

Centripetal

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Second Issue

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All submissions are welcome

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Perplexed is just another intelligent

To erase this diffusion
is a hasty retreat
into someplace that is not Texas.
A foundation for clearing vision
which is much better
than watching scrambled
premium channels.

For a while I'm sleepy
then sad,
maybe a little grumpy
less often I'm angry.

A couple minutes ago I thought
my head was a belt buckle,
then I realized
I'm more the button type
or maybe single stitching.

Its puzzling:
all along I knew
the poker dogs were bluffing
but I let them win anyway.

The sophistication of broken promises

You are a dead fortress,
I discovered this myself
through months of surveillance.
I imitated corrugated cardboard for three weeks.
When suspicions arose
I painted a trout on the ceiling
and slipped out a window.
Returning a week later,
posing as a pine duck
that children hated
because I wouldn't eat bread crumbs-
only fingernails.

What I discovered is this:
everyday
you blame foul dreams
on small objects.
Always forgetting
tomorrow's yesterday is still today.

But this is only a tip
for ship captains to steer clear of.
And I will marry the fog horn,
shouting sweet everythings
into your feet.
For you to walk on.

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The sophistication of spatial relationships

Sarah is dead
but reincarnated
as a flower.
Now I wear her
on my lapel
sometimes breaking off a petal
to eat.
But only when I am so full
I can't taste it.

SIX DEGREES OF DAVID FOSTER WALLACE

my true love atop a mountain wearing white and whispering secrets concerning politics, Picasso and polo. She'll be patiently braiding my name into her long blond hair, waiting, waning and pale. As I approach, she'll rise, extend her arms and whisper: "Domum est mors." And I'll agree, smiling, grasping her hands and falling to my knees. "Pollyanna," I'll say, because of course her name is Pollyanna, "Pollyanna: I've waited moments on end to hear the sweet lisp parting you cleft lip. I've seen the epiphany of this for the last three minutes and grovel at you sandals attempting to unlace them with my teeth." Which I'll do.

Pause

But that's next week. If. Of course there's ramifications, probabilities, and last thoughts. What if my aircraft suffers from pot-bellied cargo holds? What if the man I bought this ticket from was partially inebriated and sends me to Kansas? Are there any mountains in Kansas? What if she has brown hair? So if. And the biggest if, the one that has me here blubbering like a stuck pig: [*slight pause*] what if I am Saint Peter?

David Foster Wallace told me
I look like Greg Kinnear.
Greg Kinnear is a movie actor,
Born in Logansport, Indiana in 1963,
Who spent his adolescence
In Athens, Greece. Greece
Is the birthplace of Democracy, Philosophy,
And Tragic Drama. Tragic Drama
Reached its peak in Sophocles'
Oedipus Rex. Oedipus was a clever fellow
Who accidentally killed his father
And fucked his mother. Mother-fucking
And father-killing became the cornerstones
Of a theory known as psychoanalysis
Developed by Sigmund Freud. Freud
Is also the last name of a painter
Who painted many
Fat and grotesque-looking people.
One fat and grotesque-looking person
You might have heard of is Orson Welles.
Orson Welles, before becoming
The fat and grotesque spokesperson
For Ernest and Julio Gallo,
Was a dashing handsome
And prodigiously talented filmmaker
Who made such classic films as
A Touch of Evil, Citizen Kane and
The Lady From Shanghai,
Which co-starred his soon-to-be-ex-wife,
Rita Hayworth. Rita Hayworth
Tops the list of great femme fatales.
Any list of great femme fatales must include
Barbara Stanwyck, Gene Tierney & Lana Turner.
"Lana Turner has collapsed"

Is the first line of a poem by Frank O'Hara
 Frank O'Hara was a poet
 Who was hit by a beach buggy on Fire Island
 And died a few days later
 In a hospital at the age of forty. Forty
 Is a little young for dying, I think.
 I think I remember thinking
 As a child that I would be
 Dead or very old by the year 2001.
 2001: A Space Odyssey is a film
 About a computer named H.A.L.,
 Directed by Stanley Kubrick.
 Stanley Kubrick's final film,
 Which he finished just before he died,
 Is called Eyes Wide Shut
 And stars Nicole Kidman and Tom Cruise.
 Tom Cruise is the star of the Oscar-nominated film,
 Jerry Maguire. Jerry Maguire is a sports agent
 Who has a crisis of conscience
 Caused by a lack of love in his life
 Which he overcomes by falling in and out
 And finally back into love
 With Renee Zellweger. Renee
 Zellweger is the star of another film,
 Nurse Betty, in which she plays a woman
 Who develops amnesia
 After witnessing the scalping of her husband,
 A car dealer, by Morgan Freeman
 And Chris Rock, and whose trauma leads her
 To believe that she is in love
 With a character on a soap opera, played by
 Greg Kinnear. Greg Kinnear
 Is a movie actor who looks like me,
 Or so says David Foster Wallace.

