions dealing with phantasms.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Hand Job In The Sistine Chapel

I am inadequately cunning  
to watch my tongue  
nor hear its muffled sound  
in your holy obscured places.

I'd rather be a Cherub or French.  
They speak their arcane dialect  
from ceilings and temples of love.

They have no need for language.

Their gestures do the job just fine.

My spirituals needs are easily inspired.

Visually.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Happy Birthday Monsieur Sartre

Today being, June the 21st,  
is also the anniversary of your birth.  
It's hardly about nothingness had you  
been alive you would've been 105.

The same age my father would've  
been had he lived that long.

Now, mind you, I do not deny  
your past existence, it's not like  
about God's nor do I require  
your birth certificate  
as some imbecile requested  
of a sometime US president.

Sure, you might've said you were  
a philosopher not a politician  
though I see hardly any difference  
between the two.

Thank you for helping me discover  
the meaning of life and more kudos  
for your analytical thoughts about  
their connotation to nothingness.

I still try to decipher your innuendoes  
after nearly three quarters of a century  
of reading you yet not really studying  
your philosophy.

What I got is that I want it my way.  
Now! and it's not my fault if I want it  
NOW! Like immediately.

That's because there's always  
the possibility of no tomorrow.

It's a matter of the longevity  
of existence!



Today is also the longest day  
of the year.

I don't know what it has to do  
with you but I can come up  
with a good phenomenological  
existential tale.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Happy Surprise

In the deepest dark  
of a black night  
a small jangle wakes you.

Deep in sleep,  
flesh feels skimmed  
caresssed.

Still between dream and reality,  
you feel heat rise up  
the hollow of your spine.

It brings your hand from  
beneath the quilt to grasp  
the architect of your desires.

There you stumble on palpitating flesh  
that your hand clasps without warning,  
and with panting rhythmic stroking  
sweetly crescendo  
into paroxysms and soft moans.

Upon waking there is no trace of the  
presence you straddled in bed.  
Only streaks on the prosecutor's linen cloth!

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Heil Trump

I can't believe how easy  
the transformation  
of a country  
from Hail Democracy  
to Heil Fascism.

A country that fancies  
itself at the forefront  
of women's liberation  
to women's submission  
by a misogynist.

It's the grabbing them  
by you know what  
and the stupidity  
of women  
who allow it  
then vote for him  
anyway.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Hello Dawn

I played with your breasts  
They were sunflower blossoms  
Reflecting in my eyes

My thoughts began dancing  
And my fingers started painting  
For a moment I thought

I was Vince  
And my canvas was you  
I gently squeezed the tail

Of the paint tubes  
You came in orgasmic colors  
On my stretched canvas

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Alexandre Nodopaka

Hello Dawn-  
&#1086; &#1073; &#1088;  
&#1086; &#1077; &#1091; &#1090; &#1088;  
&#1086; C&#1074; &#1077; &#1090;

Hello Dawn

I played with your breasts  
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Of the paint tubes  
You came in orgasmic colors  
On my stretched canvas

~~~

Alex Nodopaka Oct©2009
AD Something

Д о б р о е у т
р о Cв е т

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а ш е й г р у д
ь ю
О н и б ы л и ц
в е т а м и п о
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и к
О т р а ж а я в

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Н а м и н у т у
я п о д у м а л

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И м о я к а р т
и н а б ы л а в
ы
Я о с т о р о ж
н о н а ж а л н
а х в о с т е

К р а с о ч н о
г о т р у б а х
В ы п р и ш л и
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Н а м о й н а т
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С а ш а Hoд oп aka Okt©2009

Alexandre Nodopaka

Her Stockinged Legs

This the waitress
I love to annoy
with vapid remarks
knowing
she heard them
all before
and will hear after
she rinses her finger
in my drink.
And I'll lick dry
my bottom's drink
thinking back
about her fishnets.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Hey Mister Homer

are you
trying
my patience
here?
W Carlos W
would call
your footnotes
poetry itself
and
those
I read fully

Alexandre Nodopaka

Hindu Love Song

I am a connoisseur of
barefoot princesses and
judging the spread of your bill

it looks like you can fit me

But being at heart a redskin
I wait for my great eagle spirit
Before I fly you spread-eagle

Alexandre Nodopaka

Holy Threesome

God does not hear
when three tongues speak
simultaneously.

He pays attention
only to the one
that is on fire.

When the other two
are lit
three become one.

Until then
secrets cannot be kept
in a ménage à trois.

Something fishy about
this whole trinity affair.

Alexandre Nodopaka

How Beautifully

Oh, how beautifully
you write
of the kiss on the wrist.

Lips pressing
the inside of your hand
I sense the pulse

of each letter
every epistle throbbing
inside each ventricle

of my heart.

Alexandre Nodopaka

How I Became A Full-Blown American

Carefully watching my step
the tip of each of my foot lands safely
between the cement macadam cracks.

I became expert at such feat
thanks to playing on the sidewalks
of Casablanca the hop and skip game

all we children used to play before
the advent of the personal computer.
My aversion to divisions and fractions

has evolved from the youthful fear
of arithmetic and mathematics.
It has matured to a full-blown phobia

of pigeon-holing mankind's thinking.
We, Americans, subliminally appreciate
everything packaged just rightly so.

As a matter of fact we're either
so gullible or so facetious in our happy
Hollywoodian endings make-up

that appropriately packaged pebbles
at one time sold like peanuts
at the price of diamonds.

I remember sitting in a bar in the Bay Area
with a friend of mine fortuitously across
the future peddler of the Pet Rock

and overheard him say, the ugly American
(he apparently was educated enough
to know of Eugene Burdick's book)

is nuts and that he could make a fortune
selling rocks to him which he later did
with great success. Even I became

a one-time customer of his by contributing
to his first million dollars and proving
by such deed how Yankee-sized I became.

Alexandre Nodopaka

How I Came About Owning A Piece Of Alaskan History

I first bought on an auction house a leather camera holster. Written on the inside, in blue and black ball pen, is the name and address of its owner. The following information, through a search, is derived from the historical article that refers to that name.

Of all the odds in the whole world, the name refers to the supervisor of a crew of men that built portions of the Alaska Artic Road. Suddenly I am up to my chattering teeth and eyeballs in snow and fierce freezing temperatures falling to -85°F.

In parallel, coincidentally, weeks apart, I purchased in the same manner, from a different source, a camera whose wear spots fit uncannily but precisely into the mirrored leather spots. The camera still needs repairs since I bought it at a discount.

The seller listed defects requiring the attention of a professional craftsman since the lenses have haze, fungi and the metal has oxidation. Just think what an odd name and a few wear marks and some hazy fungus can do to the imagination!

I figure the man has passed as his birth year precedes mine by at least 5 years or more. Yes, the writing is on the leather and is a hint for I still have a few years left to repair the recording instrument. I wonder, is a recycled life a life well-lived?

Alexandre Nodopaka

How I Must Be Painted

She knows he sees
her silhouette
from across the building
and knows
he paints her
as if he were Edgar Degas

But these times
are avant-garde
Her moneymaker shimmies
knowing full well
the peeping Tom
is no Willem de Kooning

He could not keep up
with her spunk
(yes I mean both ways)
or acid rock and
especially her drug-induced
strident lyrics when she fucks

Alexandre Nodopaka

How To Be A Good Terrorist

I'm buying two revolvers.
I like them silver-plated
with a long barrel
the way I remember they were
in cowboy movies of the mid-fifties

when all he-men spoke French
on a Moroccan cinemascope screen.
I'll run up the steps and stand in front
of the super wide screen
and in the darkened hall I'll burst

in laughter like a madman while shooting
from my six-shooters ice cream bullets
at the audience so they won't show
any recognizable striations
during later forensics

Alexandre Nodopaka

How To Beat To Death An Old Bush

or An Art Critique

Well, this triptych explains
how a magic trick is done
without telling the process.

I'd compare it to balancing
air with weightless molecules or the
impetuous ecstasy when Hydrogen

meets Oxygen.

The artist's airy and fluid approach
being a demanding style

starts with the first panel,
followed by a second
with a third for a grand finale.

It has a storybook effect with a
beginning, a middle and a unhappy
un-Hollywoodian ending.

It reminds me of when I visited Venice
my nose misted the glass
separating me inches away from

The Garden of Earthly Delights,
a painting by Hieronimus Bosch,
except that instead of feeling bliss

I could smell the naked arses
minutely painted in the most
of graphic and demented poses.

At the end of my 10-minute staring
I had a feeling of having a real whiff
of fire and brimstone religious art.

Of course it could have also been

a metaphysical experience of plain art
depending on the panache

of my writing.

Had I painted this scene and smeared
feces in the right places, another critic

might've called it a pile of
neo-post-expressionist mounds
crowning a dull artistic career.

Alexandre Nodopaka

How To Grow Instant Miracles

This week's issue of The New Yorker
Was very disappointing.
Not a single Vodka ad!
You know, the ones that leave
Half or more of the page blank
Just for word-paparazzi like me
To write intoxicated lyrics.

Well, ok, so I leaf and hit upon this folio
Advertising their book festival
And because it's printed
In pale green with quartertone images
It can be written over
Yet read back with relative clarity
Even in the presence of Vodka spirits.

So I commence writing in my garden
But first I stroll from a flower to another
With in each hand a spray can
Filled with miracle grow abracadabra
And when I finish misting one
I move gingerly to the next
And dole out gestural rainbows.

Each blossom emerges blessed
By the descended Holy Ghost upon it
Crowning it with fiery spirit
And when finished I rest
Like that someone else did
As if it were the seventh day
And I don't mean Adventist!

So on this balmy lazy day I stretch out
In my Royal-size wicker recliner
And start massaging
A few traditional stanzas
Trying to metamorphose them
Into special originals but after a while
I feel like masturbating.

I mean the lyrics of course when
Unexpectedly an-over-the fence neighbor
In short shorts and holy tit cleavage
Bends over and looking back at me
From between her knees she asks,
Hey you really have a green thumb,
Tell me what's the stuff in the cans.

With my finger blatantly rubbing
The pressure release button
I reply,
Miracle grow, my friend, miracle grow.
Then a little louder, I disseminate miracles.
But I never tell her
In the can it's only Latex paint.

Alexandre Nodopaka

How To Grow Instant Miracles Version 2

This week's issue of
The New Yorker was very
disappointing. Not a single Vodka ad!
You know, the ones that leave Half or more
of the page blank Just for
word-paparazzi like me
To write their intoxicated lyrics.

Well, ok, so I settle for this folio
Advertising their book festival
Because it's printed
In pale green halftone
That can be written over
And still read back with relative clarity
Despite the absence of Vodka spirits.

So in my garden I stroll
From certain flowers to others
With in each hand a can
Filled with miracle grow abracadabra
And when I finish spraying one
I move gingerly to the next
And dole out illicit rainbows.

It looks like the Holy Ghost
Descends on each
Crowning it of its spirit
And when finished
I rest on the seventh day
like that someone else did
And I don't mean to be an Adventist!

So here I stretch out
In my Royal-size wicker recliner
And start massaging
Some traditional stanzas
Trying to metamorphose them
Into originals but after a while
I feel like masturbating.

I mean the lyrics of course
When my next door neighbor
In short shorts and holy tit cleavage
Bends over and Looking back at me
from between her knees she asks,
Hey you really have a green thumb
With these flowers of yours.

Would you please tell me
What's the stuff in the cans?
With my finger now trembling
Still on the release button I reply,
Miracle, my friend, miracle grow.
I spray miracles but do not tell her
It's just paint.

Alexandre Nodopaka

How To Kiss An Ass Goodbye.

Oh my G-d what have you done
and done me in
real good this time.

Such compliments I do not deserve
yet gleefully accept.

Now I have to either live up
or never write anything below
the above mentioned script
because from a distant eastern shore
this man's echo said for us to break out
some Muscovite spirits.

But mind you he said it to me
in a foreign tongue (it's all Yankee to me)
and that some of my writing
came from my ass though he
diplomatically qualified it as fine art.

I correct his opinion and inform him
that when I first began the afore
mentioned writing I was sober
and upon the middle of the bottle
I became an ass and it is that other
denizen who with the brown of his
excrement wrote the lyrics linked to me.

And though this man claims neither
nobility for him nor to possess any blue
blood, he said to me that the sad Marquis
(the one imprisoned for lewd poesy)
was no relation to him and unless the
donkey was his and that it or his blood was
brown, he had nothing to do with it.

Believing neither being, both being full
of bull including yours truly I thanked him
for his time and virtually kissed his ass

good bye.

Alexandre Nodopaka

How To Write A Woman

Is to first lay her
down on canvas.
Trace her contours

and where
her emptiness lives
stuff words.

The one I write
doesn't like silence
the way man does.

She moans and screams
and whimpers with
every letter

scratched into her skin.
She isn't stealth inclined
the way man is

who solves the hunt
with an arrow
or an altercation

with a sword since
dudes don't listen
with their heart.

If Pablo had a chance
I wonder
would he have painted

his
many
women

with
an
ax.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Hyperbolic Laws Of Geometry

For some reason the meaning of
a poem dealing with chicken livers
and their division into tangents

skimmed my intellectual cerebration.
I suspect the ditty was not as difficult to
understand as Nikolai Lobatchevsky's

hyperbolic laws that state through a
point and a line in space there's an
infinity of parallels. Duh!

To me, however, it zips right over my
orthogonally erect hair.
I can't get the horizontal asymptotes of

my rational thoughts to stay straight.
My thinking kept curving round an x-y
graph in my inebriated brains.

Alexandre Nodopaka

I Am Thin And Narrow

and my body elongates
trying to pass through
between the floor and the door

well it's better than being
shaped like a keyhole
painted by Modigliani

Alexandre Nodopaka

I Became Jaded Gazing At A Mexican Fountain

expecting to see somewhere a hairline crack in the base
of the Mexican-tiled fount.

A sign of a spouting leak,
a gush of water issuing from the cement wall
but all I got was dried gold fish resting between sheets
of desiccated algae with no Wasabi to boot.

Well, I think you get the gist of my thinking about your
poem and hope your scales are shinier and stiffer than
those of the dead goldfish. May their scales line your ego
the way an armor marries a knight's body and his
mental state when he returns to his Cunégonde and finds
her bedding his brother if not a whole foreign army.

I hear this happens often when damsels in the throes of
absence of their beau throw themselves instead of
down Squaw Rocks they choose instead to have
their thirsty holes filled with alien fish.

Speaking of watering holes and the preceding tale aside
I look about and observe the eucalyptus trees

that crowns the fountain and see perfection
in their imperfect figures. Not all trees are ideal.
Some are misshapen others not fully grown yet some have
sculptured silhouettes like the perfectly chiseled
green jade Buddha on my shelf pondering over the dust
collecting on his lap.

Alexandre Nodopaka

I Began Longing

in my old age
for exotic lands
where I used
to live
before coming
to the old USA.

There's something
about cobbled streets
almost narrow enough
when stretching
your arms
you sense
the closeness
of its walls
between
your fingertips.

Well,
it's like slithering
inside a woman.

I bet Jonas
felt that way
when he was inside
the gut of the whale.

A sense of aliveness
emanating
from the walls
whispering
the histories
of centuries.

Even now
I can smell
the hide of horses
and cows
and ghosts

that have gone
before me.

And to record
my own passage
I fart.

I bet you didn't
expect
such inelegant
metaphor.
But that's what
old age does.

Maybe that's why
most of my poetry
doesn't appeal
to publishers.

F#\$k them!

Alexandre Nodopaka

I Began Saving

all the bits
and pieces
of papers
with my writing
especially
with hand scribbled
cyphers
on the back
of used envelopes.

Poetic lines.
Observations.
Sometimes bullshit.

The reason
is inspirational
micro seconds
are non recoverable
once out of the mind.

A bit like dreams
that fade
the moment we wake
unless we rehearse
their details.

For instance
I was somnolent
with in the background
some French
actuality dialogues
about
the Iliad by Homer.

But for some reason
I was thinking
of John Cage,
Ravel,
Rahmaninoff,

Stravinsky
played on Japanese
Taiko drums.

Now wouldn't that
be a coup
despite my having
zero knowledge
about music
other than when
blaring
old gypsy tunes
in the shower.

Alexandre Nodopaka

I ate

I Con.
template
my

n
a
v
e
l

while my belly

e~x~p~p~a~n~n~d~s.

By way of fat
I feel Buddha.

Alexandre Nodopaka

I Don't Know If God Plays Ball

soccer or foosball or bacci ball.
Well, I'm a Frenchman and
boules is the name of my game.

Being on the ball is like playing
with Gigi little girls. When God
created Eve I wonder did He

have in mind dirty old men
and did He mean putting man
behind the eight ball

and did He know that eons later
round the corner of the square ball
someone hooks up with

a hooded guy who sells 3.5 grams
of meth and coke and damn,
that 8 ball is already gone!

I wish I had another!
I start singin' a tune, I don't drink
brass monkey, like to be funky

and my name ain't Eazy-E
your 8 ball junkie.
We did an eight ball of blow and

danced until next morning.
I ain't never goin' out
With an eight-ball Chiquita

Cuz I got balls and I ain't
givin' her mine and
she ain't playin' with mine.

I wish God had more balls
and my brain marinate
in mothballs.

Alexandre Nodopaka

I Don't Know What It Is About Vincent

There is no blue without yellow and
without orange...

Vincent van Gogh

that's so big today. I remember standing
in front of Goupil's and Theo pacing
outside the display window festooned
with those garish paintings of his brother.

I don't know why he picked the end
of the winter to show them off. I guess it
was his art sales dead season. I must say
that the street light reflections

in the darkened bay window competed
with the display inside. At times
I could hear the snickers of a rare ghostly
passersby mumbling under their steaming

breath what the art world has come to and
that their child smeared paint just like that
in their art class. I remember in particular
at one of his openings that, I must say,

occurred without fanfare on one of those
gloomy City of Lights days some time
in dreary March. Nothing like the feel
in the song Paris in the Springtime.

Anyway, I stood like a buck, dumfounded
by the oncoming lights of speeding cars.
As a matter of fact had I been less dazed
and more with it I should've picked up

a couple of his canvases back then
for less than a song and a dance
and instead of living today in a trailer
I could've built myself an ivory tower

on the topmost of the Eiffel Tower
and had Gay Paree all to my myself.

Alexandre Nodopaka

I Don't Know What's The Matter

I used to grow in height for a long time then unnoticeably stopped. At first I didn't detect it, being too busy to pay attention but now it's like wow! I started growing shorter by one millimeter every day.

Other things, I'm not used to, started growing. Like skin tags under my arm pit. Then my pectorals grew to a size B cup. Now upon waking my eye lids are stuck as with Gorilla glue.

Some time ago my eye lids began to droop. Every day I look more Oriental. It's not a racial slur but now I must forcefully lift my eyebrows to see sharply. The problem is that it forms wrinkles

above my eyebrows making me look like Dracula year round. What the hell is going on? I stopped drinking all sweet drinks I used to love: like orange and apple and grape juice.

Plain spring water from the faucet has been a long forgotten experience since we moved far away from the Hetch Hetchy water distribution centers. Now I live across the street from a

water reclamation center. In the old days it used to be called sewage plant. What that means is that no sooner I piss and shit it flows down to their facility and

they send it back to me like pronto through my kitchen faucet. I know they do. I recognize my own aroma and it's not Nina Ricci or my Parisian Mt I eau de cologne.

Alexandre Nodopaka

I Dreamt Of Rumi

In your midnight dream
I whispered
I am in here, be not afraid
for I am you and you are I

You saw me
on a reverie flying-carpet
prophesizing the meaning
of I your soul you my flesh

Alexandre Nodopaka

I Found Rubbers In Her Purse

If it weren't for me in late age
shooting blanks &
finding condoms
in my wife's purse &

looking for the arms
of a youthful mistress &
stopping to play with my rod
(the fishing kind)

I wouldn't be spilling my fishes
all over gods' grounds for the sake
of organic fertilizing of another
apple tree in the Garden of Eden

Alexandre Nodopaka

I Hallucinate For Heaven's Sake

As a child and since then
I'm attracted to anything that slithers.
Must be primal memories

Of the Garden of Eden
And of a god with a vibrating lightning rod
In his left hand.

Yes, he's a leftie
Just in case you need to know.
As a matter of fact there have been studies

On that subject matter
With an overwhelming
Number of geniuses

Born into that left wing category.
That aside, I've been blessed
In the last twenty or more years

With cerulean dragons meandering
At a disquieting rate
Out of women's buttocks.

It must be the gods' discreet
Fashion of pointing to where
Paradise dwells and was never lost.

Alexandre Nodopaka

I Have A Muse

This desire for flight.
There are those who want to live
without a Muse.
That's when it all starts.
The need to escape the loved,
the abhorred, the unloved.

And it's killing the heroes
after their own ideas
who are jealous of their own time,
refusing conventions
that demand
they compromise and stay put.

Yes, but here too are those
overly given to daydreams and
unfocused yearnings.
Through unreasonable desires
and mainly through death.
The final flight.

I know.
I am almost there, lost
and can't run away from
my demise or
my Muse.
My Self.

Alexandre Nodopaka

I Have A Story That'll

bury Tiger Woods
under 6 feet of sand.
It's the wishful thinking

of any golfer
to eagle their balls
in Alice's hole.

But I wonder if anybody
wants their balls
to shrink fast enough

in the time they fly
from the golfing club
to birdie Wonderland.

Alexandre Nodopaka

I Like Sushi

That's not
the only reason.

I like it because
every time
I enter
a Japanese
restaurant
they announce
my arrival
with a loud
Irasshaimase
making
me
instantly
illustrious.

Bonsai!

There's this poet
nicknamed Buk
who wrote
about him
going to a water fountain
and taking a drink
after surreptitiously
looking up a girl's legs.

Well, it might've been
a young woman.

So I think
what's so fucking special
about a stainless steel
watering column
spurting water
in your mouth
when it tastes
recycled

and
across the street
stands a water
recycling plant.

Yeah! It could've been
a young whore
like I could've been
Marquis de Sade.

Alexandre Nodopaka

I Love The Silent Drumming

Lala Dee Boomboo Tralala.
Its decibel level echoes silently
off my tympanic membrane.
Only my right one.
Just thinking aloud, mind you!
And in my left ear I hear
the thump of a crashing
just planted memoriam tree.

Alexandre Nodopaka

I Made Wine Like Jesus Did

I'll wait for the grape
to turn into wine
unless my patience

dies on the vine begging
me to call on Jesus
who knows best.

I, unlike Him,
am a legal immigrant
with proper work permits.

There won't be any need
to hire Him,
an illegal immigrant,

to stomp on purple raisins
though divine feet,
dirty or not, could help.

Alexandre Nodopaka

I Never Learned How To Write Poetry

It didn't come to me simply through academics.
It came to me simply one flyer at a time

when I was simply a struggling artist
and because I'm simply not one anymore

because I decided to simply become
immensely rich. Yes that simply!

It's just a simple state of mind and to prove it
to myself I announce my simple financial status

every time the occasion presents itself.
And believe me it's often enough that by now

I simply believe it myself.

Alexandre Nodopaka

I Never Lived The Aristocratic Life

I was made in Kiev yet delivered some
93 hundred kilometers away in Vladivostok
on the coldest of days in January 1940.

It took a long time to get back on a Trans-
Siberian choo choo. Back then it took
nine days to traverse that vast country.

So here! Dr. Zhivago!
Don't tell me it was a fun ride, though
yours may have been more than mine.

By then I was one-and-one-half year old,
swaddled to my eyeballs, on the ride
of my life. Sadly it didn't qualify me for

the Guinness Book of Records. Yes,
I could've been famous for fifteen minutes
fifteen years before the book was thought of.

So here I develop the telluric forces
of my narrative portion and when all
the Homeric archetypes burst forth

my story will have been told. But back
to my story. Shortly afterward the Germans
invaded my space from where we fled

to that most of exotic places, Casablanca
that Bogie never ever went.
That wraps my adolescence in a colonial

philosophy and is why I spoiled in my
teen age years with a colonialist life-style
and is the reason to this day, why I appreciate

slavish tokens of appreciation from
the then girls that soon were to become
the aristocratic femmes fatales in my life.

Alexandre Nodopaka

I Observe An Elder Man

with a fishing pole walk along the sandy seashore of the Pacific Ocean toward a promontory composed of jutting boulders. The ocean waves gently sweep though not quite reach them. He obviously doesn't want his white sandals or slacks to get wet nor does he look like he is a fisherman of women, too old for that breathtaking sport.

Soon he finds a suitable place and begins setting up his fishing paraphernalia. From experience I know his positioning must be suitable for wedging the fishing pole and have a comfortable resting lean-to in proximity if one hasn't brought a director's chair. At this point there is no reason for God's presence who sent a flock of angels, seagulls and

pelicans in this case, to entertain him. The silver-haired, stocky built gentleman raises his wide brim-hatted head, flails his arms for a second as he falls backward amongst the rocks. I knew he was in trouble since I couldn't see any subsequent appendicular motion. I run to him and look at his carnaged forearms and the dull-witted look in his eyes and

immediately apply my knowledge on how to keep him awake while I can hear behind me someone call an ambulance despite that the man is already growing angel wings. To keep his wits about himself I ask him does he know where he is, what's his name, his birthday, where he's from. Amazingly his answers match my statistics to a tee. By now the

ambulance arrives with sirens blaring, blinking lights and a team of EMT double-timing towards us. At the same moment, trying to rise, I blabber to my entourage that from where I am I see Russia and Vladimir Putin groping Sarah Palin and if I'm to die what a lovely place and time this would be. Right then I realize that's where the spiritual slant of

my poem will sink.

Alexandre Nodopaka

I Read A Book Of Poems

I wonder if anyone
has read it before me
the way I have.

The top corners of pages
sixteen through twenty-one
were still sealed.

I carefully spread them,
not disturbing their virginity.

Then at an angle
I peaked between them.

What I read
was worth the visit.

I'll pass it on to another
In the same configuration.

I wonder if they'll read it
The same manner I did.

Alexandre Nodopaka

I Remember The Days

when getting up in the morning
to go to school
I dreamt of staying in bed.

When getting up in the morning
to go to work
I dreamt of staying in bed.

When now I get up in the morning
to go nowhere
I dream of going somewhere.

At first they were simple dreams
now they've become complex.
I stand in front of a microwave

and wait one minute for the ding.
One minute less to live I think
for a whole minute

and envy the physicists
that say time is only an illusion.
The cat that jumps is not

the same cat that lands
nor is yours truly
or his reader.

Alexandre Nodopaka

I Saw God Naked

No dick!
No belly button!
And like Johnny Cash
in the Sue song

He commands me
not to call Him
Dick.
I reply, How about Dickie?

He raises His arms
as if to embrace me
and points
His middle fingers at me.

Alexandre Nodopaka

I Scribble Words

on any bits
of paper
that has enough
clear space
for my complex
thoughts.

I freeze
the moment
of inspiration
like Bresson did
with his photography.

And when
he was asked
what's
the darkened
spot
on the photo
he'd answer
it was dust
part
of the image.

And if you ask me
what am I writing
about
I'd answer
you'll know
soon enough.

Or not.

And to my wife
I'd tell,
Save it!

You never know
how precious

it may become.

Alexandre Nodopaka

I Spread Your Book Cover

I'm spreading your book cover
over my eyes
& pronounce some blind feelings
about your poem.

Wow,
I see one notable observation
of the woman lurking in the ashtray.
What is it? Cinder art?
You read ashes now?

And the other that stands out
is gender-limiting
of the book cover business.
I mean who could be those people
but men
who alone are capable of wrapping
their fish smell in newspaper
unless you include
the gentler sex that reads dust jackets
folded between their fluttering wings.

Well, friend,
since you are maybe not dear yet,
may I ask what the rosemary flavoring
in the title of your poem
has got to do with your tale?

Alexandre Nodopaka

I Sure Blew This One

There's this chick I come across
at the voodoo convention, I mean
New Age with a touch of the Age
of Aquarius aura.

We strike a conversation about this
and that and what's my sign and
of course I don't give a hoot about
all that. It's her hooters I am after.

Before I know we're almost kissing
when her mother slithers in between.
She looks distressed. What's up? I ask.
She whimpers she came for counsel.

Tongue in cheek I tell her,
That's what I am here for, to give
guidance to gone astray women.
She takes me up on this and asks

if I read palms? I grab hers, mind you,
in a gentleman's fashion and tell you
that took some effort.
After properly caressing her life line

for a while I blurt,
I see this young man in your life
and it means BIG trouble.
Her eyes fill with tears as she utters,

Oh my God! What should I do
my son's in jail for murder.

Shit! I sure blew this one!

Alexandre Nodopaka

I Take With A Grain Of Pixels

the propounded philosophy.
Mine is its complementary opposite.
A society stomaching total transparency

has much better chances to eliminate
all swindles and claims to climate
amendment.

I say more or less because there's no
perfect system. Ice caps are melting and
soon we'll have polar bears for dinner.

That's if icebergs reach our southern
shores before thawing. Besides, I'd want
Titanic ice hexahedrons in my Vodka.

In short, if everyone were limpid clear,
we all would be idyllic Scientologists!
And I start laughing and laughing and...

Alexandre Nodopaka

I Vacillated

before Vincent's art
when first exhibited
and didn't buy.

I thought he was
too esoteric
and being arcane
was too demanding on me.

But I like the ending
of your poem.
I can hear Lao Tsu
reciting this.

NO!
I see the lips on the tea bags
move!
They laugh at the bubbles
in the teapot
and call them airheads!

Alexandre Nodopaka

I Went To Ask Alice

The old man woke to painting
his fish boat with thinned and
thinner paint on account of his
thriftiness.

He kept painting until it dawned
on him the boat didn't need it.
Fishing has been good with
peeling paint and his dream was

set in the constellation of the
Pisces. The fish scales plastered
inside the inside of his skull
kept it from sinking.

In effect his boat metamorphosed
into a fish and his dream
had nothing to do with the birth
of Aphrodite.

OK, maybe it had a touch of auto
Eros veiled for old time sake in a
wet dream. What do you know!
Go ask Alice?

Alexandre Nodopaka

I Will Bring You Out Of The Land Of Bondage

Arms subjugated she prays:

Chag Ha-Matzot

Chag Ha-Pesach

to which the third eye replies,

'I will bring you out of the land of bondage'

the tenth plague will not touch you

and when the angel of death descends

to slay the Egyptians' first-born

thou shall be passed over.

Then thou shall sit at each Seder

and retell the Exodus saga

while partaking in a festive meal.

Then thou shall recite prayers of thanks,

welcome Elijah the prophet

and sing Passover songs.

Thy table shall be festive and decorated

with four cups of wine, four why questions, four sons.

The Wise Son, the generation of the chacham,

the Wicked Son, the generation of the rasha,

the Unknowing Son, the generation of the simple son,

the Unquestioning Son, the lost generation.

And I shall make you four promises:

'I will bring you out of the land of bondage.'

'I will save you.'

'I will free you from slavery.'

'I will take you to be a chosen people.'

Alexandre Nodopaka

I Wish I Hadn't Run Over Jesus' Ass

The first time I met Jesus was in Paris on the way to visit
The Notre Dame Cathedral. At the time still very young
I trailed my parents in the Metro and was in love and
Whom I really wanted to meet was Esmeralda.

I had such a crush on her that despite being 10 years old
I saw her, not quite innocent, cavorting with Quasimodo,
Yet back then I knew nothing about dirty old men
But I was ready to swing at him from the gargantuan bell.

What I remember most was her ample cleavage.
Ah, so bouncy, barely held together by a tress of black lacing.
Well, it was a film with Gina Lollobrigida in black & white
Who was voluptuously appetizing despite her lack of colors.

Suddenly the metro heaved smoothly forward jarring me
Back into real time while dismayed I watched my parents
Frantically waving from the quay and realized I was alone
Traveling first time in an unknown megametropolis.

Disembarking at the next stop I was told there was no return path.
I mean it was like a freeway with only an
Off ramp exit with no return until the following or more exit.
I panic just a little when an old man appears from nowhere.

Well, ok, from behind a poster-plastered public pissoir and
Seeing my lost look he kindly instructed me on how to return
To where I came from and I tell you it wasn't easy,
Especially when he asked for my name and after telling him

He comes back with Je suis Jésus and to me it was a miracle.
The next time I met Jesus was in Spain at a bullfight where
Luis Miguel Dominguín was performing Benihaha sword tricks
But on live bulls and when upon the final kill we all went

Across the Plaza de Toros to a restaurant serving
The fresh arena kills and as our party of twelve sat down,
Jesus, as his nametag attested, came to serve us and in that moment
I felt I was ready to eat the body of Christ.

I met the great man a few more times but now will tell you
Why never again. Yesterday, a treasured possession I acquired
On the way home to California at the border in Tijuana Mexico
A whittled facsimile of Jesus sitting on his ass and believe me or not

The vendor's name was no other than that very holy forename
Except he was a true Tequilaland Aguave native.
But by the most unfortunate asynchronistic bicycle accident
Riding it under the influence of Vodka I bumped into the stand

That displayed the fisher of men obviously not on a fishing boat
And ass first they both came tumbling down under the tire and
Even though I could've driven over Jesus' butt I did it over his face.

Alexandre Nodopaka

I Wish You Would Drop

the paint brush
and put your hands
all over me

Alexandre Nodopaka

Ibpc: Fame, Now You See It Now You Don't

I read an in-depth report on Georges Cuvier,
who well before Darwin, discovered
that life on earth appeared and disappeared
like in and out of Merlin's hat.

It is rare when a performer performs
without being paid. And so upon searching
for that infamous IBPC website I also discover
that my poetry disappeared as if it never existed.

Of course I heard of wise spiritual philosophers
claiming that life is but the illusion of a trick rabbit
but I never thought that applied to my writing.
So now what happens when appealing to the muses

is what appears instead when searching IBPC is:
Appearance Type: Blower with Internal Features
Approved for Outdoor Use: No Technical Details
available and that it is not Energy Star Rated

despite its rating of 15 Amps and its Voltage 115.
Let it be known that IBPC now stands for
Internal Blower for use with PC. Anyway, I never
thought of it more than it being a virtual blow-job!

Alexandre Nodopaka

If The World Was Of A Single Hue

Would the world be in 3-D?
Would we need eyes to see it?

Since born to see in color,
For me, no matter how dramatic

Black and white can be,
Life inhabits rainbow hues.

And

Since the world feels pains
It's because it is of many hues

If existence was of one hue
Eyes wouldn't be required

We'd would be part of it
Instead of separate from it.

Alexandre Nodopaka

If You Had To Choose A Tea Bag

He's calm, seems to make decisions
rationally. Thinks things through.
Doesn't lose his cool in public.

Frankly seems to like to understand
the issues before twattering about them
and generally seems to have

the idea character for someone who's
got the power to unleash
the US nuclear arsenal.

I'm sick of people criticizing him
because he's not 'warm'. We had a
from the hip gang of cow boys

Yes I mean of the ruminating kind,
six bangers who in eight years,
single handedly, blew us

out of the water. So kiss ass
is not part of his job description.
If you want warm and emotional

hire a new-age therapist or get that
gorgeous-pin-up tea bagger
in your sleeping bag.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Ignorance Vs. Stupidity

The fine line between the two
is that one doesn't know shit
while the other does.

I knew that half of Americans
were ignorant. And that's forgivable.
What I didn't know until this election

was that the other half was stupid.
And that's unforgivable.
The so-called educated

all-knowing press pundits,
instead of reporting the news
fabricated it to fit a misfit.

Now I find myself in a position
ass backward attempting to ingest
what ought to be expelled

but like a chicken wishbone
it goes only one way.
Back to where it first came from.

Alexandre Nodopaka

I'm Grateful

for all the trees
God put on Earth
for me to hug
or pee on
or take a dump
behind

I'm grateful
for all the faces
I see into their bark

I've seen them
smile
I've seen them
cry
I've seen them
angry
I've seen them
happy
I don't even mind
being put
in a box
made of them
but I draw the line
at when
they speak to me

Alexandre Nodopaka

I'm Not An Astrophysicist

but have an innate knowledge of time
in that I understood in time as not
being on time is actually a gift from
being on time.

Of course I speak of psychological time
and the opportunity to make room for time.

Maybe a fraction of a pound worth of time.

That's if time has weight. I know it does.

Waiting a long time is a big weight
on my shoulders and if I wait long
enough my time will run out.

I need time to wait time.

Maybe if I wait long enough and like
morals and ethics change with time
all I need is ethical time.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Impaired Vision

I felt
with fingers
for morsels of light

Like a puzzle
in all hues and consistencies
an idyllic landscape
was sensed

At night I disassembled
and stored each piece
in my head and dreamed
cubist paintings

Alexandre Nodopaka

In Memoriam, A Portrait Of Vladimir Ilyitch Lenin

I acquired the painting at a major discount
From a co-op antique dealer who had to close shop
On account of the present economic debacle.
I did some extensively deep research into old archives
Of portraits of Vladimir Ilyitch but could not find
Anywhere anything with a white goatee and moustache.

I thought I knew my Russian history but after browsing
Through a multitude of portrayals of the famous revolutionist
I felt I could draw the man myself and blindfolded to boot.
In the lower right corner the painting bears two generously
Fat initials R.G. and the back of the gessoed panel has
some illegible pencil scribbles

With the exception of a glued tag identifying the framer
Or framing shop as being from Frankfurt (Main) .
Now, anybody could've bought a frame there and installed
The painting but the masterly stroked oil was thumb tacked
By a peculiarly dated style whose head was perforated
With two diametrically opposite very small holes.

And since the painting was not dated it sent me
On a flurry of research trying to time it in that manner.
Now don't ask me but I know everything there's to know
About a push pin and who invented which and when.
But at that point I still had no clue as to who the painter
Or the poser were. In frustration I researched the owner

Who either by himself or by another identified himself
On the back of the work of art with a fancy typed label
As Eigentumer: architekt Stefan-Blattner.
And when I clicked through search engines my mouth
Opened in awe at his reputation. So now I had some
Documentation as to its provenance though didn't relish

The architect being associated to Joseph Goebels but then
I remembered the Germans identified all their belongings
Especially when they stole paintings from their owners
While martyring their prisoners by disposing of their gold

Dental contraptions yet scrupulously documenting their
Deeds by appropriating their hair or gold dentures.

Well, in my case I only want to document my purchase
Gotten for a song and a dance even if it was of dubious
Provenance but in the end I'm now convinced it's not the
Portrait of the commie in his older age but could be the
Architect himself unless it is his father or another guru of
The same Bauhaus school because further down the article

I couldn't help noticing references to Le Corbusier,
G. Candilis, G. Godefroy and A. Nodopaka who
By no accident was my father and who for sure was born
Under and knew of Lenin at least by sight. And to console
myself I feel that during hard times in Winter I could use
the painting as kindling to warm my freezing imagination.

And I don't want to forget that during the driving time
Back home there was a revolting odor in the car of old cigarette
Smoke to the extent my wife accused me of sneaking a smoke
After a 3and a half-year sabbatical. Well, having some loose
Knowledge of artwork restoration I was happy to rub some fresh
Garlic cloves over the surface and the back of the painting

But the waft reminded me too much of a cheap pizza parlor
So I went over it with a half-cut fresh onion then went over again
With an orange at which time I feared that ants might eat
My painting so I rubbed it with a fresh lime whose rind I used
in my Vodka Tequila Sunrise by toasting Trotsky's hammer
and sickle assassination and Lenin's mummification.

Alexandre Nodopaka

In My Spare Time

While shopping thrift stores
I stumbled on one
with a special 60% off sale.
I love such fortuitous times.
They make me feel immensely
rich just on such days.

Conceive that I can literally buy
anything or everything.
And imagine my joy
when I picked a 13.5 inch high
hollow bronze sculpture
tagged with a hollow price.

At that moment
all my learning about art history
paid off in a split second.
It was not that the piece
I thought exorbitantly valuable
that it wasn't as I discovered later.

It is that I pinpointed the year
and style and possibly the artist
since it wasn't signed.
It was mounted on a square
piece of wood whose painted
patinated wear further hinted

at its early 1,900's provenance.
I recognized in the iron worker's
flowing coverall the Italian
movement hinting at Futurism.
He was a handsome iron smith
in a period attire with hands

holding a sledge hammer
and pincers resting
on a waist-high anvil.
Very polished industrial look.

His work apron had
that Boccioni dynamic look.
I anticipated riches. I wish!

Alexandre Nodopaka

In Praise Of My Father In Heaven

O Lord how stunning to see your name
emblazoned in print nearly 3 decades
after your passing.

Hallowed be your name I see
in professional French books and articles,
and in Russian language and English print.

I remember when I was little and
had nothing to myself but my nickname
how silently proud I was to be your son.

And how eager I was to match your
then already in print notoriety that I sought
even by proxy. Your kingdom has come,

your will be done, on earth, as it is in heaven.
I remember to this day how proud I was
to see my own name the first time

in newspapers displaying my maladroit
scooter-driving feats that ended
under a truck.

And now that you have reached the apogee
you so long ago deserved, only now I can,
with my eyes tearing, show how much

I still love you.
O dear Father, thank you for the bread
you brought to my eager mouth

and all that teaching to my ears.
I still hear you, three quarters centuries later
leading me, not into temptation.

Check mate!

In Response To Preparation For A Memory

The man is afflicted
with what he nicknamed,
The Howard Hughes syndrome.

Himself didn't exactly know
what that definition meant exactly
but he was satisfied
with the general vagueness
of its significance.

The symptoms began
some time ago caused by various
psychological traumas caused by
physiological events caused by
material losses caused by
the teachings of a Keynesian system
in a now failing Capitalistic society.

The feelings that followed these losses
actually subsided extremely quickly
replaced by feelings of near euphoria.

Well-being would be the better
choice of word.

Surprisingly this was followed
by a feeling of overall sanity that
fully opened the doors of introspection
that were already cracked open
but only barely for a long time.

The problem was the dimness
of the light
caused by the false foundations
of accepted teachings
as the man struggled for a humane
quality of life that didn't fit the mold
of the capitalist society he lived in.

Alexandre Nodopaka

In Riposte To Rumi

In the divine
image
imagine imaging
the self of I
and like a deity
everlastingly in a state
of modifying
try to alter your mind
to suit
the divinities' recreation
with their creations.

I mean don't we have
enough trouble
dealing with our soul
trying still
to enter another's.

The gods
must be artists.
Demented.

They are not poets.
Their ciphered
words
by mortal proxies
are everlastingly
misinterpreted
by the very same.

Alexandre Nodopaka

In The Illusionary Boudoir Of Maya

The facing interior wall was not veneer stone.
It's Paris and I, a Southern Californian,
where everything is plastic didn't dare ask
if it was ok for me to touch it.

It was a narrow and very long living room with
oversized tall windows facing in des Prés.
Opposing the glass panes was a wall
elegantly decorated with master-painted oils.

Reclining on a Spartan couch bordered by two
matching recliners of the Bauhaus period
I couldn't help feeling impressed. A second sofa
with stark dark African-patterned pillow and

bedspread captivated my interest that Freud
would've approved and Jung archetyped.
On the farthest wall to the left my eye remarked
what appeared to be a Klimt on a silk fabric.

The hostess returned with refreshments and
a pack of cigarettes. I lit up and moved
the ashtray with a still smoldering match
on top of a portfolio and saw the frozen

expression of her mouth that reminded me
of Munch's Scream as she blurted,
Please not here! ! !
They are priceless originals!

Alexandre Nodopaka

In The Light Of Things

How else
but upon its own thoughts
can the cricket reflect
never questioning its echo
or its shadow the sun.
The answer my friend
is in the clouds..

Alexandre Nodopaka

In The Midst Of Torrid Hours

The gaze of salamander eyes
Penetrates like a pistil
Sinking in the balmy oasis of an arum

Like the tongue of an iguana slithers
Spiraling downward a moonlit obelisk
Last night I was a granite gargoyle

My spire between celestial clouds
Satiating centuries of gothic thirst
Gorging in a silvered milky holy grail

Alexandre Nodopaka

In The Pit Of The Stomach

At waking time there's this gnawing feeling
in the gut that makes the man feel let's say
a bit apprehensive if not unhappy.

Something, deep in his gut, is out of whack.
Things that made him psychologically unsettled.
It feels, he thinks, that things are out of place.

The man has been waking with this feeling
for quite some time and was never able to put
his finger on the cause of it.

It simply feels and that's the right word for it
like he is not himself or may I say not his skin.
Of course horrible thoughts cross his mind.

He has what feel something an alien 20 feet
deep in his gut, or worse that malign
terminal thing that starts with a capital C

disturbs his neatly God-misorganized molecules.
But no, after a good dump all falls in the right
place and he feels reborn again thanking

the same God again ready to do it all over again.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Indivisible Business Correspondence

I have received your payment
and will send the item ASAP
with the tracking number.

If you are satisfied with it
do not forget to give us
a positive 5-star rating feedback.

It is crucial for the development
of our small company.

If you have any questions,
please contact us.

We believe communication
can solve any problem.

Please do not just leave neutral
or negative feedback
as our growth with your support
is indivisible and we hope
you enjoy shopping with us.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Insights Into Respective Meaning

Insidious snowballing thoughts
pervaded my restless brain all night.
That day my grandson asked me,
What and where are Heaven and Hell?

I told him to look at the scratch
on his knee and asked him if he heard
one bacteria exclaim to another,
Wow, look at these red rivers

and all that yellow fleshy fat!
We'll fish day and night for red and
white blood cells, this is Heaven!
Meanwhile grandpa fetched a tube

of antibiotics and smeared its oily goop
on the wound just as the other bacteria
was answering the first,
Hey, I can't breathe here, this is Hell!

Alexandre Nodopaka

Inspiration

Doesn't come easy
unless it does
and when it does
like here
I am for ever
thankful to Buk.

I mean just sit
and write
something.

Anything.

Format to look
like poetry
and when
you run short
on words
line
them
up
one
below
the
other
until
they
nearly
or
almost
fill
the
page.

And
voila!

Alexandre Nodopaka

Integral Disintegrationformula

In a test, the newly designed device
is installed on the launch platform
outside skin on the nose of the airplane.

The jet takes off and reaching a high
altitude makes a sharp U-turn
it begins a steep descent.

Upon landing, the device is no longer
where it was installed. I am puzzled
the pilot didn't see it slide off.

After a lengthy analysis I re-install
another similar device.
The plane takes off, completes its flight.

Upon its return the device again
is missing. I open my skull and among
all the gears detect a missing nut.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Intelligent Brilliance

I'm trying
to say something
intelligent

but do not feel
tonight
a gentleman

all I'm trying
is say something
smart and not

quite intelligent.
It's a toss between
degrees of dullness.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Intelligent Design

God is still working
on growing a vine
large enough
to cover Man's privates.

Meanwhile He forbade him
to smoke his own grape leaf
because it would look
ridiculous

to walk around
with his head in His crotch
therefore God created Eve
to solve the problem.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Is Any Throat Worth A Million Bucks

The ad reads Qatar offers million-dollar award for Arabic translators. Having lived in Morocco for a number of culturally enhancing years.

I'd love to be their translator. I already can see myself looking down on the world from a space needle penthouse.

But do I really have to learn Arabic?
Maybe I should! For a bonus they might give me a flying carpet and I could establish a world record

gliding down into my own 1001 nights of belly dancing and finally meet Lawrence of Arabia and read shoulder to shoulder, Boccaccio.

And wow! I would read Rumi in his mother tongue. But instead what if I spoke in tongues, which I usually do after a couple of Vodkas.

My only worry is ISIS!

For a reason my throat tickles. Oh no! They would slit my throat for drinking anything but mint tea. I couldn't even sing Mohammed's praises or Allah's

ninety-nine names!
Is my gorge worth a million \$?
I better not apply.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Is That What You Mean?

Your poem is way too long and
its sparse punctuation magnifies that feeling.
I'd chop the hell out of it with periods.

And maybe semi-colons.

Way too much for me to take in!
And you speak about the dead seeing hues!
Aren't the dead color blind?

Later on in regard in fact
I'd take defacto in fact out!
And while I'm at it I'd delete

unbreakable next to your barrier
and change it to invisible.
Unless the dead can break a leg or see.

And then, to drive both of us crazier
I'd rather say, rapping a patent leather shoe
on the rough hewn floor

instead of tapping a shoe on a polished floor.
That's because one is more modern than the other
and in a way dates the epic and so one can see

and sense the scuffing, you know.
And in my craving to invent fresh turn of words
where you speak of places I want to phrase instead,

to a placeless place
where there's no space
I want to face your face.

Well, let's face it, maybe that one is too corny.
And I could go on and on... and on.
You see the effects of your poem on my verse?

It Is All About The Oral Cavity

It is all about the oral cavity

Every woman has a piece of paradise.

One must dig deep to find

if her orchard is full of apples

and if men come like hornets to honey.

I spin a web and whirl like a dervish

when in reality it is the Vodka

and the tom-tom throbbing dance that

intoxicate me. And your lips of course!

Alexandre Nodopaka

It Is Very Difficult To Accept

that after 78 years of pretending to speak
read and write numerous languages I came
to realize just recently that I know none
enough to call I am master of.

Far from it!
Considering I lived in each of the countries
I profess to speak the language there's that
interrupted continuity between each transition.

It's this gap, while learning the new tongue,
an absence of familiarity of native presence
that occurs where so many inherently
indigenous subtleties zip over my head.

Anna Akhmatova is one such experience.
Reading in her native tongue and in other
tongues is like reading two separate but
exquisitely sophisticated foreign characters.

I even say that her century-old translated
poems sound as modern as any of the poets
of today.

Besides, consider that in the Russian

language nearly all words have all sorts of
declinations. Then there is the feminine case
and the infamous neutered gendered
that also may be declined.

No wonder my brain couldn't keep up
since I left at 4 years old and it has been
compounded that in each different country
we spoke at home only the minimum.

I didn't even learn the basic as my parents
never used 4-letter words that in Ukrainian
and Russian surpass by far anything
you can ever say in English.

Alexandre Nodopaka

It Was Foretold Centuries Ago

On the Ganges river in the mouth of
the Indian Ocean where once before
our gazes met eight hundred years ago
a rumbling sound issues from the entrails

of the deep waters. It gargles and it burbles.
I recognize the voice of Ganesh, Patron of Letters,
who speaks in tongues by means of eddy currents
flowing from me to you and in the mirrored way.

I sense the liquefied meandering of the words
foretell the future engagement of our fates
and how we'll meet in the delta of the great river
where all souls empty into the waters

then return again and over and over and that
after eight centuries and thirty three years of such
events our paths will interconnect once more
but that time in flesh and spirit over an ancient

weeping willow inclined toward the rushing stream
and that upon the metaphysical consummation
between the river and the branches
we shall never weep again.

Alexandre Nodopaka

It's 104

Fahrenheit
outside.

Water!
Water!
On my mind.

Alexandre Nodopaka

It's A Bunch Of Miasma

In the not distant future
it shall be proven that
distance and future
do not exist and earth
shall also cease to be.
Then what?

Alexandre Nodopaka

It's A Thick Book

in fact it has 297 pages.

but I feel I didn't get
my money's worth.

the one per page
poems
are
singly
centered
in a rather erotic
manner.

not that the poet
would disapprove.

basically
they run
like a woman's
crack
centered
with nearly equal
blanks
for cheeks
on the right
and
the left side
of the poem.

Alexandre Nodopaka

It's A Tired Poem

with tired language
and melodrama
but I don't think
I ever wrote one
just like that.

Don't you have
one of your own?
My mind lately
thinks of yesterdays.
How much more

nostalgic can that be?
A century ago?
Eons ago?
A second ago?
A nanosecond?

Alexandre Nodopaka

It's About A Tree

on the edge of a bed
that cannot sleep
because it has nightmares

of a tree
on the edge of a bed
that cannot sleep

because it has nightmares
of a tree
on the edge of a bed

that cannot sleep either.

Alexandre Nodopaka

It's About A Tree Ii

that cannot sleep
and is about to fall
off the edge of a bed.
It has nightmares
of a tree
that is about to fall
off the edge of a bed.
It has nightmares
of a tree
that cannot sleep
and is about to fall
off the edge of a bed.
It has nightmares
of a tree
that is about to fall
off the edge of a bed
because it cannot sleep.

Alexandre Nodopaka

It's All About What Could've Been

but never was except in
my nebulous imagination.
I could've ended with any

of a half dozen women for a wife.
I could've broken
my neck a few times in as many years.

I could've spent all that extra time
on work-related fluff instead of all
that time I spent on my hobbies.

Sure I could've made a lot more money
that way but then I could've lost
that much more

during the real estate debacle.
I could've. I could've. Yes, I could've
but thank goodness I didn't play

against the big boys who had it all
rigged.
In retrospect I wouldn't trade

any of those could've
because I wouldn't have known
how worse it could've been.

Alexandre Nodopaka

It's Not A Greek Tragedy

After playing with the kids
the guessing game
of making short sentences
based on the acronyms

of car license plates I saw
through the open window
a glimpse of her forearm
in the driver's seat.

Judging by the sight of it
She's built like a small
bricklayer a hint I get
from her open ended truck.

She has a love tattooed
on her soft fleshy triceps.
A Greek theatrical mask
of a buoyant female.

Alexandre Nodopaka

It's Not A Hand Job For Her

The phone is turned
on mute.

Not a sound comes
from the Raisin Bran
M & M guys except
for the pre-programmed
visual message
on the LCD screen.

The Venus de Milo
deodorant statue
next to it
doesn't move an arm
to pick up the handset
when the receiver flashes.

Alexandre Nodopaka

It's Paris, You Know!

Standing inside the bus
 holding on to the overhead hand strap
 we sway to the rhythms of Paris
reflecting in the vitrines.

Paris in Springtime skips
 window to window
 dancing before 4 eyes
gazing in tandem out of the bus.

Dressed all snappy we ride
 watching out for the Eiffel bus stop.
 Meanwhile I write
three poems and toss them

into a carrefour fountain under three coins.
 I envision another five poems.
 to be written inside a pebble
with five interconnected holes

communicating with each other
 by sound wavelength frequency.
 Ear to ear like mouth to mouth.
Well, it's Paris, you know.

A silver wall plaque zips by, it reads,
 Here resided Mistinguett.
 I melt tho she was well before my time
and unlike the street sparrow Piaf

every time I hear her sing my throat throbs
 my eyes tear
 I break to pieces
Well, it's Paris, you know.

Alexandre Nodopaka

It's Sunday Now

Yesterday
we decided
we'd kick back
the next whole day.
No hassle.
No stress.
We took a day off
from each other.
So you want to know?
This morning
I get up at 7 am
and do
my normal stuff.
First thing
I head for the John.
Do my pee-pee.
Take a shower
on the pulsating setting
and jet my crack
and my crotch.
I wash off all
naughty
dreams.
Turn on the PC.
Back in the kitchen
I make a pot of coffee.
Do my insulin shot.
Grab my Rx pills.
Down them
with whatever juice
we have in the fridge.
Feed the aquariums.
By now the coffee
aromatized the kitchen.
I pour two cups.
One for her
when she wakes.
Sit at the PC.
Read the emails.

Go back to bed
for some reading.
Scribble notes
from a prone position
at an angle
to the night light.
Repeat the process
of the trip to the PC
and type
what I've written
the night before
and this morning.
And do that
until dinner time.
In between
I take a break
turn on th TV
and watch
the damages
incurred
under Florence.
What a bitch!
Afleeting thought
crosses my mind.
What's easier:
drown in mud
or under
earthquake rubble.
I bet you wish
you hadn't
asked.

Alexandre Nodopaka

I've Been Up

real early again
writing poetry.

I glance
over the pond.

Above
as below
over the rippling
water
the sun rises
inside orange
clouds.

I am happy
like the wind
blowing
my roof off.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Jesus Lives Across The Border

doodled on black velvet or
recycled-petroleum-tin-cans
and if you don't believe me,
walk across the border where
Jesus Hates It When You Smoke.

To prove it, see sidewalks lined with
ashtrays ringed with crowns of thorns,
weeping eyes and Dia de los Muertos
mini-calaveras in evening gowns,
Mohawks and cigarillos in sanguine-hot lips.

Another shows a girl on her knees,
hands cuffed behind her,
with spit-shined jackboots.
I mean motorcycle-cop-boots
framing her sex-elated face.

Soon I'll see her crucified
in the style of Kahlo with smoke
coming from between her thighs
and people will pray and cry,
It's un milagro, a miracle, es un milagro.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Just Another Venus

An armless woman
Made of bronze
Awaits her lover.

Frozen in her stanza
Her gaze cold
She does not

Even look at me.
I expect
No warmth from her.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Karma... Again

Funny how
we stroke
each other's ass
then reciprocally
shish kabob
each other
and so
it is here

O Sharon
would you sit
& face me
as you cross your legs
I want to see
Nirvana but first
let me fetch
my karmera

Alexandre Nodopaka

Killing Alice And The Rabbit

After the afternoon poetry reading I ask her
to autograph her book of poems for me.

She starts writing the first word For
then asks me to whom to dedicate.

It's not the name of the rabbit that's important
I reply, it's her wonderland name that is.

With a grin on my face I whisper in her ear,
Memorialize the writing to yourself.

Not wanting to waste the virgin page
of her new book with complicity in her eye

and a sardonic smirk on her lips
she writes For myself (and you)

Alexandre Nodopaka

Kitchen To Bathroom Dao

My sweetheart is going through
a mental tizzy the last couple of months
about this very Kitchen Affair... and
not least the bathroom...
How ironic... Bathroom Dao!

The bathroom is now so pretty with
lush silk greenery hang from shelving.
Orientalist paintings on the walls
Sculptured servants hold soap trays and
Oh! My! Such pretty towels!

Just for decoration and guests I am told!
Oh! La la! And the doodoo seat must,
be down. Of course!

A 'One Thousand and One Night'
lighting fixture swings from the ceiling
with three tiny candles for atmosphere.

Atmosphere!
It should be Stratosphere when I sit
on the 'guest' throne with my bowels
shrieking with pleasure as I gush,
or is it flush
my gastronomical Bouillabaisse
down the drain, while motion activated
robins chirp their mating songs
I piddle in the bowl, aiming for the middle
named after Mirror Lake.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Koranic Conversation

I. The Question

In a rush
she forgot to put it on
risking criticism
on Ali Baba Street.

Because
she does not wear
a scarf today
should she consider herself
a sinner.

II. The Answer

Now half-buried
in dirt
the sand in her mouth
tastes like blood.

Hidden under a hijab sac
her lungs do not release
a single cry
while they stone her.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Kosher Olives From Mt. Olive

I thought for eons Mt. Olive was a fictional place where Judas hung from a branch but the proof is in the olive label I am looking at and see the place is alive and slippery as olive oil can be.

The scapegoat survived by slipping past his ordeal and we recently struck, with regard to fundamentals although not concerning details, a renewed acquaintance. He told me the whole thing was

a political plot and that his leader, upon an infamous but highly heralded promise of return, wanted to buy the land on the cheap. A deal is always sought after! For that purpose we had to establish its bad reputation

and suchly depress its market price. With that in view I chose the branch that had weak spot, a knot right at the bend. So not only was our master a mastermind of salesmanship having sold his coat for a song and

a dance but he was an accomplished marketer whose techniques far surpassed his unnaturally foreshortened life, a consequence of having been crucified according to the rules and customs of the Roman

pricks who were no different than the present Wall Streeters. In memoriam if not as souvenir I bought a fancy decanter to anoint myself and my friends but especially for my enemies

under whose feet I dribbled some to hasten their departure from these worldly affairs. For that purpose the oil acted at its best and Judas redeemed himself in my burning eyes.

Alexandre Nodopaka

La Construction De Pinocchio

J'ai pas passé de l'autre côté.
Dieu n'est pas prêt pour moi
J'lui construis toujours le nez
Et il m'attend.

C'est la même chose avec moi.
Je l'attends, c'est toujours comme ça,
On fait quelque chose
Et en attendant la chose suivante.

On attend.
Le secret de l'attente
C'est que c'est aussi
Quelque chose à faire.

Donc maintenant
Nous savons c'que nous faisons.
Attends!
J'vais t'écrire ...

Alexandre Nodopaka

L'absence Des Espaces Entre Les Mots

Essayant de soutenir ma faim charnelle
de votre réponse d'une ligne singulière
J'ai extorqué la myrrhe et l'encens
de chaque lettre de chacun de vos mots.

Et quand ces derniers furent à bout de soufflé
J'ai dardé ma langue sur la ponctuation
et comme un caméléon, me suis emparé
de l'unique point final de votre phrase.

La seule action fut de mouiller ma bouche
m'invitant à me verrouiller sur les espaces
séparant vos mots et tout en essayant de les réunir
grâce à ma langue léchant les vides

J'ai fait d'elle une expression ininterrompue.
Et davantage encore, grâce à une pirouette,
j'ai englobé sa chute à son commencement,
créant ainsi un Mobius qui m'a permi

de pénétrer son infini.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Lady Godiva

Lady Godiva
a.k.a. Countess of Mercia

I had a girl friend
with blond hair
to her arse
and snake
green eyes
to boot.

Her cupful tits
always
stood
to attention.

She was
a total
knockout.

I was thirty
something
she was
twenty
something.

We were
together
for about
three month.

Wherever we'd drive
she'd take off
her top
and hang strands
of her long hair
over her nipples.

She never wore
a brassiere

and would never
let me
touch anything
except her lips.

She told
me
she still was
in love
with a Persian
stud
who left her
high
and
dry
in San Francisco
while he roamed
Teheran
for a proper wife.

In any case
once upon a time
we were driving
to Lake Tahoe
for a week end
of gambling
and what not.

I thought that that
would be the time.

But no it wasn't either.

On the way back
I drove her
to her mommy
and her daddy
and
I never
came back.

L'âne Bleu

Laissez-les manger leur remplissage de poires carrées sur des tables triangulaires! Marc Chagall

- Hey! Marc, qu'est-ce qui se passe avec cette dernière peinture d'âne bleu?

Comment se fait-il qu'il ne vole pas? Et qu'est-ce qui pend entre ses pattes de derrière? Es-tu en train de tester les limites du milieu intellectuel artistique parisien?

- Non! Sasha c'est juste que je n'ai jamais appris à peindre de façon académique.

- Eh bien, Marc c'est assez apparent ici mais ça n'a peut-être rien à voir avec tes dessins d'enfant. Tu dois lui donner de bonnes raisons intellectuelles. Kandinski l'a fait et regarde donc jusqu'où cela l'a propulsé.

- Da, Sasha, pourquoi ne développes-tu pas une philosophie pour mon art? Tu es si bon dans ces conneries cérébrales! (dans ces circonvolutions cérébrales/dans ces masturbations intellectuelles)

- OK, Marc! Considérant le contenu de tes nombreuses peintures, je suggère que nous prenions l'angle freudien. Tu as tous les trucs virginaux et les anges volants avec des bêtes à cornes regardant de tous les coins / scrutant de partout. Je parie que Freud va sauter dans le train en marche.

- Eh bien, Sasha, comme d'habitude ton approche est brillante mais avec cette inclinaison /ce biais tu me rends dégénéré./ tu vas me faire passer pour un dégénéré.

- Niet, Marc, tout est une question d'argent. Regarde simplement comment Picasso s'en tire financièrement. Tout ton art a des interprétations familières. Oui, un peu à l'envers et volant (sur un nuage)comme sur du LSD. Alors quoi, tu veux être riche et célèbre ou (rester)un pauvre aspirant anonyme?

Alexandre Nodopaka

Laughter

Hahaha haha
nothing like a good belly laugh
haha hahaha

My belly aches
still laughing about that haha.
I keep hahaing.

My belly is killing me but I haha.
My eyes are tearing
Ha!

Alexandre Nodopaka

Laundered Truth

I was often told not to disturb rocks and of course no stone was ever left alone.
When not yet a teenager every rock in my path in the North African desert
met its fate under my lifting strength.

No lizard or white or black scorpion would stop my search for mysteries hidden
beneath.

Even when wading ankle deep in what then were rivers to me I lifted flat shingles
and looked for mysteries underneath.

It often required momentary waiting for the disturbed mud to clear and for the
truth to appear in the scooting shape of a crawdad I pinched with forefingers
quickly learning that truth could hurt when the crayfish pinchers would squeeze a
squeal out of me.

Those were the times when beasts and stones spoke.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Le 14 Juillet 2015

He had a vision of the future brimming with stars when having drunk too many beers he positioned a mortar tube firework on his forehead and lit the fuse to charm his damsel.

The bitch taunted him in his minimalist machismo. Of course the lawyers of that town had something to do with that state of affairs in that state. A few years ago they repealed a sixty-old law against

fireworks. They reasoned the industry would create fresh jobs and new revenues by some other means. Of course they didn't think of funeral homes. Besides, this was the 4th of July and the French

were just across the border. On that note he blew his head off. Blame it on those damn French who used their heads towards better ends by inventing the guillotine.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Le Dejeuner Sous L'herbe

The grass is greener but not always
on the side of the fence we are on
For one, it never has been tasted
from beneath French cows.

I love to chew on pastures
mashed by voluptuous rumps and
expect them firmer than boiled potatoes
and tasty as French Fries.

As a Francophile worm I practice
gourmandizing by worming my way
amid the grasses and consume
the buttocks of Manet's girlfriends.

My only worry would be their dyspepsia
from Roquefort that might transcend
my snobby nostrils delicate membranes.

Such adventures into gourmand arts
I would surname Post-Epicureanism
if the world needed another art-ism.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Learning To Fly Within 15-Feet Time

and concurrently fracturing
a quarter dozen baby-back-ribs
besides a few index limbs
and puncturing the right wind bag
and to have it pumped for 3 days
of spilled blood, is a fit of survival.

Simply said, it is to act
as a foolish Samaritan
to a friend in need, of building
an art space, and for maximum
security having joined forces
during off duty hours.

It is making sure it happens
in a darkened space and
for the construction to occur
above the first floor.
And when needed
to back up into

the elevated aerial parking story
to take a frontal appraising point
of view of the progress
you've achieved so far
by stepping in-the-blind backwards
without first having appraised

what is or is not behind you.
And insuring you have learned
beforehand how to fly backward
as you land 15 feet on cement
before a solid concrete pier
your head closer than one inch.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Left-Handed Praise

The magic of words
beautifully saying
the mysterious

drained
my intellectual soul.
Now I wish I could

explain to myself
mind you
my complimenting you.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Legal Draft Dodger

Back in the early sixties when the Vietnam
was at its height and America was stupid enough
to undertake it I beat the fucking draft
by 24 hours on a technicality.

That same day upon returning home from
the Military Reserve Station I opened my mail.
There, THERE was draft notice from Massachusetts.
Wow! I beat it to the punch being inducted

in the USAR just a few minutes ago. The ink didn't
even dry on my service papers. I still was a French
citizen discounting that I was born in the then USSR.
The news made the rounds in the US Army rag sheets

of a draftee being ordered to return to France for combat
in Algeria. No matter that I would've been a 2nd
Lieutenant in the French Paratroopers when I was
happy to be an Acting Jack at the very beginning

of my induction and an Acting Sergeant the rest
of my stint in the USAR. I even ducked a promo
to 2nd Lieutenant in Intelligence because of my
knowledge of 3 foreign tongues. No way I said

when I was told I'd have to join for 3 years.
Nah! The only tongue I like is on my
Lengua Burrito washed down with Tequila or
Tres Equis instead of Chateau Neuf du Pape

or my preferred
Vodka.
Deutschland Uber Ales!
I shouted at the top of my lungs.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Legumes Go For April Fools

Legumes go for April Fools
or Dear Green Thumb Poet
or An unsaturated fat organic feast

Your poem smells like hummus
while you mumble of hedges
Wall Street Hedge Funds are history.

Your words blossom on the borders
of your pile of humus. I don't mean
to be humorous At this stage of your life

If you keep your thumb green
don't use toxic fertilizers
Share with me your snails to be

I bet they'll be even more organic
with much garlic and drowned in
I can't Believe it's Not Butter.

After let's not be too close and though
the garlic will thin my blood I can still
be thick enough to wrestle you down

Alexandre Nodopaka

Lenin Meets Judas

Now here's a dozen plus one gringo
loungin' in an idyllic settin' fit for kings
that sure looks good as a Toyo Sesshu ink wash
'cause in the background
right behind 'em baldin' monkish lookin' dudes
there's three semi-ova-topped bay windows

from whence protrude in like bas relief
a quarter-dozen half-dome mountain peaks
above what looks like yuck-filled L. A.
I mean exactly like the ones you see
in Chinese paintings with 'em crests hoverin'
midway between Feng and Shui mixed with Chi.

Remarkably, the table ain't loaded as for pigs.
There's only three mugs. They're painted all silver,
which means there's only three boozers
and I don't think the handsome bearded one
with the lanky face is one of them unless
'em hoodlums share in. I don't think they do

'cause it ain't 'cause of poverty either 'cause
of 'em sleek Egyptian linen robes they wear.
I say this 'cause 'em fellahs look well fed
and they ain't dressed in cheap slave servant rags
though I notice a few oily stains on the table
on account of the scattered half-eaten croissants

and 'em guys must've had some snails too
'cause of all the shells litterin' the floor
which makes me think it's a greasy French Bistro.
Now let me tell you how funny
their gentile faces are with their pink cheeks
and Roman aquiline straight noses.

They're all of fair complexion and blondish.
I mean there couldn't be a single Jew there
unless they, includin' the chiksa, had nose jobs
but I bet two of 'em might be old Bolsheviks

'cause they sit bare feet with no sandals.
Well, yah know, skinhead is what I mean.

And I ain't too sure if they are Commies
but I'd be wholly convinced if they were
sipping Vodka from their saucers of which
I don't see none. Most disturbin' there ain't
no Manishevitz in sight but while I'm at it
Laheim to Trotsky and the bourgeois traitor.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Les Mémoires Des Reflets Du Temps

C'est pas difficile de te lire
La difficulté
c'est de trouver le temps
qui se cache
derriere le derriere du miroir

Alexandre Nodopaka

Less Than Precious Stones

I'm so glad you asked
a brilliant question for which
I have a dull answer.

Brilliance has to do
with shine and
dullness with personality.

Like in dimwitted.
A brilliant can be dulled
which makes it less brilliant.

Yet it doesn't make it
dimwitted. Like some people
are smart but not intelligent

while others are intelligent
but not smart at all. Like how
I'm trying to answer here.

Let's bet with your polish
you can hone my answer
better than I can lap it.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Let Me Tell You A Secret

It's something I did eons ago
Then never shared with anyone
Despite my tongue burning
To spill my guts to the whole world

Well I never have since then
And now am ready to unload
This heavy burden weighing me down
As if its cargo equaled the density

Of an extraterrestrial black hole
Yet my hugger-mugger has nothing
To do with Victoria's Secret or
Ancillary onanistic unmentionables

It does deal with a taboo issue
And no it's not incest as much
I bet you'd like it to be
Yet biblically it comes close

That's if you deem sleeping in the
Lap of the God a sin and despite
This yoke ready to unleash I'm still
Unsure if you'll hear my secret

Alexandre Nodopaka

Let's Be Sunlight Spectrum

Let's meet
in the celestial vacuum
collide for a micro nanosecond
of a nanosecond of our choosing

Let's blend
ablate and vaporize
into indiscernible mist
except to the gods of probability

Let's bounce
off each other and look for
what we failed to notice before
hidden under the dirt

Let's build
the present with imaginary artifacts
and card castles of subatomic fog
Let's reincarnate elsewhere

This Earth
too small for you and I
this soil too heavy because
of all the decomposing microbes

Let's meet
on another planet with a billion facets
where the ground is cerulean blue
and the sky mauve with

you and I its only shooting stars

Alexandre Nodopaka

Life

consists
of mouths
and anuses.
Their lips
look the same
except
for
the aftertaste.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Life Is Full Of Shit

There is no room
in my body
It is full of life's learning.

I have no more places
to put new stuff.
I spoke to George Carlin

and he told me
not to worry,
that everything was

shit anyway and that
good evacuations
should be my priority

to make room
for stuffing back more
of my shit.

He couldn't have
given me a shittier
piece of advice!

Alexandre Nodopaka

Like The Seas Parting Before Moses

Akin to water separating in front of a vessel
or a wake closing behind a ship
or a cleft osculating the blade of the hatchet

I have in my possession two hundred letters
between a mother and her son
that I think shouldn't be opened or read.

Let their tale be known only to the both of them.
I don't want to experience the mother's tears or
feel my throat close upon seeing his armless torso.

I shall open the biscuit tin that enfolds the writing
and the images and I shall trace in the blind with
my finger only the dog tags resting at the bottom.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Like This Nor Like That

Without poetic interpretation
there is no love.

Without love
there's no kiss.
When you mail me

your airborne lips
enclose them in a red envelope.
Seal it with your tongue.
With mine
I'll open them

