



# Pigs and Planes: Uncollected Poems Adam Fieled

These poems were originally featured in Seven  
Corners, As/Is, Ectoplasmic Necropolis, Nth  
Position, Great Works (UK), Otoliths, and  
Fieled's Miscellaneous

Adam Fieled/ originally featured in Steve Halle's Seven Corners (2006)

## Pigs and Planes

I don't believe in poetry.  
It's a slant that wavers  
around different patches  
of sky, or mud chucked  
on slats of a sty. Or it  
could be the pig, or the  
plane, farmer or pilot,  
pork-chop industrialist, air-  
traffic controller. The one  
thing it isn't is itself.  
To say poetry is poetry  
is a rank offence, post-  
misdemeanor, sub-felony,  
the sort of sin credulous  
people pray against. Pigs  
you can believe in, & sties.  
Planes you can believe in, & skies.  
I don't believe in poetry.

Adam Fieled/ originally featured in As/Is (2011)

Poet Pipe-Dream

The New Yorker needs a haiku,  
on hold 'til I'm done w/ Cameron...  
Alright, Cam, you've had yr way.

I'll write you that screenplay.  
You'd think they'd be patient—  
how many bards bed Cam Diaz,

tell-tale in seventeen syllables?  
I'm good w/ starlets— secret is,  
treat 'em mean. Cam, especially,

dotes on humiliations; noticed my  
last Malibu jaunt. I read her Donne—  
Come, Madam, Come, all rest my

powers defy, until I labor, I in labor lie...  
she bought me a Porsche. Not bad  
for an elegy— or a mistress.

Adam Fieled/ originally featured on Fieled's Miscellaneous (2011)

### The Ballad of Robert Johnson

Mojo unhinged, he tumbles in black—  
voice in a skewer, blood-flow gone slack.  
He slept w/ a girl behind somebody's back.

Her body a car, she drove through the door—  
bed like a highway, sheets on the floor.  
He came into something he never went for.

The man on the porch was blacker than jet—  
mottled in whiskey, bitter and wet.  
He offered the flask with a little regret.

Chills in Rob's chest knew something was wrong—  
juice was too sharp, its' tang was too strong—  
mud in his guts like an unfinished song.

Collapsed on the road, hellhounds close in—  
nothing but maggots crawl under his skin.  
All for a lover he never could win.

Legends arose when he lay in the ground—  
at midnight, the crossroads, shadows abound,  
he waits with the Devil but can't make a sound.

Yet Robert's still singing, and never can go—  
he's hotter than asphalt, colder than snow.  
His knowledge of evil bewitches and glows.

The crossroads are here, the Devil is rife—  
w/ each one we love, we give up our life.  
Remember poor Robert when you take a wife.

Adam Fieled/ originally featured in Peter Philpott's Great Works (UK)(2005)

To Gil Ott

What  
naturally  
becomes  
a soul's  
ascension?

Children's  
gestures  
transmuted  
willfully  
into

armor  
against  
waves  
pushing  
downwards?

Excavation  
of roots  
doesn't equal  
destruction  
of such—

death,  
a going  
deeper,  
higher,  
paradox.

Adam Fieled/ originally featured in Nth Position (ed. Todd Swift 2005)

To John Tranter, after reading "Late Night Radio"

Why write, embittered by  
black days? You could scout the  
sun rise, sip coffee. No one's picking  
at your liver, no heroic feats need  
doing. Noon could be pure gravy;  
nothing need not be filled w/ more  
nothing. All that's in the files  
stays in the files, all that's gone  
brackish is in the ocean now.  
What's not cream isn't vinegar.  
It could be iced coffee, not Starbucks.

Adam Fieled/ originally featured in Steve Halle's Seven Corners (2006)

On Jazz

Physical beauty, Formal Rigor of God—  
spiritual beauty, Economy of God—  
Natural Will, Transcendent Will,  
Facile Will in all its' dismal "there-ness"—

Piano broken chords breaking down space  
like watching bits of paper collect,  
contained in a 12-bar blues; root  
notes you tend to lean on,  
or maybe a honking minor third,  
a harmonic multi-colored sharp...

