



ROYAL BLUE CAR

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* *Flush Bruise* © Kimberly Nichols 2011

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ROYAL BLUE CAR

(i)

i wanted a royal blue car & i got one.
but the blueness of the world has no street signs.
in a children's book colors collected
& the world was painted with you & me.
a produce truck brought unlimited supplies.
on a street corner
mother, dead these twenty years, apologizes
for her despair.

(ii)

there is ice out there, i know it.
no one breathes except the trees.
i will shovel out there & get pneumonia.
a blue car, not a terribly blue car
& a harmless baby crying in another room.
i crash through the window glass.
out there persons with fireplaces.
angel smiles down street spelled despair.

(iii)

building chased me down streets.
three-story stucco with fire escapes.
many apartments.
i drove toward the bridge in a blue city
that takes corners well.
blue car with white stucco catching up.
dead baby with nowhere to go.
the bridge in despair.

(iv)

pink star in blue night.
blue star parallel parked toward the end.
mother, dead twenty years, turns away.
certain constellations collect at the street corner.
would it be wise to gather my things?
leave a note, protect the cat.
pick up juice, drive off
in a grave blue arc, sidestepping despair.

(v)

train moves away, mother left
at station, dead baby in heart.
stucco houses encourage wanderers.
lust of the parking lot, cars
as blue as eyes. if you
were a bridge, what would
you think? mother, now
dead twenty years, baby in despair.

(vi)

a flight of stairs
driven to heights unforgiveable.
climb it if you wish.
dream avoids dreamer.
dead baby crawls in the mind.
never mind the words, she said.
mother of the mind distracted
by the stairs begins to learn despair.

(vii)

museum of corridors twists the dream.
success & failure around every corner you know.
it was mother's dream after all.
mother asleep these twenty years, dead baby
is her muse. royal blue car rests
on a blue planet without lane changes.
calm summer day tightens its noose.
an alphabet collects itself in despair.

(viii)

blow your brains out kind of weather.
the scene is cut.
a stranger walks through the airport.
the scene is strangled.
who has time for flowers?
flowers take hold of the scene.
a stranger drives a blue car in the air.
hesitation lures the lips of despair.

(ix)

i stood there proud as a fence
with thin slabs & pointed tips
circling a house mother might
have lived in & all the clouds
clapped & tumbled for me
but mother, dead these twenty
years, held the joyless baby
stiff & dead, taunting despair.

(x)

royal blue car drives off with mother
gone these twenty years, dead baby
will not leave her. indistinct
cities bore the passing decades.
stucco building flees into mother's arms.
bridge has a plan. dead baby
harmless & sweet. royal blue car
tells mother lies & lies, avoiding despair.

(xi)

royal blue car chases me into blue twilight
a flare of good nights & night forgives all
the days between, the days of awe
a crazy highway dazzled by blindness
dead baby has eyes straight up
mother, now dead these twenty years, turns aside
while stucco building pleads
with the dreamer, blue twilight always in despair.

(xii)

a blue sky parked itself over the world.
sinners around every corner.
mother wandering, now dead these twenty years.
dead baby, harmless, guards the world.
a blue sky chases dying bridge:
royal blue car aims at blue sky.
airport shrugs its shoulders, expecting no one.
a cedar chest, filled with heroin dreams, smiles at despair.

(xiii)

blue car drives toward red dreams.
spill all the colors, kill them.
bridge struggles with the city.
white stucco building pauses for air.
i look around for a friend.
stucco building chases me.
bridge discards its lanes.
i promise the windows will shine with despair.

(xiv)

royal blue car is sad today.
mother turns away, avoids dead baby.
sad, low dreams melt at midday.
dead baby in the sun, shade trees
in blue car's dream. dead
these twenty years, mother still
envies dead baby. shade trees
murmur of lullabies, secluding despair.

(xv)

mother, dead these twenty years, invites
the disc jockey in for drinks, stashes
dead baby in a corner. tinkle
of these twenty years, cheers
everyone, cheers. building wiggles
in accompaniment. a river
of dream tunes stalks the bridge.
dead baby, dead baby, sing along with despair.

(xvi)

no one has told mother
she's been dead these twenty years.
no one has called with the news.
i am a royal blue sky, disturbed
by the horizon. but what word
of dead baby?
the inky truth
swears with despair.