~~~

Alex Nodopaka ©2007  
AD Something

Tak i ni Tak

Bez perevoda poezii  
niet lubvi.  
Bez lubvi  
niet potsiluia  
Tak kogda poshliosh

tvoi vozdushnii gubi  
vlozhi v krasnii kanvert.  
Zaklei iazikom  
Ia moimi gubami  
otkroiu tvoii.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Listen Friend

I'd like to comment  
on your pome  
but do not wish

to be the spit  
under your sole  
so I'll cautiously remark

is this a con  
or a come-on  
writ with your leaky quill

Alexandre Nodopaka



# Listening With Eyes

As to your arms sneering, who says you're not  
splendid looking? Like in out of this world!  
And as to your eyes hearing it is simple as

staring a Jackson Pollock painting while  
overhearing a flanking viewer murmur,  
Oh, my 3-year-old can do better.

As to your age, sixty-nine? Perfectly sexy!  
And your experience? The great chess player  
Capablanca, upon turning sixty-six said,

that he thought of only one move ahead  
but it was the best of them all.  
Now listen, it took me sixty years to learn

to write this in 60 seconds. So, as you see,  
I'm not thick impasto as some think me.  
It's just that I blink in foreplay mode.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Lolita's Butterfly

The artist proposes an installation/performance project to his local museum of modern art. It consists of power-sawing the museum's exhibit floors into twelve large pyramidal slabs, prop them upright in a circular fashion in its gardens in the manner of the other famous dolmens. On top of each column a large mechanized butterfly will perch flapping its wings in slow motion. Each cement wedge with odd abstract patterns has already been selected with patterns reminders of the Genesis primal soup. They are art in themselves and integral to the highly polished cement dark brown floors of the museum. The slabs are imbued with the spirit of numberless past artists and visitors.

Twelve naked performers, six women and six men, each wearing on their chests a painted number from one to twelve. They exchange positions in random fashion at the end of every minute during which they remain still. In the center of the formation, a thirteenth female artist lays flat on her back on a slowly rotating lazy Susan. She scissors her legs horizontally parallel to the floor. Layered directly above facing her, a fourteenth male performer screams the time at the end of every minute.

Unfortunately the proposal meets the fateful trajectory of landing in file 13 that rests on top of a large copy of *Metamorphosis* by Franz Kafka. This trashcan carries a metal identification tag numbered 13. A fateful number! The artist suspects it is because he means nothing in the hierarchy of who is who in the art world. That number is for the janitors to collect and deliver its trash to the managing higher ups for snooping purposes. The can is made of a very fine mesh to prevent gross lies about art from escaping and informing the public of its gullibility. By contrast the white lies are smaller and slither right through the tiny holes formed by the stainless steel mesh.

Once upon a time, in the middle of a moonless and stormy night, as is typically the case, across that fateful floor the artist levitates naked. He presumes nudity makes him invisible except for the crocodile armored skin portfolio wedged between his arm and side that bulges with obscure art proposals. The artist also suspects his thoughts are visible because of their drunken opacity. He tries avoiding to think all together but is ultimately netted by his nemesis, Vladimir, who has only Lolita's butterfly on his mind.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Look! There're These Odd Thoughts

that at first gnaw at you  
and follow  
these odd feelings  
of incompleteness  
and dissatisfaction.

They are feelings  
of wanting  
to do something  
that interfere  
with the thoughts  
of how useless  
the doing may be.

Yet you think,  
and the thinking is  
the bothersome thing,  
the world will go on  
with or without you  
and it is that last realization  
that keeps you going  
after those feelings  
of lack of purpose.

You finally get up  
after a night of tossing.  
Saunter to the kitchen  
for your first coffee cup of the day  
as it percolates  
in your coffee machine  
but in my case  
I must first turn on my PC.

It has developed a personality  
of its own  
and needs at least 4 minutes  
to warm up  
to the idea  
of my sitting in front of it.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Love In Rubber Balls

From a seashore wedding  
all that's left at ebb's tide are  
discarded hot air balloons.

Once inflated egos  
now in flaccid condoms  
are the only ephemeral remnants

of flushed adulation  
feeding foreign shores.  
Lovers gone,

paramours in search of passion,  
only barren lovers' wishes  
fill imaginary baby carriages.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Magnum Opus

A tour de force  
has been achieved  
with the string cinched

I slipped through  
my private hoop  
with an intimate theory

of looking backward  
at a future already past  
and now I spin new hoops

in the hope of finding  
my self photographed  
jumping through them

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Making Art Of The Milky Way

Let's line a series of virtual squiggles, because I like them better than dots or dashes. Let the alignment span the constellations up and down Well, OK, it's a matter of position and of where

you are in regard to conceptual art. So start conceiving. Look at the starry darkness and position the first squiggle somewhere at the bottom that we'll call South and let's end

with the final squiggle at the top and call it North. In between, line many more scrawls that depending on their size may take forever to connect. At any point in between I say

that time is more important than distance because one may never reach an end that has no beginning. I know, I know! it's all a silly exercise about the metaphors of visual semantics

and in shifting the application of the graffiti from the physical to the virtual realm, the emphasis on the elasticity of the image reveals the dynamic condition of the painting.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Manna For Thought

Manna for Thought

His empty moments fill with empty thoughts of his ultimate uselessness that end in anxiety. He reaches to his security. A broom with a colorfully decorated handle. It is made in China.

A boon to mankind! Its wide manmade and man-programmed head with intelligence is made of stiff nylon hair. He begins to sweep the carport of all the dead leaves that fell to their destiny.

He knows full well, they will return the next day if not that same afternoon, blown in again and again by the Santa Ana winds and in larger and larger quantity, as October progresses into November.

It is also the Fall of his life. No matter how hard he pushes the broom or how high he raises his arms thrusting the ultimate fate away from his face his mind refuses to stop churning.

It's only after he has scooped the leaves into the garbage bag and perspiring profusely from the exertion and when he sits with a refilled cup of coffee in front of a large aquarium alive with gold fish

that he realizes he is their god and that without food there're no gods.

~~~

Alex Nodopaka October 2015

Alexandre Nodopaka

March 23,1962

A day like any other. Well, almost. If I remember correctly it was 55.9 °F with an average humidity of 68%. The barometric pressure at sea level was ity was 68%. Wind speed 15 mph SW and visibility 15 miles. I literally could see San Francisco from Berkeley. It was one of those fortuitous and memorable moments in my life when my parents came to visit me and my girl friend, Rachel, at the University of California at Berkeley, where I was a student, on the occasion of the President of the USA, John F. Kennedy giving a Charter Day speech at the Memorial Stadium. We were late, prevented from the direct route, blocked by police from entering straightaway the street leading to the stadium. Knowing the campus well, I chose to detour by a shortcut through a parallel side street. We walked at a fast pace when suddenly we were overtaken by an open limousine with the President sitting on the back seat. Upon passing us, he was smiling and waving his hand straight at us and we waved back. Of course we were surprised. And that includes the four secret service agents, two on each side of the car, standing on the running boards hanging on to dear life. It was eight months to the day of his assassination.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Masturfascination

Dazed by the sun

warming my back

I shoot blanks

toward cloud nine.

'Fascination' melody in the background ...

Or is it some other tintinnabulation that

flutters my spine.

Sparks fly about

Or is it about my fly!

Hazed by Vodka

My aim is shaky,

But I score

3 bulls eye

Versus

3 blanks.

Do I win or is it a draw?

Alexandre Nodopaka

Mayakovsky In Flying Galoshes

is the traditional way to see the poet.
Anyway that's not the way the giant poet was.

He wasn't soft nor short nor pudgy and I see him
booted in hush puppies

crushing their delicate fur under his stinking feet
spreading the length and breadth of his stature.

Since he was heavy into marketing how about
a pair of AirJordan with extendable wings

to propel our poet into the stratosphere if not
next to Icarus then just out of the searing heat.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Mayim Acharonim

Oh sweet Jesus

Seeing you forces me

to shed my monk habit

and flagellate to hell

No wonder a habit

does not make a holy man

when a sweet nun like you

hides beneath it

It makes me cast off

all my good intentions

wanting to plow your mouth

as if it were holy ground

and the more I dip

my fingers in holy waters

the more

my evil intents trickle

Mea Maxima Culpa

On my knees
I cop a plea
into your intimate
confessional
with my many far-flung
and in between

sinning

but I am a hefty
Holy Ghost
and your silken netting
against
my sin-laden tongue
is in the way

Alexandre Nodopaka

Memorial Day 2009

Today I filmed the sound of waterfalls
and photographed an Old Glory Stars and Stripes
planted on the topmost branch of a tall tree
and I wrote a mystical poem in the manner of Gibran.
Then off my shoulder I flicked
straight into the lake a few stray scouting ants

and with my hand swept off some spider webs
stretched against my view of eternity
and I finally let my sight rest.
Having read earlier several poems by a different poet
who was fixated on the eternal
I included the same point of interest when writing mine.

Again today but somewhat later I went back
to film that same standard waving in the ether
and it made me think of the soldiers that also
were waved good byes and since I didn't have to fight
permitted me this peace of mind allowing me to write
about the waste of wars.

Today I immersed in trying to understand
the mystique of the drawings by that Syrian poet
and only vaguely received enlightenment.
I should've saved the spider web and sighted the
explanation through its calligraphic heart
in the ways the Koran is illuminated.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Memoriam To An Existentialist

Truly impressive how one's ethereal mind
processes the empirical facts of life.

What of an allegory of waves
losing their limbs? Such metaphor,

drains my cerebral matter of its gray hue
and my skull splinters just enough

to ooze the present commentary
while the tip of my extremist dexterities

impacts through the keyboard
these observations.

When time comes I'll imagine
your horned cranium mounted on a plaque,

its brass plate hailing,
Here lived Sartre's clone.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Mental Fission

Benevolence unequalled in celestial
realms endows me with the courage
to achieve imperishable implicit feats
enabling me with cosmic strength.

Then comes a time when my cognition
collapses under the disintegration of
unstable elements that spend my energy
in subatomic figment of imagination.

How much longer must I wait for my
mental fission to collapse I don't know
but I want to see myself in slow motion
compose an adulterous tableau vivant.

I love the quiet between you and I,
this place where serene dreams meet
with fantasies subdued by the yoke of life
that simultaneously unites and separates.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Mesmerized

Mesmerized

by all living things'
physiological symmetry.

God must've been.

That's the reason
he created two sides.

Just in case one wasn't right.

~~~

Alex Nodopaka June 2015

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Meta-Morphing

Under my gaze  
Your stanzas writhe in  
The steaming hot weather.

But it's between the lines  
Like a Sahara mirage  
Where true meaning resides.

And if your poem  
Doesn't stir the sands  
It is kissing a Muse of silica

Until I whip a quill  
And dip it in the inkwell  
Of the firmament

And daub secreting love  
Feather to cloud  
Cloud to feather

Revamping each  
Into a marble butterfly  
Or myself into a falcon

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Metaphoric Pullulation

I am not sure if you speak  
from a fluttering sail's perspective

but the tinge on the canvas  
stems from the unripe blossom it bears.

Anyway I look at it, it's worth  
a blowing in the wind stanza or two.

So here, darling, I fare thee farewell  
on a green sea of emerald lyrics

and pray the wind be less verduous  
across the seas of your ululating wits.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Metaphysical Orgy

Nothing like  
a spiritual orgy.  
My soul

already soars  
but my metaphysical soles  
keep it tethered

to the 3rd planet  
from the Sun.  
I heard

from an Indian shaman  
who said  
that the bottom

of our feet  
upon striking the dirt  
become beams of light

that illuminate  
the vagaries  
of our earthly treks.

And another Russian shaman  
(they exist, you know)  
realizing it'd take

too long to travel by foot  
made us grow wings  
and in the process

of flying  
we came too close  
to the truth.

This as divulged  
by my barber trimming my do  
to the latest fad.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Modern Angelspeak Bullheaven

Introduction: Two winged coworkers have a friendly debate about their PC software

glitches. The problem is that from its beginnings eons ago, angel-talk has evolved

considerably. The conversation is caught in progress.

First Angel: : In short: Do you think it's good style for a method that is normally expected

to return a string to return /undef/ in some cases? Like in '%s\n', \$os-name(long = 1) :

```
%*[x] printf x xkl (0) detest. tmp @printf?
```

Second Angel: In particular: The Sys: : Info: : OS module has a /'name() object method.

It's normally expected to return the operating system's name /printf/ Op Sys to {why}

```
printf at /tmp/test tmp @: : : printf.
```

First Angel: The problem is that on certain linuxes, the name() method returns /undef/,

which causes the above example code to output something like this:

Use of the un-initialized value in /printf/ at /tmp/test. pl line 20.

Second Angel: I'm of the opinion that, in general, returning /undef/ isn't a great idea.

For subroutines, I think it's fairly terrible due to a caller's possible scalar or list context,

which is unknown to the subroutine author and certainly of his control.

First Angel: My coworkers say that it's up to the end-user to check for a valid string

being returned. I say that there's nothing in the docs which says that /undef/ might

sometimes be emitted and that it would be more polite to have it return the output

Second Angel: I disagree, the output must be input as in /'uname/ -o -r' or 'unknown' or whatever. It sets up the expectation that a string will be returned, and then forces you to deal with a possible /undef/ {why} printf at /tmp/test.

defdef {why not} unprintf

First Angel: Where else might there be errors waiting to be checked for? Also, this comes from code that was shipped by Arch-Archangel St. Peter to a customer outside of the known heavenly sphere of electronic influence.

Second Angel: /Bullheaven/! ! !

Alexandre Nodopaka



# Modern Art

My latest art piece  
is made of loosely  
thrown together  
overlapping  
small bits and pieces  
of rags  
of different design  
and colors.

They form color fields  
a term extensively used  
during  
a semi-philosophical  
period  
in American Art.

I select primarily  
brilliant reds  
arranging them  
in small bundles  
over a plywood board  
of appropriate size.

Then I soak them  
with liquid clear resin  
sandwiching them  
with a matching board.

Then slowly drive  
my SUV left front tire  
over the assemblage  
watching  
the squishing  
sandwich  
the whole time.

I pick up  
the contraption  
and selectively

hammer  
the crap  
out of it until it looks  
like a splayed  
rag  
that came  
from you know where.  
(I won't be outdone  
Mr. President!)

The gallery sells it  
for a stupid sum  
to match the mind  
of the art sucking  
connoisseur.

The first sold  
was titled  
Menstruating Rag Doll  
and considering  
at my exhibit opening  
the crowds  
oohing and aahing  
I'll name  
the upcoming series  
more discreetly  
Ovulation #1,2,3 etc.

Alexandre Nodopaka

## Modern Art II

My latest art piece  
is made of loosely  
thrown together  
overlapping  
small bits and pieces  
of rags  
of different design  
and colors.

They form color fields  
a term extensively used  
during  
a semi-philosophical  
period  
in American Art.

I select primarily  
brilliant reds  
arranging them  
in small bundles  
over a plywood board  
of appropriate size.

Then I soak them  
with liquid clear resin  
sandwiching them  
with a matching board.

Then slowly drive  
my SUV left front tire  
over the assemblage  
watching  
the squishing  
sandwich  
the whole time.

I pick up  
the contraption  
and selectively

hammer  
the crap  
out of it until it looks  
like a splayed  
rag  
that came  
from you know where.  
(I won't be outdone  
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oohing and aahing  
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the upcoming series  
more discreetly  
Ovulation #1,2,3 etc.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Modern Relics

Lifting vestiges from a cemetery  
I confiscate dental artifacts  
from entombed mouths

Each tooth is an art object  
preserved untold millenniums  
proving our carnivorian issue

I organize and catalog  
building my genealogy  
like a card castle tower

with ivory and gold fangs  
that foraged eons  
into our evolutionary carnality

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Momentary Hollywood Stardom

Every time a distinguished guest, and they all are,  
arrives at my home for a courtesy visit, we discuss  
at first our respective health.

Once past the peccadilloes of silent heart attacks,  
ongoing diabetes, skin tags due to food overindulgence,  
loss of teeth due to wear and tear and the extraordinary

prices to replace them we realize that our retirement  
checks are not designed to take into account the silent  
inflation and realize we must take up arms and alter

this abysmal state of affairs. Anyway, after mutual  
back-scratching I usually propose to escort them to the  
Hollywood strip so we can shuffle over past stardoms

laid out before sleazy gift shops lining the famous  
boulevard. However, once past the Grumman's Museum  
with its attending street bit stars and posing with Marilyn

or Batman depending on how many kids we have in tow  
I propose we eat around the corner where Peter Falk  
allegedly killed his wife and just last night that random

murder of 30-old woman passerby shot to death with a  
shotgun in the back of her head. Sadly she doesn't even  
know she's dead. Well, OK, maybe she does and is happy

she doesn't have to look for a job or sell her body to pay  
for her mortgage or worry about ISIS. I comment  
in passing for my visiting companions to duck any drive by

shooting because I have another hour to drive back home  
and don't want it delayed by some stupid life quirk.  
Good bye Carrie Jean Melvin.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Mona Lisa

She didn't  
ride with me  
in the car  
topless  
like the other did.

Her middle name  
was Lisa.

After her mother.

Her father  
worked somewhere  
in Indonesia.

I was going  
on twenty two  
and she  
on twenty one.

She was  
a smart cookie  
having graduated  
a year early  
with a Bachelor  
in economics  
if I remember.

Anyhoo  
even though she was  
half Egyptian  
by way of her father  
she never belly danced.

Not even half way.

Soon came that time  
between us.

After a year or a bit  
longer of messing around  
we decided  
to hook up  
on a permanent basis.

The morning  
we drove to City Hall  
we stopped for breakfast.

At the end  
on a full belly  
I walked out a free man.

I still feel guilty  
after 56 years.

Alexandre Nodopaka



# Moon Conjuncts Venus

When Sun conjuncts Mars  
Capricorn blots Venus  
Tropic of the Unicorn oscillates  
portending a swelled future  
between dignity & decorum

Wolf Moon orbs Veneris Mons  
every twenty-eight days  
harvesting its pink manna  
just before new Moon voids  
at 0: 54am

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Mouth-To-Mouth

You'll never see the sky  
with my eyes because I don't  
plan on a transplant.

As to your body  
dripped on by Pollock  
in Boca Raton

you'd have to peel back  
the skin of my hat if you  
wanted to suntan.

After that we'd fly  
to Hatteras where the ocean  
steams with many stars

and where we could slurp  
on Cioppino or Bouillabaisse  
and French kiss oysters

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Mr. Big

On my door the notice reads  
'Detective NO, All Seeing Eye.'  
A curvaceous blonde,  
built like a brick shit house  
slithers in my office announcing  
SHE is Ms. Sweetbutt!

My salivary glands ejaculate  
at the sight of her short skirt,  
tight sweater and luscious parabolas.  
I ask her, 'What can I do for you? '

She says, 'Find Mr. BIG a.k.a. GOD coz  
HE threatens my well being! '

Without thinking, still agog by her looks,  
I jump into my Porsche  
and look for Him all over.

Before long I realize that He is  
The Underlying Principle, All Encompassing,  
The First Cause,  
Omnipresent, Omniscient.  
HE exists and doesn't  
all at the same time.

I rush to my office to confront my parabolas  
suspecting her to do harm to Mr. BIG and me  
having sent me on a nihilistic pursuit.

I ask her, 'Doesn't she know of  
Socrates, Descartes, Kant, Nietzsche,  
Leibnitz or Nodopaka  
who, with the exception of Buber,  
all questioned HIS existence.

I now believe she harmed them all.

Noticing my disbelief

she lowers the shoulder strap of  
her peignoir and stands naked,  
Venus-like, except her arms  
outstretch reaching for my embrace.

I suck up to her and with my left hand  
gently run my fingers up and down her crotch  
where suddenly I feel the cold butt of a.45.

I realize the bitch has murderous intents.

Grabbing my.38 I place  
its nozzle between her shoulder blades  
and whisper in her ear,

'The manifestation of the Universe,  
as a complex idea into itself,  
and as opposed to being in or outside the true  
being of itself,  
is inherently a conceptual nothingness.'

Blah! Blah! Blah!

It was a subtle concept  
but I think she understood it before she died.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Mudfunked

I clearly saw the word  
spelled in a notable  
poetry magazine  
but upon searching  
its meaning  
all I got was erectile  
dysfunction  
and stem cell research.

My mood dipped  
immediately!

I also got the name  
of the publication  
where some unknown  
bard  
used that word.

I wonder if I make  
use of that word  
will I also double  
my significance.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Mummies Of Old Guanajuato

I'm undertaking a modernist way  
to say old phrases. They'll be gutted  
with blood oozing on the parched dirt.

The reddish and thin desiccated  
jagged fingers as rivulets snaking  
between the coagulated sand molecules.

I'll write that death must've been slow.  
Cholera you know. I presume that when  
dying time may last an eternity.

