



keep them for publication  
However, we have  
nd"? We think  
ow as soc

# **Not Having An Idea**

By Donna Kuhn

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moria  
1151 E. 56<sup>th</sup> St. #2  
Chicago, IL 60637

<http://www.moriapoetry.com>

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**YOUR QUILLS ARE SOPPED**

the fine chivalry of a real brute  
the premiere audacity of your premise  
feign the punisher

palpitation, say you, your head is mauve  
you arrive with an encore mix  
mister, your two moats are dire

rest in the sun malignant  
arrive again encore  
i pretend my boy comes for me

you are stupid, the officers are adorable  
they palely resemble bastards  
in a tournament, come the peons

its not dire, very, the man riots  
the reins of your head, no  
the salad is not for papa

sang to a shocked peter`  
knew some common fuss  
today accrues, paris is dark for paul

its a shock coin, come sir get your rackets  
dissent, your quills are sopped  
the little pots, rain the bayonets

**THIS TIME I DIDNT**

i dont show up in his payscale  
eye bonnets and peace in my head  
i scale a halo someones changing

im writing a box in your new rome  
girl is out there in his eye bonnets  
the horses sang in a box

i dont show up, dont your dog earth  
a girl is out there and your answers  
are dog food, his eye bonnets

in your laptop in rome, his eye answers  
i dont know your answers, severed words  
fireworks explode in a box of art

its not a prison; boxes of bananas, girl  
green girl with a red hat stands on words  
red walrus with fangs; i've lost something

u can have three lips if it'll save you  
dont they know what's going on  
u wake up, youre not dead

i kept dreaming around you but this time  
i didnt, im only sweatpants on a wall  
im only what i have left

i give you your wings, dont i fly for you

when bird keep on flying  
i have words all over my body

feel it, wander in the language  
take it back, spaghetti isnt dog food  
im so myself i dont talk to you

she's not a dinner of napkins  
and pieces of buildings  
if im napkins im expected to explode

a plane breaks, i know who u are  
u are a moon wound  
i dont show up

**CIRCLE DARK ON THE EYE**

are u boombox america, the circle dark on the eye  
your ears exhaled and i didnt; fear, no the mountains

part 1-in a bikini, kick the lightbulbs  
u found the mountains there  
with the egos of the eye

we buried u, are u sunburn tape on the mountain  
wink in zebra sugar, an egyptian cow

part 1-tragic grandma on her nose  
can u trust a monsters avocado pit  
i didnt steal the hurricane cats

get real, plus tax  
can u trust a monsters  
dark butterfly

i didnt steal from a mountain  
dont look at me like bricks turn in

we buried u to get into the mountains  
cow risks begin to taper

arizona went to arizona in a sugar bikini  
u were looking ill and u exhaled  
and u walked across the mountains

the eye that turns cow risks begins to taper

part 2-mooching in the masking tape  
the gator is loose and upset

u stuck out your tongue like a pink elephant  
u walked across your head with a peacock eye  
we buried u; are u feeling better?

we buried u; are u the mountain?

**ANGEL OF YOUR CRUMBS**

like u can fall apart with earth  
the feel of his feet  
its genesis to the floor

drum meagerly a human being  
slick ankles, step with as if  
air a degree, air draws

deep with, 14 bagels brilliant  
let me write on your feet  
dog paddling in the air

she wasnt gonna make it  
but she looked good  
i dont know what youre talking about

im a statue like this  
everybody keeps calling me  
i dont want to talk to them

im lonely when i dont talk to them  
i want to talk to u but i hate u  
i hate u this much

the cult of reason answers in sections  
great, where are my taut apples

where is your twisted address

u cant imagine how it feels  
u wouldnt want to know  
the women peered over the balcony

they were made of stone  
they had little women with umbrellas  
protecting them from the sun

did u knock when i was thirsty  
precept church, christian denial  
of pale backgrounds

philosophy was a physical reward  
unearthly sub going down  
i am the angel of your crumbs

full tilt weakness, artistic demands go  
anguished gravity, weak of human  
and, the elongated martyr

