



PISO MOJADO

J. D. NELSON

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PISO MOJADO

Freedom Pepsi

Xommon Ranch, Graph Paper City.

Lincoln, the Cobb Salad.

The Dex of knormal sights.

Spoken Maine

tomorrow Sunday

tomorrow Earth knows boiling

In standard hurt. Blinking

the Denverblast.

Too many earths with cold, I understood.

Not the free sounds of one in the head,

making new mistakes all over art.

I walked here in boots with noise allowed.

(Earth-friends in twos.)

Oh, Yer Air or Old Smarts

California Zephyr. Morning.

Granby more. One sun. That's as good as laughing. In reverse pretend order, the random stars:

"I was smaller than a brain when I was small."

Taking the train with bullet of one nickel.

"I became the smiling moon."

How and hoo say the jam? The rest of us know the answer with clouds and the wrong pajamas.

"I care for a panda with the smarter air."

One bun already. French noodle.

"I know of stars."

Doctor the area rug with muffler sparks. Ringo, the Shrimp Kid.

The Morning of Unusual Yarn

Utah. Mirror Lung, suggesting the half-boiled Mars. After Earth was already done, done for centuries. Earth has a new lightning. Desert instead of island. Instead of ink the laser salad. The piper took a lamb to holiday. The unspoken lamb. The artful noise, one bargain alone with the frontier yarn. The smooth ranch of dollar rakes. The moon is a picture of knowing. I was following the egg with a moon of ice in the liver of life. The life of the blue of area.

Winnemucca & No/w/here

a yes will

open the window one rub

bing alcoh

eye the gila monster

paper wasp laughing

the minor

league sandy in paris

whistle the morgan freerider

the names of certain frogs

in books

asking the piano for highway

marble for *onely* tracing boos

Vo-Tech

Celadon Falls, Kansas. Minutes from now.

The proof I need on 20 August: CØmplete answers \approx dreams with syllables. Circuitry, however. I've faxed my dream to the governor. The stoic vole of white noise. Amos set foot. Calculator trick using nine eyes. The feathery, green splash of the forest. The full carrot of carefree teeth, the paper of dentists. *The glue here*. Red Rocks limo. The Denver of little taxonomy. Downstream hippie. Valuable pigs in the barn. Typing without my machine. One hand ahead in the darkness of meat. When rain is as milk. A wooden Mars grins. Stay-at-home furniture. I fooled Little Mike with a fleet of tiny ships. We speak of milk laughingly. Wet water, enough. The lumber of wise peaches. You were sharpened with the other knives. Who names numbers? Why not turkey eggs? Bread crumbs are ba-a-a-ad fast. The coins is poisonous. Caring for barn bats. Brow of Pluto. The capitol cities in which I've lived. I wonder about the old Abe Lincoln robot. Lookalike llama boxing in the crab stance of the orchard packer. Rabbit sandwich. A dotted eye with pork as a Bufferin. Eee! The grammar of teeth. Window nerd, the noun of nice. Nothing was three about anything. The walk was wholesome. A window or "win-derr." The yolks are blue. I'm too cool to clone myself.

A LORD HEAVY

Was it yesterday or not the morning? I speak little, boiling noise of the heart. I smoke and study little words. Morning ark in head. One morning the ribs.

One pheasantyear.

Grafted hand is none of that black water. The Mars of Kokig.

Ohlumbus the buyer with mood and fingers. A dusk of purple. The hygienic ghoul.

Oh, sope, the old one if that was a vampire with Denver wheels.

Dracula Branch

Soon manner of a cow first boiling boy. It oily I camera.

Move the moon. I was wise in white and smarter than a napkin. Yes, a clone with insides.

Rass, the Denver cleaner. Too manrass is nothing. A farm with bright answer. The dream of hooks in pockets lined with Mars and noise. Hockey taking too long. Pocket of the mind of moon a random.

The book of hammers. The only sad line in Texas.

Halving a moon. Later: the moon is a sliding hand of the k---. The clean name, a possible pea. Oh, it was a drawback.

The dream of Crayola brown. Another fire, not unnatural. A planet of brains heavy with later. Hands were speaking – I couldn't believe my feet. The plush wooden dime.