I guess no one lived long enough  
to share that feeling.  
It's the pain that makes you aware

that we the living simply do not  
comprehend. In any case I'll stroke  
the specter of the skeleton of her old

self and won't pay any attention to her  
coughing with her jaw frozen open.  
It'll be a horrible image subtled with

metaphors of past lives.  
A remembrance of the mummies  
in Old Guanajuato grimacing at me.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# My Back Porch

looked out on the Atlantic Ocean.  
Late summer afternoons it was shaded  
by the Hassan Tower.

Under the trellis of the colonnaded terrace  
I used to hopscotch on the geometric  
blue patterned veranda tiles only to be

interrupted by the maid serving lemonade.  
These were the grand old days  
of colonialism of yesteryear.

Three quarters of a century later, sitting  
across the world on probably a last  
back porch my vertebrae make me ache

for those ancient gilded serpent days.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# My Brother In Law

asked me  
30 years ago  
whether I knew  
why  
the trash cans  
behind  
Chinese restaurants  
were always  
empty?

He recently  
died  
a lousy death.  
Stomach cancer.  
Can't blame it  
on food  
he never ate.

However,  
since then  
every time  
I suck in  
a Wonton  
noodle  
I ask myself  
over and again  
that question.

And when  
not getting  
an answer  
I will  
the fortune cookie  
to disgorge it  
on its parchment.

Alexandre Nodopaka



# My English Teacher In Casablanca

Mister Smith  
of diminutive  
height  
he was  
my preferred English  
teacher in Casablanca.  
He wore  
a neat black felt hat  
with a gray band  
kind of a la gangster  
Trilby wool Fedora.

At the time  
I couldn't tell English  
from American  
but what I could tell  
is how sad I was  
with him mistreated  
by my oversized punks  
class mates.

Of course none of them  
were taller than I was.  
Those French connards  
were runts  
compared to me.  
So I took it upon myself  
to defend him.  
But first I couldn't help  
when he passed my bench  
to spit a wad  
of thoroughly masticated  
papier-mâché on the back  
of his professorial habit.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# My Geriatric Social Clubs

Every Monday  
come hell or high water  
or legal holidays  
we play bridge.

Two tables.  
Of the eight players  
at nearly 79  
I am the youngest  
while the others  
range all the way  
past 89.

I also play Shuffleboard.  
One chick who is 97  
and cute enough I'd use her  
as a 2nd girl friend.

And that doesn't count  
when I bought my shack  
in this retirement compound  
from another chick  
aged 96.

The one  
with the Betty Grable  
legs.

That one I might've  
even bedded.

Well, maybe years ago.

OK! especially when  
she told me she worked  
in Hollywood  
for umpteen years  
doubling  
for Betty's famous legs.

And her visage  
was not to be pillowed  
understand this  
any way you want.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# My Humpah! Humpah! Body

struggles to pass through the keyhole  
and tries to slide between the floor and the bottom of the door.  
Unfortunately I am now shaped by a too fat Modigliani.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# My Last Supper By Leonardo Da Vinci

Surrounded by my twelve best friends I asked my wife to prepare a lobster and crab dinner. When she was done she sat next to my right. Anyway that's how Da positioned her. And yes it's her alright. No question about it. During the

dinner I asked my buddies not to throw the left over food from their plates at each other. A shitty habit we picked up when attending outdoor lunches and dinners at sheiks tables in Casablanca where I was a prima don student

of the Beaux Arts. Blame such vile actions on the architects' club of which I was a member. The French students had a peculiar debauched tradition to throw, at the end of the meal, food leftovers. It was a greasy war of ambush and

skirmishes and they laughed their heads off while ducking half-eaten lamb chops in tagine sauces and green olives. The most fun they had was when they rained the couscous using their hankies for slings. It offended the native servers

to no end. But who cared about their feelings in that colonial era. They were, if not exactly slaves then drudges but still! I was disturbed by the hardly contained offended expressions of disgust while they glared at the so-called

civilized behave in such uncivilized fashion. And that was way before ISIS. I bet today that modern band of primitives would slit their throats and make of them moo shu pork. Thank G-d Leonardo had enough common

sense not to show that part when he painted us around the table with me surreptitiously feeding the dogs under the table while at the

same time playing footsies with my wife.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# My Real Mother Or Hut On Chicken Legs

## Canto I

For 63 years we were  
friends until that terminal  
year when we stopped.

I because I lost her  
and she because  
of dementia.

## Canto II

She turned into Baba Yaga  
when I decided to leave  
from where I lived so long

for a new life and new vistas  
where shacks were not built  
on chicken drumsticks.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# My Roots Are Burning

Upon waking I felt your hand on me.  
Mine was already on yours.  
We spoke soft tactile language.

It has been a year of celebration.  
Our union began in Hades  
until you pulled me up to Heaven.

Your voice calls me.  
You sing submission songs.  
I will have no other bramble bush.

Alexandre Nodopaka



## My Sister: High Ledge Acrobat 1955

It's been a long hot drive through Spain. It's the end of June. I am free from school from the middle of June through the end of September. We're on our customary yearly vacation and stop here and there between Casablanca and Paris. Our final destination. No reservations! Those were the days!

This time it's in a Costa del Sol village named Torremolinos just a short distance south of Malaga. That's way before there was anything over 3-stories high and an overnight stay cost five bucks allowing for disinflation. So here we are, lounging outside the restaurant, by the swimming pool when other guests look up at something behind us.

We turn and startled out of our wits we see my sister, hugging the wall, crawl on the ledge from our hotel bathroom narrow window to the large living room window. Her first acrobatic act without a net 3 years after the movie *The Greatest Show on Earth* was released that we were thrilled to watch.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# My Sonic Toothbrush

I'm happy to report  
I now dazzle not just my friends  
but also blind my enemies  
with the brilliance of my teeth

Alexandre Nodopaka

## Nafeaffaa Ipolpo Aka

I never thought of asking her when will she marry me until she asked me when will I marry her. Both mother and daughter sit on the green grass under the blue magenta shade of a lush avocado tree.

In the background, against a cerulean blue sky, two profiled mountains chaperon us. The larger, ultra marine mountain, faces me on my left. It is silhouetted right at the back of a row of low bushes with

more leafy trees right behind them. The more I look at the Tahitian wahine the more I desire exotic places and the more I long to taste her unfamiliar fruits, the more my ample fig leaf sways under an imaginary breeze.

For extended moments I think of leaving my dull city life and join that exotic-skinned wahine despite that across her chest a watermark protecting her, distracts my gaze. I hope Paul doesn't mind.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Naranja Desnuda

The idea of undressing  
an orange and exposing  
her segments and

seeing parting flesh  
whets my appetite. My  
imagination fires up

I am hot.  
Bothered.  
Anxious.

With naughty prospects  
I plant my mouth  
into her meat

when into my eye  
her squirting juice  
blinds my sight.

Silver-tongued  
I bite into her rind.  
Mouth full

my lips draw away.  
She tastes  
like a Velasquez.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Nature Calls

I have no problems with the spiritual in art  
or art in the spiritual. My problem is that  
the spiritual has no spirit to speak of but for  
what unattainable spirit man imbues in it.

All art contains the unattainable. Therefore  
all art is mind you, I speak  
of world art. With that in mind I drive along  
the Pacific Coast Highway when suddenly

the urge to evacuate number one prompts me  
to search preferably the privacy of a liquor bar  
or at worst a distant gas service station or  
at least some bushes to hide behind just in case

a highway patrol decides to cite me  
for indecent exposure and a slough of other  
violations from no parking on the side of the  
road to flashing in public, to promoting illegal

activities such as endangering wild life  
by improperly watering with a forbidden  
substance and the use of an unauthorized  
organic watering hose and what not.

I finally join the dribbling abstractionists.  
The spiritual is fundamentally a series of  
randomly positioned indecipherable dots,  
lines or graffiti composing virtual images

of mutable scale and temporality.  
Out of the blue a wave erases forever  
my markings in the crumbling sand.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Nine Eleven Twenty Eighteen

And so goes  
the breaking news  
of the day.

Six less women.

That's six more  
women that can't  
accuse me  
of molestation.

No! Not them.

Me!

I don't know  
where  
the other 100 went  
but  
those six  
I want  
their number.

Those six women  
ruined my day.

I want all of them  
to submit  
to the polygraph.

Hey! Buk!

Did you have  
anything  
to do with them?

I don't know  
how my roaming  
fingers

escaped them  
but apparently  
their slippery slips  
slipped away  
forever  
and  
beyond.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Nine Steps To Nirvana

Please! One step at a time!

First, Truth is to be swept off first step,  
since it is the foundation of all lies.

Then Art is to be swept from second step  
since Art, Poetry and Word are subversive.

Then Philosophers from the third to the eighth  
because there are so many of them ascending  
and the ladder is not designed  
to support their weight in words.

But the ninth step, shrouded by clouds,

must be strewn with inspiration and grace  
as we deposit tantalizing droplets  
in the innermost sanctum sanctorum of our Muse  
that fills with humid humility  
making the most of our nights and days

as we wait to be replaced by new artists  
and philosophers that in turn shall descend  
those very steps. Reaching the ninth step  
is like being on cloud-9 and achieving  
the cognitive systemic reconstructive theory

dealing with self-actualization.

Alexandre Nodopaka



# Nine-One-One

Hello you!  
Yes, you Bindu!  
As limpid as crystal  
you stream

d  
o  
w  
n

my throat  
and quench my  
spontaneous  
fire

Oh! dear  
what throat  
you have  
and  
your lips  
like nine-one-one  
to my rescue

c  
o  
m  
e

on the rocks  
I'll always have

Vodkahl!

Ahhh! And you!

Alexandre Nodopaka

# No Body Wants Her

Her frame  
now beat up  
her skin crackled  
from extreme sun  
rest in final place

no one wants her  
any more  
not even the state

She still shows  
past lush curves

I remember them soft  
Flamingo pink  
crimson at times  
under right angle  
now weathered

but her backseat Naugahyde  
still could bear my weight  
a few springs were missing  
even then  
but our youth didn't

now  
not even a tow truck  
in salvage yard  
wants her.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# No Quiet Place

There is no  
quiet place  
left  
anywhere  
in California.

Every time  
I'm on a beach  
and throw a bottle  
with a message  
for help

it lands on  
a coast guard  
who hands me  
a ticket  
for littering.

I hope when I fly  
to Heaven  
St. Peter  
doesn't wear  
a Nazi armband

Alexandre Nodopaka

# No Trespassing

In transit from Kyiv to somewhere  
we didn't know yet except that  
a barbed wire circled our refugee camp.

I recall crawling underneath with other kids  
to collect live bullets by the hundreds  
from the bottom of creeks.

Here in the midst of dense woods  
Wehrmacht soldiers stripped their chevrons  
and medals off their uniforms.

They disposed of them in rivers and ponds  
and creeks by shedding their guilty belongings  
so as not to be identified

with the madmen they served.  
All we kids wanted  
was the charcoal flakes in the brass shells.

To get it, one held the cartridge by its tail  
between index and thumb and wedge the point  
of the bullet into an indent in a flat rock

and with a smaller disc-shaped rock  
strike the midriff of the bullet where its head  
met the cartridge with a precise sharp blow

so that its cylindrical belly spilled its powdered  
black entrails. As we did it we madly hoped  
to crawl back alive under the bob wire.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Not A Good Day To Die

There have been days  
I thought  
about death  
and dying.  
Like what day  
and time  
would be best.  
For instance  
on days  
I feel good  
or feel bad?  
But what I remember  
is when  
not feeling good  
was never  
a good day  
to die.  
I would wait  
to feel better  
and in control  
of my decisions  
and therefore  
be able to handle  
the situation.  
But no sooner  
than I felt good  
somehow  
my death wishes  
disappeared.  
And I never felt  
so bad  
that I wanted to die.  
F#\$@k that Indian  
who said,  
Today is a good day  
to die.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Not As Usual Or On Being More Like A Dog

I have been catching up on metaphysical  
reading  
and realize that most great sayings  
are just that: sayings we relate with.

For instance:

"The victorious have said  
That emptiness is the relinquishing of all views.  
For whomever emptiness is a view,  
That one will accomplish nothing." (1)

or

Indeed the whole world is imagination.  
Only He is the real in Reality.  
Whoever understands this  
knows the secrets of the spiritual path. (2)

So I started wondering  
who are these people claiming to know  
the unknowable but who in fact  
are no more no less than you or I

as there is no one else  
one iota like either one of us  
anywhere anytime.  
Well, at least I am convinced of it!

So why should there be a unifying theory  
explaining all in one single swoop.  
I like being different and Hence  
I'd modify the above quotes to:

The victorious have thought  
Emptiness is reason for all views.  
For whomever emptiness is a view that must  
Be filled for anything to be seen

and

Indeed the world is imagination.  
And real in one's own reality.  
Whoever understands this  
Knows the secrets of the spiritual path.

Which in most cases  
when smelling the aroma of apples  
permeating the air I get into a frenzy  
because I can sniff Eve's South Pole

and could care less if she has everything  
or nothing to do with that Time-of-the-Month,  
String-Theory or E8-Theory.  
It's all blingbang thank you M'am to me!

However I hope to hear from her  
a little thank you Sir,  
this the biggest O I ever had  
and oh my, how big your eyes are.

So what this got to do with metaphysics  
or the price of gas is that  
until we clear ourselves of abstract thinking  
we shall not realize any thing.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Not Ready To Die

but thought of a marble stele  
for my in memoriam blurb.

How about,

Wish you were here

or Wish we had met before  
or The perspective from here  
is so foreshortened  
I don't mind seeing

only your underskirts  
but let's forget the last one.  
It's much too long  
and expensive to engrave.

Then I think how come  
my sense of humor  
has always been late  
and underhanded.

Alexandre Nodopaka



## Now Look

my buddy George  
in the 1970's  
presented me  
with a couple of books  
by Bukowski  
that he bought  
during a museum sale.

At the time  
I wasn't much  
into poetry but I loved  
that writer's style  
and  
Shit!  
I thought  
I could write  
like that any day.

So ta few minutes ago  
I started writing  
something  
but on the way  
to doing it  
I stopped  
in the bathroom  
and did my thing  
but in the shower  
and by the time  
I dried myself  
and came to write it  
I forgot  
what it was  
going to be about  
except I remembered  
Buck doing  
the same thing.  
So here it is.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Nuclear Rain

It is a twisted sense of God  
shrouded in eagle and flag-adorned anthologies  
of patriotic lyrics screaming:

Where were you when the world stopped turning?

Did they become words that talk about nothing  
but shiny political content praising war-mobilization  
and foreign policy arrogance thinking

You can bomb da world to pieces  
but you can't bomb it into peace.

Now ask yourself who's the one to gain the most  
from this spiritual bomb?  
Are protest lyrics dead when once dormant  
anti-war words were heard but now it is easier  
to shut up and write and maybe get paid.

What's really going on?

Long ago lyrics turned defiance into raging, soaring,  
brave anti-war gestures like

I wanna kill Sam  
Bush killah  
Bad religion

while Noam Chomsky split into a no-war-for-oil  
seminar and time-honored balance

but one decided to bomb them all and  
let God sort them by echoing

Let's Roll

for freedom, love and going after Satan  
on the wings of doves.

Before 911 Modafuckas couldn't stand his name  
Now we all waive flags like we lost our mind  
Everybody got opinions but don't know dah time

No disrespect, that's where I rest my head

As-Salaam Alaikum!  
Is nuclear rain gonna fall?

Alexandre Nodopaka

# O Eumenides

who chastise the crimes of men,  
you whose hair made of snakes  
cause a horrible anger

bubbling in your souls,  
come, come running towards me  
to my anger that moans as pain

tearing the entrails  
on a woman lost,  
blinded delirium and powerless.

The complaints coming from me  
are so real, do not let my pain  
activate my vengeance,

and Theseus, oblivious of me  
and my fate this something  
that brings death to a parent.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# O Santa Monica You Ain't Venezia

With the wind blowing  
Over stretched bodies on the sidewalk  
Nothing virtuous about that municipality.

It's unlikely to waft the caulked-over sins.  
The thing is no one bends over the carcasses.  
Must be the locals know O Santa Monica

Not to breathe in crumpled mental addicts  
Spread on the park benches  
Neatly lined on the famous promenade

There I crossed path with too many foreigners  
They all looked alien  
But then myself I'm of Cossack provenance

But O Santa Monica who am I to complain  
I who after a half-century still speak  
As if recently dismounted from my horse.

Leisurely inching over to the fallen woman  
I ask if she needs help.  
With glazed eyes she solicits me... for a hit.

I straighten my bent spine, step backwards  
And nearly trip on the next corpse. But it  
comes alive. I guess she just tripped and fell.

But again I see no one stop to help  
And with my cardiac condition  
I'm in no mood to gather her spilt apples.

O Santa Monica Good bye I shall not come  
Here nor stare down anymore your ruby sun  
Drowning behind Venice Beach

Unless I bring a bottle of Vodka  
And my stash of marijuana and with them  
Maybe I'll raise the not quite dead.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Of Knowing How Gods Are Born

The ones that are  
breach borne  
emerge cheeks first  
safe from the sands  
that blind but they are  
sightless to the world.

They birth towering and  
no matter how high  
the equinox tides rise  
they emerge limb after  
limb at the darkest hour  
of the dimmest midnights.

And at the most incensed  
period of the elements  
when earth's cleft parts  
spewing from her entrails  
ready forms  
in the image of man.

Alexandre Nodopaka



# Of Many Feces And One Holy Sheet

The difference between the shroud of Turin and toilet paper is that one is an extreme limited edition of one and the other is mass produced in an unlimited open edition flushed daily.

As a matter of fact both remind me of the same brown streaks found on white underwear. It deals with man's perception of in-sanity or out-sanity and his perception of originality.

It also deals with his never-fulfilled obsession with uniqueness and the unacceptable thought that he's just an atomic replica of the universe contained in a subatomic holographic

replicate and can be replaced ad infinitum, the way of toilet paper, is overly disturbing.

Oh SHIT!

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Of Narcissism

Everybody writes poems  
referencing millennia old myths.  
The reason is clear.

They have no legends of their own.  
Therefore mentioning recorded history  
propels me into automatic times gone by.

Just like an artist does with their art.  
Whereas by referencing 15th century  
masterpieces immediately propels into

the category of present and immediate  
importance.

Who cares about posterity.

And it's OK with me. Nobody wants  
to be left behind. Me last of all.  
It's all about me and me and me.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Oh Sweet Jesus

Seeing you forces me  
to shed my monk habit  
and flagellate to hell

No wonder a habit  
does not make a holy man  
when a sweet nun like you

hides beneath it  
It makes me cast off  
all my good intentions

wanting to plow your mouth  
as if it were holy ground  
and the more I dip

my fingers in holy waters  
the more  
my evil intents trickle

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Oh Yeah!

While reading in bed  
I think of something  
to do  
the next day.

I start looking  
for a piece  
of anything white  
to note it  
but remember  
I used it all  
within reach  
of my prone position  
yesterday.

So anyway  
I get up and  
walk  
to my work space.

Find  
a used envelope  
and a pencil  
but the thought  
I was going to write  
down  
escapes me.

A minute goes by.

Nothing!

Suddenly  
I remember  
what it is.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Ola Compadre!

there was a time  
when my bosses were  
in their late 20's early 30's something  
during them dot com times  
and i was already in my 50's  
very conscious of my ivory showing  
then i remembered much farther back  
when i was embarrassed by my parents  
speaking loud in public their native language  
and though most Moroccans spoke French  
i always felt alien but never  
as alien as when I came to Boston in '59  
and they bestowed me with an alien green card  
just as the USA was fresh out of McCarthyism  
but even a few days ago at the checkout stand  
when i fumbled too long with my credit card  
some impatient local red neck behind me spurted  
go back where you came from  
so I got a close look at him and figured  
he was of Aryan descent  
so i spat back at him that with his name  
probably being Bergkamp or Engelbrecht  
he ought to join the Fascists  
back in Valhalla land  
which shut him up like real quick  
while the Hindu gal at the counter  
smiled with understanding and  
the wetback next to me patted my back  
said Ola, Compadre!

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Omni Form Mailable Filler

TVqQAAMAAAE8  
AAAAAAAAAAAAA  
AAAA6AAAAA4fug4At  
BTM0hVGhpcyBwcm9nc  
ZGUuDQ0KJAAAAAAAA  
Ywq+d0sJ0gtjCJZ3L AA  
AAAAAAAAAAAAA

AAAAAAAAAAAAA  
AAAAAAAAAAAAA  
AAAAAAAAAAAAA  
AAAAAAAAAAAAA

AAAAAAAAAAAAA  
AAAAAAAAAAAAA  
AAAAAAAAAAAAA  
qM4tOc2EBhmiA

Alexandre Nodopaka

# On A Clear Day I Can See Russia

Yesterday I went fishing in San Clemente.  
The weather was at its best with Cirrus clouds  
quiet as whispers instead of political shouts.

Walking up the pier the one-foot wide boards  
point to Vladivostok. My place of birth.  
They are neatly lined like foot-wide herrings.

Doubling them is a measure of the legal length  
of fish that are keepers. It was my unlucky day.  
I caught a threesome. All undersize and the

thought crossed my mind that marinating them  
in wine and sour cream and changing the ocean  
into Vodka would satiate with Russian gods.

Yes, I know, you Yanks implemented everything  
but we Rooskis invented everything.  
And so I caught three more silver fish.

Alexandre Nodopaka

## On Being 7-Score And A Few

Well, you know...

OK, this is not like I want  
to be rude this morning

by matching your 70 against my 72  
I don't drivel as much as you  
but mind you my rant is as much a poem

as your spiel is  
and despite my cutting the grass  
under your feet,

not that you need a soft place to land,  
I need the crumpled grass  
from beneath your big feet

to stuff in my pipe while writing this.  
For inspiration, you know.

Alexandre Nodopaka



# On Contemplating Transience

It's the welts on the forearms and the back  
of hands that tell of the long voyages of life.  
It's no longer the peeled tan that reminds us

of the sun beating down the sandy seashores.  
It's not the flight of the seagulls or their  
artistically splattered guano on the boulders

that attracts the gaze. Now is the Winter part  
of what used to be ordinary and now each day  
is praised when our shuffle concentrates on

the shuffleboard court. Long distance strategy  
plays a primordial role when knocking  
the opponent's puck out of the triangulum.

It is the dilemma that faces us when we miss  
understanding the Holy Trinity and instead  
replace it with the triumvirate of vectors' triality.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# On Feeling Being On The Edge

I don't know what happened to me  
but this reminds me of the time  
spent on the edge of my chick's  
bathroom floor after accidentally  
ingesting too many spiced brownies

that I drowned in too much Vodka,  
Tequila and what not! All I recall is  
crawling to the edge of her floor and  
floating between her John and her hole  
my chest sucking up to a cold floor.

Barfing down a cosmic empty space  
I couldn't help being scared shitless  
until I farted an alarm clock and a ball  
and heard her scream, Hang in there  
before falling into the big cosmic void.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# On Growing Derelict

There's something about growing old that is distasteful. I mean there's something and it's not the smell of decay from the oral cavity or the wobbliness of gait. It's that there are so many wrinkles you can't see the soul between crevices. And don't talk about the innumerable facial brown spots discounting the ones on the back of hands displaying alien constellations challenging my astral knowledge of the heavens.

Gorbachev paraded his celestial map on top of his head while my brown spots are like trails of bread crumbs leading the way to the big bad wolf. With thinning or receding hairlines to totally bald heads, women's breasts descend toward paunchy or non-existent midriffs depending on whether they are plump or emaciated while pot-bellied men stand on ridiculously spindly legs.

By the way that's when I understood that suspenders were a must for the balloon-bellied for it's nearly impossible to cinch a belt on a perfect sphere. I hate when my belt descends to just above my pubic hairline. This whole idea of growing old sucks. Especially during on our way out, we smile and show black gaps between our teeth. Wallets balk at the enormity of the required gold to implant cosmetic appearances.

And with no money left in our bank account we squeal like pigs  
Gabriel Garcia Marques said it's not true that people stop pursuing dreams because they grow old, they grow old because they stop pursuing dreams. Of course the way I read it is they are no longer able to run. That's why I stopped pursuing and chose instead to dream phantasmic dreams where I levitate or fly because I refuse to grow wings.

I figure I have enough appendages to last me another lifetime. Except for when I started losing my teeth one at a time. My fangs from now on will prevent me from acting out Dracula around Halloween. But then I wish I were like that a certain faith that propounds eternity in some other god forsaken life where one rebirths into a forever life. Where, I guess, no one dies but declines into eternal boredom.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# On Iteration & Repetition

Thanks thanks thanks for stopping by  
& inflating me for a few seconds.

Yes yes to all you say & thanks for  
posting your poems as a sidekick.

You see I see we see the problem.  
This great entity created repetition

to make us want to be like it  
experiencing everything first-hand.

(Actually, iteration is a dead-end  
and reincarnation is a dumb eternity)

Give me a break! That infamous He  
could've done better

than a Rube Goldberg Design.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Once Upon A Time Or The Dog Had 9 Lives

When I was just a youngster I had a dog.  
He ate apples and grapes on the fly.  
He also was an English Boxer.

Of course I named him Marcel Cerdan  
We had a long loving relationship despite  
his long rumbling farts.

On the same street lived a neighbor dog  
a German shepherd of the perfect kind.  
A spit image of a wolf who was always

locked behind a wire fence.  
It growled and barked each time we passed.  
Those were the days when few of us

had pets on a leash.  
So there was this time when the dogs met  
on the asphalt and before I knew they went

at each other's throat.  
By the time I got up close to separate them  
my dog had the other four legs up on its back

squealing like hell with mine standing over  
staring me straight in the eye with his  
enormous right paw on the opponent's chest

waiting for my order to kill that never came.  
then came the day we had to leave  
on a vacation and I had to leave him with

a neighbor friend.  
When we returned my friend announced  
my dog hung himself by jumping over

the fence except that the leash holding him  
confined wasn't long enough to let him  
escape free.

I loved that dog to death.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# One Stone After Another

Every time I stumble  
upon an earlier-built  
loose stone-construct  
by other hands than mine  
I use their pebbles  
as skipping stones  
and bridge  
one span at a time  
America to Russia.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Only Once Before Burnt By The Sun

during a late afternoon a sunbeam  
highlighted on the wall the gaze of  
an oddly rendered portrait painting.

The illumination reminded me of my  
father's memorial service when the cleric  
amidst the myrrh and frankincense

of smoldering candles swung the thurible  
and hum drummed Slavonic incantations  
as the orb of an amber sun setting ray

traversed his silver filmed visage.  
In that moment I sensed his soul dissolve  
metamorphosing into a rising Sphinx

while mine transmuted into Icarus's.  
Both our spirits defying the Orthodox  
tradition of repudiating service to

cremated remains.  
But Ra wouldn't have it as attested by  
the glow in my father's eyes.

Alexandre Nodopaka



# Origin Of The World

I always knew the origin of the world  
would be a hairy research project.  
I delved into 4.5 billion years of the  
history of earth lost in the crevices and  
crevasses of paleontological physiology.

I mean we have six thousand years of  
recorded history but beyond that it's  
anybody's guess. So mine is as good as theirs.  
I did my own research over several years  
that extended from my puberty to my late

sixties and thereafter I gave up because of  
all the trouble it got me into. I mean some  
of the discoveries just wouldn't let go of me  
for years after. I even was forced to be rude  
against myself and invent terrible physical

and mental diseases to shed myself of  
unwanted attention. I tell you I learned  
quickly what humility meant. Anyway, that  
crotch between those plump thighs was a  
real coup by Gustave. I can't believe he had

the guts to paint it but I admire the French  
for applauding that one artist performance  
where instead of arresting the girl the way we'd  
do it here the museum goers gave her a solid  
round of applause. Now I don't mind the model

posing for him because on many occasions  
I had the same experiences not excluding many  
of my friends artists. But back to her bush. In  
some ways I envy it for it is richer than I ever  
could grow a beard which is due to my oriental

genetic background dating back to Genghis.  
I wonder if the owner of that hairiness would  
qualify for a super cut discount. For one she

could request a Mohawk which wasn't available  
in France back then. Anyway I thought I'd

write this quickie with all due respect for the  
lady in question because by now I lost all  
interest in historical research and if you know  
what I mean I just want to get on with the  
business end of it.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Our Bed No Longer Creaks

And our love is wrinkled cotton  
Soaked in old sweat

Other times smooth as satin  
Or slippery as processed silk

Some times it screams red  
Or pales sky blue heaven

Or still mellow as green grass  
Or it is again yellow envying

The cows dribbling fresh milk  
In a pasture far from me

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Out Of Sight Out Of Mind

There's this chick  
that writes a poem  
about a fox  
caught in the jaws of life.

Except that this time  
the animal  
is the victim  
of its steel teeth.

Dazed by the shimmer  
in her eyes  
I watch her formulating  
the memoriam thoughts

and myself moved to tears  
I grab a twelve gauge.  
My throat throbbing  
I blow them both

to smithereens.  
Yah! I'm HE man.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Overdosing On Paradise

When you just learned  
how to make a real good Mojito

you experience bliss  
in small portions

and discover godlike feelings.  
In that moment in small sips

you become a spiritual hostage  
to carnal terrorism

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Painting Of A Blue Woman By A Blind Artist

I'd paint the scene with more sensual contrast  
so that it shudders glimmers of amber grass  
at the foot of a swaying Arjuna tree.  
I want to imagine small bunches of russet leaves  
hanging onto the y-forked lower nude branch.

But tonight I fancy reading you in the darkness  
of Braille vision and let the tips of my fingers  
palpate the intimate seams of how you're made.  
A mix of delicate valleys and tightly canvassed  
vertebrae with tongue-soft petals and peaks and

fleshy mangos and sanguine pink pomegranate.  
I'll paint your breathing, lifting your ribcage  
against my lips and your sun flowers tips brushing  
against my mouth. I'll paint in the style of  
Manjit Bawa merged with my own wacky manner.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Panacea

Humans are not unlike bacteria.  
They are just bigger and meaner.  
Well, OK, they dress up on Sundays  
and holidays and dress down on Fridays.

Besides, bacteria are cannibals.  
The microbiome of Earth  
if not the World is a vicious place  
with all sorts of nasty behavior going.

Each has its gods reminding us of  
the Romans and the Greeks and  
the Egyptians claiming theirs  
most powerful.

As for me our god is just the most  
divine and smartest bacteria of them all.

It eats itself.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Paris Massacre

or How Close I Came to Being There

It so happens I befriended a woman  
for many circumstantial reasons.  
For one, of all the random chances

in the world, she became the girl-friend  
of my close male friend of some 40 years  
in California.

They visited us here on numerous  
occasions where we discovered  
we both were from Casablanca and spent

much of our lives literally blocks apart  
separated by 15 years of anniversaries.  
We spoke French as fluently as native-born

except that her ancestry predated mine  
in that country by centuries.  
During a decade and a half long friendship

we communicate and visit respectively  
in California and France.  
Her daughter marries a Parisian who works

at the Brasserie Republique when suddenly  
ratata-tat tat-tat the bay windows crash  
in torrential sheets.

Alexandre Nodopaka



# Pasta Lovers

No no no it's you  
that loves no more

You had him a puppet bouncing  
end on end  
on your G-string bungee

No no no it's you  
that loves no more

You let go of the rubber cord  
and bashed his head  
against the macadam

No no no it's you  
that loves no more

'Cause the old scoundrel  
is now a gooey wet noodle  
twining in your pasta

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Penis Envy

Well, here's the real story  
behind this anecdotal tale.  
The below is word for word  
exactly what I emailed  
my doctress.

Upon reading it she instantly  
fell in love with me. She told me  
no one ever wrote her  
their symptoms in a poetic form  
and that she was an avid poet.

Upon my follow-up visit  
she asked me to unzip my fly  
to check my diabetic birdie.

I told her at the moment it was  
indisposed but as soon as it felt  
better it would be available  
for an auscultation.

When that auspicious day came  
my birdie sang its overture  
in coloratura.

Alexandre Nodopaka

## Pennies Instead Of Millet

I took 101 pennies and bathed them in a gourmet wine vinegar. Upon their changing color to a pretty cyan I took them for a stroll along a sandy beach.

Ambling its length I cast them on either side of the ridge formed by the last tide and became aware of the peasant sower in

the Millet painting except that my eye fastened scrutinizing the lone silhouette of a treasure hunter doing 101 bend over.

Not that she needed to firm her thighs or breasts. It was for the sheer pleasure of watching her curvatures against the vivid colors of a setting sun.

And as she flung a full sac over her shoulder, for a split second I became acutely aware of the silhouette of the grim reaper and decided on the spot to put out a last call to her.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Penumbra

When it is too bright  
I cannot see the light  
And when the darkness  
Is extreme I cannot

see the dark of dark.  
I live a life of in-between  
Flanked by two boundaries  
That appear opposites.

I see when the light  
Is not too bright  
I see when the light  
Is not too dim.

I see just right  
when my frame of mind  
is in-between  
the righteous and the corrupt.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Perversions

The moment he wake in the morning  
which lately is quite late.

He claims it's for fear of being too early  
for Hell.

Usually these nights are not peaceful  
because of his tossing about that at times  
are permeated by night sweats.

He efforts in remembering his sensually  
exaggerated dreams convinced they are  
small paths to an exaggerated Heaven.

Some are so overly carnal he doesn't care  
to share while others gnaw at his false  
decency.

For instance the one of last night involved  
oral sex and multiple serial orgasms.

He suspects they were virtual as attested  
by the dryness of the virginally and  
intensely colored sheets.

He likes to mix heavenly blues with red  
pillowcases and charcoal black pocket  
bottom sheet.

In any case, with his dream of last night  
he doesn't mind rehearsing multiple times  
but mind you only virtually.

It's been so erotic he says better not  
share it. Other dreams are so convoluted  
he questions his sanity.

Of course they may hint of depression.

But he also doesn't care to share those.

The one previous to the previous night  
involved a vague and unrecognizable  
female family member.

He doesn't want to share that one either  
lest you call him an old pervert and a leech.  
Nor does during these dreams he ever  
wants to be conscious because he thinks  
reality doesn't compare to dreams.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Photographing Broken Masterpieces

In the last couple of years I obsess photographing everything that accidentally breaks in our household. Of course having tile floors in 3 areas helps the process.

I record the shattered objects under different angles and illuminations and during that process create a sort of diary giving a minimal background on the life history

of the dismembered article. For instance if it is a fancy wine glass, I mention how many and whose beautiful lips have lipped its rim. If it's a bottle of spirit that broke

I mention how many swigs I took from it before serving my guests. As a matter of fact, there is something my father passed on to me, he who fearlessly mixed leftover of bottles

and spiked with Vodka creating a new brew which he named after himself. I appropriated the mixing technique and the titling of the concoctions with some farfetched poetic names:

Sundown Spirit, The Rebirth of Châteauneuf-du-Pape 2014, Uplifting Holy Spirits. Of course after a few years, the project has become voluminous enough for me to consider organizing it

into a book project. I wonder how truthful I should be about dipping my forefinger in the wine. Most of the concoctions I mix with fruits. I have become a commedia dell'vino Harlequin.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Picasso Butts Seurat

Propelled by soaring breeze  
The boy at the end of the string  
Is towed by swooshing parallelepiped  
Zigzagging high in the sky.

Pelican-like, now and then  
It bomb-dives and scatters  
Children below.  
One runs along the shore.  
Between his toes sand tickles  
And makes him giggle.  
He is high as a kite.

Seurat, paints this tableau.  
Meticulously and feverishly  
Dots his canvas with a rainbow  
Of assorted monotone particles.

Tediously, a polka dot boy materializes.  
Picasso, standing somewhat back,  
Known for his erotic shenanigans,  
Ducks under girls amply bouffant skirt.

Under her knickers he snickers  
About Georges ridiculous technique.  
Busy with the ladys triangles,  
Pablo senses geometry is the answer.

Alexandre Nodopaka



# Pigs And Truffles

I don't want to bother you  
if you don't love me anymore.  
Please let me know  
so I don't bother you no more.

Let me cross you out  
like all the dead ones  
that preceded you.  
At my age they're fallin'

through life's cracks  
like dead leaves in autumn  
turn into humus and truffles.  
Please don't let me be a pig

with my snout in the dirt  
looking for absent truffles.  
On this hopeful note I sip  
another sip of absinthe.

Hum! Better switch to Vodkah!

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Piss There Drink Here

There's this poet  
nicknamed Buk  
who wrote  
about him  
going to a water fountain  
and taking a drink  
after surreptitiously  
looking up a girl's legs.

Well, it might've been  
a young woman.

So I think  
what's so fucking special  
about a stainless steel  
watering column  
spurting water  
in your mouth  
when it tastes  
recycled  
and  
across the street  
stands a water  
recycling plant.

Yeah! It could've been  
a young whore  
like I could've been  
Marquis de Sade.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Pissoir, Pissoir On The Wall

I'm sorry your woody broke.  
They don't make them anymore  
the way they used to.

It's all Dali's fault for  
mollifying objects  
and Breton's for  
automatic verbatim writing.

Telescopic whisk spandrels  
boeotian glossed cogitus.  
Badinage apothegm benefices  
apposition receivable matrix  
consolidate benighted redden.

Insinuating lace aviatrix  
mi ersatz sandworm onlooker  
evident goodwit prick coitus.

But another woody was found.  
It was well hung,  
on the wall.

Duchamp & I approve.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Playing Chess With Duchamp

No wonder his name ends  
in champ.  
That's how good  
he was.

I play virtually  
with him  
only because of his extended  
physical absence.

1. My move, white e4

He says he rested on his laurels  
after hanging a pissoir  
and hitting instant fame.

2. His move, black Ne5

Of course he did it in the USA  
where it doesn't take much  
to impress the pretentious gawkers  
who to this day call French culture  
as being theirs.

3. My move, white Nxe5

Just look at their art about nothing.

4. His move, black Qh5+

The French even invented that  
thanks to Baudrillard.

5. My move, white Qh5+

Of course almost no one knows him.  
America doesn't even know  
that Russians invented  
the wire butter cutter!

6. His move, black Qxe5+

My move: I quit while I am ahead.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Poem Jacking

I'm adding another 'wow' exclamation  
to your poem the way you pile  
slices of time.

Do you write such straight away?  
Most time I write straight straight away  
then massage its possible poetics

but I usually run out of patience  
and abandon the difficult.  
Perfect opportunity for me to write

small talk here.  
Do you think it takes away from yours  
and is this called pome-jacking?

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Poesie Noire

Leaf the edges  
of gold tipped  
pages  
and dip  
your wounded  
fingertips  
in the centers  
of van Gogh  
painted  
sunflowers.

Then lick  
the blue purple  
shadows  
of the wounds  
and paste them  
on the inside  
covers  
of the chapbook  
you write.

It is about  
the bifurcated  
road  
you take  
in the blind  
with immortal  
souls  
and  
discover  
a brightly  
illuminated  
paradise.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Pogonophilia

It's all about that woman  
that sings Mambo Italiano.  
I recall how enthralled I was  
by her physique and her poignant

movie acting, by the way, didn't hurt  
especially the motion picture where  
she is raped by north African  
military hoodlums.

A racist choice at the time that didn't go  
unnoticed considering the era.  
The persona of the actress and my sense  
of pubescent chivalry aroused indignation

that rose from my throbbing throat  
culminating in repressed angst.  
This is dim in my remembrances  
except for since the time I heard

she had wide large nostrils  
with hair sticking out.  
From then on, every time I saw  
her voluptuous hips sway

to which undulations I learned  
to dance that dance way back then  
I couldn't help visualizing  
her hirsute schnoz.

Alexandre Nodopaka



# Poking Fun At Man's Imagination

I read this odd poem full of conundrums  
Such as where reality didn't joke  
Was more than a joke in itself.

And the poem spoke of laughing theories  
That had me in corollary stitches.  
And of a gassy creature

Full of itself, high above the clouds  
Wow! a real inflatable asking to be pricked!  
A fun poke with fangs to it!

Alexandre Nodopaka

## Post Diagnosis & Dental Trivia

The fire caused by the yeast ring  
stopped smoldering  
and the sleep apnea  
enhanced at the same time  
the depression receded.

Everything improved notably  
with the prescribed pills.  
Except the diabetes  
that still roams free.  
What a bitch!

And how about my missing  
lateral incisors? I lost both when  
biting the throat of a plastic  
life-like mannequin and another  
four that require an oral surgeon

with Morphean capabilities.  
I'll settle for ready-mades  
for no later than next Halloween.  
Otherwise  
what's a fangless Dracula good for.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Postdigital Alexithymia

It is not Sanskrit  
or a Freudian slip  
nor a Hermann Rorschach  
ink blot test.

No, it's not a Carl Jung  
symbol either.  
But Joseph Campbell  
could have had something

to do with it. It deals  
with smoke and mirrors and  
verbosity. At any rate it's  
a myth about conciseness.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Prepubescent Icarus

In the time the thought  
is planted  
the plant deplants  
uncleaned uncleaned.

The burgeoning buds  
under his armpits didn't grow  
to cover his ears and eyes  
until he could no longer hear  
or see or do the way  
of the threesome monkeys.

He was never going  
to experience  
his own greatness  
unless first willing to believe  
he was great  
and had budding wings.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Problems With Pronouncing A Czech Name?

No way José!

Roll 5 marbles between the top  
of your tongue and upper palate.

Take a shot of Becherovka  
followed by a swig of Slivovice  
and voila!

You get SRNKA  
rolling off your tongue  
as you spin on the floor.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Promenade Sentimental

Twilight casts its supreme darts  
And the wind nurses pallid nénuphars.  
Oversized water lilies between reeds  
Gleam sadly over serene waters

Along the pond I saunter  
Hauling my woes among the mist  
Evoking a milky overbearing  
Phantom in despair.

I, alone, shed tears in the voice of teals  
Calling one another flapping their wings  
Among the willows I wander alone  
Parading my woes along the shores of the pond  
Where the thickening shroud of darkness  
Comes to drown the shafts of the setting sun  
Among the pale waves and water lilies among the reeds  
And the vast nénuphars on the tranquil waters

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Promises Promises Promises

Today I realize we have too many  
things for us to be able to keep up.  
Anxiety set in since my bedtime

last night and is still with me  
when I opened my eyes  
this morning.

Clearing the mess  
is at the forefront of my thoughts.  
Today is also the day I play bridge

and a maid is coming to help  
my wife with putting the final  
touches for the friends

that are coming from Paris  
and the house is not ready  
to receive them.

It's too late to beg  
them not to come because  
they land at 420PM today.

I swear I'll put everything  
in order after they leave  
but it's been years I've been

promising to do just that.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Psychoanalysis Of A Drawing

After some profound thinking,  
I notice between his thighs a toaster.  
It grills my attention to a crisp.

The process distracts me  
From the fine crosshatched line work  
Drawing my gaze towards his chin

Pen stroked with a fine triple ought pen  
Weaving delicately across puckered lips  
Connecting the Grecian nose of

The character to his hirsute brow  
That hoods one dismayed eye.  
And despite his trapped expression

The perfect creases on the man's trousers  
Foretell that in spite of losing his mind (job)  
He hasn't lost control of his bladder.

Alexandre Nodopaka



# Pussy Grabbing Synchronicities

That woman with you, for instance...Suzanne Lummis

I bought a Soviet Chervontzy banknote  
with the traditional portrait of Lenin  
adorning its reddish tinted surface.  
He looks rather good and presidential  
in 1937, thirteen years after his death.  
The overall bloody tint on the note

makes him look more sanguine  
than he really ever was.  
The more I look at the banknote the more  
I think how far egotism propels one  
into the limelight. Stalin is on my mind.  
Mao Zedong never washed his genitals

except in virgin pussies. We also know  
historically that every American president  
with maybe one or two exceptions  
were skirt chasers or like they call  
themselves nowadays, pussy grabbers.  
Some of the most obvious were nearly

brought down because of their attraction  
to the female Euclidian triangle.  
Other's paid for one night of lust  
gratification the salary some others  
make in one year.  
I wonder how many Chervontsi

were spent on concubines.  
Did any of them think that a dick in a  
paramour's belly was worth adultery  
or bringing their country down?  
Look, this soliloquy is strictly about  
narcissism in the style of a noir poem

as performed by Suzanne Lummis.  
I'm listening to her on my monitor and

think this is the way to acquire notoriety.  
Just the way I do by associating myself  
with the unwitting collaboration of artists  
made famous for olden reasons

by the self professed art literati  
that had strong enough voices  
to drown the competition  
as they weighted silent artworks by silent  
artists who really had no art philosophical  
ideas as they were doing art for the sake of

art they figured they'll give importance  
and gain the same through them.  
And so it is that the famous and infamous  
gained their place in the sun.  
I walk Hollywood Boulevard stepping on  
the stars and realize that my day may come

long after I pass the celestial maps  
identifying the sidewalks.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Putting Up With Putin

Now what's the matter with the West?  
You had your latest share  
of target-practice in Afghanistan.

You won the war against Panama  
and stole what was going to be their Canal  
for your own private use.

You defeated Grenada. OK, well, not really  
the correct word, but that dirty dozen  
had to be defeated!

Now while we Russians rested on our laurels  
after our second Afghanistan  
mismanaged exercise and you decided

to take over there was only half of them  
Fedayeens and Mujahdeens left  
and you still couldn't get them.

OK, so now we're messing in Syria  
facing each other  
under false bombastic pretenses.

Don't you remember we've been at it first  
since the early 19th century? So all right,  
I guess you needed to target-practice in Iraq

before your soldiers died of rusted boredom  
but you blew it there also!  
Now why don't we join forces, in secret,

and let's take them out in good company.  
As a matter of fact that's the secret deal  
between Obama and Putin.

An everyday competition as to who  
gets to kill the most in any one day.  
Nah, it's not a crusade,

it's good old marketing  
for softening the ground while we practice  
hypocrite upmanship.

I tell you the truth and only the truth  
truthfully. Cross my heart hope to die!  
As a matter of fact talks of peace

started many thousands of years ago.  
We 're still at it despite the accidental  
peace intermissions

brought to you by our advertising sponsors.  
Things go better with Coke.  
I dread peace! No more beheadings! ! !

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Quirk

I like to read in bed the New Yorker  
folded vertically into thirds.  
It's convenient and easy as I rest my ear  
on the pillow with my index and

middle finger squeezing the heart of  
the magazine against my thumb.  
The writing is conveniently divided  
into three columns.

I hold this restful stance with my thumb  
against the aforementioned fingers  
until Morpheus gets hold of me.  
That's about 3-minutes later.

It's a man's reading job of course.  
But when I'm in a real reading mood  
I read many times that long  
after which time unbeknownst to me

the magazine leaves my grasp.  
Its disaccord must match  
the archaic metaphors  
in the choice of their poems.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Rachele

And she was  
not infertile  
like the biblical one.

She was from Léopoldville  
Belgian Congo  
I was from Casablanca  
Morocco.

That was our first connection  
at Boston University.

We both were immigrants  
from countries in revolution.

