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New Poems

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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.

institutions.

It's like
sidewalks
the faces
of
the sad

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

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