New Poems

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Dear Citizen:

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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,
in 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

sidewalks

the faces

of

the sad

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.