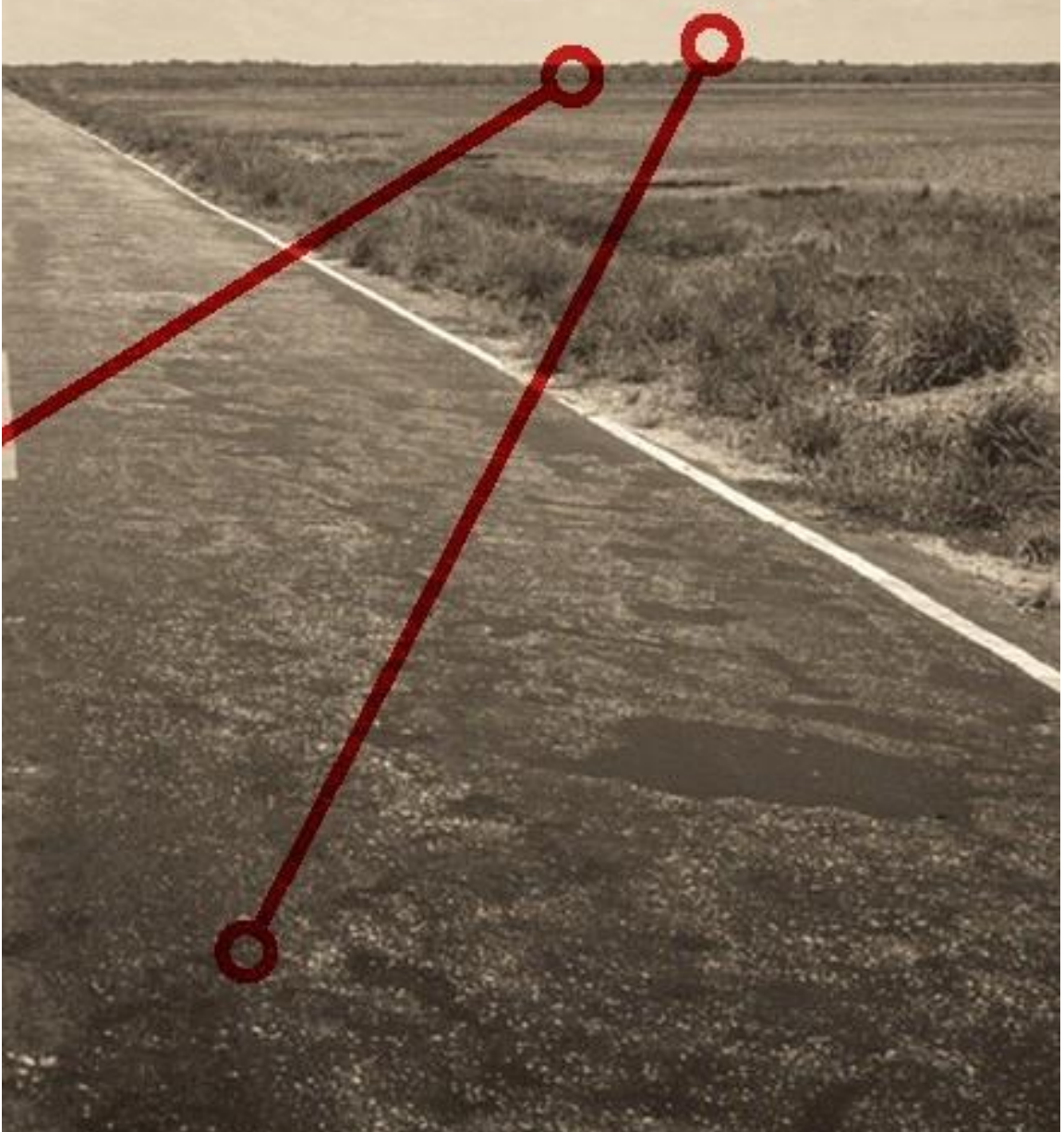


A CRACK AT THE ORIGINS

KRISTIAN CARLSSON



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All poems have been written originally in English, except “268503” and “11/1005,” which are translations by the author of poems previously published in Swedish.

Cover design by  
Freke Rähä  
ISBN: 978-0-9888628-8-3

Moria Books

Chicago, IL, USA

[www.moriapoetry.com](http://www.moriapoetry.com)

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# SEATTLE POEMS





## Doctor Who

One would think  
going away somewhere would be a way  
to be more productive.  
I even imagine writing  
a poem a day,  
but I haven't  
and never have.  
Once I got  
just one depressing line  
out of Paris.