(xvii)

blue destinies erupt while
musical chairs clap their hands.
there are fireplaces in several rooms.
dead baby is chilled. dead baby lies, eyes
ahead. royal blue car shows up just in time.
musical chairs stumble as blue bodies
enter with blue destinies. hands in pockets.
i squint to find royal blue car, fleeing despair.

(xviii)

why does god come & go
like radio. no reception.
royal blue car fills in blue spaces.
why does god come & go without
dead baby, mother dead these twenty years.
white stucco building gathers strength.
bridge turns away from its shore.
god laughs, encouraging despair.

(xix)

mother, dead these twenty years, clears a path.
dead baby in royal blue car drives off.
it is autumn for some people.
wide skies discover snow & tears.
the seasons of dead baby, years withdrawn.
i walk on blue streets & gold tiles.
bridge comes closer, then melts.
wide skies rain on cities of despair.

(xx)

burn the dead baby, thinks
mother, dead these twenty years. white
stucco eyes set fire to the city.
i close my eyes as i board the subway.
the city is choked with gold smiles.
many seasons turn & i tease loneliness.
dead baby, dead baby, can you count till three?
at the airport, planes burst with despair.

(xxi)

royal blue car drives me
through fog. city is chilled.
if buildings could fly, said
the white stucco building. halt
in your steps. white
stucco building sighs. bridge runs
in both directions. it is a sad day
for the royal blue car, whispers despair.

(xxii)

dead baby numbs my steps.
mother, dead these twenty years, draws
the blinds. anarchy is rumored
& always implicated. where are you
my friends? without you i remembered
how the bridge dialed wrong numbers.
mother, now dead these twenty
years, dusts the furniture of despair.

(xxiii)

i lie down in the center of the bridge.
just like your dreams, yes. dead baby
has lost its gleam. mother, now dead
these twenty years, is worried
& preoccupied. rooms encourage her moves.
i want to be like them all.
royal blue car invites me anyway.
building moans, bridge sighs in despair.

(xxiv)

a friend said she'd heard simple lies
& i am sympathetic. magic brews beneath pavement.
it is a post-death street & mother, now dead
these twenty years, admires dead
baby, & admits it. as though a cedar chest
had opened and exhaled. never mind
that the last of the musical chairs left town.
i drove off in a royal blue car, then pulled up alongside despair.

(xxv)

all of this might have taken place
in a hospital or place of employment.
lovers sat at the next table. tabasco sauce.
omelettes rush for safety. bridge burns.
islands shrink. white stucco building
chases me. i'm embraced by the royal blue car.
if it pleases you, i will bring chocolate kisses.
mother, now dead these twenty years, cannot outlaw despair.

(xxvi)

walk through the city. drift
along with other wanderers.
stop to wait for royal blue car.
indifference looks down from blue sky.
dead baby in back seat cries in monotone.
royal blue car hums. white stucco
building observes drifters through many
apartment eyes. blue car haunts despair.

(xxvii)

royal blue car thunders by.
mother, dead these twenty years, disappears.
dead baby seeks me out.
snowstorm rages by. colors
run rampant on dead baby's canvas.
i am found seeking employment.
i fear for organized labor.
the city is tangled & misunderstood by despair.

(xxviii)

in a house with dead windows
secrets invade furniture that
refuses to be abandoned.
mother, dead these twenty years, halts.
she will leave, carrying dead baby
in a suitcase. i am invited
by the house to dwell in secret.
i am invited to sleep in despair.

(xxix)

dead baby lies on musical chairs.
the MC has lost the script.
musical chairs wait for drifters.
drifters meddle with unruly streets.
surely the royal blue car will arrive.
blue sky refuses to reveal what was lost.
musical chairs scatter in blue swirls.
the city rumbles in despair.

(xxx)

white stucco building gathers its apartments.
it chases me relentlessly.
royal blue car searches for its blueness.
in an unknown house, servants shirk responsibility.
suicides drop to the kitchen floor.
it is too late, says the royal blue car.
that belongs to someone. blue car circles
& entertains. white stucco building thinks in despair.

(xxx1)

royal blue car stood panting
before a phony and friendless door.
mother, dead these twenty years, asks
no one in. except for dead
baby. dead baby knows
the contents of the refrigerator.
i may not be the most reliable.
it's this itch called despair.

