

the
Lemon



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THE LEMON

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THE LEMON

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A word is a terrible thing to waste

Migratory passions interlocking
through the chest
and a broken record

my diet of fantasy
mixed novelty and anachronism
so quaint
like me
or Marcel Proust
another one I haven't read

If I were to actually go out
and sing for example
in front of a bunch of people
I'd want to do it in a town
where nobody knows me

You thought it was weird
when I said I just
love chords

This guitar is the only fun
piece of furniture I can
afford right now, all right

I'm just a partisan

Territorial music

Will spring ever come
or is this country just like one big
Pompeii or Ercolano

destined for ashes
covering all

My neighbors already hate me

my friends told me I should start a record collection
and find more fashionable things to believe in

I drink at the fountain
but nothing happens

Living here in the future
things taste the same

No one knows what I'm talking about yet
you just have to guess

I'm drunk at the fountain
but nothing happens

I heard voices out my window
down in the street
by my building's front steps

And I hated the birds
like the nightingale or the lark
in my dreams
during sunrise
they sang
like little faucets being turned on
their songs meant
I'm on the wrong side of another day

Throughout it
the light is unbroken
and I see it's dressed in a breeze

But you can't even count on weather or machines anymore
you need magic
you need clairvoyance
you need a crystal ball
you need to cuff it at the ankle

But I'm not here to talk about Fashion
the weather
or take in any unconstructive compliments

late in the decade of my birth
my immediate inheritance
was this sixth sense

The sleeper hits

I coax this in to being
I build it
it's Pygmalion
my unknown masterpiece

I'm like Giapetto
in the workshop
or that guy
from The Bible
with the sores all over his body

There's no point in obscurity

No clocks

The Lions of Rome

The status quo

that's always there
a culture without surprises

and the cynical architecture of streets

Versus apricot mother
lady terra
miss globe

I buy a newspaper

Every choice of what art
to experience not as an apologist
for anybody

if I lose this picture of you
maybe they'll be nothing left
I asked to cry but I don't
the comedown is too intense

I turn my phone off and lock the door
I can't be reached
pleasure was a catharsis
let me not have my ivory tower

Many others in my situation I s'pose
would meditate

I can only be polite
to too many people

I guess I look like
my own economy

Inability to render news is not my problem

Not of being
out of touch
as they say

That'll never happen

The same music is a comfort
and it's not a dream
but it is an idea
and it belongs to me

for as long as I want to realize it

An apple can be a cigar
or I can defer to self-preservation
as my religion anyway temporarily

My gums quit bleeding
that part's
psychosomatic

I wanna know what healed me

THE LEMON
after Francis Ponge

"Maybe it holds some partial
essence of everything you love
when yr sick, it's invariably
part of the cure. The flavor
stings immediately beginning "

avoiding conflicts of interest
I'm not like trying to say
I'm the greatest at it
but if the heart is a concept
by which we measure our talent
giving up things for a living
then I'm in love with a god

The Lemon, continued...

"[...] with its color, a secret
order it has reserved. Resting like
a spine balled up onto itself, it
forms a frozen heart of crystal
beads, made of chemicals
from an ancient sun."

I'm looking at the picture
of unattainability
when this newsflash hits me

The Lemon

"It is sunlight caught
and fossilized with the rippling
interior. When the geode's cut
in half, it begins to dry, to
guard against that air that will
age it fast."

"It might be the one
remaining egg of some species
gone extinct for so long that it
exists now on earth without
equals, without relatives. It could
be the last, but somehow still
it multiplies, an everyday relic, the
encounter exotic each time
until suddenly all other food is wanting."