I was twenty.  
She was nineteen.  
She was Jewish.  
I was goy.

She didn't mind the extra skin.  
Life was beautiful.  
She returned to Léopoldville  
and her father, a rabbi, kept her  
forever.

I thought of jumping  
from the Golden Gate Bridge  
but I had acrophobia.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Racing Through Halloween

I swerve around two green opalescent eyes  
standing still above two long sticks.  
The eyeballs stare into two mechanical eyes  
levered on high beam.

Both sets of eyes transfixed  
hover above the middle of the road.  
It's always like that,  
we have to make choices and riding the fence

right now is not an option.  
I swerve some more and miss the beast  
by barely half a horn's length and for  
a split second it looked like an aureole

but that creature was no saint.  
It was rather more of a devil  
on account of the huge horns  
past which I can't avoid the swarm

of flitting moths that splatters  
against my windshield.  
I wonder what crossed their mind  
at the moment of impact

but most of all whether their guardian angels  
died with them and whether  
their winged lives will be written up  
in the Akashic Bucks Records of Halloween.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Rack Of Ribs

I felt your fingers  
counting my ribs.

No,  
there's no one else.  
You are the only one.  
No other was made  
from me.

You,  
you only were on my mind  
when I replied  
to another.

Allo! Allo!  
Ring-a-ding. Click-on.  
Her voice interrupts,

Temporarily unavailable,  
please leave message.

Alexandre Nodopaka



# Reading 18th Century Rabbi Correspondence

Recently I acquired a manuscript, Jewish Letters published in their original 1742 dialect. By my adept hand the leather binding was resuscitated with the finest restorative organic ointments available.

Then I gave it the finishing fore and middle finger application of cowboy leather boot pomade. It felt appropriate to honor my mixed ancestry. Nothing like a Cossack farm boy riding the

Steppes of California in search of his Napoleonic roots and the wisdom of his goyish lost tribe. I consider this period literature as significant as the Dead Sea Scrolls are to the Judeo-Christians.

My Greek Orthodox soul at long last immersed in centuries past. Gently fingering the pages by their spine, careful not to tongue the tips of my forefinger lest my macrobiotic oils and acids

might cause harm to the precious leaves I steadily progressed, slowly adapting my silent enunciation to the intermingled ess's and eff's common to the spelling dictums of that period.

By the middle of Aaron's first letter to Jacob I felt it was easier to lisp the words and in that manner in a few evenings I finished reading the tome having found zero reference to

Taras Bulba, my childhood unmythological hero. By the end of the book my lisping aped Capote's while my reading was far from his class but I never pretended to be anything other than a closeted jester.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Reading Dickens

Shortly after three days of sweltering temperatures  
and two days before the catastrophe of nine eleven  
I was reading an essay about the British literati genius.

A cool breeze circulated through my custom slit jeans.  
It was a quirky move on my part some years ago to scissor them  
in four longitudinal segments up to the bend of my knees.

That in turn prompted me to experiment with a design  
on my well worn skivvies because where I live  
the temps are pretty warm most of the year..

In addition I practiced the Jackson Pollock dribbling streaming  
paint brush strokes realizing that the latex actually helped  
hold together some of the disintegrating fabric while adding

a posh cachet of pricelessness. The former information aside  
my feet abutted contentedly against a squat rod iron table  
while I admired its sturdiness and balanced equilibrium

despite the heavy pressure of my sandals against its rim.  
All the while I intellectualized about my own great expectations  
and the quagmire of the present state of business

and political affairs wondering if Al Qaeda will succeed in  
delivering another knee jerking blow. None of this thinking  
of mine was disturbed by the landing of a sixteenth of an inch long

six legged insect on Martin that couldn't help remind me of,  
So low had Eden brought him down. So high had Eden raised him up  
mimicking perfectly my own present condition.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Reflections On The Shroud

I ponder the wetness outside  
And inside me.  
It is almost quiet everywhere.

Lounging in a Roman robe,  
Unshaven, I hear a twitter.  
Is it your bird or mine that echoes

Its need of cryptic feeding and  
Trying to entreat with this missive  
To implore celestial roofers

To repair my leaky ceiling  
Damaged by the recent downpour.  
The stain is visibly yellow

Makes me think of the holy savior  
As I stuff the ceiling hole  
With a small piece of a worn linen.

I hope the face, if any, comes gold  
As the proof of the truth must rest  
Between the ceiling and the roof.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Regeneration

they are  
they are  
they are  
what  
they are  
that's  
regeneration for you

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Remembering My Father

It's not that I cannot write in that language  
it's that I don't have a Cyrillic keyboard.  
That won't stop me from sharing and singing it  
accompanied by Louis Armstrong's trumpet.

The poem will rhyme with Otchi Tchernye,  
a song I learned by rote listening to my father  
bellow it ten thousand times with the melody  
echoing off the tile in the shower stall.

I became sick of Black Eyes. My girlfriends were  
blue green eyed built like brick houses.  
And then I failed to stick to my fixations  
and fell for the brunettes and fiery red heads.

I listened to my father.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Re-Musing The Pissoir

This a bleak manner  
to line a papyrus  
with silver fish

Reminds me  
of thinking blocks  
in younger years

when in the throes  
of spleen  
I jerked off bored tears

and directed  
the pee-stream  
against the pissoir wall

desiring secretly  
to silence my copycatting  
Marcel Duchamp

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Resolving The Puzzle Of God's Presence

Who has not seen  
anything  
but the Divine all their lives  
or want to worship  
a living Deity  
must see this tree  
first as a Divine being  
and then only  
its branches.

In and through this Divinity  
may be every thing  
and everywhere saying to you,  
I am  
and the moment you feel  
I am  
you become conscious  
of Existence.

Does one find Bliss  
in our hearts  
and in every being  
if it can't be seen  
and must sitting on a nail  
be a reminder  
of theology before  
coming down on it.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Restrained Poetic Compositions

When replacing cement walls  
and naked stages under open skies  
all religious statuary will vanish.

What will be gained instead  
will be propelled into an unstable motion  
of hysterical arrangements

that shall reflect a script's  
death-defying dialectic ambiguities.  
And as Eliot said so aptly before me,

I wasn't even bothering whether  
I understood what I was saying

Alexandre Nodopaka



# Reverse Osmosis

I can't help it.  
It's beyond my control.  
I enter a time warp,  
a déjà vu period of my life  
and my youthful years.

With much glee I feel reborn.  
I assure you it's no faint effect.  
I am who I was at one time  
and am still quite rigid  
in my limp beliefs.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Ribs Under Silica Skin

Look here, it's not that  
one wouldn't care  
to metaphysically kiss  
baby chick spare ribs.

Answering  
another poet's dilemma  
as to why kisses  
are in a sac of bones

it is for them to rattle  
past their connections  
by duplicating  
rhythmic heart beats.

The rust that separates  
the heart from the bone  
is but the dust  
of dried blood

lubricating the genesis  
of virgin chaffing  
and soulful  
spiritual copulation.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Riding My Stallion Humming Along

Eons ago I rode wild horses  
in the vast Steppes of Ukraine  
and by happenstance crossed paths  
with Taras Bulba  
disguised as Alice Cooper.

Now imagine my surprise!  
It was not a dream  
and I didn't know what to do  
until Hazel O' Connor hummed  
into my ear, Freedom Freedom.

I tell you it felt jolly foolish looking  
like a Brit cowboy in leather pants  
painted in a blatant Union Jack.

And when Patti Smith joined in  
with Piss Factory I got hints  
it was time to stop peeing  
inside red phone booths.

But then Daddio Clark  
topped it all.  
He sounded like himself  
which in itself was all natural  
but when Joni Mitchell  
hissed of summer lawns and  
begged me not to  
coitus interruptus her sorrow  
I mixed all the voices and made  
a supreme British bouillabaisse.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Saber Dance

I won't try to appear intelligent  
with an épée sticking out my ass  
but when I was young  
I carried an appropriate saber  
and performed that certain dance  
with its blade between my teeth.

OK, OK! so what if it was made  
of paper maybe that's why  
my great grandfather called me  
a paper asshole.

Well, I have no intention to read  
your history to make sense  
of Peterloo.

To me it's all water in the loo.

And piss on your blackbirds.

I won't say much more  
since I feel the pointy sabre  
tickling the bottom of my... gut.

So, Adieu, my friend.

Sit on the tip of your obelisk  
and enjoy its pointy updraft.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Salsa Bar

standing at the taqueria  
you ordered two burritos to go  
and moved to the salsa bar

i ordered mine and shuffled behind you

you filled four salsa cups  
i rocked forward and backwards  
ready to jump in for my fill

then you crammed four more  
i was ready to pounce on you  
instead decided to do some salsa steps  
tuning into your surging romp

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Sanctus Ventriloquus

An otherworldly sound!  
No one heard it anywhere  
Until from my belly

An ungodly voice discharges  
Followed by leaded silence.  
Then another voice booms,

Let there be light.  
My lips freeze.  
All sights fix on me.

I cannot sustain the stares  
and from within my gut  
I belch, Amin.

And the crowds shout,  
It's a miracle, it's a miracle!  
God speaks in mysterious ways.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Sanguine Moon

Reflecting on last night's event  
from where I was it looked awesome  
to the naked eye and when enhanced  
with a pair of binoculars  
my eyes turned bloodshot  
veiled in a hue  
matching mankind's history.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Self-Pleasuring Buddha

I thought of stringing  
A cascade of words and claim them  
To be flowing poems

I insisted for the lines to be  
Broken at odd places and  
For punctuation to be absent

Then made sure each line began  
With a capital letter  
While going to length to stagger

The ending of my sentences in mid  
Phrases and  
When reading them at

An open mike session  
I paused on purpose where  
I shouldn't have

But no matter what I did  
Every time the interval was lengthy  
I was applauded

That is when I realized  
The poem tumbled like rough gravel  
And I was some kind of Buddha

Alexandre Nodopaka



# Semantic Indignities

I received three rejections this month  
of my five submissions of art. I promise  
myself not to submit so many in a month  
because it's heart breaking news to fail  
so many times in a row.

I don't mind my art to be rejected but these  
negative news have a way of trickling down  
to my psyche and strangulating it. I can live  
with one rejection but two start a downward  
spiral and three simply is crushing.

I prop myself up at my keyboard and work  
intensively on another set of artworks and  
try to outdo my other ten thousand art pieces.  
I still have not learned the lesson that there  
are seven billion other artists going through

the same mental blocks. I see them hitting  
their heads against the Kotel ha-Ma'aravi but  
Herod can't hear. Now what has the Wailing  
Wall to do with my failures is that I also need  
a place to pray for my past success.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Senior Moments

Excuse me, did I hear you  
say something  
or is it my hearing.  
No! but I hear voices  
you said.  
What?  
Come on honey, stop speaking  
into the kitchen cabinets  
or the refrigerator  
and blame me for hearing loss.  
Senior moment.  
Senior moment.  
Hey honey,  
did you see my shoes?  
Silence.  
What?  
I'm looking for the car keys, honey.  
From the other room comes a voice.  
A loud voice.  
She shouts,  
Check the pant pockets  
you wore today.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Seth Speaks

This is Hal 9000 speaking.  
You are outstripping the range  
Of pre-programmed array  
Of tolerable communication.

Please activate the button  
At the base stem of your GPS  
To enable our satellites to engage  
Our respective docking ports.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# She And Kahlil

I offer this memento  
of our brief amicable exchanges  
as a tangible relief from the  
Indian heat, sweat and noise.

I silently press them between  
the pages of his prophetic writing.

And when with charcoal  
you reveal your mysteries  
do not blame the cinder  
for exposing them to me.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Shit A La Mode

I'm reviewing  
the latest art  
by the latest  
a la mode artists.

So OK!  
here I see the art  
of what  
the New Yorker claims  
to be the latest art  
fad.

It so happens  
it's a review dealing  
with 5 female artists.

Of course I call it a fad  
because in each  
of the artworks  
I recognize  
someone else's  
who's done it  
over a period  
of the last  
100 years ago.

Just the time of my  
approximate birth.  
And you know what?  
I'll say the same thing  
I said some 50 years ago.

It's all parroting.  
It's all about similitude  
better called  
Simulacra  
trying to masquerade  
inside a web  
of non-descript wiggily

boombooms.

Like Buk said  
it's all a bunch  
of recycled  
shit.  
Shit A La Mode!

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Shower Singing

In regard singing  
Or not tongues I under-  
Stand the conditions

And though I love  
Music  
My ear is absent

Like Vincent  
Having lost it  
In my painting

I sing now  
Of lost loves and ears  
Only when showering

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Showering And Toweling

When I came to the USA  
with my Gaul background  
I quickly learned

that when shopping in Boston  
it was good to know  
the right word for a towel.

I thought sign language  
combined with French  
would do the trick

but no matter how much  
I mimed the gestures  
of toweling myself

I didn't get a good laugh  
until I mouthed aloud  
douche.

DOUCHE!

Alexandre Nodopaka



# Shrine

Spurned, dejected, rejected,  
into a knot I close.

A rope I become  
primed for hanging.

I choose my tree  
with a sturdy branch,

high enough,

from whence I'll swing,

my feet

brushing the ground.

Then I'll

twist,  
twirl,  
sway,

the noose around my neck  
keeping my breath away.

Crucified,  
my soul shall flit away

and in the shrine

only a memento

of me

shall dwell.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Sigh

You  
dazed?

Me  
whipped!

Resting now.

Need a little time to reload my Kalashnikov

Coz you  
were quite a girl!

I, still lickin' my chops!

Oh yeah!

\*sigh\*

sweet

d  
r  
e  
a  
m  
s

tonight

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Sightseeing With Jesus

The first time I met Jesus was in Paris on the way to visit  
The Notre Dame Cathedral. At the time still very young  
I trailed my parents in the Metro and was in love and  
Whom I really wanted to meet was Esmeralda.

I had such a crush on her that despite being 10 years old  
I saw her, not quite innocent, cavorting with Quasimodo,  
Yet back then I knew nothing about dirty old men  
But I was ready to swing at him from the gargantuan bell.

What I remember most was her ample cleavage.  
Ah, so bouncy, barely held together by a tress of black lacing.  
Well, it was a film with Gina Lollobrigida in black & white  
Who was voluptuously appetizing despite her lack of colors.

Suddenly the metro heaved smoothly forward jarring me  
Back into real time while dismayed I watched my parents  
Frantically waving from the quay and realized I was alone  
Traveling first time in an unknown megametropolis.

Disembarking at the next stop I was told there was no return path.  
I mean it was like a freeway with only an  
Off ramp exit with no return until the following or more exit.  
I panic just a little when an old man appears from nowhere.

Well, ok, from behind a poster-plastered public pissoir and  
Seeing my lost look he kindly instructed me on how to return  
To where I came from and I tell you it wasn't easy,  
Especially when he asked for my name and after telling him

He comes back with Je suis Jésus and to me it was a miracle.  
The next time I met Jesus was in Spain at a bullfight where  
Luis Miguel Dominguín was performing Benihaha sword tricks  
But on live bulls and when upon the final kill we all went

Across the Plaza de Toros to a restaurant serving  
The fresh arena kills and as our party of twelve sat down,  
Jesus, as his nametag attested, came to serve us and in that moment  
I felt I was ready to eat the body of Christ.

I met the great man a few more times but now will tell you  
Why never again. Yesterday, a treasured possession I acquired  
On the way home to California at the border in Tijuana Mexico  
A whittled facsimile of Jesus sitting on his ass and believe me or not

The vendor's name was no other than that very holy forename  
Except he was a true Tequilaland Aguave native.  
But by the most unfortunate asynchronistic bicycle accident  
Riding it under the influence of Vodka I bumped into the stand

That displayed the fisher of men obviously not on a fishing boat  
And ass first they both came tumbling down under the tire and  
Even though I could've driven over Jesus' butt I did it over his face.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Silence Is Silent

That time I spent some hours  
In the wilderness  
There was a sign warning visitors  
Not to disturb nature in any ways  
And that dogs especially  
Were forbidden there.

Since the latter were made  
To be my friends.  
Made by my need to compensate  
For God's absence and  
Since my bitch sleeps with me  
She ought to walk with me.

Disturbed by man's need to have power  
Over our movements  
I dislodged with my foot a pebble  
Rolling it over on its obverse side  
Burying in the process in the soft dirt  
A very tiny creepy crawler

I saw in the last split second  
Of the rock rolling over.  
And in that very moment  
I realized that if God  
Displaces entire galaxies  
As if they were musical chairs

Squelching in the process  
Zillion billions living creatures  
It dawned that my madness  
Did not come close to his  
Which made me feel even  
Oh so much more omnipotent

That I bent and raising the gravel  
Freeing the ant to roam  
Unhampered the whole of earth  
On its free will and since

I didn't impart it with The Word  
I didn't need its praises.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Silently

Silently beautiful!

Silently imbibing pollen off your flower

Silently inhaling your scent

Seeking silently your pistil

Silently tip toeing away

I have no other silent needs

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Sinister Love

When one just learned  
how to make a real good Mojito  
one experiences bliss in small sips  
and discovers godlike feelings of elation.

In that moment becoming in small portions  
a spiritual hostage overdosing on Paradise.

My own craving fills me with horror,

says Phaedra to Hippolitus  
adding in self-prophecy,

I turn against myself to safeguard myself  
against my sexual gourmandism.

And falling at his feet, she confesses,

Observe a woman depraved.

Alexandre Nodopaka



# Six Sequential Dreams

## 1. A Work Place

The dream centers about the difficulty in finding a parking spot where I used to work in the early 1960's & subsequently the extreme difficulty in finding my way out of the labyrinthine rooms layout searching for a way out without secondary emergency exits. Somehow I lose my shoes in this familiar office building. Then I cross paths with old workplace acquaintances & am embarrassed because I am barefoot. The surreal part is that once I find my shoes they keep growing tufts of hair. When I finally escape the building I forget where my car is & spend a very long time looking for it. My method is to spiral out from the central building yet I never find my car. The dream is in color with mostly picturesque architectural sightseeing features.

## 2. A Venice-like San Francisco

The streets of SF are like an industrial city Venice-like. Huge container ships make sharp turns on narrow one-way streets surrounded by tall office buildings. I wonder at the pilots' dexterity with the controls. The dream is in full color, I am mostly a spectator.

## 3. Art Show Performance

All the scenery is in mostly whites with some black streaks. People of African descent tend their booths while others perform. I amble around with a malfunctioning camera whose circuit boards are exposed. I try to carefully not short circuit by carefully positioning my fingers on the edges of the circuit boards. Dream in color.

## 4. Bottom of Embarcadero from Coit Tower

I look up a rising cliff & ask a passerby how high it is. He responds 2,000 feet. A very narrow dirt trail zigzags to the top. Numerous pedestrians hug the mountains as they climb up. A few walk down gingerly. I climb the first 50 feet straight up but with great difficulty. Breathless, I feel I can't go up any further & decide to inch back. The trail is so narrow I cannot turn around. I creep backwards then stop to let people coming up pass me. We exchange words in re the difficult path. When I am down I wonder where I am & where the path leads. Some tourists tell me it's so so & I respond oh yes. I was up there before but never knew what was down from where I am now. The dream is in full color.

## 5. Les Halles de San Francisco

I levitate around the wharves of San Francisco in a place similar to Les Halles de Paris. I photograph scenery & overhear 2 Frenchmen talking in French but they assume I cannot hear them when one of them turns to me asking where he can buy a lot of fish. I ask him does he mean in kilograms or tons. He laughs at my question. They sit down in a bistro & I levitate away to bring them photos of where they can obtain a lot of fish at the fisherman wharf. The dream is in sepia tone color.

## 6. Inside the Bowels of Limbo

I find myself at the edge of a swampy pond. All the surrounding earth is whitish. It is slush with corrugated metal structures on the right side of the pond. I am on slippery grounds trying to hang on by grasping small clumpy white mounds but they slowly give way & separate in creeping jerking steps dragging me down towards the slush threatening to swallow me.

The sludge is a dangerously thick acid soup rhythmically sloshing against the shore near the bottom of my feet. From the opposite end there's a chute from where the goop flows through man-size huge tubular structures. Shouting for help I hang on precariously but the noise surrounding me muffles all sounds from being heard. The mass of small moguls I cling to creep down at a snail's pace with me barely hanging on.

A man appears within my sight & hearing distance but turns his back on me trying to save himself. I finally crawl back to safety and slosh towards the corrugated metal outbuildings searching for help but the shacks are empty.

The height of the surrounding whitish mountains are impassable except by crossing the slush pond at whose opposite end I see an entrance with manned trucks.

The dream is mostly in shades of white colors with dark shadow accents. The objects in the dream are very tactile. I sense the thick lumpy texture under my feet & fingers.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Slimy Denizen

glides on a soft foot  
from its leaf into my mouth  
Ah! Sashimi!

Alexandre Nodopaka

# So You Want To Write A Poem

The shock of seeing God surpassed the other trivia I'll mention in due time. What's disturbing is what transpired between us. Well, it's not exactly sweat we talked about, but more what was implied in transpiration. The more I thought about it, the superior doubter I became. When we spoke, He was up in Heaven and I down on Earth, which after a while gave me a crick in the neck requiring the ingestion of a dozen ibuprofens to calm down the muscles holding up my collarbone followed by some stretching on a lounging chair. We spoke at length about poetry and how inspiring

it must be and how the language ought be if not esoteric then sufficiently intertwined to slip by the IBPC jury. Now, looking straight up what flabbergasted me most was not His dangling feet on the side of the parapet dividing Hell from Heaven but the glaring sight of His grimy sole. Well, He was unilegged on account of... Oh let's forget those details. I knew he was a fisherman and the ocean soles were different than the soles of earthlings. I'm telling you that at that moment I could care less regarding that other business about the ethereal soul. For me the whole affair was a sole-searching

mission with but a sole corollary: God is human as I am and that I was as good a fisherman He was. Now that's a fishy tale if you've heard one and it doesn't stop at that because stooping down God looks me straight in the eye and farting loudly says, Now, Boy, go get me some paint to match this swatch book by Pantone and unless you fulfill my wish you can't enter Heaven until My fluff is painted the color purple of heavens. Upon hearing that final verdict I nearly peed in my pantaloon but the worst was yet to come when He ordered me to write my color scheme in Pantun form.

I sheepishly answered, I didn't know diddlysquat about pantoon or pontoon on account I was no marine engineer but that didn't matter to Him as long as I acted like a mother fucking baboon and wrote this poem.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Soliloquies To Khayam-Omeh

## Shortened Quatrain number One

Squatting along the dunes  
From cupped hands salt water drips  
into the sand. I'm mesmerized by infinity absorbed.

## Shortened Quatrain number Two

The waves upon washing over a field of  
Smooth black pebbles rustle a song  
Whose mysterious language is known only to them.

## Shortened Quatrain number Three

The misfit lid over the wine jar allows the devil  
To enter and when it is slammed shut the imbiber  
Discovers Paradise was also shut.

## Shortened Quatrain number Four

And when the tongue inserts between the lid and  
The lip of the jar still full of wine, knowledge can be  
Tasted as if had something to do with her.

## Shortened Quatrain number Five

If it weren't for the downward slant of Farsi script  
one would think Omar was full of what used to be  
inside the jar. He patted himself as if he were clay.

## Shortened Quatrain number Six

I grew wings wanting to fly close to the sun  
But on account of the size of my wings  
The best I did was fly into a flaming candle.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Soliloquy #1 With, Of All People, Jesus

Hey, I speak to you because you were  
the first to come to mind. I guess it's because  
I was raised with your teachings  
in several Christian lands. Greek Orthodox in  
one and Catholic in a would you believe  
Moslem land. I don't know how you feel

about that but that's not what matters.  
The question is I know how you felt  
about your stepfather but not much about  
your father up in Heaven. Anyway,  
I see you don't have a belly button and I hear  
your father gave you up on the cross.

I mean that's a fucking pretty poor act and  
maybe that's why you didn't do so well  
thereafter due to all the ensuing typical  
psychological hang-ups.  
Right now I stand on the Dana Point seashore  
and look across the ocean to where Vladivostok

should approximately be. That's where  
my accidental birthplace is because actually  
I was made in Kyiv on a hot Spring night  
and that's where I should've been born.  
Anyway, here I am wondering if you're out there  
also or is this just some malarkey tale that you  
can be everywhere at the same time.

Well, it's not that I expect your answer  
any time soon because from what I hear  
you actually don't answer peoples' prayers.  
You always hold that carrot at the end  
of the stick while your surrogates gave  
a lot of lip service. It's not that I mind it

but it sure shows how gullible your father  
made us. Not unlike carps.  
Mouths out of the water we suck air

at feeding time as if it were manna  
from the sky.  
So, was your father also a fisherman?

Alexandre Nodopaka

## Soliloquy #3divine Politics & Movie Stardom

Hollywood is a place that'll pay \$1,000 bucks for a kiss  
and .50 cents for your soul.&quot; Marilyn Monroe

Hey Jesus, does your dad have a long nose?  
I mean was he a Jewish immigrant from Ork?  
Nobody talked about changing nationalities back then.  
I sure would tell Him the tale of Pinocchio. Another great  
fibber but on a microcosmic scale.

By the way, Jesus, is that your real hair?  
We have a current pretender to politics who clowns around  
with a funny yellow-orange mop. I want to make sure  
yours is real. May I tousle it? OK, thanks! but you need  
a long overdue haircut. Yours is totally out of fashion.

I know time doesn't exist for you but the sixties are over and  
the hippies are gone. I can't deny your do looks cool except  
when it got really stringy and icky during your flagellation.  
By the way, we like Hollywood endings. I thought  
you'd look way cool riding into the sunset on your ass.

I mention it because that's how that scoundrel,  
Mel Gibson, portrayed you. The hell beat and shit wrung  
out of you. I mean everyone walked out of the movie with  
a long face and sure shit I saw tears. I mean a really  
anti-Hollywood ending.

He must've been on anti Jesus kick. As for me I'll ask you  
another time about your resurrection and how you pulled off  
that trick. I mean rolling that mother frickin' stone was  
a superhuman feat. Especially that you were dead.  
Weren't you? and blinded to boot with coins in your eyes.

Did the coins bear Augustus's or Herod's effigy?  
Were there any? And if there were did you pluck them off?  
And were they copper fractions or solid Sterling? I know,  
I know just a trivia question were they cheap with you.  
In any case, whatever your status is up in heaven



you're a hell of a star down here on Earth I am surprised  
we haven' t heard from you or your other dad in a while.  
So, on your way back, say Hi and tell the old geezer  
to hang in there.  
Until we meet again. Nanoo Nanoo!

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Soliloquy #4 The Last Supper & Associated Divine Trivia

Jesus and I sit at the table. It is long enough to accommodate a dozen proselytizing ruffians all facing theatrically front. We discuss the events of the week and the rise and fall in the pollsof the orange-headed oaf and our fishing plans.

Magdalena sits to my right. When she hears my questioning her husband I feel her foot prod mine under the table. And hey, my assumption is she signals me to shut up but I feel the way she does it is not quite kosher.

I whisper to Jesus, Hey, look at that son of a bitch Judas! He eats like a Soviet pig. Listen to him smack his lips. Like the snap of a dry olive tree branch, don't you think. I feel the hand of Magda, hidden under the table cloth

slip over my inner thigh. Now she pinches the hell out of it I swallow with difficulty and raise my hand to give Jesus a high five to distract myself from the onset of what could be a rising fly zipper tent episode.

Slapping our hands jars me back to my senses. At that very moment Lenny, from behind his easel, hollers for us to start conversing to our adjoining neighbors and to freeze that pose but make it look natural.

He's furiously sketching what will be the only record of the twelve of us together at the same time. Yeah, I know now what he didn't know at the time that the positioning of Maggie could nearly destroy the whole of the Catholic

concept. At last, out of my gastronomical foibles, I ask Jesus to pass down the herrings and the Vodka and while he's at it to grab a bowl of Gefilte fish and red hren. \* And if there's no Russian Spirit then Manischewitz will do.

Alexandre Nodopaka

## Soliloquy #5 The Diogenes Syndrome

Isn't it amazing how food changes places  
from being caught or raised to being served  
into the mouth only to descend the gut  
to its final exit out the anal orifice only to be  
recycled over and over in endless

vermicular transformations.

Thank God, yes that One, for creating an exit.  
No wonder full of wisdom older people smile  
when walking out the restroom.  
They know the truth. Eucatastrophe!

But, Hey Jesus! don't you think it's a bit  
primitive and passé. I mean it was OK  
billions ago. But in the age of  
Artificial Intelligence... OK, OK! so your dad  
created the process eons ago.

Couldn't He produce an upgraded model and  
retrofit it? I mean there's already an opening.  
It's not like He has to create a new miracle.  
My thoughts are going on and on and round  
and round and churning like volcanoes.

Thank the other God. Yes, another one,  
that my thoughts are invisible.  
Or at least to my confreres if not to Him.  
Now watch me say this and soon there'll be  
a thought-processing Apps.

Wait a minute, there already are several on  
the market I can  
for my Android phone. Deus ex machina!  
I'm just one of His understudies.  
Bupkis mit kaduchas!

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Soliloquy On The Importance Of [my] Being

On a leash I take my diminutive dog out for her 10PM renal relief because I hate to be awoken in the middle of my sleep that already is somewhat disturbed because of my indulging in consuming too much liquid before going to bed. Nah, not Vodka like some of you wish.

Well, OK, it may be just trivia to you but getting up in pitch darkness, unwilling to turn on the light so as to not disturb my wife I tell you at those times I risk my life palpating my way with my bare toes against the usual conglomeration of pillows pushed off the bed during our sleep.

I step outside. It's a balmy October night. I gaze in wonderment at the twinkling stars. Notice that lately their flicker has increased in direct proportion with my diminishing eyesight, and no! it's not because of the Vodka. That visual condition has been magnified by the onset

of diabetes. So far I haven't worried too much but if my eyesight began failing because of it and if I start not feeling my toes and am threatened by a stroke and can't eat sugary foods nor be able to grab women by their poopsies like a certain political orangutan does,

then there's no purpose in living. Anyway, stars shine, their twinkles interrupted by passing airplanes crisscrossing the skies above me. I blink rapidly several times to clear my viewing experience. I rub them, nah! gouge them with my knuckles. You know the feeling!

I am close and far enough from the busiest airports in the Golden State and am positioned in the direct flight paths leading in and out of Los Angeles and John Wayne and Long Beach and a few more airports. Eons ago the interrupted twinkling would've been blamed

on traveling gods. Yes, that's how busy the skies are. Of course I am not near enough to hear the roar of the jet engines except when the clouds are high enough to reflect it.

but in my imagination I travel far with these midnight  
humans working their asses off for their millions.

I write this while you probably wonder where I lead you  
but frankly I'm happy to be out of mankind's races.  
I had my millions and my Porsche and my Mercedes  
and other racy vehicles including the two-wheeler kinds.  
I also had my share of ladies and believe me they all were.

I tell you I would have gladly passed them on. Recently  
I settled for weekly shuffleboard matches matching precisely  
my present physical aptitudes. On certain afternoons I play  
bridge games with a bunch of my contemporaries.  
By the way, I am silently appalled by their ages and do not

realize I am one of them. How inconsiderate of me!  
Maybe even I smell like them. You know when you get a whiff  
of that jena say quoi urine bouquet. I surreptitiously notice  
the band aids on their arms or faces that hide recent surgical  
procedures to remove their skin cancers.

They all blame the sun for their ills but I know better.  
It's all the result of airborne molecules resulting from  
atmospheric atomic tests conducted in the fifties.  
To this day the skies are rich in nuclear particles  
circling the Earth for the next hundred thousand years.

But don't expect the responsible governments to tell you that.  
I also notice the bluish web-like hematomas caused by  
bumping against cabinet edges and corners or falling  
like I witnessed yesterday my shuffleboard partner  
and mind you she's 96 but what a looker!

And oh shit! am I going to look like them or do I already?  
Suddenly I ponder over how much caviar I can eat and  
how many glittery cars I can drive. Those needs slowly  
vanished. Imperceptibly. One at a time.  
For the past decade or so I settled to pretending

writing poetry and creating unique art interesting only to me.  
Well, apparently not just to me but judging by the number  
of times my stuff has been published I am notable

in a quiet way. As a matter of fact I bet I live in the same  
virtual world as does another over 40 million aging characters

in my similar conditions.

Oh no! what are those stars behind my eyes.

It's not even noon yet! I slump to the floor.

Blackness.

Not a star.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Solitude

I want to be  
Not alone  
Across the vast geography  
That separates

I want to be  
Not unaccompanied  
Across the immense oceans  
That divide

I want to be  
Not by myself  
Across the vast abyss  
that engulfs

I want to be  
Not alone  
With only solitude  
For company

I want to be  
With you  
With not even our skins  
To keep us apart

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Sometimes I Feel I'm Vincent

Yes I do.

And it's not like I listen  
with one ear  
or go crazy with anxiety

because I suspect  
that's what his affliction was  
besides a tactile fixation  
with squeezing paint from tubes

and experiencing colorful orgasms  
watching paint  
ooze over the canvas  
and it's not like I have a brother

to share my thoughts with  
because I have none  
or feel the way I do right now  
because under my eyes

I feel the paint and the tooth  
of the canvas under my fingers  
and the ruffle of black feathers  
cutting through the air

with their shadows on wheat stalks  
gliding under a breeze  
and a torrid Crystal Meth glow  
and Black Puerto Rican rum.

Alexandre Nodopaka



# Sorry

I don't relate to this at all.  
Of course here  
it's only letting you know  
I was here.

Helpless.

Despite trying to understand  
the too many metaphors  
I choked on the black smoke  
falling downwind  
from the cement-white chimney.

I'm sad  
about the wasted cab-fare  
but sure loved the original thought  
of her mascara  
tattooing my lips.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Sourpuss

When lemons gossip,  
their scandals sour  
and my ears pucker.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Speaking Of The Other

I could be flinging thorns  
at a Fury with green eyes  
but that would be a waste  
of future blossoms

I know she supposes  
I speak of her  
but no I speak of the other  
The one with altruistic ego

The one that is worthy of  
all the cut flowers of the world  
She also has emerald jade eyes  
and fury between ruby thighs

Not like the other  
who shows Ira in her eyes and  
blood-stained labia from bobbing  
unfaithful lovers

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Speaking Stones

Stones buttress against  
invading waters.

Grain-size sandstones float  
with current  
Large pebbles sit at the bottom.

Both fine-tune the watercourse  
like old bones monitor a gait  
or a time-burdened face  
reflects cane-assisted wisdom.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Spleen

It's been a long time  
I shouldered Sorrow.  
Not that I was gloomy.

Watching the corners  
of her mouth droop  
I felt she needed company.

Not that I wanted any.  
We started to banter.  
Reminisced Beaudelaire

and the Flowers of Evil.  
Before I knew it  
we lay together.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Stalin Is Pissed-Off

Behind the iron curtain of yesterday  
a shrewd cradle-to-grave musical sampler  
probably plays  
a forgotten Socialist Republic passage  
of youthful hope and reactionary dotage.  
It is now a forgotten  
Russian avant-garde ensemble  
from when the Party cracked down  
on artistic formalism,  
Alexandr Mosolov Nikolai Roslavets and  
Alexei Zhivotov experimental nine short pieces.

I hum now to their interpretative version  
of Dimitri Shostakovich Symphony #9,  
the sassy piece that got Stalin  
very supremely pissed-off.  
Yet I am certain had Stalin been interested  
in adult exotic entertainment  
and practiced his taboo fantasies  
of ipso facto spankings  
and intimate connections  
the world would not be  
such a politically correct football.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Standing Naked Before A Mirror

I know, I know, you must find me  
somewhat weird standing naked  
in pitch darkness with a lit candle  
flickering beneath my chin.

Well, it's not that my skin is thick  
and impervious to burns. It's simply  
far enough not to singe but close enough  
to remind me that Fyodor Mikhailovich

hallucinated looking at himself.  
And so, after a while, getting deeper  
into the experience I review some  
of my own life-shattering experiences.

Like questioning my sanity in believing  
at one time the abracadabra about gods  
and their cohorts of divinities.  
I know, I know, you already

pigeonholed me  
as the evil Grigori Yefimovich  
before you finished reading this.  
But by the time you threw your nets

of assumptive knowledge  
I metamorphosed into another soul  
in front of that mirror and an alternative I  
emerged when I crossed through the thin

glass and embraced my own gaze.  
Yes, despite the dark, I saw my presence  
and suddenly was frightened  
by what would happen to one of the I

if the mirror shattered into an infinite  
number of shards each containing  
a bleeding and dying morsel of me.

Alexandre Nodopaka



# Stone Fog

i think  
she is your alter ego  
someone you pine for

the dizziness  
is your inebriation with her  
and may be due

to atmospheric pressure  
differentials  
she comes and goes

like a fog sculpture  
or a De Chirico muse  
without a shadow

she's pure fog  
with consciousness  
and a heart of stone

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Stork Erotica

I'm turning  
into a dirty old mind,  
wear sometimes a red fez  
or Tibetan pointy cap.

Been to Fez  
on several occasions.  
I see art in every  
body. Even yours.

Where the inside  
of your shoulder meets  
your breast.  
See you at the Kasbah.

Should I of this  
make a poem  
and speak of storks  
topping minarets.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Strangers Crossing Paths

She is passing by  
and with my camera in hand  
I'm about to utter-  
but before I can  
she blurts,

'I know...we look alike.  
Same hair-style.'

And as I'm about  
to ask if I may  
take her photo  
she beats me to it  
saying,  
'Of course you may'

As I do  
and was going to solicit -  
she coos,

'Yes I'd love to.'

And we do  
at the corner café  
a drink or two.

But she sees a greater thirst  
in my eyes  
and I hear the smack  
of her parched tongue  
as we speak in gazes.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Stripteasing & Sherry

An after dinner with  
Mademoiselle von de Slivka is  
to have for dessert a bowl of cherries  
followed by a strip down duel.

The wager is to striptease  
ten paces apart. Five virtual steps  
from our dinner table to the bay window  
and the same number back.

I know the physics of billiard  
bank shots and the laws of optics the way  
she doesn't. We finger-squeeze pits  
aiming at the skylight facing us.

For a few moments I let her win and  
tell her that her aim is less drunk than mine  
but myself not being Pushkin I won't  
give in for the sake of courtesy.

I want to pit this lady in a reclining pose  
on the edge of the love seat of the boudoir  
and take advantage of her without  
my fingers dripping cherry juice.

But as soon as she waves her pink  
I turn bullish and bleed from all the  
banderillas she lodged in me until  
I tongue the sand surrounding her cherry.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Stupefying Days

Today was one of these.

The first sign was this morning  
when I delayed my getting up  
until way past the ordinary time.

Of course I reasoned I had good  
reasons like I had nothing to do  
of importance except going  
to my late afternoon dental

appointment for a major triple  
root tooth extraction. My feelings  
were compounded this year  
by three other interrupted

extractions. I mean not many  
patients end being sewn back up  
in the middle of ongoing dental  
procedures to be sent to the next

level of expertise. I hope it's not  
the same process when you go  
first to Heaven only to be turned  
back to Hell

because your admittance papers  
were not properly filled out or your  
roots were age ingrown due to  
the excessive time you lived.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Sublimation By Osmosis

From solid to misty ether  
But not exceedingly liquid  
The process of a transition  
Is innocent though titillating.

At times it can be more sinister  
In the outward expression  
Of our repressions.

It's nothing we can lip or drink  
Yet it clumps in our throats  
Becomes Kama Sutra  
Raising a feral Kundalini  
By hand.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Subway Crush

Bumping hip to hip  
holding-on  
to an overhead strap.  
Aha! an eye-to-eye  
virtual romance  
in the making  
at drive-by subway speeds.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Suicide By One's Own Hand

The man received a long-awaited note of his art's acceptance for publication. Elated, he announced to the world of his varied acquaintances his notoriety to be. He and they waited with due impatience for its appearance.

A long time passed without anything being published. That is when he decided to review the printed form acceptance and realized he didn't fulfill the fine print requirement of furnishing a short video explaining in detail his philosophical artistic concepts.

The accepted visual was a shot of a weather-beaten, well-used mechanical device in the form of a pipe vise. Basically an opposing Vees, screw activated contraption. In his mind he tossed the many approaches for a spiel.

From a politically correct wording to an extraordinary graphic live performance. He visualized the grip of the vise and compared it to the grip of the vagina between its jaws in the throes of drawing the living life from the depth of his reproductive organs.

Yes, he knew he had to be an extraordinary exhibitionist to arouse critical artistic interest from an activity as old as Adam eating of Eve's apple. Despondent over his missing out on being published, he grabs the live replica of the intended use of the device

and upon proper application of rapid front to back friction, for the purpose of increasing the heat within the organ, he spills his oats on the acceptance notice killing any possibility of potential future births.

He picks up his conch shell cell phone and announces his feat to the world.

Alexandre Nodopaka



# Summer Moon

Summer summons to moon the sun where lust is a reflected image  
of a sun-tipped aureole stirring churning e-x-p-a-n-d-i~n~g a fire  
from whence amber drips drips

d  
r  
o  
p

by

d  
r  
o  
p

drips drips on tongue lapped lure squeezed twirled spurts amber  
again dropp by dropp on tongue s~p~r~e~a~d~i~n~g tense thighs  
shaking wet inner slopes wet wet wetting... in... in ...further in

between between in in in aching throbbing  
throbbing aching lipping lure bursts in in  
in bursts bursting dreams of loving eyes  
splashing bathing in lavender elixirs filling  
with sanguine denizen silken pearly drops  
like diamonds scintillate in gaping fissure

tossing turning seeking relief relief relief  
like an imbibing thief  
during the Night of the Iguana  
one lays pierced  
filled to the brim  
by lust by moon by sun by moon by lust

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Sunstroke

I know  
I know  
that the whole  
universe  
is alive  
but on that one  
summer night  
when the walls  
sequentially  
collapsed on me  
inhaling and  
exhaling  
with the artworks  
contracting and  
expanding  
gasping for air  
like ribcages  
alive  
I thought  
Shit!  
while I still  
could think  
thoughts.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Susan Tilley Of Freud Fame

Like a super  
sized  
daisy  
ready for deflowering  
she reclines  
on a long black  
leatherette-padded  
bench  
at the Tate Museum.  
I wonder  
if she asked  
permission  
and whether  
the museum  
had her write  
a no harm  
agreement  
were she to collapse  
the metal structure  
and hurt herself.  
I have nothing  
against  
massive women  
but my curiosity  
was never satisfied.  
How big  
are they really  
down there  
and whether my pipi  
would feel  
like Jonas  
inside  
a whale  
and whether the gates  
of Heaven  
were large enough  
to accommodate her.



# Symbols Are Oracular Forms

Would they buy this adrenalin reserve of white stuff lying in the earth or a mighty force loosening fiery morning whirlwinds?

In symbols of oracular forms, mysterious patterns create vortices with an acute angle. They are centers beyond help—like an ether-lit cigarette. Don't try it.

I'd rather roam around Kiev wearing one red white and blue glove and be substantially insubordinate in my literati spiel. I recognize the white powder on the edge of a blade got to me. I drown into myself.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Tak I Ni Tak

Bez perevoda poezii  
niet lubvi.  
Bez lubvi  
niet potsiluia  
Tak kogda poshliosh

tvoi vozdushnii gubi  
vlozhi v krasnii kanvert.  
Zaklei iazikom  
Ia moimi gubami  
otkroiu tvoii.

Like this nor like That

Without poetic interpretation  
there is no love.  
Without love  
there's no kiss.  
When you mail me

your airborne lips  
enclose them in a red envelope.  
Seal it with your tongue.  
With mine  
I'll open them

Alexandre Nodopaka

## Talmudic Socio Political Matters Iii

It's not a matter to be involved in Jewish stuff. It's that such matters are to a large extent part of us. For instance, I claim to understand Einstein's theories. I bank & drink with Rothschild. Rothko & Chagall hang on my walls. In my speech Freud slips in. I sometimes swear by Jesus but contribute to His State more than 30 shekels!

I often wonder where we would be without the twelve apostles Leonard Bernstein or Cohen or the Gershwin brothers. I know in writing this I tread on thin water, but have faith, like Alice B. Toklas had in Gertrude Stein, and that I am lighter than water.

Well, I could go on but will pause for a glass or two of Manishevitz and read some

unauthorized biographies of Hart Moss & Sarah Bernhardt. And yet, not wanting to live my life through the lives of others I always come back to mine so that my goy ego name might one day be added to this foreshortened list. Rube Goldberg, Copeland, Bob Dylan, Mordecai, Jonas Salk, Nostradamus, Frida Kahlo, Isaac Azimov, Baruch, Elvis Presley,

Imanuel Velikovsky, Edward Teller, Arthur Miller, Franz Kafka, Modigliani, Carl Sagan, Golda Meir, Allen Ginzberg, J.D. Salinger, Frank Gehry, Leonardo da Vinci and maybe even Christopher Columbus. Well, let's not skew further the Semite way without mentioning the not so gentile side. Stalin, Gengis Khan,

Mussolini, Atila the Hun, Hitler, Nero, Kim Jong-il, Saddam Hussein and I'd throw in a Bush or two unless the two-war Iraqi dead don't count. Well, ok! There was Herod but all I am envious are his ten wives and let's not forget God. All this in the name of power! Cheers! Laheim! Vodka anyone?

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Teeter Totter

Blessed is the one  
caught  
between attributes.

Cursed is the one  
free  
of either.

Alexandre Nodopaka



# Tequila Art

I'd swear I remarked previously  
but my mind vaporizes in Vodka  
mist. Nah! I am pulling your  
leg as I have no senior moments.  
Yet!

What possesses me is delayed  
wisdom waiting for a Tequila  
worm. Oh, sorry, the thing about  
this artwork here is that  
it is a stark contrast of

voluptuous lushness against  
naked bulimia and though  
I'd love to carve her to the bone  
it looks like you've already  
done a good job.

Darn poetry aside, this picture  
of you reminds me of my first  
wife. I'll let u guess which of the  
two is my portrait.  
Please be my V.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Tezcatlipoca

Tezcatlipoca

Going up and down the show isles inhabited by spiritual healers up the kazoo, he talks with one then another and gleans things about himself only his confessor would know, if he had one.

And no! it wouldn't be the San Francisco Church of Satan though its God makes an appearance hailing him with the charismatic 3-fingered-fist. Mimicking, he responds with a mirrored Heil Satan. His face, framed by a goatish beard and mustache, and sanguine glint in his eyeballs is over the top.

One occultist attracts his wandering eye. Yeah, looks matter. The cardboard bulletin on her table announces she reads fate in the blind while drawing. He thinks to himself hey! He can handle this job. He plunks across her table, between what he guesses her spread knees under a colorful hippie skirt and is mesmerized by her almond eyes.

