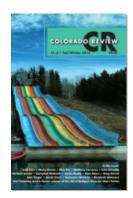


From "No Soap Radio"

Joseph Harrington

Colorado Review, Volume 41, Number 3, Fall/Winter 2014, pp. 121-124 (Article)

Published by Center for Literary Publishing DOI: https://doi.org/10.1353/col.2014.0102



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home-made trap

catch name-scrap

a red red red

strawberry gone

standard remains

day's worth of change

stars the original

smithereens

two polar bears

in a bathtub where

one says Your call—

to us o yes very

very important

But I didn't witness this part this speechless research listening for

raggy books reconsolidated memory an aid to writing to "piecing

together" like Dr. F. like Dr. Dee, necromancer out of pure love, knowing

it's no soap (the Whole Story, & nothing but the hole)

This leaving out business doesn't mean you can't not Part stays put vibrates

a live point in a networking composite disparate stanch

in the past a strange place every moment turns into momentarily now:

little bubbles of experience stack on top of one another, a private symbolism of soap;

The moon is getting bigger & I am getting stronger & people who don't use

verbs embarrass me. Assignment: Revise your self. Give the poppets will,

drown them if they don't

a *locus amoenus*—but invisible umbilical to where you'd never live

again, adapting around amoebal locomotion, pages of home burning.

A man carries a baby but it's not a real baby it's a bird in a dream, then

a lawn chair at an exit ramp, a sentence fragment dropped on a moving highway:

invasive Asian Honeysuckle. I'm the one who added invasive.