I'm in love with a god
there's no one
I mean the other
and yr theory of repose is bunk

I didn't ask to be born

In a city hemorrhaging cash
I'm an open book with well-thumbed pages

I'm not a fact-checker
newspapers are cosmopolitan

And that man thinks he has three legs

thinking one of them is his dick right

I just wanna fall asleep

I'll give you something sacred
but you won't understand it

People are thirsty

When the law like wine is ageless
a letter arrives
at my current place of residence
from the local energy supplier

The letter is addressed to someone
who no longer lives here
since I moved in
viz.: they're not my spouse
friend/acquaintance/neighbor

I make the mistake of opening it
to see what this is all about

I call the energy people
who tell me
to bring it back to the Post Office

I do
but because I have
already opened it
they can
do nothing

and opening someone else's mail
is a federal offense

I have to wait
for the next letter to come
and hope my electricity doesn't
get turned off

A complexity
yielding fruitless ambivalence

I need electricity

I need it for my dreams

I would like to help you out
but which way did you come in

The patrician's speech
couched in heavy-metal
metaphors and
creative non-fiction

It's not easy
it's not easy living on your own

Living up to this
searching quality
is all there is

I'm baleful and competitive

where everybody's an animal

but the sense of wilderness
or wildness
went extinct

This oasis of a familiar person
with metallic eyes, appearing
they'll take human form
in a pasture

I must have had an eschatological argument with my
identical twin in utero

like
what do you suppose
is out there anyway

one of us knew what it meant
to be most grateful

"my better half"

The aesthetics of failure
where death is a gesture

Dreams are no good to sustain you

That's why I only love gods
I mean

The acoustics are all wrong
if you are a god

Like echoes in a glacier

Stop the spinning wheel

Witless
pedantic

Perish the thought

I came from zero

A rose by any other name
I guess is not a rose
some carnation by numbers instead

Gravity and inertia
wreak their havoc

Gimme a break

The faucet still leaks
but the black mold
is almost all gone

now it's just a glossy
residue leftover

No leaders
no complaining
no gurus
no gossip
no narcissism
no stereotypes

Just words and music

I still drink my soda
but I'm getting confused

all the poetry that's left
is in the bios and banter

I got a few more hours of sleep

Then I woke up around 4 A.M.
and started typing up

The Lemon

Then I cut up another
and dropped a wedge of it
inside
a cold bottle of beer

Paradoxically righteous
and invulnerable under the

umbrella
of this impacted that is supposed to be a kind
of freedom not
for example, favoring an idea
crazy

Something precludes my being

Like some artist went mad
and decided to sell all
their books

this was in Manhattan
so suddenly there
were great books

Looking into this pool
I'm out of my depth

I don't write poetry to make friends

Might it be possible to love something
to death
like a lemon

A no-drama kind of fruit

A rarity

I read opportunity
in this sudden absence
of choice
the opportunity to live again

Implied experience

photo-ops
personal blackouts

You said you'd you talk
to me before
I fell asleep

I'm worried about people
being able to see
me at night

When my friends
don't invest in
better window blinds

It's dark out now

The lights are on inside

Highlighting
blasted/transcendental esoterica

everything becomes diagonal
not circling the drain

I'm not a sailor
I'm a captain

I'm a

captain

I drive a lemon

Curly hair crooked teeth
that is called the autobiographical element

Last night in Brooklyn
I debuted The Lemon
then I read it again

she understood

If a song could really be the opposite
of everything that has come before

and take my picture for me
and give it back to me

When my notebook is complete
at least I will have
my lemon
and it'll be all mine

With a capital L
petite and yellow
perfect

a berry for a giant

or like
some aspirin
you can take

I am waiting for you

to call me back

Whether or not they keep tabs on you in Heaven or Hell
like they do on earth

Please write
c/o
secret headquarters, where I am

P.S:
I enclose some of my hair
various adolescent items

nappy bracelet
crumpled pieces of printer-paper
etcetera

You don't need permission for anything

This lemon
can I really eat it

A monkey in India ate the front cover
off a book once

as a gesture of defiance
tempered by simple self-defense
to be scary and tough-looking
like a mountain

When I got to the top I noticed
I had run out of water
so I turned around

And going down was a lot harder

I won't tell a soul

because sound can only travel so far