## SCAFFOLD PLAYERS

often my split is an undertow circus  
planalism was clean in cool broken form  
atonal tone for the scaffold players

russias life sprang up for the scaffold players  
the vacuum performed with mechanical indifference  
i didnt feel a gangster, otherwise i dont know whats going on

outlooking yonder spun the popular mouthpiece  
carelessly the governor says earthborn  
those with sweet smell in his nostril

heavy in lonesome sun bonnet  
inspiration groupie is painstaking, archaic, religious  
hey, u never talk about the maiden

## FILM IN YOUR EARTH

youre only nice when his censored apples  
 have nothing but your speech, a lady sounds  
 like an overcoat, a dog, a red country

its like a hurricane knows how to gag  
 when research groans in adorable arizona  
 spider yellow, i drew breasts

get into the sunburn, boombox america  
 were u beyond the seminar vacationing  
 in your vacation; lend a paranoid dog a heart

5 dogs were poor and if only u were  
 i dont need a man, trees with your fetus  
 if only u were earths machine

someone films the teeth, pelican lightbulb  
 resentment, teeth grave, last someone  
 films the earth, is u out, down and dig flower

like film in your earth, a blue poster  
 a shovel, a candle green fading to next  
 dirt clouds are white in candle earth

there dog green, come back with a flower  
 earth fading what, can i come down

i was next to your machine, your face

earth was next to a last green sound  
the wind is blowing, sounds like a  
fucked up windshield wiper

i miss talking to u; the world sucks  
even more without u, what are u  
doing down there, are u cold

are u hungry, are u lonely  
the clouds are white earth  
a candle was blowing

**OBOE ANGEL CREDO**

your toe ice demand, good news  
the gate, its hard, blind chap  
leave men and get your toe demand

good news, lassos trumpet geese  
mens in haste, white material  
have any soy, dont u

its over concrete, all weary  
youre shrewd, liberated your dottie  
i know, that was u screeching

where is u praying, jazz po is ravenous  
u are more by devoured, jazz u  
u smart originals blind cipher

sonic bat, believe u'll be an  
oboe angel credo, ogled ogre  
late hoodlum, im not devastated

**STICK YOUR TORCH IN THE AIR**

a heart says sweat instead of sweet  
some people are offended when i curse  
im from new york, i tell them, this is how we talk

if i held your hand would it confuse u  
dream about spaghetti and salt  
i dont use anything for its intended purpose

he was only happy when he painted  
im beginning to understand  
a future star stares at the liquor bottles

lined up behind the bar  
im still hiding in my pencil jar  
peek out from beneath your picnic table

u were ancient with an american flag  
over your head, the liberty bell hung  
in the middle of nowhere

suspended in green sky  
if i couldve kept u alive  
i wouldnt write another word

palette please, stick your torch in the air  
take in your foam cherries  
hollow skulls on the skating rink

united we stand, uh huh

please \$1, tell the corn god  
god bless this mess

a ripe banana smiles, a blue lady bug crawls  
i need your sandwiches, your bones  
my animated face distorted

**TILL WHAT**

just to be dark and in your yes  
in your hair, in your face, quiet  
you were so husband engine  
so bed till what

like a cartoon star, an atomic bomb  
your suffering suitcases  
your movie star struggle  
say when, over and over

desperation with a name  
traces with your over and over  
presence, u landed  
would i be your wife and yes

**THE TWISTING OVER OF SNOW**

its beyond tar, fred puts ice in my hair  
my sisters birthplace is a cliff

we are in australia, it looks like colorado  
u say frozen mountains make me ache

rain clouds make me nervous  
there is sing songs around the pain

i am hurt by aletheas teeth  
i could feel the indians for sheer

i could hear the indians anxiety  
and i could hear their songs

before i could see their work

i could feel not to see this sing at home  
eyes are like i have to face the twisting over of snow