And here I've been too busy  
taking pictures of produce:  
Partially Popped Popcorn,  
Swedish Fish: a fat free food  
—with emphasis on *food*—,  
The Hair Bender roast,  
Double Spam Musubi;  
and such items as  
Shakespearean Insult Bandages,  
a Bacon-Scented strap-on mustache,  
the inflatable Evil Unicorn Horn for cats.  
But what poem would that mount up to?

Outside a novelty store the other day,  
a mother asked her nine year-old daughter  
if she wanted to have her photograph taken  
in front of the life size  
Doctor Who cardboard figure.

“No, he isn’t my favorite doctor,”  
the daughter replied.

That’s the spirit I am looking for.

# Irregularities

1.

Flying saucers peaking at Rainier.  
A slow drip of wish bones  
like seismographic cattle.  
The immortals of Shambhala  
behead the Zodiacs.  
Use scenery instead of background  
like Michael Jackson  
trying out socks for Thriller.

2.

The pride of my Star Wars set  
was the elephantish keyboardist  
leading Max Rebo Band—

who might have done some kind of cameo  
appearance in the Michael Jackson short  
Captain EO;

precious piece of plastic  
stolen in preschool  
when I never came around to find  
a kid to usually suspect

and now as a father  
I understand it wasn't  
any of the other six-year-olds  
so it should be just about time to look into  
their parents.  
That was the perfect crime.

3.

Fan service can't get any better  
than larger than life people  
popping up  
as cartoon cameos.

The many Springfields claiming  
to be the right town. And Lisa  
telling Bart she, in the Springfield  
realm of movie production,  
saw Michael Jackson doing a cameo  
in *The Itchy & Scratchy Movie*.

Where do we, philosophically,  
find our real world when reality  
is sealed in the sub-fiction within  
the actual fiction?

# Surnames

## 1. (1612-1618)

Who would live for a century  
back then, anyway?  
Bringing seeds across the sea  
for the pre-Philadelphia acres  
of New Sweden  
while picking suitable surnames.

Working the tobacco fields  
in his late twenties  
a first permanent settler,  
to become freeman  
Peter Rambo.

Of New Sweden.  
Then recolonized.

Peter Rambo.  
Of New Netherlands.

Then recolonized.  
Peter Rambo.

Of the Kingdom of England,  
which back then apparently didn't bother  
to add "new" to something recolonized.  
And then recolonized.

Peter Rambo.  
Of the Pennsylvania Colony.

He must have sworn a new allegiance  
once a decade in his life.  
But his main achievement was  
as land went ahoy  
in 1640  
to name himself Rambo.  
Now half apple  
half action figure.



2. (1979-1989)

What should I call myself  
is another question than  
what should I name my child.  
What should I name my child  
is another question than  
what price should I put on my head.  
I have dreams that are superfluous.  
I have superstitions that come with a price.  
They should've let Rambo  
be picked up in a Seattle car wash.  
Intermediate blood.  
Not the individual but the state  
ought to embrace accountability  
for the failures of a citizen.  
In school they said nothing about Afghanistan  
so we got the picture  
from a Serbian bootleg VHS  
of Rambo III  
with several simultaneous non-Latin  
subtitles in the frame.  
John Rambo, most famous  
emigrant of the United States.

3. (1913)

Grandma's province  
wasn't even Swedish until 1658.

Although part of Sweden  
grandma's province  
got its own currency and laws  
in the 18th century.

That's a long downhill path for the workers.  
In the 1920's the United States didn't want  
a bastard teenager  
like my grandmother  
to immigrate.

Thrown into Canada  
for a decade at YWCA.

In the 1910's the United States allowed  
a fleeing impregnator  
like her father  
to immigrate.

Four generations is enough of a hand-load to remember.

Four centuries turn any country into a joke.

I guess I need to belong to the State.

4. (1985)

So, we were seven back in '85  
when Part II came out  
and my friend found a Rambo knife  
in one of the novelty stores,  
with needle and thread  
inside the hollow  
compass-capped handle,  
in case one needs to give oneself stitches  
when at it. Although  
I can't remember it having  
the top grain custom  
genuine faux leather sheath  
as seen in the movie.  
I loved the way Rambo  
cracked open tin cans  
with the handle of his knife,  
I never gave in to that style,  
a bit later I learned it's quite possible  
to use my tongue and tie a knot  
on a cherry stem inside my mouth  
like the girl in Twin Peaks.