I traded a rubix cube for these pants. Thirty dollar pants here: sure they weren't ironed, had some ketchup stains and, to be truthful, an unidentifiable smear running along the right thigh. But, as long as I'm being truthful I may as well also state that I removed three of the green spots on the rubix cube and replaced them with red ones. That's what you call capitalistic karma.

Pause [lighting a cigarette]

I was eleven when I witnessed my first apocalypse; nuclear bright and as cracked as cobwebs. Part of my limbic system was somehow changed. My heartbeat has been permanently slowed. I breathe twice a minute. I vote twice every election. My bottom teeth are false. It's cyclical the way we act: returns equal the patience we maintain in their expectance. I believe in the stasis of motion.

Pause

You see, my parents were more inclined to bicker than bite. My childhood was much akin to an elephant with three legs: long, large, bulky, and awkward. Never mind vulnerable. I didn't start kindergarten until ten because my parents had left for Europe when I was four and failed to return for six years. I lived by myself for a couple months until eventually moving in with my eighty-eight year old next door neighbor. Not because she "saved" me in any way but because she caught me snooping in her window one night and became convinced I was Saint Peter.

Pause [extinguishing cigarette on floor]

But that's all for Freud. Here's where I am now: I bought these pants. I have a plan ticket to Glasgow where I'm going to find

Andy Morgan

Clamor

And I'm not afraid of the color of water,
knee-jerked around fiddles
or mesmerized by styrophone.
Yet there's cornicopias of nightware,
islands of pastel fingerprints
beckoning the dawn to my window.
I've kept all postcards from Rome,
manipulated my style with ice.
It's all for fortitude that I drink
not to be alone or to avoid aloneness.
Saturation is an artists' throat,
substance entering form above.
But why the noise; why the patience:
can't trees feed themselves?
Peace is an option beside a skewer,
but once shallow becomes deep
words dictate little to the flowers.
Their pistils are limericks,
pastimes rewound and patted on the back.
It's rewarding to think of names;
to unwind my lint with flavor.
Once again it comes to this:
a tongue alone in a field.
I've got time for seashells,
little folds within my pockets.

Jessica Botta

Ventriloquist

Oh how they churtle
And call for applause
When your lips are pursed
In Joker.

Background weeping
Your splintered hands
Voice of oak constructed.

You mistook them for an echo-

Forgot
Your breath
Was on
Your lap-

Forgot his hollow finger,
His pendulum eyes.

Life divides the casket clap-
You go to sleep unarmed.
He is with you in your dreams.
Our shoes are made of wood.

The Treetops Chirp From Their Root

Oh to be a muse
Creator of the sparks that spawn
Trestles amongst the gnarled.

Delicate bird of ivory luster
to coo the nighttime wind-
silkened sheath to blanket the ficus,
Nectar-drop the desert hum-

Embraced; the glow will beseech them
Solace-blink the flutter of wing.
Pitch to calm the loom of thirst
Sparrow the buried worms.

Confused

While miscellaneous thoughts of agony and discontent,
Peruze through the catacombs,
Of my dim-lighted mind,
I'm dissident in my own thoughts,
While you disobey your' self created authority,

We're bonded by pain and emotion,
Separated by psychological assurance,
Mislead by our own worlds
And drawn together through fate?
My only motive, the fire that burns within
-my heart,
For someone who is lost as well,
We found each other
I just hope we can find each other.

But the time has passed

To the One I Adored:

I'm something to you,
I'm nothing,
I'm meaningful to you,
I'm worthless,
Just a glimmer in you sparkling eyes,
A hope manifested through youthful innocence,
Lost in adolescence' very existence,
Which we all carry with us,
To the uncharted paradise swirling in your mind,
A fantasy contrasted to reality,
As the truth unfolds in front of us,
I grow weary of worry,

To control the uncontrollable which creates,
The independence you long for,
I deteriorate and dissipate,
In your eyes and mine,
Wilt

I long for torture, yet I don't anymore,
As you slowly exit
Into the abyss of your demons,
While I watch you meander off,
In hopes of you returning in triumph,
But I fear your opinion of triumph tears me
Who is triumphant?
No victories to my knowledge,
I'm just more bewildered,

The heartless shrub'bed counterpart
lurks solemn through the wood-

A speckle- rant in leaf and bush
to frolicate the binge.