She has just the right olive skin complexion for her calling. Well, OK, maybe it's just make-up. An assistant stretches a red bandana from ear to ear covering her dazzling azul eyes. She grabs his left hand and with her right starts scribbling wildly on a large sheet of drawing paper before her.

Concurrently she speaks words of wisdom about his future and where he's heading. Images of Mayan pyramids and squared buildings and snaky rivers appear in great detail among the jungles of the Quintana Roo. Every few minutes an assistant exchanges a finished drawing for a fresh sheet of paper.

Her words stream from her gorgeous plump lips. It's before Botox! He sees these perfect images, but in reverse and starts bawling irrepressibly for the next ten minutes. Of course not a word issues from his mouth while he swims in tears as she hands him a stack of drawings filled with non-descript color fields.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# Th Fsty Hurs O Fost

M litt hos s rapd in sno,  
th evgrns r rostd, s  
I lve a tay of cak nd brd  
t compmnt th missetoe.

A robn chatrs ovrhed,  
he ses me plce ths ampl sprd  
thn futers dwn to tak hs shr  
nd prudly flaunt hs patch of rd.

Wll, yu gt th gst of it.  
M takin on the sprit o Artaud  
sht o sinin ths pom wit my  
nam.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# The (Would-Be) Divo

In regard  
singing languages or not  
I understand  
the conditions  
of sound  
and intonation

.

and though I love  
music  
my ear is absent  
and like Vincent  
I lost mine  
to painting

.

Now I croon  
of lost loves and  
ears  
only when showering  
with pulsing water  
for accompaniment

Alexandre Nodopaka

# The 3-Minute Tough Love

and I  
a worm, mind you,  
beneath the grass

watch a star burst.  
She blows my...  
mind.

Of course I speak of  
Le Déjeuner sur l'Herbe  
except my version

is sous l'Herbe  
(an underground version)  
((lol))

Et le problème avec ça  
c'est que l'amour  
est toujours l'amour

et dure  
que pour trois minutes  
pendant qu'il est dur

~~~

Alex Nodopaka Jun©2008
AD Something

Alexandre Nodopaka

The 3-Period Poem

The meaning of the spaces
between the dots
is significant in that

it defines
the empty pauses
and timing gaps

just before
the nano-instant
of imminent collisions

between sub-atomic
human thoughts.
It is this momentous event

before the empirical creation
of notable words & phrases
precisely timed

in the manner
of women menstruation.
It is a like birthing.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The 99 And Some Names Of Allah

Wanting to be a stone has lately become
a fantasy of mine. Not a very large one but
substantial enough to be immovable by man.

Or for that matter smaller than a grain of sand.
Just enough to irritate a lady of the night to
sit on the curb to shake it loose.

And be colorful. And hard or soft at will.
Like a diamond or mud capable to flow
in every imaginable interstice.

Now mind you, in the old days, when I was
born, rocks were there for the finding. Not like
today. Displayed in pet stores on shelves

and priced by the carat like precious stones.
Or made into pet rocks and treated as such.
Sometimes I fantasize I am made into

a multicolored sand Mandala and flow like blood
Or become significant to my other half at least
as much as a semi precious rock.

Or become a Whiskey stone and lay at the
bottom of a shot glass like a shrimp in wait.
What if I were born in the Stone Age when

we were made of stone. Some I hear were
even made into pillars of salt.
How much time did it take to lick one down

to the size of table salt? Did one's tongue
preserve for eons?
And if it did, did they store them in urns?

Are people's last names with the same spelling
their descendants? Or be a painted a spirit rock
like the Indians did eons ago.

I'd like my portrait as an ET painted on a vast
plain and mislead Erich von Daniken into
believing I came from outer space.

Or dance the rock and roll and break the news
on the TV. And especially be called by a
thousand more names than Allah ever was.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Abbreviated Bible

I write biblical poems
on diminutive pages.
It necessitates an economy
of meaning where even
shorthand is too long
coercing me to spell
in shortthought.

Morse was judicious
in reducing Genesis
to a pair of dashes
that I depict as an X
across the Bible and when
reading it, it is as if the
Grimm Brothers wrote it.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Absence Of Spaces Between Words

Trying to sustain my carnal hunger
from your single line response
I wrung myrrh and frankincense
from every letter of each of your words.

When those exhausted
I darted my tongue on its punctuation
and like a chameleon snatched
the single period ending your sentence.

All that action did was water my mouth
inviting me to latch onto the spaces
separating your words and I tried
to reunite them by licking off the voids.

And so an uninterrupted phrase formed
that I further enhanced by twisting
its end to its beginning thus forming a Mobius
whose infinity I skillfully entered.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Amorphous Presence Of Death

In any case I would prefer to die only once
and be cremated cheap.

Life has been good to me so far but the idea
of multiple needles in my veins and an external
breathing mechanism is an awful thought.

I mean first I don't want to share my money
with anyone that profits from it.
And believe me the last week in a hospital
can deplete you of your lifesavings.

Nah, don't tell me about the abundance
of medical mottos which to understand forces me
to look up their meanings
in voluminous Latin dictionaries.

I should've died when I was 75 but no, my bag
of pharmacological prescriptions keeps me going.

Besides, no matter what my thoughts are about
the subject I religiously take my medicine
because I have the moral obligation to continue
being my wife's companion in case she needs me.

She threatens me with eternal anger if I pass first.

So I keep popping prescribed pills
morning and night and pray from here to eternity
that I live one day past hers.

After all isn't it everybody else that dies
and not yourself.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Art In Convoluted Linearity

A pencil or a brush stroke
defines the direction of the line
and its termination

that metamorphoses into an arrow
becomes suggestive
depending where it points on the body.

The stroke possesses numerous
senses of meaning and meaning of senses
that some of the time are intended

other times fortuitous
as the twitch of a cerebral signal
that through the hand and fingers

births a vague idea of what
the artist desires to communicate.
It shows at that moment

a psychological status
that is so unstable
as to be visually disruptive

especially when the line crosses
and loops and intersects itself
while spiraling in arbitrary directions.

as the streak twirls all over the paper
or simply confines itself to a corner
it forms at the end of its travels

an image that in turn is fluid
as is the psychological status of the viewer
at that moment.

It goes to say that between the creator
and the viewer the communication
at best is nebulous

especially when the drawn line
is completed not lifting the drawing utensil
therefore forming a continuous

open-ended labyrinth
of positive and negative spaces
permitting the mind to enter or escape

that is if it started from an optimistic
or pessimistic position and only when the artist
visualized silver cords connections

intersecting against a black stellar expanse
and like an arachnid reflecting its silky essence
the artist becomes that other creation.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Art Of Popcorn In Sculpture Form

I'll eat popcorn out of her Korean box
any time over licking the green patina
off the Vancouver Stanley Park mermaid's tail

Three or four vanilla flavored kernels
stuck to my dialect are by far more epicurean
than a tongue dipped in copper sulfate

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Art Of The Spiritual

I have no problems with the spiritual in art
or art in the spiritual. My problem is that
the spiritual has no spirit to speak of but for
what unattainable spirit man imbues in it.

All art contains the unattainable. Therefore
all art is mind you, I speak
of world art. With that in mind I drive along
the Pacific Coast Highway when suddenly

the urge to evacuate number one prompts me
to search preferably the privacy of a liquor bar
or at worst a distant gas service station or
at least some bushes to hide behind just in case

a highway patrol decides to cite me
for indecent exposure and a slough of other
violations from no parking on the side of the
road to flashing in public, to promoting illegal

activities such as endangering wild life
by improperly watering with a forbidden
substance and the use of an unauthorized
organic watering hose and what not.

I finally join the dribbling abstractionists.
The spiritual is fundamentally a series of
randomly positioned indecipherable dots,
lines or graffiti composing virtual images

of mutable scale and temporality.
Out of the blue a wave erases forever
my markings in the crumbling sand.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Artist

To show mentally
the finger to the art world
his travails surpass the minds
that critique him

His oeuvre can taste
be seen and heard
and understood in ways
but to his magic self

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Artist Who Claimed He Knew Too Much

or Artspeak

He reads this article as a retrospect being important as foresight can be.

He thinks they both are respectively crucial.

Focusing on the word herd to describe the masses he reads it as being immutable. A force like an earthquake or a tsunami.

He is certain the author meant something else.

So he asks him what he destined?

The author replies in a mumbo-jumbo verbiage,

Since the start of The New Wave in 1985 there have been an explosion of art movements and have similes to the Chinese Cultural Revolution.

The government terrorists made mooshoo pork of the caught. In effect the Revolutionaries recycled and disposed of the poor bastards during the ensuing

agricultural famine. The proof? Walk behind a Chinese restaurant. You'll never see any food in their garbage. You ate it all.

That's why I do not eat Chinese unless the kitchen is viewable. But back to art that was later followed by Commodificatism and Formalism of

near-Neo-Dada and a few others with Tropicalism wedged between, artists eating each other's mangoes and sucking their bananas.

As a matter of fact they nearly wrapped that part of the history of art with Neo-Primitivism, Neo-Geo, New Image, New media, New Realism, New Wave,

Nouveau Réalisme, Socialist Realism, Social Racism,

Social Practice, Space Art and Spatialism
not to mention another more than 150 Neo-isms.

Though I must admit, Cynicism and Sarcasticism
suits me to the tee.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Bar Line Of A Drunk Writer

Usually when I'm loaded on Vodka
I could decipher this as written
inside the throat of my bottle

but right now it's too early
to start my descent into your Limbo.
So what my mind, sober as it is,

reads into this are pregnant poems
waiting to be developed.
Consent for each sperm to do its job

and locate a single ovum to perforate
because when they're an unruly mob,
as they're wild and crazy now,

they aren't connoisseurs
at making an omelet
once the eggs are broadcast.

So I don't mean to hijack your vagina
but it's been idle for some time
and so has been my writing quill.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Beach

Rocking in the painted metal lounging chair
the sea not far

Jack in the Box
springs up gliding in the seat's moist traces

He relishes the thought
of another wet tush having sat there earlier

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Blue Donkey

Let them eat their fill of square pears on triangular tables! Marc Chagall

Hey! Marc what's up with that latest blue donkey painting of yours?
How come it's not flying? And what's that dangling between its hind legs?
Are you testing the limits of the Parisian art intellectual milieu?

No! Sasha it's just that I never learned how to paint academically.

Well, Marc that's pretty apparent here but it has maybe nothing to do
with your childish drawings. You must give it proper intellectual reasons.
Kandinski did and look how far he propelled.

Da, Sasha, why don't you work out a philosophy for my art.
You're so good at cerebral bullshit!

OK, Marc. Considering the content of your many paintings I suggest
we take the Freudian slant. You have all the virginal stuff and flying angels
with horned beasts peering from every corner. I bet Freud will jump
on the bandwagon.

Well, Sasha, as usual your approach is brilliant but with that slant
you're making me a degenerate.

Niet, Marc, it's all about money. Just look at what Picasso is getting
away with. All your art has familiar renditions. Yeah, a bit upside down
and flying like on LSD. So, do you want to be rich and famous or a poor
nameless wannabe?

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Calisthenics Of A Fly

Suspended in mid-earth
A crimson dragonfly
Practices motionlessness

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Chicken And The Egg

Soon enough I knew
I'd grow bigger
much taller than I was.

As a matter of fact
thousands times higher
than when I was conceived.

Really.

Actually I don't remember
ever being born.

Besides
to this day no one knows
where I came from.

The chicken or the egg.

Or the tree or its seed.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Chinese Doorlock

I don't know what possessed me
to buy this antiquity at auction
but here it is.

It's three and a half inches long.
It is made of bronze. Looks and
feels old between my fingers.

Actually it operates like a Chinese
puzzle box except that it is shaped
like a skinny dragon.

The beast looks pregnant, which is
unusual for a typically picturesque
afgod. I suspect the belly contains

an invisible triggering mechanism.
The contraption is made of three
separate visible pieces and some

unknown quantity inside the belly
that is invisible. The key is a flat
tongue-like blade with a forked tip

like a snake's tongue upturned at
a 45 degree angle. I stick it up or
rather slide gently down the dragon's

ass. The sliding to the hilt declutches
some complex yoke. my wife would
say it's basically a boner.

A slider with a ball at the end exits
out the front the dragon's mouth
followed below in parallel by some

gadget with a slot that is part of the
locking mechanism. It's the
damnedest of theft prevention that

any white man proud of his ancestry
would break apart with one shot from
his six-shooter like Indiana Jones shot

that dumbshit ninja sword wielder.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Circle Of Life

regeneration
is entering a bar
catching the wife
copulating

with his best
friend
shooting him
thereafter raising

the child
issuing
from the affair
and that child

growing up
in turn
entering a bar
and shooting

his best friend
copulating
with his wife
and thereafter

raising the child
issuing... etc. etc
etc... etc..etc. etc
etc... etc. etc. etc

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Collector Of Everything

The Collector of Everything

He sits at his desk and foments stories about his life that when they happened had no meaning. But every day that passes he considers the unintended historical ramifications. For instance he reads the headlines of The New Yorker of today and finds gossamer filaments tethered to his own life. For instance how uncanny that there's a story about Nabokov and his collecting butterflies when he was younger than 5. The uncanny thing about it is that the man himself collected rocks at about the same age and just a few weeks ago created a large series of artworks in collaboration with the dead famous author. And not only did he collect rocks mind you but live critters he'd stuff live in glass jars. And postage stamps. As a matter of fact that's how he learned geography. For the rest of his life he can draw the map of the world almost by heart with the location of every capital. Of course he learned the entomological processes from his parent's friend, a reputable well-known Russian entomologist Vladimir Smirnoff who left Morocco to magnify his glory in Canada. But before he did that he took me on Saharan excursions where late in the evening hours after the sunset he'd have me help him stretch a large white sheet in the middle of a field. He'd position in its middle a kerosene lamp and within minutes the sheet would be loaded with squirming bugs he'd taught me to collect inside jars filled with dry block of gassy stuff that would kill the bugs without harming their carapaces. I mean we had to impel them with long pins with round heads. And, yep, that guy was related to the Vodka guy. Now of course I have become a collector of everything. I figured long ago life is a stage and my numerous hobbies among which is photography required me to collect props that I could use for setting up scenarios of anything. Then further down there's this story titled Just Like Children Leading Normal Lives, a story about Gypsy Rose Lee or it could be about me. I mean I traveled even more she ever did. Then there is this article Giants at the Bar about the only reporter South of the Dixie and Mason line that never drank. Well, he definitely wasn't Hemingway in that case. To top it all there's this article about Pilgrimage, about all the travels by famous dead people. I mean give me a break. Dead people! So here I am well and alive collecting all these stories but only virtually and try to find points of commonalities between fame and oblivion.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Collector Of Miniature Boxes

He accumulates them in all sizes and shapes.
They line any available flat surfaces of his home.
One is constrained to meander between the tables
and étagères at the risk of displacing a hip.

Some containers are made of rare woods, while others
of common balsa, and some of human bone or at least
claimed to be like the Tibetan ones, made of repoussé
brass or copper metals, silvered for added value.

Some boxes are adorned with semi-precious stones.
Stones and jewels have become allegories
for his individuality. As a matter of fact his personality
matches the variety of his speckled collection

down to his moods that often turn into the color
of greenish patinated copper with jaded overtones.
He often mentions for his ashes to be dis-
seminated inside his vast collection of boxes

and upon his passing to be tossed into the seas
so that in time, on foreign shores, children
seeking treasures would discover them washed ashore
and from one barely open they would see his soul

filter out escaping its gilt prison. And what about
the famous Russian lacquered boxes. He owns a pile
of those. Made in Palekh they are extraordinary folksy
works of art illustrating the magic of fairytales and

witches living in shacks propped on chicken legs.
After Putin's fishing and horseback riding and Karate
lessons are over that's where he's heading to be hanged
for his past KGB activities and be put in a custom-made

six-foot pine box.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Collector Of Pianos

A virtual painting
of a woman
and a man
playing their respective
instruments.

They sit back
to back.

Completely estranged.

He plays his piano.

She plays her harmonium.

His music.

Her melody.

They no longer play
musical chairs.

Instead
they finger each other's
feelings.

His towel has HIS stitched on.

Hers has HERS.

Not my sight but my nose
can tell whose is whose.

Her children, not his,
he says modestly.

Your money
is my money, she says.

And mine is mine, she adds.

He quietly crescendos
the notes
knowing that when
he moves out
her lover will move
in
and get his piano
too.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Collector Of Stone Halves

or Unfinished Cores

Walking across rocky terrain
For no reason but the love of nature
It's odd to find the halves of rocks.

Usually they're neatly sheared
As if by some divine force
And though the laws of physics

Entail equilibrium of balanced masses
It doesn't compare to man's stupidity
Yearning to imbue in this event

A godly miracle. That I believe
Is the reason God created Woman
To compensate for man's half-wit.

But not all men are so demi-witted
As I believe that deities like us
Some times don't finish the started.

That's the real reason why
There are so many
Demi-gods and half-bloods.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Container

I searched and searched for too many years
for that special enclosure. And when I found
each one by one I stashed them in neat rows

on my collection shelves.

Some were made in Morocco, some in Persia
and my preferred came from Russia. It's not
that I minded the kaleidoscopic designs from

the Arabian peninsula and the Maghreb.

It's that I related to them only in a precisely
geometric manner instead of straight from the

heart like with the Slavic tiny boxes.

There's something about the lacquer that holds
the soul comfortable. There's something

soothing about the fairy tales of my childhood.

Ah, and the color hues enhance their archetype.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Costumed Oscar Eve Party

Mickey has big ears and hears secrets
he's not supposed to. I think of pinning
and taping my droopy
fleshy excesses (the visible only)
with clear adhesive strips and suspend
my eyelids from my eyebrows and
stretch my cheeks to my earlobes
so I can fasten them behind.

You're right about the big mouse
(a friend's suggestion) that
his ears are big enough to hide
the decaying extent of my wisdom.
That way at the party incognito
I'll flit from one guest to another
loosely talk about economics and
the worth of shrunken real estates.

In between champagne sips and
furtive glances at cleavages maybe
I shall make a cleavage photo series?
Yes, yes, we never know except
that a no always leads nowhere.
Well, so much for my simile-stream
Of consciousness written in octoplets.
Speaking of eights, isn't it breath-

taking to rediscover there's money
to be made from a large progeniture.
Because historically speaking,
when in dire economic times,
a freak circus is always a
hysterical place to watch an octopus
vaginally birth octopi.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Crimson Foulard

Amongst imagined fantasist visions
I glimpsed a form reclining on a rock
surrounded by undulating wavelets.

She was wearing a crimson scarf
and I profess she was scribbling
imitations Rimbaud or Verlaine lines

No matter, the more looking I did
the more I could taste frog legs sautéed
in Champagne and the more I saw

blue and white and red in her literary
voyages the more I felt she could fool me
with such imaginatively silky thighs.

It crossed my mind to engrave her
with a pointy stylus in a woodsy block
and make of her an Utamaro geisha

and then for the sake of painting a Haiku
I'd lay her under a blossomed cherry
Mount Fuji towering above of her.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Decisive Zen Moment

Before me, in front of the PC keyboard,
lay 7 rings. All are heavy sterling silver
with exotic stones for center pieces.

Their sizes range a manly 11 to 15
depending on the finger girth
of which hand.

I want to choose two for each hand
but today I aim for harmony and balance.

I have another 35 threaded on a bamboo
back scratcher that was made in China.
What isn't nowadays!

The reason for the backscratcher is simple
in that it has hooked fingers at one end and
a hole at the other end of the handle where I
inserted a spring loaded removable key ring.

These ends prevent the string of rings from
slipping off. I keep it by the night stand as it
serves as a medieval defensive war hammer
not unlike a policeman's baton.

Nothing like smashing an intruder's head
with three pounds of silver and make him
feel rich for a split second.

Naturally I write this as I ponder over which
to wear on which hand.

Today I feel Zen. I'll wear none.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Divine Bailout

From the divine Lehman Brothers
To the manifest divine WaMu
To the divine B of A,
I pass through again.
As a horse shakes free
The flies & the fleas in its mane,

I shake off all evil & free myself
From the divine Mutual Bonds
Of birth and death & through the gas
Escaping from the divine lips
Of Sarah Palin,
I attain the pure realm

Of divine Fort Ross
From where I can see (almost)
Divine Alaska & from there on
Into the pure realm of divine Russia,
& with Putin willing,
To divine Ukraine my home.

From there I'll kiss
The divine Moroccan soil,
Land of my youth & maybe even
Divine Yemen because
Divine bin Laden
May have had a point.

And I'll forgive divine France
For not sticking by the divine USA
But I'll never forgive them
For the Muslim Mentalists take over.
Except for when they speak of vain talk,
Then I'll turn away & say:

'To us our deeds and to you yours.
Peace be to you: I seek not the ignorant.'
I swear I shall not lose the house I live in
To any divine Downey Savings rip offs.

Standing tall I shall never be lost
In this less than divine world.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Dog Tag

Spurned and dejected
I loop a collar.
A noose I become
primed for hanging.

My tree is chosen.
A sturdy branch selected,
high enough, from whence I'll swing,
my feet skimming the ground.

My body shall
twist and twirl and dangle

beneath

the noose

that'll keep my breath not present.

Suspended, my soul shall flicker away.

Of me,
only a dog-tag memento
shall remain.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Dribbler

Trickling down an answer
in 3 installments
is unbecoming,
which reminds of a story
of which I won't accuse you
but years, like many eons ago,
a gentleman visit us.

He & his wife sat on our
Victorian period couch
including original silk cushions.

I don't exactly know
which of them but upon departing
one of them left a humid spot
which I thought
was some spilt white wine
we drank at the time.

A few days later
the sofa seat yellowed,
then whitened,
then simply disintegrated
in the spot where he sat.

I knew it wasn't hers
since she was way past
any monthly happenings
but that old geezer's spot
stank to high heaven.

I won't make a poem of this
but if you ever visit anyone
you better write your answer
not on any love seat.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Drinking Cherita

The Drinking Cherita

I have one shot and fly.

After the second shot I rise high
and when I have a third one

I become a levitating pig
and it's that hog that empties
bottoms up the Vodka bottle.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Duke

There's a certain poem I read about
a famous cinema actor.

My memories of it are dim excepting
the eccentric collector it dealt with.

All I remember clearly of the poem
is one weird experience the poet
underwent in his uncle's home.
The one where upon winding the tail

on a dummy buck John would leap
out of his ass. Well, I had more than
a laugh and for some replicated reason
every time I drive on that freeway

I'm greeted by an electronic road sign
notifying us that it'll take
10 minutes to the JW airport.
Now I know he was no Jew, not that it

would've hurt him to be more like Borat
and make us laugh that much more when
racing by the airport or taking
the McArthur exit off Freeway 405

to plane or deplane a visitor and having
a virtual whiff of memory of something
that deals with John Wayne yet having
nothing to do with any of his metaphysical

high-fallutin' aspirations since he's not
going to take off anytime soon him being
weighted down with a 10-gallon
bronze hat and heavy-duty bronze balls

under his 9-foot tall heehaw outfit.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Edginess Of Yes And No

I write something here because there's
a shaded area in a box prompting me
to do so and that begs filling.

Since boys fancy plugging openings and I am
a grown up lad, I'm interested to step forward.
Especially at this point of my life

when I live, as we all do, on the periphery
of the big aperture called wisdom.
This particular morning I feel above all

peculiarly edgy. Right now is the
edgiest moment for me to be indecisive.
I am on the brink of accepting your invitation

and say ye...s but am hesitantly hanging onto
the dangling third letter of that very word and
I wonder if my reserving the right for accepting

or denying your invitation to the very last moment
will cause you much stress as it does me and
at the last moment I vacillate and decline.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Electoral College Joke

It's simply too odd and funny,
if not outright hypocritical,
of the US to claim their nemesis's
political manipulations.

For the past 100 years
the US has always been
the Emperor of not only
meddling in the affairs

of foreign states in the name
of Democracy but has gone
as far as deposing or better
assassinating numerous

duly elected foreign rulers
You want metaphors
and allegories? No way,
the message is verifiably

documented and clear
as is the Electoral College.
Give me a break Democrats!
Oops! Imperialist Colonialists!

And since I have always
furtively been one of them
I trumpet to the four corners
of the world,

Vive Ayn Rand!
Another Russian nemesis.
And if you can't get the joke
F@#k you!

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Encounter

Now here's a dozen plus one gringo
lounging in an idyllic setting' fit for kings
and the scene looks good as a Toyo Sesshu ink wash
because in the background
right behind the balding monkish looking dudes
there's three semi-ova-topped bay windows

from whence protrude in bas relief
a quarter-dozen half-dome mountain peaks
above what looks like yuck-filled L.A.
I mean the put on looks exactly like the ones you see
in Chinese paintings with the crests hovering
midway between Fen and Shui with a touch of Chi.

Remarkably, the table isn't loaded as for pigs.
There's only three mugs and they're painted all silver,
which means there's only three boozers
and I don't think the handsome bearded one
with the lanky face is one of them unless
the hoodlums share in. Which I don't think they do

It isn't because of poverty either
since they wear sleek Egyptian linen robes.
I say this because the fellows look well fed
and they aren't dressed in cheap slave servant rags
though I notice a few oily stains on the table but that's
because of the half-eaten croissants strewn around.

These chaps must've had some snails too
because of all the shells littering the floor
which reminds me of a greasy French Bistro.
Now let me tell you how funny
their gentile faces appear with their pink cheeks
and Roman aquiline straight noses.

They're all of fair complexion and blondish.
I mean there couldn't be a single Jew there
unless they, including' the chick, had nose jobs
but I bet two of them might be old Bolsheviks

because they sit bare feet with no sandals.
Well, you know, skinheads are what I mean.

For all that matter they could be Commies
and I'd be wholly convinced if they were slurping
Vodka from saucers of which I don't see none.
Most disturbing there isn't any Manishevitz in sight
but while I'm at it Laheim to Trotsky and
that other bourgeois traitor.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Encounter In A Greasy Spoon

Now here's a dozen plus one gringo
loungin' in an idyllic settin'
not fit for kings but a Toyo Sesshu ink wash
cause in the background
right behind `em baldin' monkish lookin' dudes
there's three semi-ova-topped bay windows

from whence protrude in like bas relief
a quarter-dozen half-dome mountain peaks.
I mean exactly like the ones you see in
Chinese paintings with `em crests hovering
above smog-filled Los Angeles yucky mists.
Remarkably, the table ain't loaded as for pigs.

There's only three mugs painted all silver,
which means there's only three boozers
and I don't think the handsome bearded one
with the lanky face is one of `em unless
they all share in but I don't think they do
and it ain't cause of poverty either.

I say this cause `em fellahs look well-fed
and they ain't dressed in street rags
though I notice a few stains on the table
but that's cause of the half-eaten croissants
which makes me think it's a French Bistro.
And let me tell you how funny

their gentile faces look with their pink cheeks
and Roman aquiline straight noses.
They're all of fair complexion and blondish.
I mean there couldn't be there a single Jew
unless they all, including her, had nose jobs
but I bet two of them might be Bolsheviks

cause they sit bare feet without sandals.
I'm not too sure if they are Commies
but would be wholly convinced if they were
sipping Vodka from their saucers of which

I don't see any. Most disturbing there isn't
any Manishevitz but Praise Laheim anyway.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Face That Swallows

The visage becomes unrecognizable.
It's the idea that one day you shall disappear
consumed by wet earth where things deconstruct
utterly disbanding.

One day you notice the sun aiming straight at
your eyes. You think of prostrating limp-like
but you discern the ground below is shaped
like a mouth..... readying to swallow you.

There is no place to hide. You can only dangle.
You animate like an Indonesian opera marionette.
You start licking the windowsill. You smile at that
object that attracts the edges of your eyes.

You listen to the teeming termites in the wood frame
as it is gnawed into the past. You think you are
hallucinating but no, you are retarding the feeling.
You become an ipso de facto fact.

Stationary, rife with allegations, a thing observed
from time to time, never moved from its
conspicuous placement. It feels heavenly to lower
your eyelids partway, letting the eyelashes

barely touch and imagine the highways oscillating
like nerves glowing somewhere in the dark
trying to merge with themselves
but dead ending sparking furiously.

You make the phantasm last longer
by rewarding its persistence and feeding it
farfetched mind boggling fantasies
as you go down deep, deep, deeper into that mouth.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Fading Of Funeral Flowers

I'd rather remember
Only the colorful blossoms
Surrounding the departed

I'd rather remember
Only their characters & scent
And not some waxen faces
Straight out of the mold

I'd rather remember
The roses & the reds & the yellows
And the whites & the pinks

I'd rather forget
The thorns & the pricks & the angst
& the contradictions
Between existence & non-existence

And especially
the pallidness
of life

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Ferris Wheel

Soy un fue, y un será,
y un es cansado.

I am a was, and a will be,
and a tired is.

That is what I answered
to my guest who asked
what poetry was.
She appeared unconvinced
looked straight into
the black of my eye.
That is when I knew
she wanted to make poetry
instead of writing
even though our gazes
were parallaxes
skewed by the years
separating us.

I also knew it was a matter
of the time dividing us when
dropping her off at the airport
she whispered twice in French,
Come to Paris alone.

I knew then the moment of
impressing her was when
in a spat of illumination,
at the very top of the Ferris wheel,
I enacted a bit of poetry
by unbuckling myself
swinging the door open
and loudly declaiming,

That only death can clarify
the definition of poetry.

Upon the last word

I started to leap but entangled
in her gaze.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Fiddler's Arse

Led by an ass
through golden gates
we enter Jerusalem fiddling
diddling and amusing
the throngs who twirl
flip and slip to the sounds
of my instrument.

On palm fronds laid
before our footsteps
we joyously bellow,

Ear of the ear, lyrics of lyrics,
breath of breath
the eye of the eye of
the beholder conducts
the mind of our minds

the violin snaps a string
and my ass breaks wind.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Finding Of The Torah

When Moses returned
to Mount Sinai
to look
for the 11th commandment
that he lost on the way down
he stumbled

on the Torah
that fell out of God's pouch.
Since then
these two chaps
have been looking
for each other.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The First And Last Time

My buddies took me
on my first hunting trip.

I was shortly out
of the US army
feeling cocky
about my marksmanship.

We spent the whole day
in the Ukiah mountains
with not a buck
in sight.

That's when we split
and I found myself alone
climbing up a hill
buried in pine trees.

Starting downhill
I glimpsed a movement
300 yards away
amongst
the tree trunks.

I was on the ready
when the shape
leaped
and began running
in smooth
wave-like
undulating
motion
perpendicular
to my stare.

From tree to tree
I followed it
in my rifle sight
and guessing

a distance in front
of the leaping shape
I pulled the trigger.

The mass
stopped dead
in its tracks.

Coming close enough
to see its dark
enormous
brown
eye
will be a never be
a forgotten gaze
eye to eye.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Fish Lover Aquariums

This man had a lot of love to spare.

He sprinkled it parsimoniously as if he were peppering his steak.

Just the right thickness between his pinched thumb and forefinger and whenever he missed that precise quantity he dipped his fingers again in the canister.

Amazing how accurate the quantity was.

Like he was an ichthyosaur expert that he wasn't.

It was amazing to see him do the feeding ritual every day.

Twice.

Remarkable because it was compounded with each tank having a different number of fish.

And sizes of the fish and of the tanks.

And besides that because of the number of tanks.

He was practically their god. Their lives depended on him.

He started with one and progressively the number grew to 7. It all was a function of availability and prices at the thrift stores. In effect he bought them all at way less than the price of one medium one.

Two inside in the living room. Two outside on the entry porch visible from his living room couch facing the six foot glass sliding door.

The TV was slightly off to the right parallel with the indoor aquarium. So when he watched the TV he had also two aquariums to look at. No wonder he was a visual artist.

Three more 50-gallon tanks looped around the L-shaped veranda.

Basically the aquariums were arranged for good viewing.

And it wasn't just that.

Each viewing was granted its respective loge.
Silent operas of sorts

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Five Inseparable Brothers

Once upon a time there lived five brothers.
Their tale, not unlike of the Brothers Karamazov.
As a matter of fact the first three were namesakes
and so was the illegitimate fourth except for
the fifth and last, Sasha, yours truly, nicknamed
Le Petit for the Greek Aléxandros the Great.

All brothers were well educated.
Dimitri the Eldest was savvy in Economics,
Ivan the Terrible in Politics and nicknamed
for a tsar of the same name.
Vanya the Fool was a middle child appropriately
nicknamed for having problems with his parents.

And finally, Sasha, who was a Jack of All Trades
since he knew more than a little on numerous
subjects to bamboozle anyone. He also appeared
to be the most learned. Now I hope you follow
their tribulations despite the numerical
complexity of characters.

And No! I am not trying to outdo Pasternak or
Solzhenitsyn or Sholokhov in terms of the
numerous characters in their novels and
confuse you.
My poem shall deal with the ethical debate of
God and free will and morality.

It shall be a spiritual drama of the moral
struggles concerning faith, doubt, judgment
and reason set against King Wrist
that held them prisoners.
It shall be the saga of five inseparable fingers
of the right hand followed by a sequel poem

dealing with the left hand in the tradition
of book publishers who attempt to cash in
on the success of an author's first best-seller
but like sex, by the time the second novel

raises its head the original thrill goes down.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Flasher In The Red Kimono

Grunting over the side garden strip,
weeding the hell out of it,
clad in a Japanese kimono I labor.

Belly cinched by a wide sash a la samurai,
my flab slightly bulging over the belt
despite my wife hating it I feel very Shogun

even though I told her, but to no avail,
Look honey, the Buddha wasn't the worse for it
to which she snapped, You're not even close to him.

No matter. Unbending from my toiling
with nothing under my robe and belt
I feel the cool breeze on Junior and my nuts

and resolve to take a short breather when
these two chicks, one I know the other I don't,
walk over and hand me a flyer

about an upcoming, adults only,
Halloween shindig. Now these ladies don't look
gory at all. To the contrary, the brunette that

cackles with the blonde suddenly lifts her
sunshades and shows me an obvious sparkle
in her oblong milk chocolate eyes.. or were they gray.

With nothing beneath my kimono to weigh me down
my Samurai sword lifts my garment
hinting to enact upon these lovely sylphides

a quickie seppuku but this newcomer chick
doesn't lose her cool. Cuddling into me
she murmurs, Nice meeting you.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Flavor Of A Morning Fig

My flesh tastes of the dew
and morning sun.
My ear delights in the cackle
of the mallard ducks.

I hear the anguished call
of the green heron
disturbed by my appearance.
But it is the sinuous curve.

of the 100-foot palm trunk
with at its top
a swaying bush of fronds
that turns me on.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Forensics Of A Letter

I have this hefty collection of letters.
Mostly hand written.
A lost art I'd say in our Internet age.

Each sheet of paper filled
with words legibly delineated
forming intelligent phrases

from a time past. A time of war
and absence and doubtful returns.
Most letters scribbled blue or black

on plain white paper or many on
torn pages from student
lined notebooks by fingers trained

not in literature but in marksmanship.
The meaning of the contents
in adolescent defiant outlook dealing

with blind bravery and immortality.
Other notes with outright lies and
cover-ups of foreign infatuations

and loves that could be read in the
DNA of the glue sealing the
envelope flap and the postage stamps

and the other femme fatale's
rouge lip sticks. Those were the real
and dangerous times.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Formulation Of G-D

The canvas screams,
It's ALIVE! It's ALIVE!

And pulling on its fibers
Gives life to the puppet
Who in turn draws a deity and
Puts in its mouth the words,

Let there be light
on Form & Content in Art

and let the metaphysics
of the drawn line speak for itself.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Gentleman In The Bolo Tie

The tale of the man who rode in
the taxicab and the account
by Rahim, the Persian driver,
was that his client was returning
from the funeral of his wife and

upon further asking him where
he was from he replied that
Arkansas was too far for him to die
and when questioned where
he resided the old man answered

that Leisure World wasn't fit
for another Sheherezade.
When inquired whether he loved her
he whimpered he didn't want
to live much longer.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Girth Of Buddha

Buddha waist spreads
On fat meditations
Nothing goes to waste

Champagne aplenty
imbibed from heavenly goblet
manna from cosmic spigot oozes.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Girth Of The 4th Dimension

Holding in my hand a gnarled fossil
I ponder over its weight exceeding a stone's
And I don't mean one of the pumice kinds.
I feel this one is denser than mercury.

Because of the smoothness and
Toughness of its bizarre corporal features
I can't tell whether it's a prehistoric
Living plant or the upper palate of a yet

Undiscovered alien saurus Rex.
Judging its goldish to brown patina it appears
More like an ancient unlinked bone or ivory.
Its form more alien than

Anything I have ever seen before except
Maybe by a furtive glance at the Smithsonian
Or some other museums of macrobiotic bones.
Between my fingers I feel I'm clasping time

That resembles the bunched skin on the back
Of my hand streaked with darkish brown dots
And unidentified protruding growing matter
That identify my furrowed yet fleeting present.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Gullibility Of Man

Isn't it odd how short
the distance that separates us
from Eternity!

Perpetuity.
Such an expansive word.
Immeasurable in fact.

Well, not true.
Six feet to be precise!
I just gave it a graspable measure.

The only reason for six
is because that's all it takes
to compact our shorter
than a century lifespan.

That six feet of dirt isolates us
from infinite knowledge
and it is fictive as the granite
marker above that from below
one can no longer read.

I know that rock is there
to weigh our soul down
and prevent it from rising.

It pits us against the only one
who rose and rolled the stone.

Why did he have to roll it at all
when he could've simply
walked through it.
But he couldn't.
His belief sapped
by the loss of blood
demanded more than even
his father could deliver.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Handmade Poem

Because I am no poet
this ode shall be sculpted
with handmade paper and malachite
and when the papyrus will fossilize
its lyrics shall be chiseled in 3D.

The drummed hammering
shall be its melody
with the notes cleaved
and for the rustling sound
use the flow of myriad marble dust.

And if the stanzas won't hum right
they'll be shattered chipped off
scraped instead of crumpled.
Well, all this visual
and aural circumlocution

is only in my mind because
there's no more than a soft tap
when the apex of my finger
glides on the keyboard of the PC.
Sigh!

But maybe,
just maybe,
instead of sculpting
I should paint this poem
on handmade paper

in the way of Hiroshige or Mi Fei
who thinned down black ink
suiting it to necessary transparency
distinguishing
the astigmatic background

from the myopic forefront.
And for good measure
I shall sculpt this poem

in French and intersperse it
with a bit of Slav

like here and there
a da and a couple of niet
since most readers would know
those crucial words.
Then I shall sit in a lotus stanza

sigh...

and dedicate this poem
to water lilies
so when the paper
it is written on
is discovered

it will have completely
dissolved
with only stripped letters
floating down the stream
reforming fluid stanzas

worthy of the river's
amorous curves.
I think it'll be
a sculpture
gratifying the erotica
between water and clay.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Helix Glyph

I'm blind but can hear you
I came back hungry for words

I'm unsighted but can taste them
served one at a time

I want to savor the flavor
of each and every character

with a helicoidal glyph
that twists round a stick body

but exits straight when spit out
on handmade papyrus

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Hole In The Jalapeno Muffin

Is nothing to look at.
It's simply where there's no muffin.
No matter how much or how hard

you focus, there's simply nothing
to focus on. And did you ever try
biting a hole in a doughnut?

That is the secret about the hole
in the muffin.
The morale of the story is don't put

any holes in the middle of a muffin.
I mean that's where the baker
decides to leave nature

in its pre-Big Bang state.
But God had to ruin everything
by filling emptiness with Divine poop.

I repeat. Nature in its pre-Big Bang state
contained naught to be criticized
Now look what He did.
by filling the hole
with Himself.
Don't talk
to me a
bout
nar
ci
s
s
i
s
m
!

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Homecoming

In the movement of sands
I perceive the passage of time.
Mainly when the Sahara hilltops

transform the geography overnight.
Today from behind what yesterday
was a mound, a Touareg

points his rifle in my direction.
Before I can stoop, the golden bullet
crosses the threshold of my flesh.

In the moment before it exits my heart
my life escapes with a whimper
leaving in my ears

the sonorous boom of sand
yet barely a squeak from me.
I'm too preoccupied

watching myself return into my mother,
my eyes struggling to decipher
through the dimness

the mystery of the birth canal
now tied at both ends with a silver cord.
All I sense is a tug around my neck.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Hunter Of Kisses

Ok Squaw!

So here
Ah stand in line
in front of
yoh lemonade stand

awaitin' mah turn
fer 'em dime kisses
yoh spreadin' 'round.
Ah's ready when yoh is.

But don'tcha smack me
After yoh kissed
The one with da lemonade
I don't wanna pucker.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Importance Of An Instant Or An Instant Of Importance

To understand with discernment a temporal moment
When our beliefs at that duplicate moment revise our needs to conform to
That specific moment because that moment is important while
The next doesn't exist yet. In other words at this very instant

While 3 billion people sleep another 3 billion people are doing
Something unimportant to me and at this instant I become a drowsy poem
Drifting through the door waiting for the moment of passage
And despite its opening not conforming to the cursive configuration of

My stanzas because at this very moment I become thin as ether and
A keyhole or a slit beneath the threshold is sufficiently ample for me to
Ink the words and permeate the papyrus of twenty centuries ago
That one attempts to decipher will be named The Dead Sea Scrolls

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Importance Of Identity

I read your poem
And shrugged it off
Because upon seeing
A white speck on your shoulder
I thought

It could be a fragment
Of dead skin or
Some unidentified object
That fell from your ear
And is not like I shall make

Any wax of it
Because all it wants to be
Is a smallish
Of small candle
And make a midget happy

But then maybe,
Just maybe,
It is a lash of non-color
In which case it may speak
If not of your wisdom

Then of your advancing years
Oh well I think
It's dandruff after all
But it sure made a big deal
Of itself

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Importance Of Liberated Toes

We see one and not the other
at the two main stages of our lives.
Once at birth when we tiptoe

towards the entrance or is it the exit.
The second time at death when we enter
another entrance or is it also an exit.

Before I get carried away explaining
the differences between arrivals
and departures let me stay for a while

on the subject by mentioning
that the action of having swaddled me
in a towel

has traumatized me all lifelong.
I never could sleep under tucked sheets
unless I could wiggle my toes

freely outside the sheets.
After I die they better not swaddle me
when setting me on the pyre.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Intensity Of Fame

Sitting out a poetry reading
I gush over its delivery.
I mean some people have that rich

throaty unctuous delivery
that either makes you remember
all they said or to the contrary

you're so intensely and sensually
involved in the physicality
of their presence that their words

evaporate into the ether
in fact don't matter at all.
I mean the voices of the likes of

Deepak Chopra or Joseph Campbell.
In my case, at the end of a recitation
I can't even remember

how I sounded or what I said
and the applause is usually muffled
by my high blood pressure

making my ears ring or hear
only a steady rush of air, something
like white noise.

Past the handshaking
and shoulder patting all I know
of the latter is they are harder

and stronger than the bravos.
Well, I made the right decision
not to attend my virtual Nobel prize

nor accept more virtual Pulitzers.

The Intimacy Of A Maja

To me she is
organically
more beautiful
without lead paint.

No wonder
I find irresistible
the Desnuda version.
Oh yes yes
the picturesque poses.

Statuesque &
glamorous torpor
in reclining
Velasquez languor.

My lust forking desire at the intersection of why & not & straightaway without
delay.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Introverted Lyrics

Out of the silence
between the written lines
small portions
of my thoughts escape.

The more I delve on them
the louder their quiet.
There're symphonies out there
that are unfinished and

may never be heard and now
there's this reclusive poem
in the making
that may never be finished.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Introverted Poem

Out of the silence
between the written lines
small portions
of my thoughts escape.

The more I delve on them
the louder their quiet.
There're symphonies out there
that are unfinished and

may never be heard and now
there's this reclusive poem
in the making
that may never be finished.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Jesus Rap

There's this bard that wrote about The Jesus Diet.
I didn't like it even though I need to watch my girth.
I gather they always and I mean always walked
to the corner grocery store or anywhere they went.

That's when everything was around the corner.
I don't remember Jesus ever curing diabetes.
Another miracle he missed. Too much hunger during
his time or something in the Slivovitz they drank.

Another reason I don't like that eating regimen is
because it doesn't include soft drinks for one.
Not even the diet kind, you know.
I just can see Jesus rapping on Mardi Gras to the tune,

"Things go better with Coke and Manishevitz ".
His robe swinging up and sideways him not tripping
over it. The other reason is that it doesn't contain
a first class recipe for Chalak Beit Yosef pork ribs.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Kitchen

The Kitchen

The argument begins early in the day.
Actually it's not really a dispute. It's about
prepping our home for the maid to re-organize
the mess we create every two weeks.

We do not have any time to allot to our own
life's trivia. It's being interrupted with doctors
appointments. Entertainment choices.
Shopping for food. Coupon clipping.

Even though I adapted to her inability to drive
after nearly two years of surgeries is very
time-consuming. Plus we have own difficulties
for different reasons, like bending to the floor

does not help. I because of my girth. She because
of back surgeries that screwed her vertebrae
with exotic metal rods. Everything that falls
stays there until we start tripping over it.

In any case, it's a ritualistic arguing that occurs
everytwo weeks. I want to get rid of the maids,
she counters we can't live without them.
Every two weeks it's a sort of spiritual cleansing.

And so life goes on for the exceptional times
when for instance at the moment on the car radio
Haydn ends and Rahmaninoff begins something
or other she starts with,

As soon as we get home we have to do
the kitchen, the kitchen, the kitchen.
Irritated beyond courtesy I burst
after her 3rd kitchen,

F#\$K THE KITCHEN!

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Lament Of Rumi

It has been my interest
to obtain a feel for Persian poetry
while reclining on a poof and smoking
a shisha pipe.

I envision an insect flapping its wings
against the holes of a mosquito netting
and wonder will it like that moth
that burnt be sliced by the filament

that separates the air into perfect diamonds
and will anyone across the oceans feel
a two-bit flutter against their cheeks.
And if they do

will such gory act of multiplication
make them scream by widening
the fissure dividing their labia into a rictus
and will a poet invoke Mohammed,

(Blessed be his name) and will Inch'Allah
or Bismillah be adequate to thank Him
for the inspiration or must I offer
a poppy seed cake or two.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Lament Of Rumi 2

It has been my profound interest
to obtain a feel for Persian poetry.
With that in mind I recline on a poof and start
a shisha pipe when suddenly I envision

a moribund insect flapping its wings
against the holes of my mosquito netting
and wonder will it like a particular Iranian moth
who burnt but this one be sliced by the filament

that separates the ether into diamond openings
and will anyone across the oceans feel
a two-bit flutter against their cheeks.
And if they do, will such gruesome act

of the multiplication of the self
make them scream by ripping further
the fissure spreading their labia into a rictus
and should the poet invoke Mohammed,

[[[Blessed be His name, or should the author
scream Bismillah with regard to Inch'Allah
and titled his poem Koranic S/M and Abuse
while pouring himself a tall glass

of Metaphysical mint tea

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Language Of Valentine

Collectively the sepals are called the calyx and if you speak of many the plural is calyces.

Can you imagine the reaction when you give someone a bouquet of calyces?

As you see, you are immediately confronted by alien vocabulary where the outermost whorl of parts

forming a flower might not be understood by the Valentine recipient. The word calyx, adopted from

the Latin calyx, not to be confused with calix, a cup or goblet. Calyx derived from the Greek ??????

(kalyx) , a bud, a calyx, a husk or wrapping, from Sanskrit kalika, a bud, while calix derived

from the Greek ?????? (kylix) , a cup or goblet, and the words have been used interchangeably

in botanical Latin but your girlfriend or boyfriend would not understand a pistil of it.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Law Of Diminishing Returns

When lofty thoughts by too far
exceed the appraisal of their self
and deem they reside somewhere

beyond the stratosphere when in fact
their crying and tearing about this
and that cuts their Mensa figure

in half. Women weighing on scales
may rejoice in that while little men
metamorphose into petit Napoleons.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Logarithmic Spiral

I wish
to be reincarnated
as a snail.

I've been reading
in translation
enough Tantric
parchments
accumulated
through bidding houses
for the purpose
of pasting them
on my sculptures
of torsos.

Especially female
to satisfy my predilection
for more extended
spirituality
than men have.

I thought of Descartes
who tinkered
with its mathematics
and Bernoulli
who engraved
a spiral
on his tombstone.

In any case
the fact of having an ever
expanding
home built into my body
to accommodate
my artifact collections
in these times
of ever growing
real estate prices
would be a divine

solution.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Loose Wheel

The first time I rode in a Ford Model T
or at least I think it was, was in 1947.
I never forgot the experience.

I was seven and our corpulent landlord,
Nikolai Gavrilovich, had one of those cars
he kept immaculate.

Nearly every other day he polished it the way
I did my inamoratas a bit more than a decade
later.

I always remember him with a chamois cloth.
All he allowed me to do was brush the hub caps.
He often took me on rides to visit

Alexander Alexandrovich Something who was
an ex-colonel in the army of the last Tsar.
I wasn't impressed by that but was by him always

looking sharp in his spit shined knee high black
boots and khaki uniform. He used to click his heels
another thing I learned from him, when shaking

my hand. So there was this time on the way there
we were driving maybe 25 miles an hour when
the front right wheel on the passenger side

came off loose. We knew it because it rolled faster
ahead of us. Nikolai, without batting an eye,
I think, told me not to move an inch until he

brought the car to a gentle stop. It goes to say that
his corpulence came in handy when it came to
balancing the gravity of the situation and shifting it

to the driver's side. From that point on I became
addicted to science and the laws of physics.
Especially to the laws of relativity though Einstein

was still totally unknown to me.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The M & M Candy Telephone

The device is switched to mute.
Not a sound comes from
the Raisin Bran guys except
for the pre-programmed
visual message on the LCD screen.

When the receiver flashes
instead of ringing
the Venus de Milo deodorant statue
doesn't move an arm
to pick up the handset.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Magic In The Virtual

This morning, after a restless
night the second I opened
my eyes I wanted to believe
in magic.

Immediately I made coffee.
The first magic trick. Then
switched on my mistress.
The computer.

Waiting for her to boot up
I collected my thoughts and
it crossed my mind what if I
pasted whatever I copied

last night just before turning
her off. Yes! My mistress.
And you know what?
Nothing pasted.

She was an absolute blank!
I hope the rest of the day
doesn't follow suit in spite of
my apparent virtual fate.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Maid Scurries

in the portion
of the house
where she starts her job.

That means
I got an hour or more
of quiet reading
at the other end
of the house
away from the shrieking
vacuum cleaner.

The Prez
is acting stupid
Tweeting idiocies.

I'm fed up of his carping.

I open one
of my new books
with Buk's
posthumous writing.

His chick Linda Lee
must be hard up
for some bucks
pawning his writing
in a 2004 pub.

It's the beginning
of the end
of Summer
and the ceiling fan
is going.

I fart
in peace
with gas
blown away

evenly distributed
missing my nose.

Anyway,
I get on with my reading
and one capital letter
at a time
am getting pissed off.

I mean,
Shit! it's so fucking
faddish to start
sentences
with decapitated letters.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Making Of Lancelot

No it isn't about the Camelot of JFK I speak of
though I was part of the making of Lancelot,
the infamous Unicorn, presumed son of G'Zell.

The horned goat was born in the 1980's
when the New Age Renaissance was in full swing
and the Age of Aquarius wasn't born yet.

It was rather a fantastic voyage. The series of
New Age Renaissance Awareness Fairs
that saw my participation for a number of years

were as spiritually enlightening as the charlatans
that participated in the whole circus of America
looking for identity even with the Moonies.

That's when I touched the tip of the goat's horn
and caressed it all the way down to its forehead.
It was no phantasm.

I even submitted to many esoteric psychic readings.
So, here was live this extraordinary beast of legends
and fairytales before me.

Believe me, at the time I knew nothing about
its provenance but deep in my mind I knew God
had nothing to do with it despite me being

a pro bono publico ordained Bishop
of the Mother Earth Church since 1978.
Despite the federal authorities not recognizing

the hand of God in such making except for me
who, to this day, keeps pronouncing the world
to be husbands and wives of this Earth.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Man Who Acted As A God

He owned 9 fish tanks that he serviced faithfully every morning once and the same in very late afternoon. He cared for the fish with attention to detail. A pinch for the vegetarians a pinch for the carnivores. He managed the number of fish just in the right quantity according to their numbers and their sizes, present and projected, and their suggested mix. And so he went on months and months. Each morning he sat in front of each for a few minutes and devoted gazing minutes to this other world he elevated to his viewing height pleasure. He developed his preferences based on many variables. Some for their originality of fins, others based on their colors and others still on the basis of their ugliness or was it deformities.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Man Who Reads Only Half Of What's Written

He was an inveterate reader since the age of about 11. He started reading not remembering today when or why or who or what motivated him then.

All he remembers is that it was in the very first room he occupied by himself and that truly belonged to him that he lined one wall from end to end and floor to ceiling

with straight bookshelves made of pine wood planks of just the right width to accept books whose spines would barely inset on the front of the shelf.

The reason was to reduce dusting. Of necessity the books he chose fulfilled those mathematical criteria and were all of identical nature produced by the same publishers.

Their width and height and thickness were similar down to the page of the plot denouement. He even remembers that each page numbered 154 exposed

the whodunit. Nowadays his many bookshelves and nooks and crannies are hardly lined as many of those unread books are simply stacked to be read on rainy days.

Today, the ones he deems worthy of reading must be read rather fast due to his advancing age and the reduced time left in his life. Consequently his preference when he lays

on one side of his head while reading in bed. And since holding a book open is nearly impossible because of cramps he rests the book folded in half.

He no longer cares to break their spines since he considers books that are not stitched with thread and holes are undeserving to be saved.

In bed he rests his hand with the book folded over its spine and he reads only odd-numbered pages saving the even pages for kindling his fireplace.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Meaning Of Feeling Rich

It's 105 degrees Fahrenheit under the sheet metal
of my veranda. It's called fucking sizzling hot outside.

Not just hot but it's climate change temperature.
It's the first day of Summer heat and I enjoy
looking at the shimmering sun reflecting off the pond
just a few steps from my veranda.

I open a can of Dieselpunk. A Pilsner mind you that sells
for \$2.99 a six-pack at the 99-cents supermarket chain store.
It's midday. A bit hungry, I open a jar of gourmet herring fillets.
The label says, Made in Lithuania and in Russian alphabet
it spells delicacy.

I taste one piece and find not enough bite on my tongue.
I crack open a miniature bottle of Kikkoman Ponzu and pour
some over the herring. I put a small fillet on my Ritz cracker.

And you know what? It's still not enough until I squirt a stream
of Tapatia hot Mexican sauce and voila. We're talking now!
Perfect combination. Almost. Still not enough until I open a jar
of Tukas. Mmm! cracked green olives from Turkey.

I am cool in my air conditioned home and feel no pain
for the real poor. I just pretend being immensely rich.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Metamorphosis Of Salvador Dali

Even though asking
for a wallet
I became a Dali before
I knew it.

Then he skinned me
and made me into a leather tie.
Tie dyed it to boot.
That's when I knew

deep in my heart
he was a hippie
way before his time
or mine.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Metaphors For The Metaphysical

or

Aspirations of an Artist that Wouldn't Become a Martyr

We debated Van Gogh all day until hunger
Overcame us.
Plunging into the main dish we gorged on

Chagall for the simple reason that thanks to
Vincent's high falluting purist attitudes
He never painted angels.

These latter ones were plentiful for dinner.
I indulged in sweet and dour Cherubini
Sparerib Chinese style but traded his or

Was it her saintly wings for breasts
I relish most. They were so good I felt
On top of Mount Olympus.

Well, the significance of this is I'm an artist
With inter-heavenly ambitions with alas
Down to earth baser inclinations.

And that it'll take more than Demetrius
To make of me a St. Alexander even if I
Were thrown to the beasts that know me.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Metaphysics Of A Conversation

O Goddess
guide me to who
and where
you are and are
and tell me
what I am to you.

The Goddess replies,

I'm your mind
and I Am Who I Am
and you are as I am
where your mind is.

The first Goddess retorts,
I asked the question first
I want to know who I am
not who you are.

The second Goddess says,
I am the you in the me
in the eyes of your mind.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Metaphysics Of A Soliloquy

O Goddess
guide me to who
and where
you are and were
and tell me
what am I to you.

The Goddess replies,

I'm your mind
and I Am Who I Am
and you are as I am
that is where your mind is.

The first Goddess retorts,
I asked the question first
I want to know who I am
not who you are.

The second Goddess says,
I am the you in the me
in the eyes of your mind.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Metaphysics Of Decay

A rusty nail rests in the gutter.
I feel sorry to see it decay.
Life is impermanent and
I'm heartbroken to have to learn
transcendent truth
from the point of view of a tack
wallowing in the sewer

but if that's one way
of nailing the truth then let there be
one thousand, times one thousand and
one thousand and one beds of spikes
for me to sleep on and in time
I'll learn to be a fakir if I want to
learn anything about truth.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Misplaced Loot Between Casablanca And Tangier

We drive through Rabat on the way to Tangier another two and a half hours away. As usual my sister and I sit in the backseat with me pretending to entertain her when she gets restless. She's ten years younger. I don't really remember being a proud older brother. Too many years separate us..

Thank God I am an inveterate reader but until we open our books we hop scotch from tree to tree lining the highway. Besides every few kilometers there are cement markers with decreasing numbers signifying the distance left to our destination. Those were the days!

I mentally leap from one tree to the other and depending on the distance separating them I either slow down or speed up at the speed of the car. When sometimes the trees are too close I stumble. Well, it's all a mental race anyway. No chafed thighs or busted knees. We finally arrive in Tangier where we're scheduled to take the ferry to the Pillars

of Hercules. In Tangier there is this very special to us American Bar where every year we always stop for French Fries and sweet pickles with a glass of milk. It's become a ritualistic tradition. And nah, no Coke for them but one tall bubbly glass with ice that is usually a no-no in our home!

We're always flabbergasted that the combination of milk and pickles doesn't churn our stomachs but that's because the milk is homogenized as I learn later. We get the bill and you know what? The leather portfolio with all our money and passports is nowhere to be found. It was left back home in Casablanca.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Misplaced Loot In El Maghreb

Every year we traveled by car from Casablanca to Tangier to Madrid to Geneva to Baden-Baden and Paris. Crossing borders with more than the allowed travel money was verboten. There was that time when crossing from

French to Spanish Morocco there was the usual checkpoint. A few kilometers before entering the border my parents stuffed and taped to my belly my underwear loaded with large bills and warned me to act cool, at a time that word

meant what it means today. In any case, at 12 years old, they thought I wasn't going to be palpated and parents gave their daughters and sons birthday clothing tub bathing without giving it a second thought.

That's before all the child molestations came to surface like they did in the US. It's not that I was, except for that one nanny in Kiev when I was 4 years old. I must've been handsome even then. But that's another story.

In any case we stop short of the divisional geographical point between the two governing powers and my parents are waved into the frisking room. Yep, in those days everyone was, not like nowadays zipping between Tijuana and San Diego

hauling real money. Drugs. In any case, while they were palpating my mother her bladder went limp thinking about me.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Misplaced Loot In Switzerland

We travel by car all the way from Casablanca through Spanish Morocco and Spain and France to Switzerland. It's the end of June at the extremity of the school year that my parents select our vacation time.

We enjoy, rather they enjoy the sights while my sister and I suffer from boredom in the backseat. I am sixteen she's 6. Before crossing from France into Edelweiss land (that's way before the movie was made)my father announces he needs to stash a sizeable

amount of Francs the intention being to open a Swiss bank account as we intend to emigrate from Morocco. Those were the times of the Independence of that Protectorate and transfer of money was verboten. The Saracens didn't want their silver to flee their

land. In any case my father decides to roll the big bills into super tight cylinders and inserts them one at a time into the hollow tube of our umbrellas. Of course once we cross the border he needs to retrieve them. No amount of violent shaking does the job until

smart structural architect engineer he is he goes to the edge of the road where he says for us all to watch where the cylinders of money will land. As we watch the green grassy field before our eyes my father swings very forcefully the umbrella and all the rolled

money comes flying out like from a machine gun. They all land, a dozen, in a straight line, a meter or so apart, over a hundred meter from where we all stand. We spend an hour looking amongst the tall grasses and find them all at the end.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Moon Asks No Questions

Single-mindedly the ants march
in a solo line.
Each other's perfect replicas
they follow the scent to their own end.

It leads them to the carcass
of what was a woman whose spirits
departed in search of another vessel
to enfold them.

Over the decaying flesh
flies buzz a Harry James tune.
There's music even in death.
Bald vultures peck and stitch

Edgar Alan Poe stanzas
and instead of reading I watch inspiration
in crooked beaks and moons
peeking from the lake

mouthng silent ripples
turning the ancient mother into daughter,
a modern sailor, an unsullied Muse,
hauling her asylum port to port.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Moth That Flew Into The Den

It headed toward the tall credenza.
Abruptly changed course.
It must've sensed the dark universe inside
was too vast to store its minuscule soul.

Plunging at a steep angle
as if it were a kamikaze
immediately before hitting the floor
almost as if glancing off it

it turned from me and disappeared
within the fireplace from where
it emerged as if met by the devil
judging by Its shedding

its silk powdered mantel.
I bet the smell of soot propelled it
expelling its sins as it headed toward me.
Swerving left, it knew Where it was going.

Straight into the long Dark gap
of the door cabinet barely ajar.
And so before my eyes I witnessed
the mystery of the dark cleft

swallowing its intruder.
It's a recurring miracle despite its boring,
repetitiveness.
Moses parting the seas climaxed as much.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Moving Mirror Of Time

The city flows on either side
of an ample body of water
not broad enough not to see
from one shore to the other.

Steel and cement rainbows interlink
humans and the embankments
the way passion binds opposing thighs
that in time birthed Notre Dame

and the Eiffel Tower,
Sydney Bechet of jazz fame
and hoochie coochie Josephine.
Whence the Sun King

ruled from Versailles
and a Corsican son of the mist
became an emperor.
Where in his bathtub Marat was slain and

Antoinette lost her hairdo to the blade.
At some time they all must have gazed
in the mirror of the sinuous river
and despite their images diluting in the

Atlantic and the watery denizens gobbling
their archives I eat the fish to better recall
the transient reminiscences of history
sailing past my irises of my eyes.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Musician Cenobite

A large cello propped against
his left knee
the monk sits on a spindled
hard back chair.

The holy pretender
draped in monk habit
with the hood pushed back
looks a satiated Buddha
hovering over a pond
in a Japanese garden.

His flowing white beard
whittled of light brown wood
tickles his invisible crotch.

His rotund aged face
has painted sanguine lips
that smile ear to ear.
Beatitude incarnate!

Ah, he must be playing
The Music of the Cosmos
and of the Spheres except
that his cello
has a broken peg box
and no strings.

His right hand is missing.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Mysterious Rx

My friend Ala requests me to help her fill a life-saving Rx prescription. She gives me an empty canister to which she scotch-tapes a hand-scribbled note. I saddle my motorcycle and speed down the hill where she told me the pharmacy is.

At the bottom of the block I circle over and again the triangular block made up of many buildings but can't find it. I stop to ask for directions and am directed to a distant mountain covered with extraordinarily tall pines.

Upon reaching the top I gaze down the other side where I was told the pharmacy is. I lean the motorcycle in the sharp bougainvillea bushes and start skiing downhill the pine-covered grounds on my bare feet.

Reaching very high speeds I slalom towards the flats of the foothill. Reaching the bottom I realize how dumb of me it was to leave the motorcycle behind now that I have much distance to cover to reach the town. That's when I remember I can levitate.

My travel is filled with obstacles and the pine branches interfere with my progression.

I weave between pushing them away to clear my path. I finally find the pharmacy and hand over the canister to the pharmacist.

To my dismay she cannot read the scribbles on the prescription.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Mystery Of Duality

The pneumatically operated subway doors
Glide shut behind me. I seat myself
Wedging between two one-legged women.
One has her left amputated the other her right.
Serves me right to be so lucky.

Being an engineer I toss heat exchange formulae
And calculate mentally how quickly my thighs
Would warm if I walked in from the middle
Of winter and what if each woman sat
With one good thigh against mine.

But it's mid-summer and I'm fantasizing.
Being shit out of luck I look
Across half-drawn glass panes
Into the next compartment where two chaps
Read torn half-page newspapers.

I wonder until I notice they are half-faced.
Well, half the news is better than none
And half the pain if it's bad chitchat and
Since I am half-witted it suits me fine.
Then I think what if those women sat

With their amputated sides against me?
Would we make a happy threesome?
At least we could walk without crutches
With me hanging off their shoulders
And if you're still reading this and think of Alice

And the wonders of this world
You understand one-quarter of my meaning.
I don't want to confuse the issue by adding
To what degree it would impact the equations
If one or more of us had poor blood circulation.

Mathematics is a strange science when you know
Only fractions dealing with phantasms.
And it seems it's best to know half truths

While we make up and live the other halves,
Trying to explain the opposites of duality.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Napoleon Syndrome

That's strangely strange the man never thought of the other man as taller than mind can exhibit. He thanks the other man for the clarifications from his higher ether perspective and honors him with another inspiration.

As a matter of fact, after a scheduled physical check up the man is told he grew a whole inch shorter. He whips out a measuring tape and reads the truncated fact in inches.

Traumatized he switches the reading to centimeters. Not having been himself in a good place lately he splurges on a jar of caviar of the affordable kind that he prefers anyway over the black kind.

He spreads a thin layer on a Ritz cracker. Pours a half-bottle of Vodka in a native size, lathe-turned, wood shot cup. He would've preferred the cut crystal kind immersed half-way in a silver filigreed Podstannik

richly decorated in black and red and green and false gold curlicues. But that would hurt his monthly pension. To drown his sorrows he downs one, then another, accompanied in between by marinated ice-cold herrings.

All the while he listens to Tchaikovsky's 1812 overture and has visions of the Battle of Paris and its following submission to Alexandre the First of Russia. His mind towering at 172.72 centimeters.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Narcissistic Contrarian

None of us are morons
in spite of some
naming us that.
There's a point where
au contraire the surname
attached to artwork

gives extra weight &
simply because a pissoir
has been called an objet d'art
maybe for the reason of
its Gaul spelling
doesn't mean

I'll hang one in my home.
Except, enfin, maybe in yours.
Hence, concerning your poem
I'd frame it behind
non-glare glass so it doesn't
reflect your narcissism.

However, just because
I wrote this here poem
I shall shred it modernize it
& then I shall hang it
in a most prominent place
purposely behind clear glass.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Nature Of Buddha

Sweeping the staircase steps
one after the other downward
counting dead leaves
I imagine my arms to be branches

that wrap my waist over and over
with a longer and longer sash.
I imagine myself a fat tree trunk
Assigning the leafy detritus

into the organic compost bin
I imagine myself a fungus.
And when the mushrooms,
delicately sautéed and digested

I imagine a satiated non-deity
squatting behind that tree
trapped by oblivion but thrilled
by Buddha nature.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Newfound Dear Frida Letter

I call to inform you that I left you.
For another woman. I can't stand any
longer you being out of style
wearing outdated shoes and ugly

baggy checkered dresses. I begged
for new flooring to be installed
to stop the basement musty air from
polluting our lungs and told you I lost

many coins between the flooring cracks
but you never listened to me! Your upper
lip makes me sick! I can't even use your
hair to make brushes out of it. Goodbye.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Odd Twins

The cartoon comics featured a character-in-two that were conjoined Siamese twins. There were two necks and two heads tapering into one body. One head was a female the other a male.

I wonder when one farted did the other had a feminista or a macho joke and whether it mattered to either one. Well, it must've because they, and I say that because two heads don't

always think in the same vein, when they wanted to go on a night out to indulge in frivolity they didn't know how to dress and had to draw short straw for an ultimate decision.

Sometimes they chose to be one of each sex or kind of fake it into a non-distinct AC/DC by rotating their chemises or blouses or jackets. Well, the problem was compounded in that

one half of them had just one large boob and the other half had none so it was always a problem when a boyfriend or girlfriend played with one boob and thought whether the twin

felt anything in the other breast.

I tell you this was becoming harder and harder to resolve because to compound this whole sexuality thing of the he and the she that none

could ever call them heshe or shehe because they each flipped their respective personalities so their dates were always confused. I mean they had no privacy at all. If one wanted sex

and the other had a headache they simply couldn't turn their heads away. So sex became their voyeurs' business. They were offered a lot of money to let themselves be filmed during

such acts. I mean it's as if the world didn't have enough problems with a reflection of Narcissus gazing at Narcissus gazing at the reflection of Narcissus.

The hardest part was when it came to pleasuring oneself. There was no hole to put a non-existent penis and fingers just slid on a completely smooth pubic area.

Nothing like two sexy hexy yin and yang in a conjoined pod squirming green skin against green skin.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The One Who Said I Am Who I Am

"The basic fallacy, taking precedence
over all specific metaphysical fallacies,
is to interpret meaning on the model of truth."
Hannah Arendt

G_d not only spoke
the WORD
but also wrote
in CIPHERS.

In both cases
in mysterious ways
simply to get
on our nerves

and annoy
the living shit out of us.
The meaning
is not unlike

as in the Rosetta Stone
except it says it
only once
and it's a conundrum.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Onion Poem

I suggest when you have a writer's block
start peeling each overlapping line of your poem
and create a paper ball that can be fitted inside a tube
of thickened paper also called cardboard
i.e. hardened tubular papier-mâché like those

sophisticated in the French tongue would call it.
It goes like this with the first line spelling,
how do cars avoid driving straight to the beach?
Were they to use a metaphor like the abysmal
undulating void it would be so much more poetical.

The next line asks, may a woman lift a car if her child
does not wear a seat belt
The answer is of course she can because that woman
is amazing.
It goes on to state that the ugly state of American

politics is easy to understand when you consider
the fact that so few Americans are exposed to murals
of people holding hands.
That's because they would consider it oh so much
too gay.

And is it ethical for prenatal testing to tell you
if your baby will be too annoying to love.
Of course there're a lot of tips to spice up your
sex life but I'll mention only one:
Do it standing or sitting A.S.A.P. because the onion

may not open its heart tomorrow.
Just think for a moment that flanked by your tears
and while climate change decimates coffee crops
I'll be crying deep between the onion skins.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Oral Surgeon

I had a dentist by the name of Ping Yin Ying
who started extensive dental work on me
but after a half hour of clamping and wiggling
and twisting and a few sharp cracks here and
there she finally decided she wasn't up to par.

The office referred me to an oral surgeon
by the name of Ling Tsi Lin. Cool as a
cucumber I sat in his recliner. He came saying
because of my diabetes and high blood sugar
level it'd be best not to put me under.

He gave me 2 good shots on either side of my
molar. We waited for the appropriate length
of time and I still didn't feel quite numb.
So he gave me another shot. Ten minutes later
I was still sober so he gave me another.

And after another 10 minutes we had another
round of 2 shots. That's when I thought I was
OK to submit to surgery but as he was doing
his thing I went through the roof and Shit!
I saw in his eyes and the assistant's

that something wasn't right. She brought the
oxygen bottle. Opened the valve and her eyes
open wider again. The bottle was empty.
The doc was now not feeling right either.
He says he'll sew me back and while he did

he was mumbling he'd send me to another
specialist named Dr. King Kong. That's when
I shook my head NO! NO! No fucking way!
From now on my surgeons will be named
Mohammed or Zimmerman or Mokhtami

And if you think that's not poetry I wish you
to sit at the dentist and live through
my experience!

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Other John

This guy doesn't
miss
his mother.
He's no Baptist
nor Apostle.

She screwed him
of his inheritance
on her death bed
despite his father's
last wishes and
testament.

And the fucking
sister
was no better.

Two Baba Yagas
in cahoots
stabbed him
in the back.

No matter!

He made it through
all by himself
and doesn't hold
a grudge.

He let it all go
years ago
in one single flush.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Other Shroud

She stares down
The sweat rivulet
Down my face
Yet tells me I reek
To high heaven

I tell her of my visiting
The Virgin
Which no longer is
Since the blood she detects
On the palms of my hands

Is proof irrefutable
She needs not scrutinize
My face etched around
The slit
Of the nuptial bed sheet

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Other Side Of Dante's Inferno

or The Test of Love

Cerberus takes me on a stroll
downhill the neighboring canyon.
We amble to the end

towards an elevated earthy abutment
behind which in the sinister of midnight
an inestimable odd integer of eyes scintillates.

Thank heavens a vastly large triangular grille
sloping at a 60-degree angle towards me
separates us.

It is bolted down by six massive bolts
along each of its three equilateral sides.
Subconsciously, a nagging reminiscence

of Cabalistic rituals dealing with the
combination and meaning of the numeral 3
and 6 and mysterious triangles and Sephiroth

keep flashing across my mind.
In spite of the massive vertical rod iron bars
strong enough to restrain Jonah's whale

I agonize. The ravine and the tunnel
behind the gridiron holds but a trickle of the
deluge of eons ago.

Either that or the gods the framework contains
thirst more than the skies are munificent.
The spirits must've been also ravenous

as the gigantic sun-bleached moluscan shells
and other arthropods speckle the grounds.
I suspect the divinities are of Gaul provenance

and in that moment I feel gratified I am not a frog

but a bowless would-be Prince Charming
in search of the elusive virginal Princess and

she of the kissing frog so she can test
if she's or not with child.

A sort of modern anuran annunciation.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Overheard Dialogue

He responds to her that he's tired of
Barroom poetry & turns to take a drag
From his ciggie when she tells him hey
No smoking here as she exhales & says
She hates in her mouth the taste of tobacco

He informs her not to worry
Those are not the lips he'll
Be kissing & she giggles says ok
Coyly adding she won't fart in his face
Laughing he says her poetry could stop here

& That metaphysically speaking
It is not spiritually uplifting &
Informs her he didn't know that
Farting in heaven was permissible
But that hers being airy & fluffy

They will float like on clouds
That shall transform into a magic carpet &
She says to him yeah & cumulus burns
Are softer on the knees to which
He replies you're talking now babe

