

NOISE POEMS

Mower Poem

I wish you'd simply clip
Or just snippity-snip
Somewhat silent you see
Soothing instead of that
Rumbling and growling and
Sputtering thing; I sit
While I muse—how is it
Better than grazing
Sheep, “Bleat-bleat”?

Grass is what woolly
Beasts peacefully eat!

Weed Whacker Poem

Angry bees
Buzzing, mechanical
Weed whacker
Thrap-thrap-thrapping—
My mind-trip-
Trip-tripping—
A real steel whipping
Awfully applied to
Innocent summertime air.

Sweeper Poem

What are witches' wicked revenges
If not those plug-in power sweepers?
They go: Shzuuuouuuuu . . . ”
Living in a vacuum
Drowning in my deep room
Drinking and thinking
I'm sinking down, that
“Shzuuuouuuuu . . . ” is not a
Pleasing sound. Bring me a
Sweet broom—Wisk-wisk!—even if
A wicked witch comes with it!

Blender Poem

“It's not shaken, not
Stirred, but blended, sir.”
—“Whur! Whurr-urr-uuuuurr!”
“Have a margarita, sir,
To subdue your nerves?”
(“Sure senor, sure . . .”)

Peeling Rubber Poem

You dare assault my
Defenseless silence
With screeching squealing
Rubber violence?

My sole consolation,
Son, is that soon
You're moving on—
Out of my range
Beyond my rage
My rifled age.

Loco Poem

It pistons into calm and quiet,
Shrieking out an emergency!
Waiting cars watch its urgency . . .
A wreck—mid-page pile-up!
(One casualty—Being, tranquility.)
Rattling my nighttime pains—
Ten-thousand Chinese men in chains—
For this—and poets' praises—in vain—
They all now lay in life's last lane
And cannot hear this wooing train.

Motor Poem

Infernal internal combustion
Engines come busting
Up—our inner ear
Drums—they're ripped
And ruptured!

Jet Poem

Scorching high the
Ripped wide sky as
Jumbo jets—they
Flay my nerves—
Are frazzled
And frayed, split wide
Open, sizzling inside.