Skilled moss, the vowel number right with season. Uncaring tomorrow Earth? The natural order of something clean.

Aught um. As mooney is ark. A small ounce for mice.

Nearness Detroit

Sssss... bloom!

Steel wool

artful. Domino

binge.

Goliath of Gath.

[I have the ace a bu—

was it a weekend?

oh, I lost the]

Dime, the loner clown. Lenore of suede.

The barber of Christ.

So rat watchers can say.

One of those 1940s superheroes.

Reboot the chemical sorrow of tired milk.

Rainbow at The Rainbow.

Movement in trees of God.

An Easter oyster. Half

of Needles, California.

Edward first, the good sentence.

Scottish or smaller.

A country of breakfasts.

I'm lining my own paper
with an old, blue pencil.

Swollen Grover and Black Oatmeal

The Denver night as long as I remain blind. Selfish punctuation. Clowns smashing glasses for the next mile. Subliminal area code.

“Earth is an ally,” I said.

Yes, a cooler killbot. I became a magnet of brains without a wooden Iowa. A walk of alphabets. Morning sharks. The raccoon of bleach in the nausea room. I met myself in the future. The November brain of crawling.

Rare Maths

I am speaking from beyond elsewhere.

The calm steak of the face. A creatureless past.

I escape my own gravity as Avengers assemble and startle the mice.

I can't take the clouds. Downright Alaska.

The forest of turtles. Heaven smells of potatoes browning.

Nothing left to say until I say it. Midnight of liking nothing.

It's dark down here.

What is Your Only Comfort in Life and in Death?

Tick the nice wolfen & I have things on my arms & daily ice & no more eggs & the dream with the anklesaurus & a good gallon of the Sprite & I chose the lucky ticket and won a stick of parade walk & one Little Joe, the marketplace volunteer & computer tone elf in these woods & flavor of salt the talkback room & service universe & the pre-programmed Earth, the hollow machine & none of this text & dismal birdwell broke the chant of antler & the good first law of planets & a tree of busses & monster coins & the stomach of Mars & beeping the life of moon rays & the rays of the blue sun whenever & Jesus speaks limited Latin.

Jellyfish Ampersand

K'ucky in talking. Room 8 had its own noise.

I saw a lonely bird cubing primes. Ted Danson weekly.
Icy finger vowels. Corrective meat. Denmark has moved over.

The bright-eyed BX moonster. The good grammar Earth.
Minnesota Mars. New England leather.

Æther, yes. Salt the green Monday. Rooms of lung walls.

One of the cobras.

The Earth as I remember it, with its blue sun.

Energy forest. The stomach of the stars. Lightning and cucumber.

The Hollow Hoot of the Iron Owl

(Written on a graph paper napkin)

Around the 5th I know of.

Fake walk or schwa.

I feel like an average monster
without the suction cups.

Hoot of the winking sharm.
This cloud of chains.

A mirror Earth in my rear view.
One brain is missing.
It isn't funny.

A robotic crow is an English monster.
Snowflake Rooster is a wooden monster.

Morning is missing.
The wood hoof.

The spyglass aroma of tomorrow.
I call it black and make rainbows.
Toronto is a demanding village.
I can't happen all at once.

Darth Vader cookies.

The frog in Pampers.

Minus Invisible Luck the Chop

△ Triangle

1. I'm explaining it.
2. It's unexplainable.
3. That's *it*, exactly.

The chess of the eye. Certs
with Retsyn.

19 MINUTES OF SCRAPING

In Black Sabbath jeans. Princeton in every blade of grass. The trout of stomachs in Nottingham. America is the peach with beetles. The Dallas of forty-one a dollar ago. Stinking of plenty, another blue knight with beans and the secret yarn. 'Umbling or humbling?

ENDING: With liberty and justice for all of God's monsters.

Pigpipe

The spider of large Atari, the invisible name. Who made it the Ringo Starr of yellow?

Dark matter Motrin, a calendar of eyes. Yes, the iron pipe and Monday is the half.

A pile of fingers with striped yes. The yogurt shoe with pie and spiders.