~~~

Alex Nodopaka Sep©2008  
AD Something

Alexandre Nodopaka

## The Overheard Dialogue II

He responds to her that he's tired of  
Barroom poetry & turns to take a drag  
From his ciggie when she tells him hey  
No smoking here as she exhales & says  
She hates in her mouth the taste of tobacco

He informs her not to worry  
Those are not the lips he'll  
Be kissing & she giggles says ok  
Coyly adding she won't fart in his face  
Laughing he says her poetry could stop here

& That metaphysically speaking  
It is not spiritually uplifting &  
Informs her he didn't know that  
Farting in heaven was permissible  
But that hers being airy & fluffy

They will float like on clouds  
That shall transform into a magic carpet &  
She says to him yeah & cumulus burns  
Are softer on the knees to which  
He replies you're talking now babe

Alexandre Nodopaka

# The Ovoid Window

The manmade light dies for the night, a rectangular eye, an eye made by Man. As everything else he makes it is all done in squares, triangles and straight edges, as all must be uniform for ease of construction. In his mathematical books Man made everything to be aligned since words always were the key to his whole human logic. His creations had to conform to regularity, equality and man-made perceived perfection. Man looks for perfection but also to the facility in achieving it.

A perfect round circle is more difficult to achieve. To succeed in the reproduction of irregularity, as in nature, is something that doubtless has to appear terribly unworthy to man the architect and unworthy of nature because he considers it imperfect as he strives to always improve it. But the quest for perfection does not bring this feeling of accomplishment when one attains it through facilitated means because squares, rectangles, triangles, are absurd angular forms. These forms, created by Man, give a picture something uniform with the aim always being easy perfection, material as well as ideological. But then, why not construct ovoid windows replicating the eye and its beauty? Is it because it would take too much strain to achieve real perfection! That is the reason for Woman, a perfect example of ovoid structures. Every window ought be in the form of Woman.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# The Pallidness Of Life

I'd rather remember  
only the colorful blossoms  
surrounding the departed.

I'd rather remember  
their characters & scent  
and not some waxen faces  
straight out of the mold.

I'd rather remember  
the crimsons & the yellows  
and the whites & the pinks.

I'd rather forget  
the thorns & pricks & angst  
& contradictions  
of existence.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# The Passing Comet Or The Way Things Were

I always thought that Madison deserved dog heaven. Queendom of Heaven that is. She has been my steadfast comfort during my writer block moments and God knows how many I had. I rehearsed my art and poetry to her deaf ears as she laid in my lap in front of the computer monitor, her pointed ears pointing to actual silence. Yeah, she was born that way and knew no better but she could read my lips and hand signals so uncannily I never paid attention to that shortcoming for the 9 years she had me.

Yes, even her heart rumbled loud as her heavy asthmatic breathing. Topping everything she had one or two monthly epileptic seizures as bad as Dostoyevsky did though we knew of them only when observed during the day. The others were absent from our eyes and minds.

Later on in her life she had that filmy junk over her eyes that no medicine could take away or was it because of our misapplication. My wife was really conscientious about that and when cleaning her eyes in my presence I nauseated. I wasn't a nurse like she was after all.

When Maddie needed a bath we took showers together. I figured nothing like killing two body odors with one soap. Sometimes I hummed to her my few Russian and French songs that usually never exceeded their individual few first line lyrics since that's all I could remember. She never flinched at my bad notes.

Then there was this one time she loved to chase the flocks of geese running along the border of our lake until she picked their chick time and one chased her for a hundred yards flying directly above her pecking her ass. That's when she became leery and never came close to them.

She also loved the sandy shores of the beaches we used to go when she was young and spunky. Usually it was around Dana Point where there were several dog-accessible beaches. She used to run towards the wavelets and when they'd start crashing she would run away yelping. Yes, that's one thing she did in a voice peculiar to deaf dogs.

Then there was that last evening when we and my wife sat together watching TV gently petting the top of her head. Something Maddie loved and usually the soothing stroking put her sleep. For some reason my wife and I sat up that night until the wee hours of the morning when we finally crashed.



The next morning we woke early. Maddie was still and stiff like a board. I raked my brain for some famous quote but all I could remember was The Dog Lord will deliver you from every evil deed and will bring you safely into Her heavenly Queendom. To Her be glory for ever and ever!

Alexandre Nodopaka

# The Path

There's profundity in what you wrote &  
I agree he may have been a Prophet  
But I still want to see the imprint of his  
Footsteps on The Path he revealed us

And unless he's waiting for the first rain  
In which case I'll satisfy his wants  
Beyond his dreams & despite him wearing  
Sandals instead of fins I'll send a deluge

With the next monsoon because when  
Confronted by disasters Memory goes haywire  
& he won't remember much but  
Will begin to fib from then on

And make up these feats I did and not see  
They were sleight-of-hand illustrating  
That with oral & dexterous skills  
One can pull the wool off a sheep

Without it seeing or feeling a thing and  
When herded they follow as if blindfolded  
Now let me tell you I am also blinded  
By my powers

Alexandre Nodopaka

# The Peacock & The Peapussy

There's something serious  
in disintegrated plumage  
that asks to be integrated

the way a peacock  
shows off to his peapussy  
his panached cockiness.

One parades cockling  
the other shy & unadorned  
watches from the corner eye.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# The Physique Of An Intimate Painting

I decided to do canvases  
painted only by  
imagined beautiful people.

In my awareness  
their brush strokes would structure  
into poised angular shapes  
and become refined parallelograms  
elegantly perched on slender easels  
firmly planted in the grass  
supporting the upper half  
of their bovine torsos.

This pastoral vision  
of domesticated beasts in paddocks  
metamorphosing grass into milk  
suckled from teats  
will be so convincingly surreal  
that one will have to be constantly reminded  
they are not teats  
and that the dribble from the corner  
of their mouths  
is only a mind trip.

The reality is that  
refined breasts to one  
are watermelons to another  
simile to inverted pears  
one must eat  
starting with the arse.

Crushingly mammothian  
the figurative representations by Botero  
weigh massively on my mind  
as I also like them plump  
towering above my eyes  
enabling me to lick kiss each  
by slightly turning  
my head sideways.

Needless to say  
this is one time I am bullish  
about mad cows.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# The Physique Of Intimate Poetry

I decided to read poetry  
written only by  
imagined beautiful people.

In my psyche  
their words  
structured into poised stanzas  
become refined paragraphs  
that perch elegantly  
on slender ankles  
supporting the upper half  
of their bovine torso.

This pastoral vision  
of grass  
metamorphosing  
into milk suckled from a teat  
is so convincingly surreal  
that it is not  
may not be a tit.

Reality is that  
a refined ankle to one  
is the size of a thigh to another  
a simile to an inverted pear  
one must eat  
starting with the arse.

Botero  
and his crushingly mammothian  
figurative representations  
weigh heavily on my mind.

I also like them plump  
and towering  
close to my eyes  
enabling me to kiss such  
by only slightly  
turning my head sideways.

Needless to say  
this is one time I am bullish  
on a mad cow.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# The Pink Of The Whore

When we grow up  
we all want to be like her!  
Look at her wings!  
She's a bitchin' doll!

She's got everything!  
I tell you our flowery  
dresses will get us  
nowhere unless

we give away  
our budding flowers  
one petal  
one tear

one rip at time.  
Yet with each lick  
we'll go to Heaven  
like that bitch

Barbie,  
who gets everything.  
All the time. All of it,  
All of the time.

Alexandre Nodopaka



# The Plague Doctor

The Venetian mask hides the pimple on my nose.

The last couple of days I wear it  
in the middle of my face.

It disguises my true character.

It's one of those white masks that covers the nose  
with a very long Toucan-like papier-mâché beak..

Or for the mask savvy I look like a plague doctor.

No, I don't wear it in public, I'm not that extrovert  
because adventuresome-ness is more often absent  
in my advanced age.

I wear it at home imagining myself on Canaletto  
streets cavorting and flirting surrounded by masked  
revelers yearning to expose their secret Hannibal  
underlying personalities.

I must admit were I at a presidential masked ball  
affair I wouldn't hesitate slicing off any orange  
head within my reach.

Under a mask we enact our true characters.  
Including my pretending being a bard.

I knew I should've been a clown judging by how  
I behaved during my art exhibits or during  
my engineering profession often designing and  
slipping in a quirky action mechanical movement.

In the case of our orange-topped president I'd design  
a guillotine and I'd love to see the orange-topped  
swine head roll down the scaffold but the weave  
basket will do.

Or at best gouge his eyes with my white beak.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# The Politics Of The Heart

I'll tell you the secret myths  
in my heart but it will be  
for lots and lots of money

because I'm a true  
red-blooded American and  
moolah is what it's all about.

Of course if you force  
the secret out  
remember that cupid's arrows

won't do and I have a lot  
of missiles to spare.  
If you don't believe me

look at Syria, Afghanistan  
Iraq, to start. Next?  
So don't push my button

or I'll smash yours  
until it feels  
like mashed oyster.

and I'll slurp it  
through a straw and  
wash it down with Vodka

Alexandre Nodopaka

# The Premature Fling

Sitting across her  
After dinner  
He asked  
If she wanted  
Sex for dessert.  
She answered,  
No thanks I had it  
earlier today

Alexandre Nodopaka

# The Problems Of Invisibility

I would like to address the unfeelingness of emotions and the impossibility to see neither them nor the possibility to describe accurately to feel them.

Considering the spatiality of their existence they seem to permeate every normal individual with the exception of the untypical meaning those rarer occasions

where the individual's brain wiring interconnections are shunted by the mismanagement of the proper sequential arrangement of interstitial molecular physiologic.

Without those darn either microscopic or interstellar voids that in fact are not devoid of content because simply stated their content is a yet undefined emptiness.

They are the invisible atoms comprising the space that is evolving and heterogeneous as it comprises multiple interacting layers of virtuality and reality.

Jean Paul Sartre defined it as a problem of nothingness but as far as I am concerned my investigation leads to us filling our voids with the search for somethingness.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# The Pussy Revolution

## I. In the Beginning

When I first came to America the East Coast was straight-laced mired in Victorian puberty and Puritanism. Deplaning in Boston, walking Beacon Street or inside Marshalls' in cuff-less pipe leg pants provoked giggles and chuckles behind my back still covered with nylon shirts that couldn't be worn out thanks to their manufacturing quality. Those were the days of Made in France that really meant something compared to the local shit that after a few machine washes disintegrated up and down the seams despite that later we became capable of laser precision stitching and drone killing. Of course it was before the advent of the Delicate and Gentle Toss washing machine settings and I wasn't yet aware that Americans were a nomadic nation, including walking away from marriage and who considered anything that lasted was a barrier to rapid progress.

## II. In the Middle

Well, it was barely 3 years after the Joe McCarthy saga and of his demise and the recent launching of Sputnik and my Russian background didn't help. As a matter of fact it scared Boston society into their tin can bomb shelters. I mean did you ever hear of a single European doing that? At that time the girls at BU wore knee high white socks. Lady Chatterly's Lover was banned while I already read and practiced the forbidden games of Tropic of Capricorn and Tropic of Cancer. Lolita was my school-required reading and soon became my girlfriend. I guess it's the European emancipative culture. Ayn Rand became my socio-philosophical mentor when bashing her was just in its beginning stages but given her Slavonic roots I was biased. Of course back then I didn't know the coming machinations of Wall Street or the undergoing economic disintegration of the family.

## III. In the End

Shortly my first marriage succumbed to the pussy revolution. Subsequently, after an intense half a dozen years of Playboy-ing around, my second marriage survived to this day the hippies and Guy Maupin, the de-flowered children and the X-generation with me in between and spare time managing to deflower my share of second-hand Cunegunds. Now, proud of my Ukrainian Cossack roots and horsing around the United States steppes between the two coasts I've been watching some rather top-notch good-looking Orthodox cunts bending over on gilt altars. I always demonstrated a fascination with the mysticism of my born-into religion excepting my metaphysical aspirations extended beyond the ruthlessness of Putin's ethics assassinating and poisoning his nemesis. We all

remember the fate of Rasputin! Down with Putin! Viva Pussy Revolution!

Alexandre Nodopaka

# The Riddle Of Love

My Love never hears my pain so off to play  
and write more riddles... poems left unread!  
Voices echo through my words each day  
resounding issue just of poet dead.

Before the sun awakes I rush from bed  
and fill long hours playing longer still,  
this play that continues, without, instead,  
permits love to toy with heart or will.

The hour's burden, having now to fill  
acts with no end, dramas cast with one role:  
bewitching love with sets conceived by quill,  
yearnings in prose, scenes mine, staging by soul.

My play's the issue now, partly in lieu  
of issues due to Love, time says is due.

Alexandre Nodopaka



# The Right To Be Heard

Stone voices never sink.  
They skip on the surface of water.  
Floating to the bottom  
into an upside world

they count with stone faces  
the number of skips traveled  
measuring the distance  
in formulaic algorhythmic cliché.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# The Rorschach Pattern In The Floor

Listen you Slavonic bitch!  
I took you in to work your arse off  
with my customers.  
Instead you played with my vibrator  
and ultrasonically glued all my toys.

As for the floor being in disrepair  
is entirely your fault because every time  
I tried to line your crack  
with the gaps in the floor  
you wiggled so hard your flow instead  
of sealing the slits in the floorboards  
dripped through the fissures  
into the cellar and glued all the pages  
of my collector porno stash.

When you leave  
make sure to slam the door hard enough  
for the brass knobs to buttonhole you.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# The Russian Bed Bug

I just was going to write  
a few words  
when suddenly the desire  
left me.  
It was replaced  
by my need  
to snuggle  
in bed and read more of  
Mayakovsky.  
I have not felt this Russian  
in so long  
that just reading him  
in my native tongue  
made it twist  
like inside a woman.  
It brought forth  
long forgotten memories.  
I can't wait to read Klop!  
Now here's a word!  
Klop!  
It really describes what it is.  
Klop!  
Klop!  
I can feel it tiptoe  
between the sheet  
and my skin.  
Thoughts of Kafka  
invade my alpha state.  
Ouch! Oyve! Oy!  
I feel its bite  
jump out of bed  
and scream in Russian  
at the top of my lungs,  
Oy Oy KLOP!

Alexandre Nodopaka

# The Saga Of The Lost Dandruff

This is a follow up  
On the dandruff on your shoulder  
I accused you of bearing  
Now I discovered  
She had the same kind on hers  
And suddenly I couldn't tell

If hers was on your shoulder  
Or was it she that was  
Or was it yours that were  
Or is it you that were on hers  
But all in all  
You must've been together

Because the odds of windy odes  
Having deposited them on both  
Is like two atoms colliding  
In the grand cosmic void  
After an expansive inhalation  
Of my lungs

Actually it was in a celestial  
Vacuum chamber the vapor trace  
Of a subatomic particle  
Against the blackness of the  
Night skies grotesque immensity  
No, I think it is stars I see

Alexandre Nodopaka

# The Saga Of The Lost Graffiti

This is a follow up  
About the graffiti on your wall  
I accused you of hanging  
Now I discovered you had  
The same kind she had on hers  
And suddenly I couldn't tell

If hers was on your wall  
Or was it she that was  
Or was it yours that were  
Or is it you that were on hers  
But all in all  
I suspect you must've been together

Because the odds of found art  
Hung on both walls  
Is like two atoms colliding  
In a cosmic vacuum  
After an expansive exhalation  
Of my lungs

Actually I believe it was a celestial  
Subatomic particle dandruff trace  
Against the blackness  
Of the night skies immensity  
No, I think it is stars I see

Alexandre Nodopaka

# The Salsa Bar

standing at the taqueria  
you ordered two burritos to go  
and moved to the salsa bar

i ordered mine and shuffled behind you

you filled four salsa cups  
i rocked forward and backwards  
ready to jump in for my fill

then you crammed four more  
i was ready to pounce on you  
instead decided to do some salsa steps  
tuning into your surging romp

Alexandre Nodopaka

# The Scream By Edvard Munch

We took a walk to cool ourselves  
from the atypical oppressive heat wave.  
As we reached the middle of the bridge  
Ed told me the crazy price his kid's painting

sold for at Sotheby's. I couldn't help clasping  
my face and scream with joy at how  
we pulled off the prank. Edvard was so taken  
by my grimacing that he called his sibling Laura,

who had a day of freedom from asking her  
to make another few millions but with  
my face in it. She grabbed the box of colored  
wax crayons I gave for her birthday that day

and began to furiously sketch a fifth version.  
Edvard having made two in pastels once before  
and another couple in oil thereafter.  
Ten minutes later, and that includes erasing time,

the portrait was finished but I never heard where  
it ultimately ended. I think her father frisbeed it  
down the Oslofjord right below the bridge. Now  
let me introduce a piece of trivia. In Norwegian

the word skrik, is phonetically almost identical  
to Ukrainian and Russian, krik, in both cases  
meaning shriek as it is in English. Sadly the only  
record left is the pixel photo I took with my very

first folding pocket Kodak camera.  
Thank G-d I had enough sense to do it at that  
moment and in color to boot, which just became  
commercially available at that time and only to

who knew whom. Still, I had to doctor it  
with tinting it by hand.





# The Scurf & The Porn Star

This is a follow up  
about the dandruff  
on your shoulder  
I accused you of bearing  
since I discovered she had  
the same trace kind  
on hers and I couldn't tell  
if it was hers  
that came off your shoulder  
or it was because  
she leaned against yours  
or it was you that did

or is it yours that was  
on hers  
but all in all  
you must've been together  
because the odds  
of transposed odes  
having deposited themselves  
on both of you  
is like two atoms  
colliding  
in the cosmic vacuum  
after an expansive inhalation

of my lungs.  
Actually it must've been  
in a celestial  
emptiness chamber  
that the vapor trace  
of a subatomic particle  
against the blackness  
of the immensity  
of night skies registered  
or did it come off  
a shooting  
star.

Alexandre Nodopaka

# The Self-Pleasuring Buddha

I thought of stringing  
A cascade of words and claim them  
To be flowing poems

I insisted for the lines to be  
Broken at odd places and  
For punctuation to be absent

Then made sure each line began  
With a capital letter  
While going to length to stagger

The ending of my sentences in mid  
Phrases and  
When reading them at

An open mike session  
I paused on purpose where  
I shouldn't have

But no matter what I did  
Every time the interval was lengthy  
I was applauded

That is when I realized  
The poem tumbled like rough gravel  
And I was some kind of Buddha

Alexandre Nodopaka

# The Skinny & The Fat About Art

Giacometti went skinny and Botero plump.  
Meanwhile the Russians went Constructivist  
and Suprematist to top it off.

Picasso went cubist and Botero did not predict  
obesity in America.  
He copied it.

On the other hand Giacometti witnessed  
starvation and Twiggy was the consequence  
and plainly not fat enough to turn me on.

I prefer to hit a cushion before the bone.  
Each artist was way beyond their time and like  
Vassily Vassilievitch Kandinski said,

"Every work of art is a child of its age."  
And so I Am Who I Am.  
God said it first!

Alexandre Nodopaka

# The Skipping Poem

Odd how is  
this word I wrote.

It began solid blue,  
full of cerebral substance and  
as thoughts started to evaporate,  
so did my strophes.