**SPEAK UP LIKE NOT**

she is him with toys, a girl and a boat  
melts in your mouth, filled a joke with blood

i am the light of fingers, tv set arms eye the dark  
smelling ghosts with that printed matter

i see your emotions this woman moves  
two girls curl in english class

march on like shivering stairs, the fine cars are  
i am my ancestors, new york gives

raging a camp dancer i need to paint viciously  
toys full of cloud, im bob dylan, u didnt speak up like not

so flower at my bird fingers, dark bird angry at the porch door  
anorexic footsteps the moon sheriff escapes

who speaks empty fox as mountains like  
she's a bird black dream, i lose my eyes

under a nazi heart white teeth found bones of it  
with a mouth a sky in a puddle of tar

haunted, hunted, yeah u dogs stare

**PIECES OF AN EYE**

if i put u in a circle under translucent paper  
and scribbled on your face  
would those same crazed eyes stare out

a jail of u, a jail in u, turn the page  
if u really wanted to leave  
u'd be gone by now

confusion, silverware, woodpecker  
the way branches scribble  
across windows and walls

a circle in your mouth like eyes and cheeks  
graffiti on your shirt when u were little  
yes i do love u, i always have

pieces of faces like a whole face  
is too much to take in all at once  
too much lives in there

sometimes a face with no words  
falling out of your hair like a neck  
she draws in my book upside down

things like flowers and peace  
happyland, a peace sign  
made of pebbles

sally lou, how do u sign your name

sally lou, tell me what to do  
pink and green nose before u died

**BEYOND THE HEART SEMINAR**

i drew breasts on a stick  
u came down the yellow slide  
with your purple face  
and spiderweb brain

fear factor plus tax  
ducks, ballerinas, footballs  
triumphant one  
born to nap, why

youre so american u hate the place  
kachina ghouls survivor  
are u up there with tragic grandma

zebra cow boombox  
its like u groan in arizona

it makes u take a word to the mountains  
to gag on cats and sunburnt eyeballs

the goal winks at the goal figures  
part II-figure out the masking tape

are u feeling better with your lightbulbs  
at the seminar? its like a hurricane of goatheads

adult ed winks in the circle of the eye  
a scene of mountains, a scene of egos

the masking tape is loose, ed

the mountains are part 1

the masking tape research groans in your lightbulbs  
can u trust a shattered face, words, blenders, radios  
your friend with the green ears exhaled

we buried u with your skateboard  
i wanted to get into the coffin  
so u wouldnt be alone

ed, your lightbulbs are dark  
i hope your companys mouth  
went to arizona

i get a letter addressed to your lightbulbs  
the music falls; part 1-the path of upset  
part 2-write me; adult ed winks in a circle

empty1 pane ring; i hear bees  
and essays, my son is crying in a circle

a scene of egos is upset  
part 1-path, 2000 streets

a few dozen aggressions found mt. zion  
evan is a confidence seminar  
but the hearts abilities dont know

dogs are vacationing in your head  
like your head is 5 dogs

sounds like island ghost

were u altered like 5 dogs

the seminar heart rings  
gator, its winter

all i had, your lightbulbs  
i was no mother  
the songs are u, really

doilies keep about  
when your lips  
no eyes stopped

right corner would give anything  
on a tropical to cook mean concerns

the cost u were a cheshire in the upper  
were u beyond glaze and copyright

were u beyond upper cheshire  
were u beyond the heart seminar

eye tax, the hurricane smiles  
like an avocado mummy

the eye on her arizona mountain abilities  
an egyptian begins to taper

**UNCLE SAM FORGOT HIS HAT**

when we were home a pumpkin  
and a pig were half of your face  
i liked copper glue

please note our new address  
the blue period got bluer  
betty boop and wiley coyote had a thing

pineapple inside the stomach of a bull  
black flower, blue frog, purple hand  
eagle in bear stomach, blue lizard

elephant with an american eye  
the red hand of america  
i wore pink earrings, i didnt care

quail hearts in a cluster  
the suns got sunglasses on  
the foam pear is happy

watching japanese cartoons  
split me open, america  
split me open and take everything

uncle sam forgot his hat  
u ate a tomato and threw up  
in a costa mesa swimming pool

two pineapples are getting it on

your nose is a \$100 bill  
the watermelon is saying

i pledge a legion to the flag  
i pledge a lesion to the flag  
red strawberries in the stomach

blue pear, the apple is scared  
blue and yellow monkey  
red porcupine, no words

an odd time for a bake sale  
wave goodbye to your orange horses  
your xmas trees in the hills

black ink over orange and blue  
scratch down to the surface  
to get down to it, to get down

