New Poems

Eileen Myles

DOI: https://doi.org/10.13023/DISCLOSURE.02.11

Follow this and additional works at: https://uknowledge.uky.edu/disclosure

Part of the Poetry Commons

This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial 4.0 License.

Recommended Citation

DOI: https://doi.org/10.13023/DISCLOSURE.02.11
Available at: https://uknowledge.uky.edu/disclosure/vol2/iss1/11

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Social Theory at UKnowledge. It has been accepted for inclusion in disClosure: A Journal of Social Theory by an authorized editor of UKnowledge. For more information, please contact UKnowledge@lsv.uky.edu.
Dear Citizen:

November 18, 1991

I want to share with you a poem I've written recently. I was driving to
New York with my friend and lover Jennifer Montgomery when our red
rental car got a flat. Jennifer went off to a nearby hotel to call the rental
service. I stuck around to “watch" the car. Having been depressed
during most of the journey, I took the opportunity to write this poem.
The title comes from a sad ad we had just heard on the car radio.

WALLPAPER BANKRUPTCY SALE

It doesn’t help to be grey at moments like this. The early day’s cloud, sort of a sweater or an emblem of my identity, is invisible by night. It’s crazy to be grey in the maw of the monster, grey in a war. O grey you are neutral, forgotten, o grey my sullen weather, the colors of storms buildings, minus the names of

It’s what you chose to ally yourself with in a lighter, merely abrasive almost tacky part of the day. Now you are like the rivers, the going no whereponds the yawns of late afternoon; blood is spilled, fortunes lost & you’ve got a clump of wood under your chin for a pillow, eyes trained on dawn.

Grey! You are like an upside down house & one by one the lights are going out.

---

disClosure: The Buying and Selling of Culture
NEW POEM
by Eileen Myles

My lover came over my house
one afternoon - I was doing
a big mailing for a show -
the one before this. She
was crying and I was trying
to make her happy. I was
sitting on the floor in this
sand chair we bought to go
camping last summer. I
was sitting there counting all
the people in the zip code
one thousand three. Myra
announced she was leaving
and I started to do a
little dance from my
chair - I was making
faces and had paws
it was a little dog dance
I explained to her. It's
a little dog chorus line.
A show about a chorus
line of dogs. But dog
chorus lines are irregular.
They just wander all over
the city, stray dogs.
Related but not you
Know doing anything in
sync, but shitting eating
pissing fucking just having
a dog life. That kind
of chorus. It's a
very modern art, the
dog chorus line and
I thought about all
the dogs on my lap I was
mailing my postcards to.
Eventually we got sick of

the shape of that kind
of dog chorus line. It
was true, but there's
so much of that, truth,
and it's so irregular so
we decided to make something
new - dogs in saddles,
dogs sprayed blue &
gilded, you know arranged
in galleries or groupings.
The irony of that kind
of product, an external
order, that's the joke,
despite the fact the
dogs are still roaming
around hungry &
hopeless, we're getting
very involved with
the new blue dogs
God, now we can decorate
them so many different
ways and we feel
so hopeless about
life, what can we
really do, so we
find another funny
way to arrange the
dogs, make a big
show, act as if
just for a second you
can have some kind of control,
and it is kind of funny, I
mean dogs aren't blue