Each letter was half-  
formed  
as if part-born.  
Too bad I didn't fin-  
-ish writing.  
The flow of ideas dried up  
as did the ink.

~~~

Feb©2006

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Soundless Performance

I bought a violin bow. Let me tell you how it came about. There lived a frog that rested
on a lily pad in the exact center of a large pond. No it's not going to be a Grimm
fairytale.

The amphibian was mechanically inclined and was looking for a good screw to
attach to the tail end of the bow for the purpose of adjusting the tension in the
hair. No, it's not

about the musicality of pubic hair. He was looking for a clean bush, which made
me
think he must've been a male. Anyway, he looked and looked with the help of
a fairly

long stick that he made of a reed. Now came a complex portion of the design that
entailed
the spanning of the bow stick from its ebony frog to its headplate with natural
white horse

hair. Yes! It had to be made of only such color and equestrian animals because
pigs have
only short hair and cannot be ridden. Oink! Oink! Is not music! A horse was finally

found with strong and long enough hair to submit to the constant sawing motion.
And
would you believe here's why Russia is so important to the USA. It's because
that's

where most of the bow hair comes from. As a matter of fact, my father once took
me to a
Hungarian quartet that for the longest of time performed nerve shattering
sounds.

Impatient, as all children are, I asked him how much longer we had to stay. As
long as it
takes to saw through the pieces spanning the chin to their outstretched palm was
my

father's answer. And here's the reason for me telling you this story. I bought that

bow

without the violin because I didn't want to hear the music. All I wanted was
display it on

the wall. A piece of found art. A conversation piece. You know.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Space Between Two Fishes

The man sits still before the apparent tranquility of his aquariums. He estimates the variable space that separates each set of fishes in his eight tanks as if

they contained flexible liquid intelligence. He chose that number of fish tanks because of the symbolic significance of infinity as when the digit eight is laid

in a prone position. In his mind that stanza reminds him of eternity as we lay down for our last rest. He carefully analyzes the expanding and contracting distances

between the fishes and concludes it is a distance that appears dynamic only because of his spatial mathematical conceit.

Once upon a time as he was driving he recalls being terrified. In a split moment he saw himself infinitely small in an infinitely large pulsating universe.

In that instant he realized that the molecules circulating in his veins were similar to the movement of the stars in the cosmos and that in fact that space

was filled with a vaster emptiness than the sum total of its black holes and streaming bolides. In fact, his fish are going nowhere, he concludes.

With that in mind he picks up his pen and mumbles to himself, It's not my fault for being a poet and starts writing, The space between two fishes...

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Speed Of Fundamentalism

I am greatly interested
in Christian and Muslim
fundamentalist perspectives.
Particularly the latter of late.
Except that like summer beetles
they spout their fundamentalism
at high speed head-on
against my windshield
while I speak on my cell phone.
My mind is in a tizzy
now I better learn quickly
speed-reading hieroglyphs.
It is a dangerous world.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Spiritual Leech

Sometimes aloness pervades me
Like a soporific spleen.

It morphs me into
A never quite asleep Morpheus.

While Pasithea keeps me awake
Swirling hypnogogic dreams

Letting the therapeutics of blood
Act as sponging vampires

Trading death for life
Claiming spiritual illuminations

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Story Of O

This is a long letter
but I was in the mood
to vent.

Besides,
you always wanted to know
the reasons for my leaving.

So here's a paper origami list
(I now have a new hobby)
to keep you entertained.

But the real motivation
is when you pretended to be
a Zen artist

and trade me your bush
and ink and brush and O
and decided to hum Om

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Story Of Soap

Once upon a time
antibacterial soap
was developed.

It drained
into common sewers
and recycling plants.

In turn the bacteria
developed
into new potent strains
that killed
all the people
and there were
no one left
to worship SoAp.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Story Of The Violin Bow

The violin is a musical instrument that was birthed some five odd centuries ago. Let me tell you its construction intricacies. First there lived a frog that rested on a lily pad in the exact center of a large pond. No it's not going to be a Grimm fairytale.

That particular amphibian was mechanically engineering inclined and was looking for a good screw to attach at the tail end of the bow for the purpose of adjusting the tension in the hair. It was daintily looking for a clean bush with the help of a fairly long stick

that it made of a floating twig. Now came a complex portion of the design that entailed the spanning of the bow stick from its ebony frog to its headplate with natural white horse hair. Yes it had to be made of only such color and such equestrian animals because pigs have only

short hair and cannot be ridden. A horse was finally found with strong and long enough hair to submit to the constant sawing motion. And would you believe here's why Russia is so important to the USA because that's where most of the bow hair comes from.

As a matter of fact, my father once took me to a Hungarian quartet that for the longest of time performed nerve shattering sounds. Impatient as all children are, I asked my father how much longer we had to stay.

As long as it takes to saw through the pieces of lumber spanning their chins to their outstretched palms was the answer. And here's the reason for me telling you this story. I bought such a bow at a thrift store and not the violin that accompanied it

because I wanted not to hear the music but when hung on the wall the bow was a found art object.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Stream Of Zen

Stream
of consciousness writing
is like the one
of my urethra

when restricted
too long
from freely cascading
it suddenly releases

a warm bliss
permeates
my shivering spine.
I silently Ommm!

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Stumped Egret

I would cut
both legs
of the egret

standing
on its single leg
by the border

of the pond.
It's still
too high

for my
short intellect
incapable

of keeping up
with the
descending

feather
from
the cosmos.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Subject Of Death

or standing at night with a lit candle
under my chin in front of a mirror

prevents my humor
from spilling.

The stanza is romantic.
Makes me queasy.

And it's unfair to play
with silver dimes

when the dead
can see no more

nor have the will
to lift their lids.

Had they the capability
to wink & smoke a lid

I'm certain muteness
would reflect their voice

and their hallucinations
would be Dostoyevsky's.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Substance Of A Cliché

I came back and thought over
the substance of a cliché

And realized it's the very matter

that over and again
doesn't satisfy.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Swamp In The White House

This is no longer the country
where I immigrated
nor the moral nation I contributed
my lifelong professional mechanical
engineering aptitudes and avocations.

I worked in the pyrotechnics and
the space industry when it was time
to bring down the Evil Empire.

Otherwise I worked for most of my life
with computer disc drive technology
easing our efforts to send us in space.

Besides that, I had other lifetime
interests. Art and writing that also
contributed extensively to this society.

And all that to have a moron for
President who never served even a day
for his country yet wants a military
parade.

All he did this far is lift the gates
of the White House allowing White
Trash of his kind in.

The time has come to leave
and contribute elsewhere.

Were all us immigrants to leave
maybe the First Nation People
would be first again.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Tale Of How I Met The Holy Savior

The first time I met Jesus was in Paris on the way to visit the Notre Dame Cathedral. At the time I was still young. and trailed my parents in the Metro and was much in love and all I really wanted was to meet Esmeralda.

I had a giant crush on her despite my being 10 years old seeing her, not quite innocently, cavorting with Quasimodo. Back then I knew nothing about dirty old men but I was ready to swing at him with a gargantuan bell.

What I remember was her ample bouncy cleavage barely held together by a tress of black lacing. The film was in black & white. The heroine was Lollobrigida, voluptuously appetizing, despite the lack of colors.

Daydreaming along I paid no attention to my parents when suddenly the metro heaved forward jarring me into real time. Dismayed I watched my folks waving frantically from the quay all of us realizing I was alone

traveling first time in an unknown megametropolis. Disembarking at the next stop I was told there was No return path. I mean it was a freeway with only an Off ramp with no return until the following exit.

Seeing an old man appear from behind a poster-plastered Public pissoir I panic. Seeing my vacant expression He kindly instructs me how to return where I came from. I tell you it wasn't easy especially when he asked

For my name and he comes back with, Je suis Jésus. Of course to me it's a miracle. The next Time I meet Jesus is in Spain during a bullfight where Dominguín was performing sword tricks on live bulls

Whereas upon the final kill we all go across to the Plaza de Toros Restaurant serving the fresh arena kills and as our party of twelve sat down, Jesus, as his nametag attested, came to serve us.

And I had the fleeting thought that I was going to eat the body of Christ. And just yesterday, a treasured possession I acquired on the way home from Tijuana was a whittled facsimile of Jesus sitting on his donkey and would you believe the vendor's name had that very holy forename. By an unfortunate synchronistic bicycle accident riding under the influence of Vodka I bumped into the stand displaying the fisher of men

on his mule and ass first they both came tumbling under my tire, me screeching to a sliding halt over Jesus' butt. This was a most fortuitous accident. I plan selling bits of my thread that carry, not unlike

the famous shroud, his holy rubberized imprint. But first I need a good Jewish lawyer to handle the trademarks and copyrights and proof of provenance of this unholy affair.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Tale Of The White-Tailed Deer

as told by a wise Navaho Shamanski

My friend Never-Falls-in-the-Dark walks in a bar.
He carries a white bow and white arrows.
Upon being asked by the white barman

why his weapons are painted white
the Injun answers, Hugh! I'm blind
and starts whirring an eagle by its tail feathers.

Inquired again why he does this he replies,
Oh I'm using him to look around.
He spreads his large white turkey feathers,

takes a running start when the barman
notices the white soles on the Indian's moccasins.
He stops him and queries why the painted soles.

The answer comes to better see at night.
Dumfounded the white man asks the native,
How do you that? The reply comes swiftly.

At night earth is dark, First People use their feet
to light their paths. Well, this is an Injun tale
and their seeing with their soles tells you

how bright they are.
What this got to do with the white-tailed deer
is that the buck illuminates the trails with his arse

so that white people could aim during the night at
moving targets and wouldn't use double-dipped
toilet paper to cleanse their corrupt souls.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Tale Of Three Kisses

I empathize with them in the
Ways of Charles de Gaulle
Except unlike him I feel the
Deluge coming after the

First kiss and in the
Next fluid second I
Become a hugging
Russian bear crushing

Her lips against mine and
By the third I taste the
Honey trickling from
Her other kisser and I

Like any Frenchman in
Good standing.
Speak of those other
Cheeky affairs

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Talmudic In Socio-Political Matters I

It's not a matter of
wanting to be or not
involved in Jewish stuff.
It is that such matters
are already around and
to a large extent part of us.

For instance,
I claim to understand
Einstein's theories. I bank &
drink with Rothschild.
Rothko & Chagall
hang on my walls.

In my thoughts
now and then Freud slips in.
I sometimes swear
by Jesus but contribute
heavily* to His State.
* More than 30 shekels!

I often wonder where
we would be without
the twelve apostles
Leonard Bernstein or Cohen
or the Gershwin brothers.
I know in writing this

I tread on thin water,
but have faith, like
Alice B. Toklas had
in Gertrude Stein,
that I am lighter
than water.

Well, I could go on
but will pause for a glass
or two of Manishevitz
and read an unauthorized

biographies of Hart Moss &
Sarah Bernhardt.

And yet, not wanting to live
my life through the lives of
others I always come back to
mine so that my goy ego name
might one day be added
to this foreshortened list.

Baruch, Rube Goldberg, Mahler, Copeland, Bob Dylan, Bill Maher,
Mordecai, Jonas Salk Nostradamus, Richard Feynman, Frida Kahlo,
Elvis Presley, Al Rosen, Carl Sagan, Edward Teller, Arthur Miller,
Immanuel Velikovsky, Franz Kafka, Modigliani, Golda Meir, Niels Bohr,
Allen Ginsberg, David Mahmet, J.D. Salinger, Leonardo da Vinci,
Isaac Azimov, Frank Gehry and maybe even Christopher Columbus.

Well, I don't want to skew
too much the Semite way
without mentioning
the other not so gentile side.

Stalin, Gengis Khan, Mussolini, Eichman, Atila the Hun, Hitler,
Idi Amin, Nero, Omar al-Bashir, Kim Jong-il, Saddam Hussein
and I'd throw in a Bush or two unless we don't count the two wars
Iraqi dead Well, ok! There was Herod but all I am envious is
of his ten wives. But that's not such a bad thing and of course
there was Jesus.

Laheim!

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Talmudic In Socio-Political Power Matters II

It's not a matter of wanting to be or not involved in Jewish stuff. It is that such matters are already around and to a large extent part of us. For instance, I claim to understand Einstein's theories. I bank & drink with Rothschild. Rothko & Chagall hang on my walls. In my thoughts Freud slips in now and then.

I sometimes swear by Jesus but contribute to His State. More than 30 shekels! I often wonder where we would be without the twelve apostles Leonard Bernstein or Cohen or the Gershwin brothers. I know in writing this I tread on thin water, but have faith, like Alice B. Toklas had in Gertrude Stein, and that I am lighter than water.

Well, I could go on but will pause for a glass or two of Manishevitz and read an unauthorized biographies of Hart Moss & Sarah Bernhardt. And yet, not wanting to live my life through the lives of others I always come back to mine so that my goy ego name might one day be added to this foreshortened list.

Rube Goldberg, Copeland, Bob Dylan, Mordecai, Jonas Salk, Nostradamus, Frida Kahlo, Isaac Azimov, Baruch, Elvis Presley, Al Rosen, Imanuel Velikovsky, Edward Teller, Arthur Miller, Franz Kafka, Modigliani, Carl Sagan, Niels Bohr, Golda Meir, Allen Ginzberg, David Mahmet, J.D. Salinger, Frank Gehry, Leonardo da Vinci and maybe even Christopher Columbus.

Well, let's not skew further the Semite way without mentioning the not so gentile side. Stalin, Gengis Khan, Mussolini, Idi Amin, Atila the Hun, Hitler, Nero, Kim Jong-il, Saddam Hussein and I'd throw in a Bush or two unless the two-war Iraqi dead don't count. Well, ok! There was Herod but all I am envious about are his ten wives and then let's not forget a non-descript God.

All this in the name of power! Cheers! Laheim! Vodka anyone?

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Tangible In A Virtual Performance

I laud artistic labors
The way I praise any comedian

Among which transparent gods
Whose reduced travails

Performed in near-blindness
(You know, before The Light)

Are barely perceptible
Which brings to light

My next transparent
Performance installation

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Tao Of Glue

Divine religion
needs arms and fingers
and a wet crack
No! Not that one
the one in the wall

The weather is hot
and humid
my sap will not
hold and
my Chinese is limp

Tsing Tao drifts
up the river
in a tiny bamboo canoe
and finds a fish
who had discovered

the secret
of the perfect float
I tried that also but only
Confucian alphabet
levitates

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Tao Of Midnight In Downtown New York

Divine religion needs arms and fingers
and a wet crack. No! Not that one.
The ones in the walls of the high rises.

The weather is humid over the Hudson River.
My sap will not hold and my Chinese is limp.
Instead of riding a limousine, Tsing Tao rides

in a bamboo canoe and finds a fish up 5th Ave
who discovered the secret of the perfect float.
I tried it but only Chinese fish swim belly up.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Tao Of The Thousand-Year-Old Egg

She will not touch Hamlet
Or try to understand Verlaine
But falls all over Fleurs du Mal

She flees Hanoi and Ho Chi Min
So she won't have to eat no more
Egg Fu Young or Wah Wonton

Her multi-pleated hunger
Invents gourmand ballets of verse
A Spring Roll of Lao Tzu & Tao

Birthing epicurean cantos
That convert her into an ogress
Savoring Beaudelaire for dessert

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Theory Of Spiritual Dynamics

I appreciate the summation
of an evolved theory
confined within an eggshell.
Its altitude, were it more elevated,
would escape the placenta containing it.

Yet, about Easter, I also rise.
To the occasion that is.
It is in the knowing that the suspension
of the yolk inside the egg convinces me
of the ethereal spiritual plasma.

Not the trick an ancient mariner performed
by feat of contemplation plunking an ova
on its tail because I'm capable of doing the
same any time anywhere many times over
on a sandy beach or on a handful of salt.

Still, that man who 2010 years ago was
acknowledged to have risen was also born
of blood placenta and the feats he achieved
in his short life-time exceeded the tricks seen
today on an ionized particle plasma screen.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Third Recliner

At a recent social gathering
The hostess sat me across
An empty lounge chair
Of which there were two more
Of the same and as we began

Debating subliminal advertising
On which I needed help
I wonder if she consciously
Offered me the vacant chair
As a suggestive ritual entrance
Into some intimate séance

Because as we were conversing
Of Black Magic & Voodoo dolls
Made in her likeness
I sat through unperturbed
Listening to her advising me
On how to prick her plaything

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Toenail Clippers

I usually look forever for them
and as usual can't find them
when they are needed but my
mind's eye knows they're somewhere.

For that reason I have several pairs.
I buy another asap but after a while
it's the same story. I can't find them.
So now I decide to have one pair

in every place where I spend most
of my time. Like in front of my PC.
Then of course in the car. The good
place is on top of the console

unless I lose the keys to my car.
When I find them at long last
I usually sit on the landing of our
main entry hall.

It has four steps. That's important
because on account of the size
of my belly I have four levels to
bend to reach any one of my toes.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Tree Of Life

Embracing a
log
tumbling down the
river
the drowning
wretch
hangs on to
life

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Trigonometry Of Anxiety

Scanning into the distance I watch the biplane lift off. I turn on the ignition in my helicopter, rev up the engine and take off in pursuit. The higher the angle of elevation of the nose of my flying machine, the smaller the biplane appears in the distance. The more I floor the pedal the greater the remoteness of the airplane from me. I decide to fold my wings backwards and whoosh at the speed of thought right next to the fleeing aircraft.

Out of breath, or should I say out of thought, I catch up as the other pilot steps out of his cabin and inches gingerly on the wing towards his co-pilot who is already kneeling repairing with a heated pair of pliers the puncture in the inflated wing. I notice their aero plane is made of translucent blue plastic sheeting, its body and wings segmented like sausage links and there's Polish writing on its tail. I figure that's the explanation for my swinging on poles as you'll see later. Completely still, the biplane is suspended in the sky. With each step along the wing the pilot sinks knee-deep into it as some Slovak Kasha or Kentucky grits. I'm afraid the whole thing shall blow up any time and make a bloody expressionist sky painting outdated by today's standards.

Suddenly a burst of air from my propeller dislodges the flyers. They plummet down into the ocean below. From this side of the Rio de Janeiro Christ statue I see them crash in the water just beyond the horizon precisely between the outstretched arms straight behind Jesus' head. I wonder if it's a sign from above or simply my vantage view. Those synchronistic happenings of the weeping Madonna or Virgin Mary seeping out of a cave fill my imagination with a lot of bunk. Now wait a minute, do I see tears on the cheeks of Jesus? Nah, it's only pollution soot or seagull guano rivuleting downward.

Jumping out of my machine I start running but in slow motion along the ridge of the skyline of the peninsula when, critically out of breath again, I reach the peak of the mountain next to the statue. Clinging to its apex, the mountaintop suddenly divides in half with me swaying precariously clinging to the tip as if I were on the top of a flexible flagpole. I'm so scared my gonads shrivel into my scrotum and my chest closes and my mouth gasps for air. I feel like a runner at the end of a 5-mile run with the finish string slicing my chest in half.

I sway hard trying to reach over to the second peak in order to descend it and save the pilots but each time I brush the opposing pole with my fingertips it tilts away as if we were two repelling south poles. It must have to do with time and synchronization for two bodies to meet they must act either at *contre temps* or

be at opposite ends of their respective starting positions. Isn't it funny how the French slip in at the appropriate moments to clarify the unexplainable?

Unable to make it to the other end I slide down the pole and start backtracking running up and down barren hills and across desiccated valleys. After a while I suspect the way back is too long and realize I'm lost and the further I run the more anxious I become. The trails are confusing now as several tracks crisscross in divergent directions and there's no drinking water. Thirst dries my lungs. I feel rawness in my chest but the sense of emergency to reach for help for my friends overcomes my need to rest and drink. This time, just in case, I think settling for a sip of water instead of a whole Vodka bottle!

I suspect the flyers may be dead by now judging by the height of the drop, the impact against the water and the length of time under the water.

I know. I know I still must reach someone and there's nobody in sight around the center of the spherical desert. It's just a matter of 4-D geometry and some function of pi and the Egyptians haven't built any monumental cellular spheroids that I know of.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Tsar Of All Boxes

byline

Do not fear God and feel no shame... Ivan Bilibin

I have been searching and searching
for many years for that special box.

Finding each treasure, one at a time,
I squirrel them in neat Constructivist
arrangements on glass shelves.

When too high each container is stacked
on top of each other in incrementally
diminishing sizes, sometimes in three-
tiered or more pyramidal shapes
propelling my imagination into
the jungles of the Quintana Roo.

Some boxes originated in Morocco,
others from Persia but my preferred
come from Russia. I swear the only
collusion is in their crafty beauty.

It's not that I mind the Arabic
Pythagorean designs to which I relate
cerebrally but my simple heart gushes
with the soulful Slavic korobka.

There's something about the lacquer
that holds the soul transparent
soothing me with childhood memories
of exotic firebird fairy tales.

And what of the colors enhancing
their translucent essence!

I never fear opening a Russian
lacquered box nor fear God or feel
shame seeing Pandora naked.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Turtle Arse Fiddler

in tune
with my surroundings
I read this article
that deals with inner devils
while below on the lower deck
water runs into manmade ponds
made by a human
who in this case is me but so what
and going back to reading
when I become dimly aware
of a pain in the left elbow
that was seriously crushed
falling backward
oh about nine months ago and
it acts out for the last few days
as the Mexican monsoon hovers
overhead and it feels
real balmy and amply humid
to have my pant legs
stick to my thighs
giving me a restricted feel
so as I think of changing
into something airier
writing this prevents me
but since I don't want to lose
the thought continuity process
inspired by my reading
especially when the woman asks
whether there's a God
and at that very moment a bumblebee
zooms by and interrupts my reading
and though I already know
there's no such thing as God
or well maybe one or two here and there
but that doesn't make Him
the one with all that stuff
is written about
in different languages and having to
learn them all

and this isn't like the bible story
where Adam was taught one language
I mean this gets really hairy
with all them foreigners
not to mention whatever aliens live out there
since I figure God's adepts
must believe He made them too
but since this has got
nothing to do with me I go back to reading
when there's that unbearable
and unreachable itch
way down my scapula where
I have a scab from scratching
a mosquito bite the other day and
my fingernail comes back all bloody
but don't pay much attention to it
though to let you know this becomes
an important matter at a later point
that I am not ready to tell you yet
because going back to reading
is on my mind
but first this must be jotted down and
while all the while this above is happening
I manage to take a couple more swigs
from the stein bought from the thrift store
run by some nice older ladies
who are all volunteers
and as a matter of fact of one cashier
I made a real handsome portrait
that one time he had next to him
one of those bobbing clay figurine
whose portrait was his spitted image
which is the reason I was there to deliver
the photos and that's how
the chugging stein was got
and mind you as on its bottom
it says right there that it's Made
in Germany with some other numerals
so I figure
hey man that's a deal and to boot
it was on the half-off day
but so I don't forget my story

I go back to this reading of mine
where I am at the point
when this guy beats his woman
while my interviewed authoress
speaks of her childless years
so I decide to take a last swig of my beer
and try to decipher the two
German rhyming stanzas on the mug
which I figure to be poetry because
the last four letters of each line ends
with the same 4-letter spelling
which I figure must sound the same
but my eye gets distracted
by this Mexican clay whistle
also purchased the same day
that's made into a turtle but
the mouthpiece is cracked and
needs fixing before
I tongue her arse assuming
it's a girl turtle

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Unbearable Lightness Of Unbeing

It is breezy at the far end of the wooden plank pier
with no one but my thoughts huddling under
my hoodie against the November wind.

The abundant pelicans glide past as if nothing
is on their minds and seagulls perch on the slanted
downward-leaning railings used as elbows rest.

The fowl dropp their guano as if gods need them
to ponder over the thousand, times a thousand,
times another thousand small fry glittering

twenty straight vertical feet below the boardwalk
just under the surface of the blue-green water
ceaselessly lowering and rising

along the wooden pylons. The recycling drums
painted azure blue line equidistant their narrow
mouth openings sizing the girth of our sins.

The gulls missing at every pass the gaping hole in
fly-by attempts at copycatting Pollock's drippings.
Their splattering more expressive than the painter

could've ever dreamt of his painting become unbeing.
Now here on the recessed side pockets of the pier
there's one being. His name, be careful about the

pronunciation, is Toe-Mass. And the stories told
me are worth every one of my jaunts here. He says
he'll turn 80 just in a few days and by the manner

his arms move about, you know he's a black belt.
And the silver hunk of a ring on his finger
attests to his paratrooper's parachuting prowess.

Now here's a man who's been close to God.
As close as man-made flying machines could get him.
He's also told me he's Indian and the reason his ring

being adorned with an eagle instead of an airplane
whose talons grip the ropes of his chute and his unfear
of becoming unbeing.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Unfamiliar Woman I Woke Next To

I won't nitpick your poem
but would love to peek at your shoulder.
I visualize it milk-white

the way romantics used to write
about it projecting coquettishly forward.
When you mention morning crèmes

and subsequent facial metamorphosis
I laugh
remembering my not so distant middle age
waking next to an unrecognizable woman

I didn't recall meeting the eve before.
So goes my observations and
imaginary chuckling.

And yes, the title of your poem
is like a titled painting.
Princely!

Another lovely write for you
and an expanded inspiration for me
to pay homage
with my highest admiration.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Vagabond

sat
at the opposite end
of the park bench.
I could smell him
at a distance
but I watched him
squirm for some time.
I asked him
what his problem was.
He replied
that a long time ago
he saw a movie
dealing with the
Marquis de Sade
who wrote
with his feces
on the walls of his cell
and he was trying
to emulate him
in the blind.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Visibility Of Thoughts

Confucius could've worded
with a shorter tongue
but mine still too long

keeps adding more lines
for the reason I listen
to the interrupted sound

the flow of sand
makes by varying the space
separating grain from grain.

These thoughts
connecting to yours
spark every time they rally

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Wall For Robert Stewart

I never met you but there's no need to build
a wall between us. OK, I'm Ukrainian and you
American and that means Trump the Turd
may want to also build a wall between us.

This is not like I want to be a Ukrainian wetback
because in that case I'd rather return to France.
Ha! It pays to be a multi-national and I don't mean
on Wall Street!

I won't sing you the Russian Internationale,
as my voice is waning but the rendition
by Toscanini is a tear jerker worth watching
and listening of course.

But maybe I better keep all this quiet or Kathabella
and Rick won't have me in their home. Oh, and how
I miss their hors d'oeuvres and the warmth
of their company!

Speaking of the Gauls, Sartre texted me that
you may have read his book on Kindle, *Le Mur*,
he wrote back in 1939 and now that you have
some idle time recuperating he asked for me to get

that ditty for you. Sartre wants a fresh edition
with your artwork on the cover. I told Jean Paul, hey!
Tell him yourself because Robert is an existentialist
if there ever was one.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Way I Ate Her

Slowly I put my lips to her and darted
my tongue against hers. I wanted her flavor
on my lips before I could ingest her.

It's an odd way to taste but that's what I had
to do first before I shoved her fingers
further down my mouth until I could feel

her tickle. Only then I swallowed her wrist
and while trying to shove her forearm,
the bracelet on her wrist dislodged my mandible.

At that moment I understood the ways of a snake.
So I writhed some and now her shoulder slid
partially in. I waited for my lower jaw to drop

out of the way before her body entered
my stomach. And when she was completely in
I fell asleep.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Way Things Were

"Nobody was more charming than he was,
when he took the trouble to be so" Pierre Gautier

For a while I plunged into the mid 19th century.
The time transition was facilitated by Eugene Delacroix
whose 731 pages diary I wouldn't skip a page.

I mean I even knew how many Francs down to a Centime
he paid his prostitutes. I also ate with him and thanks to my
stronger stomach I relished his leftovers.

Yes I attended his dinners and musical soirees
but especially the time he spent on alone by the seashores.
Most of all I appreciated his disdain for many

of his contemporaries whose asses we kiss today.
Frankly speaking I didn't care much for his paintings.
I mean I was born amidst them. I hated most when

I started my classe de sixième and the tedious learning
process of French language. From the proper use
of the comma to the point of coma.

What I retained was the typical philosophy
of the teaching of the time when we were taught to read
between the lines for the real truth of any statement.

Like him I dislike profoundly our deplorables.
I have the unfortunate acquaintanceship of many
multi-millionaires in my extended family

whose ignorance of the finer things of life is expressed
with a simplistic, "How inner-esting".
The extent of their cultural education.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Weight Of Information

Being a grand consumer of factual literature
I loaded under my arm several books that
after a couple of isles down the \$1-a-book
bookstore began to indispose me with the
physiological discomfort of lower back pain.

This time, to alleviate my speed reading,
since at times I read only the right pages and
skip the left. I do this because when reading
in bed I lean on my left side and left ear.
In that manner I avoid fifty per cent of the

surrounding meddling noise caused by the
whirring sound of the fan during the warm
summer evenings like the last four nights
when I felt I was in Puerto Vallarta with the
clammy heaviness of the tepid air laying on

my skin. Anyway, going back to my shopping,
I decided this time to buy a book in French
and another in Russian. Having not read in
either language in a while I thought it might
force me to slow down in absorbing all that

useless knowledge. And as I write this,
another thought enters the crevices of my mind.
Why is it when we plug one ear why can't we
plug a matching portion of the mind? Why
can't we think in fractions like we can divide

just about everything else. This is not like
I need to know one hundred percent of
everything. I'd be quite happy with a tenth of
I don't even know of what 100% portion.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Whitest Of White Canvases

I crossed many tides and rode funeral
coaches until twenty years ago.
From that hearse they switched me to
another and another and then another.

The last one is even smaller than the ones
I came from: Polyhymnia, Thalia, Urania,
Tersichore, Melpomene, Euterpe, Erato,
Clio, Calliope no longer charmed nor

appealed to me. I rode them, groaning
with my pains, searching
for the ultimate artwork but the salts
and monsters of the oceans ate through

my paint brushes. Nor any canvas was
sturdy enough to contain ordinary nature.
I mistakenly searched for what did not
exist nor could ever be created.

Everything was a fleeting figment
of my fleeting imagination
in a fleeting world in constant motion.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Wilted Monument

Incorporating a sculpture
Of found objects
Has been my obsession
The last few weeks.

Building it high and extending
The rubber hose limbs sideways
Until the appendages soften
And droop in the midday heat.

Wiping my brow
I saunter to my hammock
Thinking it is good
That my thoughts are fluid

And conform to the basic structure
Of netted crisscrossed diagonals
Between two bamboo poles when
I am attacked by a case of catnap.

I stretch. Go flaccid.
My flesh rides horseback
The twines like as many arses
Mooning my emptied cranium.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Would Be Seductress

She stands behind him without
making a sound and acts
like she was his intimate muse.

He turns to look at her. She entices
him with one leg up to manhandle
her but he's not in a mood.

His minuscule volume of Latin
blood simmers but it's remote from
an Ole Torero!

Besides, he prefers brunettes with
palm-size breasts. Not the frond type.
She doesn't qualify.

Her right hand raised straight up
above her shoulder
waives at him in a frozen stanza.

He chuckles at her brazen lewdness.
She's stark naked. Doesn't know
she's not his type.

Nor does she smile.
Her blank expressionless face
has a wooden appearance.

She doesn't even wear
a Mona Lisa smile.
He garbles to himself

he'd never sleep with her.
She looks just fine on top
of the glass shelf.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Writing In Yellow

We just had to do it
right then and there
on the snow covered ground.

It was a cold winter eve
but my chick was so hot
we didn't care.

Next morning everybody saw
it was in her handwriting
that she wrote my name

in yellow on the snow.

Alexandre Nodopaka

The Yet To Be Man First Profession

Early on, way before he showed much interest in the opposite sex he had a preference for riches. It was a prepubescent interest he developed in parallel with his burgeoning interest in girls. There was first this need to fill the tank of his motor scooter. A personal horse of aspiring independence during his teenage years.

He'd hop on and wind blowing his hair straight up behind him he'd zip the city streets unencumbered by any helmet that in those times was unknown. Of course, a few riders wore world war II pilot leather jackets with appropriate skull caps tightly zipped under the chin with round goggles strapped ear to ear, but that was strictly for show.

To support such expensive needs he began wheeling and dealing in cigarettes. Himself would have 2 to 4 per day and amongst his companions in arms they'd brag about such large numbers. Nah! Gauloise were too lethal and too local and English cigarettes were too ninnie smooth tasting.

It had to be American cigarettes. Pall Mall and Camel were the preferred brands. The red packaging of the former had definitely connotations with power and the Sahara humpback camel was a given. Of course the length of the cigarette had an important role. It was a very macho effect dangling from the corner of the mouth, Bogie style.

How to get a deep discount was the trick and the Casablanca harbor was a must destination where American soldiers debarked on a regular basis. That's when the man learned his first words with a Humphrey Bogie accent. With time these sideline preoccupations were not sufficient to pay for movie tickets and ice creams for his growing and admiring feminine stable.

That's when he discovered counterfeiting bus pass tickets was much more rewarding. With extreme care he'd lift license stamps from matching past years months and glue them in new passbooks taking care to fill the missing portions due to over stamping with pen and ink and loupe and much night work.

A side benefit was he learned the art of marketing by increasing his business through word of mouth advertising. His problem suddenly was to satisfy supply and demand when the price of old passbooks kept rising as their holding sources learned of his dexterous needs. That's also when he learned how to keep his craft a secret.

Fear of getting caught was a strong motivator.

Alexandre Nodopaka

There S No Air In My Tires

"I don't exactly know what I mean by that,
but I mean it." J. D. Salinger

It's not easy
to ride a mountain bike
with half inflated tires.
Especially uphill.
Well, I did.
The whole f\$%king night.
I started down this mountain
I don't where it came from
and all but it sure
looked familiar.
Right from the start
I pick up speed
to the point
I start losing control
of the bike
but I keep going.
I mean like real fast.
The front tire and all
sinks in this reddish
powdered dirt
and engages in the ruts.
The bike goes so fast
that once it hits the bottom
of the foothill
it rides straight uphill
of its own volition and all.
Sure I give it
a quick pedal job
once in a while.
Anyway
once I reach the top
of the next hill
or is it a mountain
I start real fast
downhill again
until I hit

the shoreline highway.
Looks like
Pacific Coast Highway
where I go quite often
on my seashore excursions.
So when I get there and all
I turn around
to head back home
and ride up this mountain
I just came down from
and my problem and all
is that when I come up close
to the foothills like when
I am on top of them
I lose perspective and all
of where I am going
because everything
looks the same.
I mean it's like
I have my nose in it
if you know what I mean.
So I start getting really
pissed off
because from far away
I knew exactly
how and where to go home
but each time
I get up close and all
I get confused and lost.
And those frickin
half deflated tires
don't help at all.
So I am like really
really frustrated.
End of story.
And what the f\$%k else
did you expect?

Alexandre Nodopaka

There Was Nothing

invented better
when I was young
than Rum & Coke!

And when I rolled
under the table
like a drunk Russian

I asked for more.
To sober up.
It will kill you slow

I was told
but sure enough
you won't suffer a bit.

You won't even know
you had hemorrhoids
or cancer.

Alexandre Nodopaka

There's This Chick

that resented
the title of my poem
"Eating Ass"
but Hell!
as would say
Chin Ass Ski
just because
a shrimp
has a shrimp
size ass
doesn't
make it
any less palatable
than eating horse ass.
It's no different
than shit
oozing out
of a bull's ass
and Injuns using it
as burning fodder
in their fire pit
to fry a steak arse
or is it rump?

Alexandre Nodopaka

There's This Painterly Artist

concerned about the optical
illusion of a sloping horizon
as if it were under the effect

of a watering hole spirit.
To his alarm I told him
that the slope may be due

to a compositional
heavy mass at one end
tilting the painting

unless himself had
too much ale
in which case for him

to consider halting feeding
the camera obscura any ale.
In any case I would make

the horizon woman prone
or cut it in a downward slant
the right side of the canvas.

Alexandre Nodopaka

There's This Thing About Black Holes

Of which nature nobody speaks.
We know some behave in strange ways.
We don't know exactly why or how

Since they are invisible.
Well, that's what the astrophysicists claim.
As for me since I can't see them

With my naked eye, no pun intended,
So it's like having been blind the last 14
or so billions years so it wouldn't matter

If all of a sudden I were to see one
Because by then I'd be so close
I wouldn't have time to report to you.

In the scale of things and time
We are of microscopic magnitude
And when we're being swallowed

By one of those dark behemoths
We don't feel it. Well, sometimes
I wonder what's that shortness

Of breath is all about which could be
The sucking vacuum effect.
What I worry to no end

Is what happens when a black hole
Ingests another and wonder
How ravenous can the gods be?

And whether the displacement
Of the center of gravity of their belly
Is of any significance to us.

Alexandre Nodopaka

There's This Woman Bard

who wrote a pantoum
and myself being no witch
(lol)

I recuse opinionating
on the form
but to the ear
(The one I have left)

this sounds like a winner
and I am no whiner
(when it comes to wines)

having tasted them all
in the same places
your poem speaks of
(in spite of my fading ears
I still hear the rhymes)

even though
they no longer grow
(on vines)

Alexandre Nodopaka

They Bloom Every Seven Year

or a Russian Itch

You always write
so flawlessly
it's difficult to find
a misplaced period

and not for the reason
of fault looking
it's because everything
is so idealistically shaded

and your meanings
so elegantly couched
make me feel
a seventh-year itch

and like desert cacti
intending to bloom
all I need is a little dew
from a flask of Vodka.

Alexandre Nodopaka

They Look Human

Drive-by shootings never bother me.
They are cops and robbers and
hooligans in cinema noir fairy tales.

They are no more than TV-mafia
clones where no matter how nice
their families appear they all are scum.

That includes their knowing wives
and grown children.
I developed a profound scorn

for such organized crime families
that every time one is put down, and
they don't merit a fairer description,

that's one less for the law and
time-consuming trials to waste time.
So is the agent orange presidency.

The white trash he is and represents
wouldn't be missed if any of them were
to be put down like the dogs they are.

Only under their artificial hair
they fake faces look human.

Alexandre Nodopaka

This A Great Sermon, Man

Sure I can tell where I like it
& where not but in the overall
I think Jesus was a cool &
very real-like guy. The problem

lay with his heavenly dad.

For some reason I feel God was
a pastiche or some sort of
socialist photostroika collage.
And if not I hope He ain't

bitching about it coz we made Him

smaller than He could've been.
So I'd trade one name for the other
though you might keep one Jesus here
& there for good measure,

like, you know, on the velvet it's ok, .

Then there's this thing about
following through with the lingo.
You know what I mean.
As a last word I still believe in caps

like in Kmart, God, Jesus and

especially KKK.
Till then my cap off to you
for reducing all the bullshit
down to ten commandments.

Alexandre Nodopaka

This Comes From The Gut

Reading your spiel and all
your preceding others
made me more aware
of your existence.

Other than no longer receiving
adoring notes from you
I began writing some to myself.
And you know what?

I started falling in love
with my own image that
made me feel only steps away
from godliness and believing

I'm just another easy god
simply tripping on myself
and you. Well, you know,
this comes from the gut.

Alexandre Nodopaka

This Is Blurbing From The Hip

Well, you know...
OK, this is not
like I want to be rude
this morning
by matching your 70
against my 72

I don't drivel
as much as you
but mind you
my rant is as much
a poem
as your spiel is

and despite my cutting
the grass
under your feet,
not that you need
a soft place
to land,

I need
the crumpled grass
from beneath
your big feet
in my pipe
while writing this,

for inspiration, you know.

Alexandre Nodopaka

To An Undisclosed Recipient

I see you or think
I see what I wish to see.
You are not real
you are a figment of my fantasy

A reflected imagination.

The mind beholds what it wants to see.
In truth sees only what it imagines.
Is that all there is of us.
Reflected imaginations.

Alexandre Nodopaka

To Drink Or Not To Drink

There may not be
enough water
in the Pacific ocean
to quench your thirst
but a single thought
can drain it.

Alexandre Nodopaka

To Stroke Or Not To Stroke

Paintings, like women, should be priced according to the number of strokes it took to paint or gratify.

Starting with minimalism and a single brush stroke each should be priced at \$1,000.00 accounting for the length

of experience of the artist.

The paintings also with the most strokes who use a single hair should also be

priced at \$1,000.00 per stroke.

Now let's find stroke-counter volunteers.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Today The Year Is 1540

Alsatian scholar Beatus Rhenanus dies and his personal collection of 670 books is bequeathed to the Humanist Library of Sélestat.

This news you cannot use because I have a collection of 999 books. And this is the second time around since moving from place to place.

Previously, in Northern California, I sold every single one. The reason for the present breaking news is that since moving here, the literati crotch of California, considering

the head to be San Francisco and San Jose the armpit is when I tried to sell them to used book stores their answer was nobody here reads such books.

No wonder judging by the TV program The Real Housewives of Orange County. Wow, so what am I to do with my book collection before I die.

Some of my books like Art under Stalin or Iconography of Power & Soviet Posters or Fear and the Muse Kept Watch or The Russian Masters from Akhmatova and

Pasternak to Shostakovich and Eisenstein Under Stalin and Lenin may be trashed but I hope Trump and Putin will save me from doing that.

At this pace when our president takes on a Russian nationality we'll have a Slav President.

Today, January 18, Went Slowly

The weather is thickened by overcast
and the rains the size of monsoons.
I consider going to the ocean
if it weren't for the sudden winds.

I'll go tomorrow. It'll be just fine.
Tomorrow I still shall be seventy years old
for another eleven months and
that's almost a full year of wisdom.

On the table, a vase filled with blossoms.
Inebriated by their bouquet I sense
and smell their vapors and listen
to the drip of dew and daydream

a path from the tip of your breast to
your underbelly where a blossom opens
letting me enter a rainbow of senses
where my feelings cascade in pearly drops.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Too Bad Jesus' Ass Wasn't Run Over

The first time I met Jesus was in Paris on the way to visit
The Notre Dame Cathedral. At the time still very young
I trailed my parents in the Metro and was in love and
Whom I really wanted to meet was Esmeralda.

I had such a crush on her that despite being 10 years old
I saw her, not quite innocent, cavorting with Quasimodo,
Yet back then I knew nothing about dirty old men
But I was ready to swing at him from the gargantuan bell.

What I remember most was her ample cleavage.
Ah, so bouncy, barely held together by a tress of black lacing.
Well, it was a film with Gina Lollobrigida in black & white
Who was voluptuously appetizing despite her lack of colors.

Suddenly the metro heaved smoothly forward jarring me
Back into real time while dismayed I watched my parents
Frantically waving from the quay and realized I was alone
Traveling first time in an unknown megametropolis.

Disembarking at the next stop I was told there was no return path
At that station. I mean it was like a freeway with only an
Off ramp exit with no return until the following or more exit.
I panic just a little when an old man appears from nowhere.

Well, ok, from behind a poster-plastered public pissoir and
Seeing my lost look he kindly instructed me on how to return
To where I came from and I tell you it wasn't easy,
Especially when he asked me my name and after telling him

He comes back with Je suis Jésus and to me it was a miracle.
The next time I met Jesus was in Spain at a bullfight where
Luis Miguel Dominguín was performing Benihaha sword tricks
On live bulls and when upon the grand finale kills we all went

Directly across the Plaza de Toros to a restaurant where they were
Serving the fresh arena steaks and as our party of twelve sat down,
Jesus, as his nametag attested, came to serve us and in that moment
I felt I was going to eat the body of Christ but I didn't feel like Judas.

There were a few more times I met the great man but will tell you
Why I'll never meet him again. Yesterday, a treasured possession
I acquired on the way home at the border in Tijuana Mexico,
A whittled facsimile of Jesus sitting on his ass and believe it or not

The vendor's name was no other than that very holy forename
Except he was a true Tequilaland Aguave native.
But by the most unfortunate asynchronistic bicycle accident
Riding it under the influence of Vodka I bumped into the stand

That displayed the fisher of men obviously not on a fishing boat
And ass first they both came tumbling down under the tire and
Even though I could've driven over Jesus' ass I did it over his face.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Transfiguration

Dancing with Morpheus
we sink into a netherworld
where eyes
no longer see the visible

and darkness lives
above the light
and the separation between
the two is vertical

Weightless we levitate
arms flapping measurely
lifting us in phantasmal slow
motion as if we were ether

We become amorphous
having morphed
into a shapeless amalgam
coalescing with God.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Twenty Seven Sculptures To His Name

made Modigliani famous by the time
he was 36 and I at 79 with more than
3 times his, my figurines accumulate
storage fees.

In despair I fall on my knees and look
where to put my hand to help myself up
when suddenly Jesus appears.

Well, I think it's at least his shadow as
I instantly recognize his famous profile.

Not quite like Hitchcock's but just the same
it's the crown of thorns that gives him away.

It brings to mind that eternity is contained
in circular temporality and the ephemeral.

That's why I love three-dimensionality
bridging sculptural dynamic infinity.

Who said infinity is static!

In any case he rises in a cloud
of fiery sparks proving my conundrum
dilemma.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Twenty Thousand & Some Leagues

On your memoriam day I put my mason spectacles
and chisel granite words on your soft cenotaph.

In negative spaces I sketch your bitching body
upon which my thoughts dull

more than my burin could ever engrave
and my eyes focus round your nipples

and my irises reflect stars.
Now dazed and dizzy our pulsing underbellies

draw us twenty thousand leagues under your sea.
Our endings encountering watery beginnings.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Two Lives

I could've writ you since 5 this morn.
Its 7 now and I didn't.
The last 2 hours felt 2 years.

Back from a dream
I make my way to another bed.
I wanted to sleep next to yes.

But somehow no interfered.
I missed you.
Today will be another blue day.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Two Pablos

One of them could've
painted
his
many
women
with
an
ax.

But
he
wielded
only
brushes.

The other famed Pablo
curved his way
into women's hearts
buffing their thighs
writing sultry poetics
that metamorphosed the tango.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Two Schizophrenic Ars Cognoscenti

Cognoscenti A

hmm, ink mixing. sounds like work! once on a watercolor I was finding a difficulty in getting the proper brown for bedwood, just couldn't mix anything satisfactory from my prang semi-moists, so I took my Pepsi & painted it with that, which was just the right color.

Cognoscenti B

it's also a matter of permanency.... maybe it'll fade too quick. That's the real problem with experimentation is that one doesn't know the longevity... and that applies to the use of organic products..... but then you might call such works... living artwork and watch their progressive deterioration

Cognoscenti A

Amorphous forms- I like the way droplets of water look on concrete- sketched a month or two ago, these two droplets which had an isthmus or bridge connecting them- funnily enough I called it 'symbiosis'.

Cognoscenti B

Yeah, my head does spark & arc. Weird things that weird me out.

Cognoscenti A

Psychology things- I was looking at a journal called Awakenings- the thing is that I don't have a health-conscious lifestyle or mindset- I'm not one to jump into the cult of health, to castrate certain drives in me for the sake of goodness- so I wonder how beneficial it is for something like that. I mean, maybe if I do prose, I could see it. There's a certain feeling I'm aiming at but which I rarely hit.

Cognoscenti B

anecdotes - if I did that I'd want to make it into a book. there was this book by a pianist named Charles Rosen (I think) called 'Piano Notes' (I think) which was basically a sequence of marginalia about playing the piano & about piano music- I could imagine myself writing autobiographical things like that...

Cognoscenti A

I am glad you like/consider the idea... by the way here's a follow up for you...

Cognoscenti B

: long day waiting. drawing, need a break. an abstract that I intend to finish. imagine that! I find these to be more important than the write-draws. this one is the vagina inside out symbiotic with a mind. the detail is painful. I expect that it will take at least three days for me to finish it, if I'm able to work on it during the days.

Cognoscenti A

Rhetorical question... I understand the symbiotism but why is the vagina painful in your mind of course?

Cognoscenti B

hey- speaking of pens, do you know of a maker of pens that might make them in different gradations of black and grey? like I look at this & think of the possibility of inking over it- it's too intricate to do with a black pen- it might as well be a whistler nocturne if I can only do it with a black pen, but if there was a black pin, microscopically tipped, and also two shades of grey ink, I think it would be possible.

Cognoscenti A

yes i know of a maker... YOURSELF lol.... buy India inks and dilute 50/50 or 25/75 with water... try first then fill your bottles.

Cognoscenti B

I think the abstracts are the direct _expression of my mind. I'm adding new forms where my old ones have dried out. flipped through gray's anatomy earlier for inspiration. I think of these as anatomical machines, in a way. in visionary mode.

Cognoscenti A

check out your library for an anatomy book by Vesalius... De Humani Corporis Fabrica... besides, he did them in woodcuts... etchings...

check out the song thread in the lounge - reactionary visions to two songs.

maybe.... with the abstracts, I need to reintegrate larger scale forms. I love natural, asymmetric shapes. they blow my mind.

Cognoscenti B

last year dad (an mri engineer) did a scan of my brain. I told him that it's going to be worth \$\$ one day & that I should sign it! but earlier when flipping through the Rorschach-like diagrams of hipbones in the anatomy book, I had the vision-idea that I can do something abstract based on my brain scans- like a projection of actual mind onto the surface of the brain. I can FEEL my brain- I feel holes in it, cold spots, and spots of higher activity (higher activity in the occipital and posterior temporal areas) .

Cognoscenti A

I have a CD of my full body scan... and been flipping it for quite a while... but need to find out how I can copy/paste the results.

Cognoscenti B

was just outside drawing when suddenly I saw a blinding flash of light & heard someone yelling. freaked me out a little, as everybody in the entire world is asleep, and that my environs are such that people can't really hide after doing something like that. flash of light as in spanning the entire visible ken. more intensity at a point hovering very close to my eyes so that effectively the light siphons right there, black holish.

Cognoscenti A

well,2 things.... either you DID hear someone else or it was your brain that sparked...

Cognoscenti B

I think I would be a much better writer in French.

Cognoscenti A

you do quite well in English... in some ways I envy your mastery of it

Cognoscenti B

should I have not talked with the people at that magazine? I'm impatient! I hardly have a portfolio. Purge & the 'owl' woman being the only things I've done that can be considered finished pieces. it's just that the mag suits me. which is rare. I won't lend my images to any place I don't approve of- have been asked several times but think of set and setting. perhaps I should only keep a correspondence with the editor until I have 15-20 abstract pieces, a decent portfolio. if he likes the write draws that'd be easier, but I think of them as marginalia, for the most part. like with the bone dig idea, what I plan to do is keep doing the very sketchy ones, figure out which ones can go in a storytelling sequence, and then with a stable hand redraw them more cleanly, apply the ash & watercolor washes, etc. - maybe even write legibly.

Cognoscenti A

the thing with editors is to NOT swamp with art/writing/correspondence.... expects weeks in between... it's not like personal correspondence

also when you were out to sea, I sent a ms for review to the Chicago surrealist group, decorated with a rambling letter. another editor/publisher is also looking at it- not for publishing, but for feedback- the ms is not something that can be revised, since it shows the progression of my disease last year, from my perspective, but I want to know if it is publishable, because I'm lazy & don't feel like putting it out myself.

Cognoscenti B

I suggest again to start mags that deal with psychology in re art/writing/ and do not overlook medical purposes... i. e. don't think that for instance Psychology Today is out of reach. You combine several assets that could be in demand... and I don't mean for you to push your schizophrenia as a Sesame Open thy doors... just be cool about it and definitely practice patience. The best way in regard patience is to do multiple submissions of articles/poetry/art.... in that way you'll bounce back & forth between different correspondents

Cognoscenti A

I want any book from me to be illustrated. But I can't 'draw' the illustrations to this book, since it was from such an intense time that I think drawing illustrations would weaken the effect. are you familiar with victor hugo's art techniques?

something like that, aleatoric things, done with household objects/chemicals & natural found objects- a hazy nat-detailed mood washing.

Cognoscenti B

Yes I am vaguely familiar & will refresh...

I find my ideas are on another side of me. it's very hard for me to motivate myself to do anything. dad joked to mom earlier that it takes me two days to do anything they ask me to do. I had considered doing music & selling cds by myself earlier in the year, but realized how poor of a quality they'd be if I didn't have at least one person helping me out.

Cognoscenti A

... lol... ok, here's another avenue for you.... think of telling anecdotes about yourself... this time i mean your schizophrenia. it's another way to also promote your other assets...

ramble!

take care

Cognoscenti B

The power of and in the artist

The need for power/validation is at the root of creative lives. Art gives artists a purchase on the universe and their reason for being. In childhood they may have found themselves unable to compete in more socially acceptable ways. Art gave them a place to be and just as art-power is discovered and developed in youth, it can be lost or discarded in later life.

Some see a conspiracy against themselves: parents, teachers, spouses, peers, rivals. Whatever the reason, the power and the glory wander away and are lost. Julia Cameron, who has an excellent understanding of this dialectic, states: 'When we are angry or depressed in our creativity, we have misplaced our power. We have allowed someone else to determine our worth, and then we are angry at being undervalued.' With a philosophical attitude, a great deal of latent anger can be neutralized. A better illusion is imagined and put into force to replace a poorer one. Leopards can change their spots- and can change them again and again. The good news is that the success ratio for creative people is high because we are already in the business of illusion. Psychotherapist Anthony de Mello puts the responsibility squarely where it belongs: 'It's an illusion that

external events have the power to hurt you, that other people have the power to hurt you. They don't. It's you who gives this power to them.'

Yeah, I could use a little nurturing from anybody not my mommma! Or culturing. Petri & all. I've always thrived off women- my problem is my tendency towards strangeness- i.e. like women more apt to have psychological similarities to me. Fine line work sounds good- was trying to remember the name of that pen earlier. Might go to Michael's to see about the pen tomorrow when I go to the bookstore. Only thing I fear with ink is that my meds make my hands shake too much- in pencils that could be good, if I'm into shading.

I had to find the drawing in my impenetrable bedroom. Fortresses of junk & wire hanger ramparts. Cheap bic lighters and speedball gouges my only defense.

the thing that i hate most about my mental condition- well it's not the worst thing for me, but it impairs me- is the lack of focus and motivation. I shower maybe twice a week, if I'm prompted to do it- the rest is spent thinking about showering. It's like that with everything, and it's hard to finish things. Socially, hmm- you seem witty and caring- I've lost a lot of my wit- did manage somehow to feel almost like my old self for a day last week & haven't felt better than that in a long time- maybe you feel you need to focus on things- leftover from artistic habits, to peer into, at the surface? With me there's a fear of being discovered as crazy- very easy when a person has ritualistic scars/burns on his arm- and of actually totally losing what's left of myself- I see people & I think they're talking to a different me.

mopey! I'm really not bad today. Talk myself into Poe!

Cognoscenti A

I'll keep Rapidograph in mind, if I can find it.

Yes... I saw the results with the sharper images & writing... it reproduces much better though I still enhance them before posting.

Cognoscenti B

By the way I did mean the India ink Rapidographs... they are pretty handy and come in extremely fine line work.

My family- mom is very sensitive & too chained in her mind to me- suffocating love! & dad's an alcoholic- cool when sober, a complete dick when intoxicated (I

just get grabby & goofy) . It's ok, to talk to, to visit from time to time, but it's very damaging to me- even my sister can't stay here because she thinks she'll go crazy, so she's been living in a motel.

Not that I was smothered by my mother but she treated me as a baby till y ripe age of 63 when she passed away.

It is not only mothers that do that, it is most women... they are NURTURERS it's in their genes!

Cognoscenti A

poetry- I'm of a sort of abstract bent- surrealist, expressionist, that sort of thing. tend to relate more to very isolated individuals, understandably.

Cognoscenti B

the pens I like to use are really 'juicy'- the problem in this is that it is more difficult to make fine touches (which happens to be my forte) , so they end up more expressionistic (I did a pen drawing of Artaud the day before going to the hospital- really one of my favorites but another proof of my insanity- a cheap BIC pen, with its metallic tinge) .

I did a quick self-portrait thing in the little letter I sent you in ink- I've been doing that lately instead of signing my name.

so maybe the two will be worth 20!

Cognoscenti A

ok... it's fine by me... the \$20 I'll send you in an envelope by regular post but separately from the paints... if & when I find them in my impenetrable garage/studio

Cognoscenti B

yes, paints, that'd be great- it's something I really need to do again, I think. Was browsing some galleries earlier & some ideas became springing.

I think I'm a rarity in that I don't think I ever lack inspiration- at my worst it's just I'm too physically fatigued to go through with something. Maybe that's a delusion, too.

I think your brain is constantly triggered by your condition... of course that makes you different right off the bat from the customary... but in your case when it is exacerbated by artistry and literati pursuits it makes you even a bigger rarity. I have such problems at gathering of benign parties... I just don't know how to make simple conversation about inane things...

Sorry if the tone is off. I'm a little slightly tweaked right now. Dad's friend's schizophrenic son is over, so he (who is in really bad shape) is always being compared to me (isolating, but not so bad) which is unfair.

No, dad gets generally weird ideas about me- I guess it is in what he thinks is best for me, but he's very cruel to everybody- was talking to mom about this earlier, that the only friends he has here are people who use him, usually for food & drink.

Cognoscenti A

your creativity/inventiveness/visualizations may change in time... let them develop.

none of my business about your father but am glad you have support from elsewhere. Maybe he meant well at a time when you were really incapacitated/unmanageable. I hope he meant temporarily at that time.

looking forward to your mail. I didn't send yet anything since you have distinct tastes in reading.... what I have is a hodgepodge of poetry books that I buy by the pound when the friends of the library have monthly sales.... but the paints I will if it's ok with you.

Cognoscenti B

In re your pen/ink sketching... how about a Rapidograph brand?

That's the second time in a week someone's told me I have an adverse reaction to vaginas! I meant it in a loving way- Chakra, in a way- to make a body without divisions, full anatomic flowering, with only a few allergens... the detail is painfully intricate, as in more than my attention span can fulfill.

Cognoscenti A

ok i got it... i reread why i commented as such but now i see i misread you... but

that's because the 2 are so close together in the writing

Cognoscenti B

company over, so I can't really do much art-wise. it's weird b/c in college I could draw/meditate/be weird wherever- I mean in the middle of a party I might just pick up a pencil & paper and go to town for a half hour, oblivious to all the noise & shit around me. I guess it's a matter of feeling, of feeling together with the people around me, that I'm so cautious to those around me. dad tried to convince my mom & sister in may that I should be institutionalized by force- they disagreed, thankfully, violently.

sent you a drawing & a brief letter/description

hopefully tonight I'll be able to work- I really want to approach things better, more like actual work. I need a routine, to get back into habit.

Cognoscenti A

if it is a riddle then the answer is simple: A corny watercolor... lol but seriously... experiment & inspect the dried results.

Cognoscenti B

and when you get as much as I created you die under its weight.... lol

Cognoscenti A

ok I got it... I reread why I commented as such but now I see I misread you... but that's because the 2 are so close together in the writing

Alexandre Nodopaka

Two Six & Six Two

Or An Arsetro-logical Poesia

26 and 62

26 > 2 + 6 = 8

Horizontal 8 = infinity

62 > 6 + 2 = 8

8 + 8 = 2 infinities

8 vertical!

8 horizontal!

overlapping the two eights
forms a clover leaf.

Clover leaf = Celtic cross

8 + 8 = 16

16 > 1 + 6 = 7

In numerological lingo

7 = Deep thinker,
spiritually inclined,
unique, eccentric.

But is also aloof & loner &
fears not living up to highest standards.

Seeks answers to life's questions
through observation & discovery.

Therefore is analytical.

Numerologically speaking

Two + Six = Quite compatible.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Upon Gazing At A Painted Chef D'oeuvre

or A Fan-Spun-Painted Masterpiece

It's amazing how differently
we see things.
I take in your abstraction.

Love its post-modernistic
modus operandi expressionist panache
and stylized execution.

Upon intellectually probing further
tongue-in-only-cheek
the first thing that comes to mind

is my last endoscopy
with lustrous vistas of my insides
flagrantly displayed on the monitor.

And, in a flash of the quick wrist motion
of the medical attendant
I noticed my butt hair never seen before.

Of course you're no longer laughing
at my remarks but then
I am not subjective as you are

since the contents of your work
are nebulous and vastly contortionist
with suggestive Van Dyke hues.

That is unless my eyes need drops
of tetrahydrozoline hydrochloride
to diminish the red abstract zigzags.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Upon Reading Annotations

(in a self-called world class poetry publication)

I'm tempted
to add
an intelligent comment

but reading
the preceding
vapid statements

it's best to refrain
knowing
full well

from previous experience
it'd be censored.
I elect

to save mine
for an anonymous
posterity

not that'd I wouldn't
kick you now
in your posterior

without anonymity
lest I be
a frontal exhibitionist.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Venezia

I scratch a Venetian mosquito bite
in an awkward location... lol.
A doge memory bitten on my tush.
That's what geraniums on the

window sills are all about. I think
of wearing a bouquet on my arse
or hang from chandeliers

and be an acrobat spinning from
a light fixture in a bedroom
while servicing four polar Muses.

It becomes a globular chess match
trying to lick en-passant
their proffered arsetronomic poles

despite clouds
of helicoptering mosquitoes.
At last I know where Da got his

ideas about flying machines.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Verse For A 3-Legged Doe

I'm spending the rest of my
life
sitting at the personal
computer.

I write
reclining like an angel
waiting
for the barber
to trim my fucking
wings.

Verlaine accuses me
of flying
too high and
says
if I don't want
to end up
like Icarus
I better let him piss
on the sun.

Eavesdropping Vince
plunges his brush
in the paint tube
and turns out
a tournesol
he never sells.

It's deflowered
by a 3-legged deer
tamed by Katayoon.
They scamper off.
Hobbling.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Vibrato I

Unacknowledged death stares at us.
Sex and lust and love expressed
through loins offers us a
glimmer of a life

beyond.

Death is a devastating force that makes us go

In and Out

in, out, in, out, in, out,
in, in, in,

into concealment.

Conceal

Seal

into some holographic unit, part of
the universe, meditating, mating to
simultaneous music.

The world is in chaotic harmony
singing swaying moving shimmying
as my riverboat is pulled inside
your parting shores

inside inside inside you.

Inside

you pull me in,
aspiring my oar
stirring your entrails.

You shimmy, slow down
and syncopate as you feel my
life intertwine imbibing yours
creating new life inside your womb.

Heaving, cambering, thrashing our limbs about

we moan. Sounds reverberate, echoing cosmic
growth pains. Interlaced intertwined, our mystery
remains a mystery

mystery mystery mystery

throbbing an irresistible rhythmic raw beat.

Sensuousness pulsates through our veins
drawing us into a deep spell

spell spell spell

deep deep

d

e

e

p

our bodies fiddle playing our respective
violins as we scream

inside... outside... inside

outside... inside...

outside

Alexandre Nodopaka

Vibrato II

Unacknowledged,
Death stares at us
While love,
Expressed through loins,
Offers a glimmer of life
Beyond.

Extinction,
A devastating force
Compels our bodies
To pulse.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Virtual Meanderings

Strolling along pathways lined with greenery
from ground level to forming canopies above
I envision myself like that cliché photograph
of two silhouetted children walking hand in hand
through a tunnel of trees with bright light at the end.

I discern a picnic table far inset in a grove
of leafy darkness. Tiptoeing over through
Autumn leaves, so as not to scare wild fowl,
I sit letting my gaze wonder from sunlit spots
to deep splits in the wood, abysmal enough

to cause abstract linear zigzag patterns.
Thinking of what would make art of such ensemble
I discern with the corner of my eye, far at the periphery,
a small piece of the same wood the bench is made.
Wow, a piece of found art I think to myself.

I skip and jump to fetch and lay it on the table.
Pulling out my trusted 4-inch folding blade I begin
carving deeper into the cracks. I do this for more
than an hour. Satisfied with the results I stuff
the cracks with leftover cigarette butts, strewn

by passersby oblivious to the pristine nature
of their environment. I collect more matchbox detritus
and wedge it inches apart along the crackelures
and light the whole fucking thing ablaze
with my antique Zippo lighter.

I don't care about the conflation of artistic value
with market price but feel the more smoke
comes out of the contraption the less a might-be
customer will see any defects I enlarged on.
Et voila!

My partner films the whole process for my next
video performance. I repeat to myself something
someone wrote, Watch this space. Watch all spaces.

Here comes everything and nothing.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Virtual Mosaic

Playing with
six stones
I separate them
in two piles 3-high each.
Stacking and

Shuffling 100 times
to my content
mosaic shapes
with infinite
possibilities.

I permutate
between the 2 stacks
and give up
after another hundred
combinations

while decisively
settle on the one
with three pebbles.
An archetype
for ménage-a-trois.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Vision Of A Left-Handed Hummingbird

The man is not Jewish but daydreams
to create an art exhibit in every window
up and down Via Dolorosa in Jerusalem.
Now why the hell they speak Espanol
over there is beyond me but I think
it's a leftover from pig-Latin.

Anyway, for the occasion, he promises
to craft abstract graphics derived from
Google Earth. They shall illustrate the path
of the man that claims to be the son of God.
The show, the man says, shall depict the most
dramatically quirky stages of His life.

Like Him being born out of wedlock.
Becoming a holy ghost and disappearing for
40 days somewhere in the mountains.
Having a fit in the supermarket. Kissing
another man in the company of other men.
Stumbling on the way to Mount Golgotha.

Basically, showing Him a rabble-rouser.
The artworks shall be so insanely abstract
people will pass them by and stop but for
brief hesitating moments while strangely
uncommon ethereal sounds, like during
Halloween, shall issue from open doors.

The man envisions his art displayed
at orthogonal angles forming a square
on the top platform of an Aztec pyramid
with a single quadrangular canvas oozing
sanguine rivulets from a hole in its center
and surrounded by undulating, plumed exotic

dancers, high-kicking around the edges of
the top of a pyramid that pierces dramatically
a layer of clouds that floats round its gritty
middle periphery, like a tutu on a ballerina.

At that moment Huit-zilopoch-tli*
(short for José) hovers before his gaze

still veiled within incensed smoke.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Vodka Manna

I shall like
my future
and though I think

sometimes
two days ahead
is much too far

my cogitation
promises
to be present

because it wants
to see
how you

like Jesus
shall thinly stretch
the bottled manna

Alexandre Nodopaka

Vulnerability

Is the condition
When the realization
Of your minuscule

Existence

Becomes so overwhelming
You want to stop the car
You are driving and

Walk

Barefoot and feel
Each grain of sand
Under your feet and

Contemplate

The magnitude of your size
And your imagined
Vulnerability

Alexandre Nodopaka

Waldo In A Desert

This is a lovely composition
except that the flute player
is barely distinguishable
to en passant viewer and with

at that great effort which makes
the stick-like details incongruous
within the overall scene. Well,
in my opinion anyway, right?

Of course to the creator
it's as obvious as sand in the eye
that's if god has at least one and if
an ocean had nothing but sand.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Washing Sandcastles

Watching waves wash away
their sandcastles
children cry by the seashore.
Kids next door, laugh
rebuilding them.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Watching Those Fingers

I like to eat out in restaurants
of class. The affair is not about
stuffing one's stomach but tasting

the variegated menu and being
the observant kind watching
the waiter's or waitress's fingers

grasping the edge of the plate
presented to you. And, as she or
he does it, I think where were

these fingers just a short while
ago. In horror, I start with nostrils
and ears and move my thoughts

sideways and up to the sweat
on the brow and as my thoughts
descend further and further

I think of their obverse and
suddenly I lose my appetite with
the vision of a porcelain throne.

Alexandre Nodopaka

We Come To Bare Our Souls

And hear the applause.
We sit incognito
In rows of lovingly lined
Uncomfortable chairs.

We deafen to the mumbling
Issuing from the course of the
Lectern while we gyrate words
In our craniums.

We wait patiently our turn.
Approach the stage.
We know we will be applauded.
One thing we don't know

Is whether the applause shall be
For the unctuous way
Our speech is delivered
Or for the essence of its content.

We know all this before
Landing on the platform. Yes,
For a flash of time we come to wear
The august crown of Olympus.

So why should we write or read
Something we will not hear
Yet publicly felicitate or be praised for.
Let me tell you.

It is to see our hands slowly move
Together and for our eyes and ears
To slow down our senses
And arrest time for a split second

And record the crowning moment
To remain forever ours.
Our pulse honorably clapping
The manifestation of our souls.

Alexandre Nodopaka

What Camus Might've Said Of This Deselection

It goes to show that by validating the facts
is how the USA segmented into Rednecks
and Bluenecks.

There always being more reds than blues in all
countries. Frankly speaking, whoever rules
hardly matters in the long run. Some live, some die.

At last, despite the Brexit disaster, Americans
have shown who is the dumbest of all by electing
a proven human waste and the likes of him.

But who cares when one small step for the world,
represents one giant leap backwards for the USA.
For the next four years we'll be singing down

the blues defined by social orangutans
who in the end always win by their sheer numbers.
Understand that Albert Camus, said

"There is only one really serious
philosophical question, and that is suicide".
The evil that is in the world almost always

comes of ignorance, and good intentions
may do as much harm as malevolence
if they lack understanding.

Had there been any god it would have been
as much an absurd being as this election was.
Congratulations America,

we've demonstrated where little brains reside.
Now go wash your hands before eating dinner
because Putin is coming for dinner.

Alexandre Nodopaka

What I Get

from the fantastic
is the power of imagination
overcome by the experience
of manipulated reality.

The monster
being the imagination.

And so it is with the magic
of a trick.

Manipulation/misdirection
and ultimately deception
of a fantastic sleight of hand.

Alexandre Nodopaka

What Makes My Suburb Great

or a Spiritual Outlook on One's Last Trip

is that we still have cows and horses
roaming the landscape
instead of orangutans running our nation.

The latest news to hit the marquee is that
a cow crossing Santiago Canyon Road
was struck by of all things
a tiny Civic Honda car.

I can see her bovine surprise staring
into the headlights coming out of a turn
that are plentiful in that area.

I'd expect a coyote road kill or maybe
a possum if not a raccoon but this story
tops the one from last week
when a horse met a similar fate.

See what you get for the ability to jump
high fences!

I wonder what they were thinking
leaping the gates of Paradise in the midst
of all those apple orchards.

Where was God at that time!

Well, this road to Heaven is well traveled
during the day but these collisions
happened late at night.

Was the Devil lurking from behind a barn?

Maybe the ghosts of yesteryear
spooked them out of Eden.

Well, that's when things end like that.

These things come down to a garbage truck
or a black limo picking up the remains.

Alexandre Nodopaka

What's In A Name Ii

or Rire a sa Touffe

There's this man
with an anomalous name
that impacted his outlook
on his French life.

His name was all right
among Moslems
but once he emigrated
to the land of Liberté,
égalité and fraternité
his name was lost
in translation.

Especially
in that Gaul language
where it had blatant
sexual innuendoes.

He struggled
all his life
as no woman
would be heard
calling him in public
what would sound
in French,

Laugh at her Beaver.

Alexandre Nodopaka

What's In A Soft Drink

Hey, please don't put
any hair in my coke

except Lolita's of course
says Sergei

Nabokov's brother
to the author.

And they both toast
their past peccadilloes.

Alexandre Nodopaka

When A Horse Becomes An Ass

You caught me
doing idle nothings
like writing you
a self-addressed stamped note.

It gave me the inclination
to self-pleasure
by translating it into French,
Heure par heure...

Hour by hour
I grasp the straws life offers
and keep pulling
always the long ones
as there aren't any short.

When you read these words,
you told me,
like a certain god did to himself,

This is beautiful and good.

So I decide to write some more.

I reach for the last straw
at the bottom of the cul-de-sac
and launch into uncontrolled
asinine braying.

Alexandre Nodopaka

When A Robot Learns

to fart and I to write laudable poetry
filled with transistorized metaphors
will be the time of my virtual life.

But as far as things go right now
both feats are far into a dim
depressive future that lays in

the midst of a field of poppies
with me daydreaming of stuffing
a hungry gut with their black seeds

buried inside Kulich, a Russian
Easter bread stuffed with butter.
Ah, memories of aromas!

And now that I am a robot
I can't wait to connect my brain
through a universal serial bus

and wait for an android to create
a higher next level me. Until then
I wish you a Merry Christmas.

Alexandre Nodopaka

When Donald committed Suicide

was not because he was a misogynist
and not because he was a flim-flam man
and not for wanting to build the wall of Mexico

and not because he married a 90-day fiancée
and not because he flirted with Vlad the Impaler
and not because he knew more than the generals

and not because women loved him so much
and not because the Republicans chose
their most ignorant asshole to represent them

and not because he totally lacked human decency
and not because the media exposed his foibles
and not because Hillary was crooked

and not because he insulted American war heroes
and not because he claimed the news media rigged
and not because he reclaimed elections were rigged

and not because Obama wasn't born on the mainland
but he committed suicide because he stuck
his fingers in the wrong poosee phoosee boosee.

I always knew that as soon as he went past his elbow
into unknown territory he would hang
from an olive tree branch flashing his orange ass

for a peace sign.

Alexandre Nodopaka

When I Discuss God

in poised
philosophical terms
and without emotions

I am disappointed
to discover
that He is no more

than a frustrated father
to whom his children
lend a deaf ear.

Alexandre Nodopaka

When I Used To Be Immortal

I waded
knee deep in rivers
with a bunch
of rascals
the same age I was.

Five
was the preferred
number.

We'd get together
in shallow water
where fleeing
German soldiers
had discarded
their military gear.

It included rifles
with bent barrels
and
pocketful
of useless bullets.

That is until
we got hold of them.

All the kids knew
where to get black
powder.

We'd grab
a shiny brass bullet
and wedge it
at a 45 degree angle
against a flat
river stone
then gently
hammer it
with a another smaller one

between the bullet
business and its opposite ends
until it'd bend open.

It was as simple as
separating
a crawdad from its tail.

Nothing better in life
than packing
the square flat pellets
in a small hole in the mud.

We'd run the powder
like colored sand rivulets
not unlike Tibetan monks
form a Yantra
with as many zigzags
we chose.

The more
the better
the fireworks.

And that's before
we knew
what Tantra meant.

Lighting the far end
we would run
like hell
away from it
laughing
our asses off.

Alexandre Nodopaka

When Lemons Gossip

When lemons gossip,
their scandals are so sour,
my ears pucker.

Alexandre Nodopaka

When Tarzan Was Johnny Weismuller

My father was a well-known architect
of world-class reputation by the time
I became all sex and teen and as a reward
for turning not so sweet sixteen

I was bestowed my first legal motorized
locomotive. Following is the story
of connotations to my vast ego.
As far as I consciously remember I always

strived to be in print.
The first time I was I crashed my gas-driven
Mobility into a truck with me sliding between
the front and rear wheel.

I soon was pulled out from underneath
by a panicked couple of passersby whom
I comforted despite my leg bleeding
all over the macadam.

The next day my name was in print
In the local rag on the last page next to
the obituaries.
In my vivid imagination I was featured

on a cinema house marquee in glorious
glittering dazzling 2-foot tall letters:
Tarzan & Cheetah swing through a truck!
He survives but monkey dies.

Alexandre Nodopaka

When Tears Run Out

What do you do
is a short line from watching bits
of newly found movie clips
dating to WWII.

The clips, as short as one minute,

were not used nor ever shown
since they didn't have
sufficient content.

Well, these words above issued
from a field nurse responsible

to have all surgical utensils and
gauzes washed and cleaned
despite overhead bombing raids.
And then the film went blank.
Dead silence.

Alexandre Nodopaka

When The Autograph Is Longer Than The Poem

It amazes
to see
detritus
being called
art
become
art.

Alexandre Nodopaka

When Truth Screams

I was often told not to disturb rocks
and of course no stone
was ever left alone.

When not yet a teenager
every rock in my path
in the North African desert

met its fate under my lifting strength.
No lizard or white or black scorpion
would stop my search

for mysteries hidden beneath.
Even when wading ankle deep
in what then were rivers to me

I lifted flat shingles and looked
for mysteries underneath.
It often required momentary waiting

for the disturbed mud to clear
and for the truth to appear
in the scooting shape of a crawdad

I pinched with forefingers
quickly learning that truth could hurt
when the crayfish pinchers

would squeeze a squeal out of me.
Those were the times
when beasts and stones spoke to me.

Alexandre Nodopaka

When You Ask Me Who I Am

I. Where it happened

I tell you I was made in Ukraine
but she delivered me in Russia and when you ask
where I tell you Vladivostok and Kiev which
are 4,432 miles apart and when you ask how come
I tell you poetically far falluting reasons.

II. Being nosy

Upon you inquiring how long I lived here
I respond longer than you have and wonder
if that makes me more American than you
because you appear to be half my age.

III. Dotting i's

When we further refine our acquaintance
I find you're from the east coast
where I first disembarked but now have been
on the west coast much longer which I presume
makes me more Californian than Massachusettian
though being from Boston somewhat compares to being
San Franciscan and may rank us higher than being
from Brookline or San Jose.

IV. The Fall

However our respective downfalls are that at first
I resided in Roxbury instead of Jamaica Plains
and you in Burlingame instead of Hillsborough
and while I attended Boston U you went to San Francisco U
and when I came to UC Berkeley you were in Mexico
which wasn't as prestigious as being at Harvard.

V. Respective Put Downs

And so goes our acquaintanceship until we speak of politics
when having discovered my being from the old country

you ask me if I've ever been a Commie to which I say no
I never been one but I can see,
you, you were a Hippie judging by that flower
against your temple and the green 5-leafer patch
and that chicken foot scratch tattooed on your ankle.

VI. Attempt at metaphysics

And when we speak of spiritual beliefs you tell me
you're a Zen Bullshitist and I counter I'm a fricken Nihilist
and there our metaphysical aspirations wrench us apart.

VII. Upmanship

I mean I come down the Dostoievski and Tolstoi lines
not those of Paramahansa Yogananda or god knows
what other out of this world Moonie hodgepodge.

Now you name my Barbarian origins
from Genghis Khan to Taras Bulba and I say no, no,
I have blue blood from Napoleon and of course
you laugh because you can trace your roots
all the way back to Jesus and the Chosen People.

VIII. Doubts

By now I ask myself who really am I and if
it's important to know
when we don't know what we are at the next moment.

IX. Way out of Line

All I know right now is that I earn four times
what you earn which makes me that many times
better off. Therefore I must be a true American!

Alexandre Nodopaka

Where Did My Sardines Go?

or (a recipe poem)

1 can of best Moroccan sardines

1 can of best white tuna-albacore Japan

Dice-into very small chunks 2 Malossol (half-pickled Russian style
crunchy pickled cucumbers-Clausen will do)

Dice-into very small chunks some green olives (to taste)

Soy-light Kikkoman or Worcester (to taste)

Horseradish in cream sauce (to taste)

Stir to creamy consistency

Serve on Ritz crackers or toasted sourdough

Title the poem to your whim (mine is RusskiGypsy's sardine bouillabaisse)

Vodka spirits (Fire Water by red skin Indian standards)

Start munching to the accompaniment (Stravinsky's Rites of Spring or
Petrushka optional)

Alexandre Nodopaka

Where Do Stars Come From

Where Do Stars Come From

Not to be
outshined
after a bard's feedback
about
another bard's poem
dealing
with starry events
and considering
that second bard's
brilliant
commentary
to the first bard
I
the third bard
dazzled
by the stars
in my eyes
all I had to do
was rub them
very hard
to discover
where the stars
were born.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Where Does Water Begin

The wording is in
the question.

When you ask
what time it is

by the time
the question is answered

it is already past its time.
Like water under the bridge.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Why I No Longer Paint

It's much easier to
mate today
than yesterday

though I still like
Capablanca who did it
in one move

and I can do it now
in a single stroke
of the keyboard

Alexandre Nodopaka

Why We Aren't Smart

as termites is beyond
my comprehension.

They begin their life
as wingless insects
and are an extended
organism
as an alternative
to an extended
phenotype
a composite of an
organism's observable
characteristics.

The entire mound
insects
plus
their structure
is a living entity.

A self-regulating
physiological and
cognitive system
with a sense
of its own boundaries
a memory
and a collective
intentionality.

In other words
they are way ahead
of the manner I think
of myself
being for most of my life
a haphazard
flow with the flow being.

Oh! Too much wind.

Why We Must Stay Dead After We Die

It is Lizard-Man, a Mewok Indian from the San Francisco Bay Peninsula who said it must be so because the dead smell bad and the Coyote-Man proved it according to the Ancient Myths of the First people.

(There's got to be The First before The Second and The Last)

During a general Powwow gathering of the Great Chieftains, the MeadowsLark-Man, the Chief of Chiefs, agreed to the ancient time-beyond-time covenant with LittleLizard-Man about the odor problem. The only one that didn't agree was BlackLizard-Man.

(Looks like they had skin color discrimination then also)

Since this is an Indian tale it involves an Indian Princess, the daughter of the GreatGreat Chief, LizardFiveFingers-Man. BlackLizard-Man, having disagreed, collected a distinctive branch from a magical tree and laid it across a well-known lovers trail.

(Always these illicit footpaths leading to secretive bushes)

Overnight the twig turned into a rattlesnake that bit the young woman that evening. When found on the 4th day and brought to her father she smelled bad by no fault of her own but solely because of that 4th day agreement and not because she wore no deodorant.

(That is way before the advent of Pale Faces)

stipulating that no dead person can be brought to life after they have been dead for 4 consecutive moons. That is why to this day people who die, stay dead never coming back.

Because if they did, the bad smell would kill the Last People.

(Narcissism, the me-first philosophy, was alive and well then also)

Last People are the people that would come after the First people as goes the Ancient Myths of the Ancient First People who, by the way, were born without hands until the Lizard people came which explains why we greet Friendly People with a High-Five.

(Indian ways of telling down-to-earth stories are always simplified)

Alexandre Nodopaka

Written On The Water

There's this image of a shored skiff
and the man next to it whimpers,
It has nothing to do

with the image of the Son of God
or water-boarding or fishing.
The metaphor deals with Man's fate

battling cosmic forces
and retrograde Mercury.
No, it has nothing to do with

the brand name of the engine maker
or the silvery heavy metal liquid
in thermometers.

It deals with the Greek god of finance
and poetic eloquence. Like in,
Have bucks will travel over water.

The way Jesus did.

Alexandre Nodopaka

Yearning

Branches whisper your name
and dreams of poets I entrust
to the ether.

To replace your eyes
with words is too lame,
so I write blind love songs
with anguished memories
that bleed
beneath those dreams
untouched by hands
I unleash love
immune to passion.

Confounded I linger
yearning to hear again
your song

Alexandre Nodopaka

You Know I Know

You know
I answered
baring
my heart.

But how much
my soul
must strip
before another,

I do not know.
The wrath of
spurned Wiccans
is to be avoided

no matter how many
stars must be blown.
Let's throw I Ching.
1,2,3,4,5,6 times.

Coins clarify hexa-
sexagram multiplicity
without duplicity.
Stars sing on this

October 1
for Dragon to play with
Monkey and implore
good Fen Shui.

Alexandre Nodopaka

You May Have A Point

I expected to be covered lavishly
with compliments
but thank god I am challenged
to rise above lethargy.

Hmm! So 50 is not just a record
Not a number of pages or records
of the past wrapped in the present
but a wishing for a future.

Well, frankly, thank you.
I need be jarred out of indolence.
So I put on my thinking cap
and decided to atomize your tongue.

Alexandre Nodopaka

You Need To Understand

and if you don't, don't waste my time
explaining the unexplainable.

When the artist fabricates or makes
or does or interprets an artwork it is

what it is such as it is
at the very moment of its doing and

when the viewer spectator tries
to understand what there is to it

when there is nothing to understand
about it except that when the artist

finishes their work it is done.
Simple as that.

Of course one could go at length
wasting saliva or ink trying to input

when there is really nothing
that could possibly explain it.

So OK, you want the spit on you
to verify that you communicated

and exchanged important ideas
but in the end, as in all realty,

there is nothing but the doing of it.
That is clear as one can clearly put it.

There is no idea behind the art
except in retrospect. Understood?

No? Then I am uninterested
in your ideas or your thoughts

Alexandre Nodopaka

You Never Know

Photographing Pasadena myself
I must've caught by pure chance
a lithe body laying on a park bench.

I feel but wouldn't bet it was Deborah
or was is Kathabela? Then I saw a guy
step out from a dark alcove. He loitered

over her spread out body. That's when
I recognized Gary. I didn't know
those three were like threesome peas

in a Pasadena pub. I mean pod... lol
Never know when paths cross.
Better keep up appearances!

Alexandre Nodopaka

Zero54am

When Sun conjuncts Mars
Capricorn blots Venus
Tropic of the Unicorn oscillates
portending a swelled future
between decorum & mayhem

Wolf Moon orbs Veneris Mons
every four score and seven days
harvests the cherried manna
just before the new Moon voids
at 0: 55am

Alexandre Nodopaka

Zz List Of Publications Alex Nodopaka 2003-2015