A castle of the future prosaic.

“I didn’t order any poison,” I said, and the floating head with the beaker in its teeth flew back to its nest.

And now, a little hole where my period should be.

Magic “G” the Golden Wok

The angry capitol of Colorado. The Trenton of my youth. The grass in the morning with bull. The complete STAR WARS in memory. The moment in a yesterday blue. Artful Charlie, the buffalo who smokes on Sundays. The future is Frankenstein. Scream the day. Normal eyes in Mars of the room. The Judas Priest kid at the arcade. Glass, maybe denim. The other day was the other day. Mothership day of Christ in the future. How about now, tonight? Denver loves bargains.

Hard Nerf

The Mars of Poultry is forgiven.

Gallon of plaid.

Unless the plaid.

“I have been eating moss in the woods. That should be enough for your report,” I said.

“I don’t think so, Mr. Nelson,” said Forlorn Panda James James James. “We’re going to have to lock you up.”

Unless the milk.

Visine with milk.

Good, plaid rivers
seek the Steelers.

Just Ask Carl Without a Coat

It's starting to snow in Denver in December and he's talking about the light poles having an organism inside that makes the ground cold. He calls them "jigawatt poles." He tells me about the lions at the zoo with pearls on their tongues and how he had found a diamond on the floor and he put it on his tongue and the lions told him that he was a pearl. He wants me to call him a meanie. I give him an expired transfer as the bus pulls up. He flashes it to the driver and calls him a meanie. He tells me more about the zoo, like how the ground turned into worms and maggots and snakes and crocodiles.

environisms

house on mr.
plain ave. sad

chief of these
toes

ark-a-toad
Leicester

g of talking
how it

blink why
earth tusky

eye involve
gold of tired

seed/spore
speedcore

art bandana
article

noun fathom
the bathroom

sew car

draughts

ace invaders

sp.

solid numb, er,

a *v*ital sinus

western dream

800 stars

mirror earth

mr. me

shudd le

ft. collins

earth work

quote

ink lasso

below math

drake surr.

sum

avec S*P*O*T

“prismash”

Noun Mouth

The Frederick of art. The high window of the frown.

Clay and syrup, not a smaller truth.

Is your name James?

I don't remember.

You don't remember?

I fell asleep in the bathroom.

(Whichever foot is touching the ground when—)

One known mole is the captain of America.

Space with whig of fine piggery,
suncakes of the auld spoon
and confusion here:

Avoidable music and value,
Huddington prawn.

Alexander, derr, derr, the awkward ace.

Diamond milk for lovers.

Coffee & zoo.

one moon winks

the morning of noon

of michael landon

landspeeder luke

silver SK one

orange tooth

** plink*

R. pipeline

red SK (a)ghast

forgot a gallon of milky size

bacon again, becca

(

Tron: The Burger

The Denver of Boise. A little unbeginning. Howard the Stomach in his rib suit of striped pork. Numbers in violet. Facebook is frowning. Chocolate tracing paper. The part about the black rabbit was my favorite. Creatureless face. McDonald's furniture. The hard talk of California. Holy Trenton. The genes coagulate and surfboard my Miramax. To be a pretzel. Why can't I remember the ice age? Wheelie popper. The universe is a month away. White noise chimes. Nine of the nothings. I call myself a true toad. Yogurt Slug. Was Friday your only Olympia? Broken machine.

About the Author

J. D. Nelson (b. 1971) experiments with words and sound in his subterranean laboratory. More than 1,000 of his bizarre poems and experimental texts have appeared in many small press and underground publications. He is the author of several collections of poetry, including *When the Sea Dies* (NAP, 2011), *On the Toad* (The Red Ceilings Press, 2011, and Red&Deadly, 2011), *Roman Meal* (Ten Pages Press, 2011), *Noise Difficulty Flower* (Argotist Ebooks, 2010), and *The Frankendelphia Experiment* (Tainted Coffee Press, 2010). Visit MadVerse.com for more information and links to his published work. His audio experiments (recorded under the name Owl Brain Atlas) are online at OWLNoise.com. J. D. lives in Colorado, USA.