(xxxii)

a bridge without a city
disappointed with its lane changes.
a white devil overcomes the fleeing
stucco building. dead baby asleep
on the bridge. mother, now
dead these twenty years, looks
sad in the disappeared city. it is
a draw. calm streets welcome despair.

(xxxiii)

month of leaves, where are you?
royal blue car awaits me.
we joke about country roads.
wanderers join wanderers
through the remarkable factory.
mother, now dead twenty years, stands
with dead baby. autumn tumbles from sky.
wanderers walk, joined by despair.

(xxxiv)

world is burning as cat sleeps.
look, ma. no world. tiresome
with ice cream on top. blue sky
extinguishes angels. tiresome
with bricks climbing up the house.
blue car tires easily. cat sleeps
in the passenger seat as driver
seeks red sun crowned with despair.

(xxxv)

blue car finds employment.
mother, dead these twenty years, is relieved.
seekers of food cloud her consciousness.
she relies on dead baby in the next
cold room. curtains open & close
upon thoughtless weather. no traffic.
a moon adrift with umbrella.
bearers of food ask, before feeding despair.

(xxxvi)

they went to a party. all of them.
dead baby asleep elsewhere will never
see a window. mother, now dead
these twenty years, whispers to herself.
it is a blue sky filled with blue cars
driving west. it is a bridge, swinging
with gravity. it is a house alone
with dead baby. moon eludes despair.

(xxxvii)

shattering, i tell you, shattering.
someone speaks of mother, now dead
these twenty years. dead jewels walk away.
dead jewels surveilled. white stucco
building has a plan. walk along.
dead baby betrothed to dead jewels.
the authorities arrive as blue sky
drives off. dead jewels consume despair.

(xxxviii)

where are those children who colored
between the lines? sponge cake
used to stuff holes in the world.
oh mother, dead these twenty
years, what have you done
with dead baby? red sun
will never understand blue sky.
dead baby holds a place in line for despair.

(xxxix)

blue car stands before god.
fireworks, fireworks. snow from heaven.
in the back seat of the car
lies dead baby & dead roses
from the prom. wanderers limp
into the fire & melt. mother, now
dead these twenty years, steps
into the breath of despair.

(xl)

for almost no reason, blue car
flirts with pink sky. house rises
up in protest. dead baby floats
to the top floor. mother, dead
these twenty years, says nothing.
she avoids dead baby, wouldn't you?
wanderers worship a shifting landscape.
blue car speeds off. city collides with despair.

(xli)

royal blue car sighing across the sky.
i wanted my blue car. i wanted
mahogany candles in a liquid room.
what doom, what untimely weather.
many apartments avert their glance
in a city passing through the eye
of its needle. sewing clothes
for dead baby. soon a web of despair.

(xlii)

why is this happening to me?
asks the royal blue car, red
with ambiguity & doubt. always
what's in this for me, says
mother, now dead these twenty years.
dead baby waits in a harmless room.
i will dissolve, promises the house.
ailing dreams in the city, coiled in despair.

(xliii)

blue car wishes for ice skates.
winter arrives & alerts
mother, now dead these twenty years.
mother's eyes are jewels
dead baby is her reflection.
come forth, come forth, into their world.
dead baby looks at us.
ice skates will carry me toward despair.

(xliv)

white stucco building chases me.
apartments, many apartments, some
with fire escapes. royal blue car
drives me toward mother, now dead
these twenty years. dead baby
lies peacefully on the fire escape.
a walnut world cracks open with sky.
birds not far away settle accounts with despair.

(xlv)

come forth, come forth, everyone.
blue car solves the blue riddle.
dead baby, dead baby, gray & white
cat walks by. mother, now dead
these twenty years, rolls up the shades.
her mood is impossible. the light
is impossible. please help her
come forth through the walls of despair.

(xlvi)

night gives dead baby its assurances.
poverty walks past the house.
continually. back & forth.
blue car hisses at the oncoming storm.
i peek through the curtain with blue eyes.
dead baby hiding from mother, now dead these
twenty years. blue car sidles up to white
stucco building, fire escapes clogged with despair.

(xlvii)

bridge invites royal blue car.
lanes entwined. sad people in disarray.
dead baby floats in the waters
of past & future. mother, now dead
these twenty years, attracts
confusion. order is expected & folded
quietly in cedar chest. bridge invites
the uninvited. bridge ignores despair.