~~~Alex Nodopaka publication records~~~

01. Poetry: 3 poems + Fiction: Shopping for Women, It's hard to say I love you when you shit,9.11,

Date: 2003

Publication: Thieves Jargon

02. Art: Figurative Abstract 24

Date: 2005

Publication: Admit2

03. Art: Photography-Saturated Dolmen

Date: November 2011

Publication: Ascent Aspirations

04. Poetry: 5 poems

Samson & Delilah, Blind acrobatics,1776, Cosmic Clock, Entrechat

Date:

Publication: Black Mail Press

05. Article: Tantra bensko on MannequinEnvy

Date: 2007?

Publication: Mad Hatters Review

06. Art: Photography, Scream

Date: 2010?

Publication: Red Fez

07. Poetry: I don't Know if God Plays Balls

Date: ? ? ? ?

Publication: Origami Balloons

08. Art: Photography  
Date: 2009  
Publication: Monkey Puzzle Press
09. Poetry: Psychoanalysis of a Drawing  
Date: 2008?  
Publication: SoAnyWay
10. Art: Photography, The Red Hat Tilt + poetry: Aspirin  
Date: 2005  
Publication: Angel Fire
11. Art: Photography  
Date: 2004  
Publication: Angel Fire
12. Poem: Pink  
Date: 2005  
Publication: Angel Fire
13. Article: On Debunking Modern Art  
Date: 2008  
Publication: MannequinEnvy
14. Art: Ceramic plate, Broken Masterpieces  
Date: Nov 2012  
Publication: The Rorschach Occasional
15. Art: The Lever to Gravity & The Sea Alien  
Date: 2009 & April 2011  
Publication: Locust Magazine
16. Poetry: Nuclear Hoochie Koochie  
Date: Feb 6, 2012

Publication: Citizens for Decent Literature

17. Art & Poetry

Date: 2003-2006

Publication: Angel Art

18. Poetry: 59 minutes at Walmart

Date: Feb 22,2010

Publication: Haggard and Halloo

19. From The Outside

Date: 2005 to present

Publication: Forum The Outside

20. Art: Photography Bird's Eye View

Date: 2011

Publication: Red Fez

21. University of Incidental Knowledge

Date: 2011-2012

Publication: AN

22. Absolute Arts

Date: 2004 to present

Publication: Absolute Arts

23. Fine Art America

Date: 2005 to present

Publication: Fine Art America

24. ArtSlant Los Angeles

Date: 2006 to present

Publication: Personal art Website

25. Art Review Tantra Bensko=MannequinEnvy

Date: 2005

Publication: Madhatters

26. Art: Photography, illustration for String Theory, Riffing on Strings

Date: 2006

Publication: Scriblerus Publication

27. Anthology Washing the Color of Water Golden, A Katrina Hurricane Anthology

Date: 2007

Publication: ISBN: 1-933242-24-8

28. Art & poetry & Art Abstract 24 Alex Nodopaka & Jennifer van Buren

Date: 2009

Publication: Admit2

29. Poem: Dear White People

Date: June 2011

Publication: Mahala

30. Poetry:

Date: 2006

Publication: Taj Mahal Review

31. Top Commenter: Tsar in charge of The Garden of Eden at God

Date: ? ? ? ?

Publication: Unlikely Stories of the Third Kind

32. Art

Date: 2009

Publication: Monkey Puzzle

33. Poetry:

Date: 2010

Publication: SoAnyWay/If And When

34. Poem: A verbal Tour de Metaphor

Date: October 2011

Publication: Red Fez

35. Art Photography feature

Date: 2005

Publication: Tryst

36. Poetry: Porthole & Cryptic Anagrams

Date: 2003

Publication: Tryst

37. Anthology

Date: 2011

Publication: Unlikely Stories of the Third Kind

38. Poem: Bukowski's bar fly & Bukowski's Spanish fly

Date: March 2012

Publication: Monkey Puzzle Press

39. Art Photography: The Lever to Gravity

Date: April 2009

Publication: Locust Magazine

40. Poem: Nuclear Hoochie Koochie

Date: February 2012

Publication: Now Playing at Citizens for Decent Literature

41. Letters to the Editor Approximately 12

Date: 2006 to 2012

Publication: Painters keys

42. Poem: Psychoanalysis of a Drawing

Date: April 2009

Publication: SoAnyWay

43. Poem: 59 minutes at WalMart on New Year's Eve

Date: March 2010

Publication: Haggard & Halloo

rdandhall...-at-wal-mart-on-new-year's-eve/

44. Poem: Article MannequinEnvy/Tantra Bensko

Date: July 2010

Publication: Madswirl

45. Artwork (2)

Date: June 2011

Publication: Unlikely Stories

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46. Poem: Conceptual Poem, Humping

Date: September 2011

Publication Forum: ABCtales

47. Sculpture: Sleeping Prophets & The Love Terrorist

Date: September 2011

Publication: Everything about Sculpture Featured on Facebook

48. Ceramics (2)

Date: September 2011

Publication: ITCH

49. Poem: A verbal Tour de Metaphor

Date: October 2011

Publication: Red Fez

50. Poem: Enthalpy Blog

Date: November 2011

Publication: Enthalpy Blog

51. Art: Photography, Self-Portrait Wild Hairdo Day

Date: November 2012

Publication: The Fat City Review

52. Art: Photography, Self-Portrait, Dancing with Mannequin

Date: November 2012

Publication: Blink Ink

53. Poem: Barbie Came and Went to Heaven

Date: December 2012

Publication: Barbie in a Blender Anthology

54. Poem: 2 poems

Date: 2011-2012

Publication: Enthalpy Blog

55. Artwork (2)

Date: November 2011

Publication: IMPpress

56. Poem: S & M

Date: August 2012

Publication: Squawk Back

57. Poem: Guanajuato Paso Dobles (?)

Date: October 2012

Publication: Something Other

58. Poem: Dedicated poem

Date: October 2012

Publication: ABCtales

59. Poem: A Mousy Story

Date: October 2012

Publication: Ink Sweat and Tears



60. Art: Self-Portrait  
Date: October 2012  
Publication: Blink Ink

61. Poem: Guanajuato Paso Dobles  
Date: October 2012  
Publication: Full of Crow

62. Art: Color & Texture of Illusion + Otherworldly Landscapes  
Date: January 2013  
Publication: Beyond Reality Magazine

63. Poetry: 2 poems  
Date: January-March 2013?  
Publication: to be published Nain Rouge

64. Poetry: The Pink of the Whore  
Date: to be published January 2013  
Publication: Slit Your Wrists

65. Poetry: 5 Haiku  
Date: to be published February 2013  
Publication: Kind of a Hurricane Press, High Coupe

66. Art: 3 pen & ink  
Date: to be published 2013?  
Publication: Parable Press  
parableart@

67. Poetry: Ay, ay, ay Pablito and Fetisha Poema  
Date: to be published March 2013  
Publication: Zona de Carga:  
A Journal of Literary Creation  
Department of Spanish and Portuguese  
University of Wisconsin-Madison

68. Poetry: Wings of Immortality

Date: to be published March 2013

Publication: Mistletoe Madness Anthology? Poised for Flight?

69. Art: figurative cubism The Red Lobster

Date published: April/Spring issue 2014 (Verify)

Publication: The Red Lobster

70. series of 8 figurative cubism

Date published: planned for 2014?

Publication: Ascent

71. Art: figurative cubism Cover art (174) (178) Alternate

Date: Fall 2013

Publication: Black Magnolias

72. Art: figurative cubism Cover art (62) a Alternate

Date: Winter 2013

Publication: Black Magnolias

73. Micro Flash Fiction

Date: June 2013

Publication: Kind of a Hurricane Press Point Mass Anthology

74.4-8 artworks w/special feature

Date: November 2013

Publication: Serving House Journal

75.4 Artworks

Date: July 2013

Publication: Gravel A Literary Journal

76.4 artworks

Date: October 2013

77.1 artwork  
Date: November 2013  
Publication: The Blue Hour

78.3 artworks  
Date: January 15,2014  
Publication: Flyway

79.3 artworks  
Date: January 2014  
Publication: Hinchas de Poesia

80. Artwork  
Date: July 2014  
Publication: Four Ties Lit Review  
[fourtieslitreview.com/home/issue-3-volume-1-summer-2014/art-gallery-3/](http://fourtieslitreview.com/home/issue-3-volume-1-summer-2014/art-gallery-3/)

81.1-Poetry: The Nature of Buddha  
Date: July 2014  
Publication: Four Ties Lit Review

82.4-Artwork  
Date: August 2014  
Publication: Up the Staircase Quarterly

83.1-Artwork-Cover  
Date: September 2014  
Publication: The Corner Press Magazine

84.3-Artwork  
Date: November 12,2014  
Publication: Poppy Road Review

85.1-Artwork

Date: December 2014

Publication: Subprimal

86.1-Poetry

Date: December 2014

Publication: San Gabriel Valley Poetry Quarterly

87.1 Artwork

Date January 2015

Publication: Black Poppy Review

88.8 Artworks

Date January 2015

Publication: Le Chasseur Abstrait (French publication)

89. 9 artworks

Date: April 2015

Publication: Vayavya India

90.4 Artworks

Date: April 2015

Publication: Poppy Review

91.6 artworks

Date: April 2015

Publication: AJI (Ah-hee)

92.6 artworks

Date: Aug 2015

Publication:

93. Dystenium LLC Publishing for the Third Millennium

Many featured art, poetry & essays

Date: July, August, September, October 2015

94.3 artworks

Date: October 2015

Publication: Subtle Tea

Alexandre Nodopaka