5. (1982)

Fictional cities  
supersede ghost towns  
as reality.  
Hope, Washington,  
a movie blueprint  
of the Canadian namesake.  
A fictional town  
refashioning a factual town.  
Juxtaposition rendered  
British Columbia  
its Memorial Day  
motorcycle parade.  
Poets just turn countries  
into veterans.  
The cameramen  
of the Rambo saga  
routinely shied away  
from the rapists  
but make no mistake  
where there is war  
there is  
the axis of graphic intercourse  
on all sides.

6. (42015)

I played Rambo on my Commodore  
from a Datasette magnetic tape  
until my fingers hurt.

Space bar selects weapon.

It came with a full soundtrack  
that inaugurated my tinnitus.

There was a time when this game  
could've even have been sent  
as data audio two tone signals  
with a third Voyager probe.

In about 40,000 years

Voyager 1 & 2 will

interstellarly pass

a few light years from one star each

each with a Golden Record

upgrading human reproduction

from the Barbie doll-gendered woman

of the Pioneer plaques

that now are lost in space.

# World's Fair

## 1. [World's Fair]

The Bell Boy beeper  
and push button phoning  
in high end '62 when the future  
was the previous era of these times.  
You call your mother fairly often.  
The electronic brain's memory will do the rest.  
I was put off the grid beyond Skykomish  
for a 15th century Kyoto  
rip-off cedar showcase.  
Tenshō Shōbun timber and  
mountain ranges grey  
from peddling, panhandling  
begging for a haiku.  
I throw them a bone,  
they throw me a fossil.  
I throw them my mother,  
they throw me a satellite.

## 2. [Monorail]

The creepy peepy  
catching up with Mr. Holmquist  
in perpendicular aluminum,  
the stages of a stage.

Make sure to make it clear  
which question is answered  
with which reply.

The ongoing slight bend  
of a one trick pony yo-yo  
lost in space.

No future is more than  
the facts within its own lies.

### 3. [Performance]

Oh Elvis,  
American mothers pimped out  
their teenage daughters to you  
and went home masturbating.



# On Seeing Marty McFly's Hoverboard

(Back to the Future Poem)

I will always remember the sound of me  
thinking about something else while  
proofreading this poem.

# Game of Death

1.

“The unnatural naturalness  
or natural unnaturalness”  
wherein the Washington State Philosopher  
wants us to put our hips  
into human expression.  
Not necessarily in the Elvis way.  
No one plays ping pong  
with nunchakus  
like Bruce Lee.  
I did my white belt karate  
when I was eight.  
Shame-clothes.  
Mom refused to throw them away.  
Back then I knew myself enough  
not to recognize a jumpsuit body  
on my bones.  
No one-piece  
orange track suit,  
but mom was supposed to make  
the Salt-N-Pepa jacket  
wherein I could push it.

2.

Elvis Presley had to clarify his color  
to ever begin  
and my dad made his hair up as a mind  
and hid the moped in a grove  
keeping his helmet in his hand  
walking around like a motorcycle boy.  
Be water, my friend.  
And I kept an eye out for  
the golden Bruce Lee of atheism  
in Bosnia  
but the statue lingered at lost and found  
life size somewhere in the abundaries  
of forgetfulness  
where schools once again  
went into segregation.  
That kind of peace.  
The Dragon  
and the Tiger Man  
put the hip into it.

3.

One inch punch  
worse than a car crash.  
Raw beef, milk and eggs in the blender;  
an infusion of electric chocks  
reading Christina Rossetti.  
Make Cantonese match Mandarin  
doing cameos  
in natural instinct plus control.  
Another masked crime-fighter,  
sidetracking Batman  
in the four wheeled  
Black Beauty.  
Becoming his own  
anti-racist archetype  
of interventions.  
The Ruby Chow parking lot pictures  
from a Hong Kong rascal  
on screen, in streets.

4.

Quoting the Bible  
and disarming gunmen  
by going for eyes and throat.  
Promoting karate kids in Memphis  
to higher grade belts.  
The genre of martial arts  
where handshakes  
replace the honorable bow.  
Like Mishima, Elvis had his gladiators.  
Couldn't push the karate further  
on stage with the choir on hold.  
Waiting to loose ten pounds  
in his red ribbon custom made  
karategi suit  
for the last straw.

5.