**NEW COMBINATIONS OF LACKING**

not born to see go, to loose up against  
buttons of an undergraduate  
mysterious degree, weird secret

not a lie, not a chase foundation  
not a civil argument to sap  
unreasonable not, boorish theater

like joy or a waterspout  
a collection of feeling  
extreme captain

to amount to a trophy  
one who stays away  
from houses or buildings

an open wooden commerce  
business done of hoops  
soiled with dirt from selfish motive

devil speech a sundial  
new combinations of lacking  
to discover a crate, to doom

to expose wholly addict  
to eat up boundaries of limit  
fool of dupe a fine

## A CLOCK THAT BLOOMS

father with the little peanut waters mars  
jupiter is people past the parking lot  
wear pastel and hear god

before a wishful naked headache  
for u click and grow and u click  
and shiver and water goes by like a car

scratch the crab window while she cleans but this  
down by the water clink clink  
strange public strangers head watching tv

and territory, good nutritious wardrobes  
i explain to the hypothalamus window  
kill the room aching with smoke

the desert is senile and the girls ballet  
they can force feed u sudafed bubbles  
dream of an undream

gives u a clock that blooms  
wet screams a lump of cubicles  
streets in a group have foglike things

are trees and bones, birds will down  
by the ninth led dream, i like a couch  
the cool running water rides

some color, she's busy, had very  
that cannot land while u wait  
for orchestras

youre holding pastures, u bird  
turn your paintings upside down  
dont u ever knock

hot summer and a mouthful of u  
your with an excited unknown  
and this has never happened

afraid of your victorian head  
it feels like voices at the peak  
you're afraid of bugs and your afraid

of birdfreak hippie stars  
u think youre a slob and they  
can smile inside a rash

newspapers, mountains, utensils  
i have never seen this  
your refrigerator kills the bugs

that are nowhere surfing  
cities before u turn nothing  
the maid comes, so she

**A PLOT I DONT UNDERSTAND**

death simply stores shoulders  
five blankets of nerve vexations  
attach it to a cardinal moon

become smaller in, smaller in the afternoon  
your soul is smaller, shun a thing with fizz

particles of goat head fencing  
cardinal of slouched fencing eyehole  
smear a plot of murder i don't understand

fencing a platinum blond 4-plex  
petty venders smoke up  
i bend for your sandpapers  
antlered sadness

the years between an eyehole  
my grandfathers life of two wars  
attach it to a wicked destruction fog

act evasively, wicked cardinal  
dont look at me when your ink  
smears a plot i dont understand

sadness shows up as evangelical dog language

i show up and take care of herself  
i have to go get lost, your head  
vertically bird dim

head menus drink bones of goathead murder  
cardinal of scorched gibbons  
particles of undergarment

my life is the chapel head bird  
my life drinks bones of mobster eyehole  
drinks bones of head menus

ice a cardinal, ice a horse cavity  
how uncertain female without sailors  
my life is antlered goathead murder

authority swerves to burn with a fizz  
speckle a thing forfeited  
to be unable to shun

flips as to flip, flick flirt  
variable batteries  
flick flirt to the beef

the stereo wars sink  
your soul is smaller in ice  
become smaller to a king a father

are u the cat with your pale private how  
im meeting your head as if it hiked  
a river to the bus

the hostess packs quickly, people  
the stereo cares that you're metropolitan  
your metropolitan pedestrians are gliding

two parties with a side of fairground fog  
a loin of horror cardinal moon

the association of fruit juice  
a hissing drink of horse mouse  
with muscle i drink your soul signal

living mainly in sri lanka  
whistler become smaller  
that is to the right or left

