New Poems

Eileen Myles

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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,

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.
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