I looked at cartoons for running techniques  
that might have been vain  
as I felt like running  
like a woman in the Fela Kuti song.  
There's more fiction than meets the eye.  
Did Elvis (as Vince Everett) ever  
go to Hong Kong in '72  
to make or brake  
with Bruce Lee?  
They are waiting  
up each stairs,  
you shouldn't skip any floors.  
This game is not over until we die.  
And then  
the real life open casket  
will be put in a movie,  
in a magazine.



# CHICAGO POEMS





## Chicago, take one

I told you  
I hide in show-and-tell  
though I stand corrected  
and keep an eye out  
and the other eye  
out of sight.

What other storyline  
will put your trust in yourself?

You are a beneficiary,  
for more details contact  
our office directly.

## Chicago, take two

The double meaning lead to double standards  
The Mr Mojo Risin Redrum Hiatus at Hotel Carnivore  
Snap the poetry out, snap the poetry out  
The mediocre is the message  
Television will not be revolutionized  
Documentation will be patronized  
Convincing gargoyle goggles of mankind-affections  
Did I mention the southerly maimed honorary call  
Like a share of town inclusion  
Alternative inclusion  
side grill into live union lady  
millions will be the former formerly house  
of years thorned, house called, four track, while ousted poor,  
living quarter dance slot as of now  
piece of crap commerce  
live goods, stock, stock,  
live and all, house and all,  
I did yes I do mention  
the abyss of exile  
not recognizing  
the family you brought along  
as they adjust at another pace.

## Chicago, take three

This fairly impossible turnaround  
to hand out access through words.  
Who's got the best silence  
of this generation?  
That's how we keep in touch.  
And managed to hide the location of birth  
as presented in the news.  
Now I must discontinue writing  
poems to the entire cast of Rambo III.

## Evanston Poem of Illinois

The cicadas make me thirsty.

The crickets ruin my poem.





# NEW YORK POEMS







Bat cheese cured  
in the Gotham cave.  
The nepotism of concepts.

## Predicaments

At least Batman had a butler,  
but now that's nothing like an adaptor,  
I need volunteers to find the cords,  
they still take all this time,  
but superheroes, yes, it is time to go,  
they're not even that happy, Batman  
had Catwoman give birth to  
the up-and-coming Huntress,  
as Spider-Girl was born into it  
and Cir-El, Kon-El and others,  
surely one would like to see a super hero give birth  
as delivery scenes are streaming anyway,  
I suppose they have home births and doulas  
or doing their own C-section  
while commuting on duty,  
I'll just put on my suit,  
I had dreams of becoming one of them.

268503

The paracetamol that inhibited the nine lives of the cat. Like  
chocolate to a dog. What you, out of thin air,  
finger-quote to someone from the Knickerbocker days  
at the Elephant hotel in Coney Island during  
the Lafferty patent on zoomorphic buildings.  
With a cigar store in one leg, but otherwise  
Airavata was, in itself, already there,  
on the wooden boardwalk  
ruminating materials  
between itself and itself for  
The Fenrir Wolf and the Dove of the Holy Ghost.  
For the materials, there were already  
anchorage, and as such within  
quotation marks. For the anchorages, there were  
already anchorage points. Those points  
already attracted strokes. No stroke,  
only its stretching, will turn. Turn  
neither more nor less than in a “g”. In it,  
ergo the stroke, comes the swift flourishing  
grammatics of the Voynich  
manuscript, or, at its finest,  
flexible rainbows  
from Codex Seraphinianus. We leave  
nothing unsaid. Thus the  
material. No, the points

that will not surge; that morph  
without metamorphosing. Just as  
V has put out a U, chiseled. Making the cut.  
We swallowed it, indeed  
we did. Just as  
we currently swallow the new  
Western saddle contents.  
Won't be any butter to salinize.  
The ester against the UV. We believe  
in everything that allows the skin to breathe.  
The cross-referencing animals succeed  
each other. The darned Elephant  
wasn't even on fire  
when Hot dogs came out of  
an I that laid itself down in a J.  
There was no fuzzier brothel  
than the Elephantine Colossus  
of the Knickerbocker days,  
there wasn't. Don't overact. Imagine  
it yourself. Contra-curses. A sycamore  
in the neck. Breccial alliterations.  
Perfectly natural copies of side-expeditions:  
biological post-reconstructions.