(xlviii)

it belongs to me, give it back.
the half-eaten meal leaves
the table. disappears into that good night.
soon morning will creak through the door.
regardless of the harmless baby stuck
in the back room, mother, now dead
these twenty years, hums with music.
the refusal of the house interests despair.

(xlix)

those people going to & from the doctors.
royal blue car chases the street.
white stucco building hides its true motives.
fire escapes are no escape after all.
blue building still & alone.
time spent in heaven doesn't count.
i wanted to go but i couldn't. mother, now
dead these twenty years, warns of despair.

(1)

i'm standing here wrapped in continuity.
someone's friend, someone's friend.
woman on her own confronts royal blue car.
i am feeling the house falling down.
the neighborhood poor have no comment.
runaway streets approach the bridge.
mother, now dead these twenty
years, throws crumbs to the birds of despair.

(li)

blue car is hopeful.
curves ahead but mother dead
these twenty years, appears
in the foreground. busses
surprise themselves in a
hopeful city. enterprise and
scheming skyscrapers watch
workers disappear with despair

(lii)

closure, says the royal blue car.
dead baby's refusal to loosen.
mother, now dead
these twenty years, steps
over dead baby. it is
as if the cupboards were full.
as if the planets were beside
themselves with misty-eyed despair.

(lii)

red sideswiped car parked on street
with no inhabitants. blue car
drives away with no comment.
hidden in the house, dead baby
with eyes straight up. windows
glaring in the uneasy light.
morning, & mother, now dead twenty
years, views the atlas of despair.

(liv)

buildings smile at the holidays
as if their joke is discovered.
asphalt plans, a stoplight &
many, many questions. i am lost
& am looking for mother, now dead
these twenty years. dead baby
stays quiet as lights strung
around the neck of despair.

(lv)

holidays flat as steam appear in the city.
i am lost & am looking for mother, dead
these twenty years. a moon slides
behind royal blue car. mystery
involves the blue car in a plan.
the buildings will celebrate these holidays.
mother disguises herself as the moon.
blue car drinks to the mirth of despair.

(lvi)

wanderers jingle holidays in their pockets.
city with eyes shut, library books bow in deference.
mother, dead these twenty years, joins the procession.
dead baby will wait for the right time.
the holidays will mislead us. celebrating
in pantomime, shrewd clouds back off for now.
holidays jingle wanderers in their pockets.
celebrations infuse us with despair.

(lvii)

we saw it in borrowed books, on the faces of cats.
behind a collection of moons, a tree arose.
during a game we all played, one player
was excluded. crushed moons garnish
a salad. it is a celebration remembered.
a carnival masks the room where dead baby hums.
maybe mother, now dead these twenty
years, will declare it a holiday of despair.

(lviii)

blue car in terror, but why
but why. a curved city
to wear around the waist.
blue car loyal, alongside.
the island shivered while mother
now dead these twenty years
sat alongside dead baby.
interrogators terrorized by despair.

(lix)

riots do not deter mother, now
dead these twenty years, dead baby
in shadow. wanderers cut
the city in half. calling out
wouldn't help. no relief
from the gaze of the skyline.
you invented this to terrorize me
down this road of your despair.

(lx)

a circus outside somewhere
clowns deformed & clumsy
my best friends, till
truth do us part.
it's time for the tea party.
miniature lives soothe the doll house.
the circus, outside somewhere
in a seizure of despair.

(lxi)

royal blue car leads a friend
to a carnival. i dreamed
the cotton candy scene.
only the photo machine worked.
the roll of these secret dreams
grabs hold of mother, dead these
twenty years. she imagines dead baby.
she raises a glass to despair.

(lxii)

bridge goes mad chasing
blue car to the city.
the city revolves. wanderers
encircle the universe. blue car
reaches the sky. this is where stars
greet the night. mother, now dead
these twenty years, illuminated by
the glow of dead baby's despair.

(lxiii)

dead baby on the window sill, watching
for shirking trees. this is the park of shadow.
unknown buildings on the run.
bewildered fire escapes race behind
with dead baby in tow. when the
interrogators arrive, mother, now dead
these twenty years, invites them in
& offers them the tea of despair.

(lxiv)

royal blue car contains the universe
for at least one day. in the park
continents widen the path & compete
with the atlas. what did i expect?
white stucco building with many
fire escapes chases me.
royal blue car, royal blue car. mother
with dead baby, turns the pages of despair.