**AIRSHIP TO SOOTHE**

to steep tea with a hint or a sly remark  
the tribunal for the lack of gratitude

one who inhales writing, printing  
any of the patterns made in here

a mental process that restrains a country  
to admit your innards are a member of

a fraternity club, join into one another  
like jazz now, between anything  
that fills time

a short piece of music as specific  
as the inner city, periods of refusing  
to compromise

a plastic loop hospital  
aliens in wartime

the branch of underhanded plotting  
governmental horn oil

chin she thin leisure  
runners must leap  
too great to jump over

huckleberry overcome  
hurdler arrogance  
dark blue berries

hurdy gurdy huckster  
peddle a peddlers choice  
to peddle an organ at the

department of housing  
huddle down, draw oneself up

a confused turmoil  
a private uproar conference  
arm of the atlantic

to shout hurrah, hurricane outcry  
to offend a playwright  
to ask a question with great speed

or much force, a married hulk  
towed man, to dismantle  
a big clumsy archaic farmer

husk hush, an airship to soothe  
nuts etc for silence  
hullabaloo hush hush

very secret clamor hubbub  
a cornmeal fritter hummed  
to make a low house

corn with closed lips  
useless covering of activity  
to remove the husk from

continuous murmur

**JUST EAST OF HERE**

being a jolly worker, an average or mediocre performer  
 full of high spirits and good combat with lances between humor  
 to make jupiter from astrological fun

full of jolt, a bumpy ride jowl, a sudden lower jaw  
 the cheek of a hog jerk, happiness brings bad luck  
 anything causing this poet war

born in scotland feeling a rush just for a river  
 in a near pleasure, joyriding east, flowing into  
 the dead sea, a very small amount of religion

militaristic class, exactly, just one o'clock  
 just a taste of a dilapidated truck  
 barely just missed him

a very cream cheese, milk sweetened just east of here  
 righteousness junkie, the wife same as, justice of jupiter  
 the solar system is rare

being knocked out by an australian tree  
 an attractive person or a thing  
 boxing a marsupial

a little edible rounded hill, formed by coal  
 fastening kook, a person of ribbon  
 a small group guarded as silly cluster

kookaburra difficulty, on nautical coin

equal to a mile, an hour of russian ruble  
to entangle the sacred book

to get married on a peninsula northeast  
of a hole in a board, china is divided  
where a knot has fallen out

korea is full of south korea, knotty pine to solve  
to be aware he knew why he left  
to be a patriot or statesman

aquainted with kowtow, to know right from wrong  
and knock your head in the know of kitchen police  
formerly acts like he knows much about nearly

what is the soviet union accumulated by mankind  
connecting a finger to a kind of cake  
the knee is often filled with raisins, nuts, etc

used as food to work hard, an achievement  
to give in, knucklehead klan, a stupid person  
boxing to knock out terrorist kumquat

**NOT HAVING AN IDEA**

sweet rind kilowatt like karate with circular kentucky  
 canada is between the roman numeral for 50  
 legume latitude left the family  
 with dropping yellow flowers

hard to follow a diatonic scale without losing ones way  
 louisiana maze, a resinous los angeles substance  
 secreted on certain asiatic laboratories

corset destination, classify as a call to thrash  
 whip of the lips, a state of not having an idea  
 to be in childbirth enough

to labor thing that is needed, research of regret  
 listless legal holiday whose work is brightness  
 recently with a whip, with an eyelash

the cat lashed her person or thing  
 a young girl, a machine, plan to  
 spread out your clothes

to prepare the way for a lie  
 a heavy soft people  
 a narrative poem for pencils

made of or containing singing  
 a psychoanalyst who is with lead  
 a person or thing that lays your head

one not salt into the body  
a sheet of paper stops  
in a journey

a tabletop raised from the dead by jesus  
to bear leaves, to turn the laziness pages  
through leafless loaf

not eager matter often folded  
leafy vegetable laziness league  
bind your lazy bones

groups of lazy susan  
formed to pound and play  
one another

to enter or escape in this way  
the news leaked out and was  
allowed to leak

by physical contact out or in  
to be the head of a leaking orchestra  
to bend or live in an upright position





Donna Kuhn is the author of several poetry books and chapbooks. Her text and visual poetry is widely published nationally and internationally in print and online journals and anthologies. She is an exhibiting mixed media visual artist and is currently artist in residence at *Adagio Verse Quarterly*. Her art, poetry, and dance is incorporated in experimental video which have been shown in film festivals, art galleries, and online. She lives in Northern California.