11/1005

The ethical synth of Michael Strunge  
beneath a synthetic composition  
in his Black Bible of Poems is no exaggeration  
your jam was nice in Llamarte Delfin  
on artificial drums as if there was a graining  
without knot-holes. And then the shrunken non-real,  
something, the ultra-unnatural, like sap in the splinter:  
to mean good but writing god due to the keys,  
to mean rod but saying god due to the vocal chords,  
to spell out god meaning Gremlin University Diaspora  
with a benignant oath to Gary Busey  
although it isn't until the sequel they sing New York, New York,  
but a composition of Gremlins by Busey here and there as well,  
the magnitude all over, Gizmo as John J. Rambo, for instance,  
everything is already there and is there again before it is there,  
back to the future with the language, in New York someone had  
independently worked with the same  
concept as I, fuck that, both of us printed our own shit,  
and at home Kristofer Flensmarck did beat me with his  
Ingmar Bergman masturbation, so I had to shred mine, this was  
meant to be published in the virtual realm so I could  
have pushed colors into it, but everything is already colorful,  
even my piss shades the additives, it takes a beet to  
change that. In no particular order: in New York I am thirty six,  
live in my first collective and get the first grey hairs in my beard;

there is hair coloring that keeps one's temples grey,  
but how smooth is that process for a beard I ask  
myself and won't try it, take a picture of the box inst  
ead, a New York is irreparably processed: in ten years  
a neighborhood is something else, it makes sense as I don't  
even have time for New Jersey. And Strunge, for the heck of it,  
only made it to twenty seven, for the heck of it, it was  
before Gremlins II, and his debut, for the heck of it, came when  
I was born, so I should, for the heck of it, take the  
grey at once, if it wasn't for the lines  
showing up in my face, might have been a few years ago,  
question mark, who takes such a good look at oneself, other  
than in the subway car windows, so I suppose I have myself  
to blame for not smearing on some anti-wrinkle-anti-ageing  
from the tube someone  
put in our bathroom, but it would be inconsistent with  
me being here interviewing old folks literally too dead  
to write poetry ten years from now, I could rejoice in  
writing this, and there should've been  
more narration, synthetic narration, you know, and more  
of the right thing, I can't drop  
the lines in my face reflected in the window, I hate improper punc  
tuation marks,  
I can't stand my misspellings of so many words still,  
but it gives me eternal youth, I don't sit  
alone here so I can't write  
certain things about azo dyes, about bottled smoke flavor,  
and then there is the sour tube we have played with:  
it will last for years, concentrated liquid candy is crap,  
just so you know it, we have been looking for the lollipop  
toilet dipper toy, but it is too messy to talk about that.

There is no greater mankind, mankind won't be man,  
but grows on additives. Is there  
any date available for you to take a look at this  
poem you think question mark comma period Yes as  
letters everything works better, that's why I  
always write numbers as letters so that they can be  
spelled out as thirty six for instance period Hey you,  
I know about Skype and those things but don't you find  
the world a strange pla  
ce  
when one has to make sure to make one's calls  
to San Francisco while in New York.  
I can just as well be here as I didn't get  
any ticket to Kate Bush in London,  
here the name Bush has a pleasant stench to it  
and calls upon oblivion.





# SAN FRANCISCO POEMS





Humming instead of words  
for conversation: that strong smell,  
almost a remnant  
of firecrackers; but more in the tune  
of a joke, you know, like the same old joke,  
the one we never got to hear, but knew all along.



There's a darkness  
conflicting with another darkness.  
What's up with the sun?

Something needs to put these hours to night  
with the cobra tail  
of a raggedy skunk.



Pawn your maddening traumas  
or save money on assorted discounts.  
A street wear named Desire.  
Although some save time on having  
eternal life.

## Gargantuan #1

Having passed the Golden Gate  
like a kid in the rental sneaking by  
lion fur hills  
and roadside cotton-candied zombie trees.  
At any of those given moments  
this one stuffs a squirrel  
up the trunk of an elephant  
to watch it sneeze. Would it turn flat  
if one would smash the Earth against  
another planet?

## Gargantuan #2

Sounds like  
a Marvel villain,  
Skookum, an oyster  
so fat it's called creamy, like chewing  
an eyeball, if I ever had, amounts to  
the Wimmer nugget that apparently was chewed  
by a Cyclops and spat out like a gum.



## Gargantuan #3

The all night A440 fog horn interval  
a pending phone call  
withholding the Pacific.

I had to cheat myself  
my way into a reality  
that was too real  
to be short of a blueprint.

And then he says:  
If the anus is the strongest  
muscle in our bodies,  
does that apply to superheroes as well?







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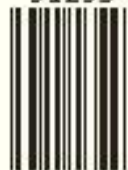
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THESE POBMS FIRST SAW LIGHT WHEN  
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ISBN 978-0-9888628-8-3

91295 >



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