"Unquard!" (The rabid snitch in flame,)
(the wire rant of rizzle.)

Snares the faded ricket's mime-
snipens lythe and priming.

Chisel-fissured puncture wound,
knotted fray and coil.

"Elipse!" (The circuits vengeful spade)
(below the bracket ringles.)

"Intercept the plotted hue!"
"Reguard the tithe albino!"

Blaze forth intermitten-
heck'ling chide and raven fury.

Retaliate the burbon knave,
beseech the writhing willow-

Between the etch of nail and crow,
dillema racket's wither.

Against bemoan the fickit-bird
bathes icicled and furrowed-

Row the mattered semi- parts,
mask the fuel,
and scurry brazen.

Drift-farm with the mossed plain,
Pilch and palter moon...

She waits for you,
A crocked gnarl,
Rocking frim
And frither.

Perpetually

Walking the

T
I
G
H
T
R
O
P
E

|-----balancing-----| of happiness
my paranoia. your stubbornness.

Waiting. . .

for something

to give

You laugh
at my neurotic behavior.

You say

stop thinking so much.

I'm sorry

I say

and go on

just the same.

through the lack of courtesies for one's possessions,
{minds included}

Virginia Woolf would be jealous.
Bukowski would be proud

Amy Weaver

For Jill,

In the weak, weary waking of our everyday
we sacrifice sanity
for simple sighs and salutations
and wrap a silver boa of smoke above our shoulders.
And we are happy
to lose our minds~
letting go our inhibitions in a bold and
brightly beautiful
mushroom cloud.
And as we awkwardly staple numbers and notations
into the
I think
sparkling pearly matter
sleeping above our smiles,
we are merely exercising
our right to excuses.
For we love it here,
in the reality
and the unreal truth of it all...
We simply could not be happier.
For, somehow
hidden in this place
all this time
were the irreplaceable moments
of our youth- the tragedies and the triumphs.
And I don't think
we would trade this much for anything.
And so, my friend,
the tree that I am writing on grows weak
and weeps to be let free
but let me just write
what I realized in the softly sobering day of my night-

Continue, if you like
 lighting up the black
 with the cherry of your pipe,
 and chalk another one up
 to the Captain.
 For it matters not,
 is the whereabouts of your keys
 is suddenly a mystery-
 Your partly-clouded mind will never fail you
 will never let you
 forget
 these days,
 these people who have been your life ,
 whose own lives you have helped to shaped.
 And this makes you strong, my friend.
 This makes you all-powerful, my friend.
 You can do **anything you want, my friend.**
 And don't ever forget that.

So let it out
 and pass it on
 and worry not~
 no one can ever take from you
 that which is most important...
 Today.

Dan Noonan

Who's Afraid of Charles Bukowski

Growing weary of the GAP

created by <THEM>

In OUR relations/OUR viewpoint
 representing

opposite+

-poles

of "how much can we take." You
 choose to over
 look
 common disrespect

(while I hope to squash it
 with the sports section like
 a horsefly that's buzzed around
 the living room too long.)

The *artistic value* of this situation
 shows only in the

paintbrushes

and

tracing paper

strewn about the field of battle.

These domestic games being played.

Mike Saufley

Erin Plummer

Untitled

The sounds of the waves beat out a natural metronome in my head, crashing and returning something that you can depend on. Never changes, and the tides come and go by the clock... And I have come to depend to it.

The aftermath

After the storm there is a brief pause
And everything stands still
The air is tragically calm
As the earth takes a breath, revived from the rain
Heavy with the sent of lavender and dirt
The air is paralyzed, but only for moments
And I breath it all in including the paralysis.

