



Seoul  
Bus  
Poems

Jim Goar

REALITY STREET

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*Jim Goar*

*for Sang-yeon*





I don't want to write  
about leaves. The change in  
seasons. my love. Instead:

The bell at 4:44 and by five.  
silent. again. You've heard  
it. Rain. Nothing poetic about  
"she slept"

without a mother. a father. a mother. two brothers

4:01.  
The monk begins to sing  
"Good morning"

Not all bumpkins live in China



A lonely deacon  
is hardly necessary for us  
to cuddle full and belching  
stars from afar  
roll over and sleep with no  
home I burrow constantly  
meaningless I hope  
the moon for lack of bananas  
cramps that exhibitionist  
can't be explained away



Witch doctors do not flinch  
they run the city conjuring doves  
and the doves are present and  
on spindly legs  
in the groin we call lice  
holy in flight chasing down  
the diminutive red and megaphones full of  
chants on strike and workers left  
to be mucked up pilgrims or  
baffled Mohicans dancing around  
and around  
the lip makes good crystal sing



requiring this world  
of short sight  
to  
sit  
down  
the Olympics are  
out the window  
and I'm  
watching yr neck  
in languages and  
have only  
two eyes  
for  
taxonomy  
emits  
reception  
a finely tuned retention  
a Christmas carol boom





There must be something  
on this mountain  
top spinning  
dizzy mewing  
thirsty as hell  
in sight of the ridge we  
crawl in ports  
of entry catch only  
what others give can't  
be shellfish with ornaments obscure  
all motives in the rain  
like chameleon skin blossom



Crocodile blood drawn  
tight coils under pillows the  
exhale will not  
come ashamed or  
still innocent she  
says white I don't argue  
socks need not scurvy  
with a pack of wildebeests  
running tatanka hands  
my ears are soft horns and my owner  
at two o'clock is not my owner at three  
blocks of western migration  
lemon rubbed teeth of cicadas  
without venom she whispers  
reptiles behind the knee



So what if bald turkeys stole your wedding dress  
My darling  
You look nice in that hospital gown.  
And remembering your mother's scrambled eggs  
But not her face  
Isn't so strange;  
Her eggs were good  
And you have your father's eyes.  
Just do me a favor, my suicidal rose  
And get off the ledge  
You'll kill the dirt if you fall.



I'm tired of  
the zoo

looking for my darling dear  
when I cry,  
"Koo koo ka koo."

you don't

If acorns were sweet  
squirrels would be candy  
and squirrels are not  
in the trees  
from the west  
constellation that I love

lay me a parrot down  
inside your warmest door



The washing machine  
and no water the poem  
without a bird without  
Hae-yeon my darling the OJ is  
warm and my coffee is no help

I live next to a  
monastery bell that rings  
33 times before sunrise  
and 28 times at five

“the tutor’s prince-nez lies upon yr  
daughter’s white breast”

I have forgotten so many lines this winter



The skin remembers how she crossed  
and went away unpacked and stayed  
where old times hang and spin  
above a summer plane to thrust and fall  
to dusk in early night she formed a couch  
no longer heard  
the oars of season shake and then  
and out the sun at five o'clock  
threw blind and shadows on my door  
a strand of hair and reason break  
the bindings of my nevermore



wined and dined

in sooth      my mouth  
    in blood      hot wood





If you didn't know  
better  
you'd say  
something dead  
lives in there  
when you know  
nothing of the sort  
ever does  
in the rain  
what it feigns  
in the sun



My wallet is on  
the floor  
carefully  
bend town

before

sun  
became  
crass

a plane  
shadow  
a bus  
shallow

a passenger

leaves

the curb

the street

if a crosswalk provides  
if your eye sprouts roots  
and those roots sprout atoms in ether

be still

means stay

while other wrists

twist  
& mop

the light and love

an illustrated bird  
more than the kind that crows.