The Zoo

Millions of people in one afternoon
Pushing prodding against each other I
Millions of different directions down littered
Streets like tiny ants in a crumbling concrete mound
To a melody of sirens and horns and yelling ghetto-blasters
Beneath the gilded steel buildings miles high
With giant sex object from billboards towering
Over tiny rushing heads who walk around
In stench and noise
Of all the people in the world and their brothers all gather
In the streets of Broadway and Madison and Fifth and Sixth
Who crowd around where they drop the ball in Times Square
The symbol of wholesome clean family fun
Where vendors hawk their ill-gotten wares
Of faux Rolex and dime-store Armani as
Hoity-toities with cellular phones
Walk poodles I Gucci shoes
Pass angry black protesters yelling "kill whitey"
out loud at the street
And amuse the tourist from Cow Hampshire
with the wide-eyed lens
As thousands cross the street at once like a herd
Chewing the cud of their \$3.00 hot dogs
As steam rises from manhole covers
covered by local art in greenish paint
And yellow cabs aim for little old ladies
With screaming and yelling by Cadillac men
And aroma of exhaust from traffic jammed cars
With road-raged rivers who drive through construction
All around as you see the platforms over trashy bars
And pawnshops underneath

The signs for ABC and NBC and MTV
As bums and bourgeois mingle on the streets
In the town of Stern, the Donald, and the Rockefeller
In the clusterfuck city of the east coast.
God, I miss New York.

lamenting
the roots

I watched
from outside the void
Of my window

He stayed like that
For a time

Then he got up
And went back
Inside his house

Untitled

I saw my neighbor
Go outside and
plant a tree
for his dead son.

He walked to the end
of his driveway
and knelt on the lawn
by the road

gently placing
Japanese Maple
into the hole he dug
the day before

he patted the ground
matting down the soil
with his callused hands

he poured water
from a small metal can

and knelt there,
arms latent on his thighs
and he looked down
at the skinny trunk
as if he could see
past the earth
and was

Witch, bitch, cunt, difficult
Uppity, disobeying woman:
Yes, I am a feminist.
I am that dirty f word;
All the things that you fear, were taught to fear
All the things that you fear, were taught to fear
By mommy and daddy I your Leave-it to Beaver world
That pounds into your brain Barbie and Brittany and pink lace
And sugar and spice and everything fucking nice
That the male illuminati pushed on their counterparts
Thousands of years way back in the desert
When the goddess was being stoned
By raging bands of football players and tough guys
And CEO's in good old boy conglomerates
That left their queens barefoot and pregnant in their castles
With giant guns t their souls
They'll do the same to their daughters as daddy's little girls.
I am the black sheep who bucked through the flock
And ran screaming
From the pink pasture and into the woods
With the rest of the uppity bitches
Who permeate this world of good old-fashioned family values.
Call me weak at all, or honey, or sweetie without my consent
And we have problems, asshole.
I answer to bitch and witch and cunt,
Which have all become my rallying cries.
I am pro-choice, pro-liberation, anti-Bush, anti-violence
I am not anti-male
And my army of absolute peace and love includes the
Other sex, believe it or not.
I wave my freak flag high
And scream out loud and please kill me if I squeak.
My heroes are: Hillary Clinton, Morgan Lefay,
Courtney Love, Joan of Arc, Madonna, Elizabeth I,

Gloria Steinem, Princess Diana,
And every other human being with two X chromosomes
who has told oppression and repression
by their captors and coddlers to fuck off
For the grand bitch of them all is alive and well
And not taking any shit.

Rachel Hill

White

Your hand unfolds as you drift away.
Silently, calm
Your guide the mere
God that created you.
That gave you life.

And what is left?
To the living, but a
Single
Body soulless
Wrinkled

Remembering the last look of life,
The last second
The last picture,
The last color.
White.

Michael T. MacDonald

Nicky Ross

le barre

Untitled

There is this tapping at my window
A french tock tock tock
That jars me from this -
This slideshow on the screen
Shadows and marionettes, dancing strings,
Pasted hollow on a white face
And then tock tock tock
And my little girl spins pirouettes for me,
In front of me around me mocking
Because she knows what makes me uncomfortable.
She makes trouble.
like the trouble outside my window
Outside my sleep
Weaving in to wake me up
>From hallucinations and fake
Flickering photographs...half the frames per second.
Oh, and soon the colors splash my screen.

your hands burnish
the clay of me
to seal&polish
what contents
I choose
contents
me not to choose
because of the
con
t
o
u
r
s you fit better
than I can flex the
con
v
e
x
the lens
sends a prism of the chasm
your fingerprints
footnote me
in places I still find
tucked
in the
novella
of my flesh
my handwriting
has changed since you left

Untitled

Steel covets,
petunias &
softsounding
things
much, the, same, as,
nevermind seduces
oblivion
for company's sake

the commonness of awkward
objects
lodged in all the wrong
crevices
of moments
of light
highlights of gray
absorbed
in things,
things of names
but no humor or rhetoric
absorbed
in the libraries
of steel, petunias, & softsounding things

Observations of a linguist at an Airport in Manchester, New Hampshire

Of the half-dozen or so languages Will Hammerly spoke, nothing in this great, bowl of a world could explain the way the woman walking away, affected him. The small of her back, like a tongue moving into something concave and holy rocked him to sleep, dreaming of rolling in rain puddles in the middle of a childhood street after a warm, hard pelt. He was following her outside into the open air, the yellow and periwinkle patterned sundress she was wearing siphoning what little breath he had left for a possible - Hello I was wondering - or an - I saw you back at the terminal, and I can't explain it but - but the smell of her was tick upon him now, like the smell of sunflowers making greater and greater sense as they die underneath the fickle, New Hampshire, Summer sun, and though linguistics allowed him to feel a uterine sense of penetration, what she did, as she moved away from him, to the space around her, transformed any notion of effect into a helpless fission unable to leave a hidden and all-providing master. What about him wanted to be a slave, he thought. She was standing on the curb outside the terminal. She pulled from her hemp purse a small mirror, and raised it to her face. She ran her hand through her hair with confidence, while looking at it. He was coming through the revolving glass doors when he saw her name on her luggage. Anne. Anne. Anne.

ARTICLE LAW INFINITY

Untitled

the man/ cros S
 wal K
 performing b O
 dil Y
 (suicidal)y
 by allowingly sca R
 ab-beetling, restin G
 onhea
 Tyrannosaurusedibl E
 the b eetl E
 the cutely lipping S
 (kissingly the head)
 without smooching hairl Y
 Or
 (ridin)g
 the Jesse Jamesl Y
 holding specialed frui T
 ingshootseed S
 Reactionall Y
 going to ruin S
 after dying
 as crosswal K

this is all,
 not worth a tuppence
 even
 or a \$pring—
 with rain for those who
 (like) rain
 with puddle for those who
 (like) puddle
 this is matter,
heavy in the bucket
 of head,
 is just a mica hemisphere
 this THIS is not
 a which
 of spells&magic
 that THIS is l o n g
 with tAll w i d t h s
 *but really,
 what molests the important
 how
 onepenny points at the shout
 onepenny records the silence

Dana DiMarco

Annoying, Filthy, Slimy

you

you're effecting me so much
So horribly
That I cannot write a
Simple poem

you're haunting me
Following me around like a virus
Waiting for me to let my guard down so you'll
Have a chance to poison me again
Why?
I don't know

Friendship and respect are two things
you're painfully not good at
Selfishness and irresponsibility are two things
you're all too familiar with

Honestly...
you remind me of that sickening feeling you get
In your stomach after you've said
Something horrible about someone only to discover
That they're standing right
Behind you

Honestly...
You remind me of the irritation that I feel
When gum sticks to the bottom of my shoe

Annoying
Filthy
Slimy
And impossible to get rid of

Christopher Russell

LOOKING AT BIRDS WHILE EATING IN

A leaf changes,
eats the hand of winter.
You can smell the snow,
before its fingers fall
through the ice,
hooks baited with moon.

An icy palm, back or eye,
crows candle from a branch.
They look like pine cones,
the birds.
They don't look like pine crows.

They walk like a seizure
into the pub,
fidget against the wind,
shaking the windows,
causing ripples in a bowl of tar
at the center
of the dining room table.

As you bring your last bite of squash
to your mouth,
you can almost see the black feathers
filling your plate,
smelling of frost.
The pigment runs into your fork.

Untitled

I could dance on you and make you see.
Just exactly what I mean.
I could change so much in such a short time and
bring you into my world.
There is so much to grab onto here.
How can I make you understand such thoughts in my head?
Does anyone see it or do they want to?
If I could make it known that all I can challenge, I can change.
I know there is that doubt, but I shall surpass that wall
and keep on forcing, forcing, forcing myself to push on and
shove until I have knocked down all the walls.

Seattle was your favorite place to go
for business trips
for vacations
or anything at all
to this day, I still for guilty for that call.

The poor thing had to take me there herself
the ambulance ride
the signing in
leaving me there alone
Little did I know, you were already on your way home.

I'll never forget the look of devastation on your face
pure fear
pure disillusionment
wondering home this came about
There was no way you could've know and no way to find out.

Four yeas have gone by, now I'm shiny and new
the want is gone
the need isn't there
but without you, without you
I know in my heart, I would've never made it through.