Follow your compulsion into flurries,  
clusters of connecting phrases,  
then a pause to sanctify as the progression  
resolves after lingering on the fifth  
for the appointed time—  
pentatonics mainly w/ some suspensions,  
sheets of sound, trademark leaps,  
like watching a rainbow erupt  
out of the placid bowels of street-lakes,  
sparrows in the gutters,  
Eliot-esque alienation syncopated  
impossibly high & mighty...

Repeat the repetition now into major scale—  
Ionian gold, major-third suspensions again,  
almost midnight for tremulous trees,  
also hipsters, flights of birds, rabbis  
in the wilderness as blues ends; here's a quicker  
quirkier jarring bit to cut  
your teeth on...

Base bottom notes natural like ferns,  
ride the ride cymbal like musical fellatio,  
roll w/ rolls & kick-drum ejaculations,  
what Hart Crane heard in bridges,  
only blues (so bridge seldom comes),  
stasis achieved nicely replicates movements,  
bowel, kidney, heart-beat, daring snare of lip-ness,  
thickness, quickness,  
get it all out for all of us into the brick-laden city,

mutter of exhausted midnight buses  
as vibrato notes shiver, miniature  
solos on the toms creates energy  
of emptiness among the weird abundance,  
concluding w/ roll on the snare, now bass  
also investigates metaphysical space,  
not so much implacable as inexhaustible  
eruptions; spring of autumn,  
autumn of spring...

Seasons of balance, compromise,  
away from extremes; Middle Path exteriorized,  
oh piano on a minor seventh which bespeaks  
longing for a more ethereal world,  
elegiac as the last apple of October, eaten  
by a Halloween camp-fire, beyond blues  
of Earth into cadence, dying fall of pure moon,  
ravaged, torn from the throat of persistence,  
mute existence destroyed completely  
and on fire, a universe of fingers & mouths,  
looking down the tide of Death into eternity,  
square-shouldered & erect,  
freezing into whims of Ultimate "there-ness",  
beyond ordinary notions of quotidian abyss  
in one long sitting pow-wow peace-pipe corn-cob  
wholesome dinner of Voidness,  
but insinuated only to drive away singularity....

Jazz is plural,  
they give you a space, show you its' contours,  
allow you to move around & drown  
if you want over hilltops of remorse, created  
by Love or dolorous longing & especially  
Central Parks of the soul & intellectual Bordello  
life cut & pasting its' bleak outline over rooftops  
& bluebirds—

Adam Fieled/ originally featured in Juliet Cook's Ectoplasmic Necropolis  
(2008)

## Guppy Or

I'm a guppy, she  
said, & you're an  
arachnid, which is  
why you won't let  
me go long enough  
to wrap myself  
around you like a  
good mermaid.

Which is it, I  
said, guppy or  
mermaid? Then I  
was under water  
waving in a current  
that took me into  
schools of both

guppies & mermaids,  
but I still had a  
stinger, & I used  
it to find her, &  
she trashed it, &  
all eight arms of  
me were disencumbered,

& she said I'll be  
whatever you want,  
I'm like Proteus, I  
keep changing, I  
said fine, but please  
let's get on dry  
land again, I am  
an arachnid, after all,

& everything was  
wet & dry at the  
same time, like  
Heaven, or National  
Geographic, or us,  
& kept changing, &

we were better  
than television,  
& more entertaining

Adam Fieled/ originally featured in As/Is (2006)

To Cali

I keep mistaking everyone for you.  
I want to get myself out of the way.  
Anything I've kept comes from this.  
"Anything" seems so random.  
Nothing might even be better.  
Nothing, as it lives in an infinite event.  
The whole dialectic comes from you being gone.  
"No synthesis" is like impotence.  
I can't paint you as I can't paint.  
I've never been "Mr. Line" anyway.  
Pine needles would seem to be objective correlatives.  
How much fun is half a Mondrian?  
It was like Action Painting with chalk.  
Now it's "all-over."

Adam Fieled/ originally featured in Mark Young's Otoliths (2009)

## Run Away with Me

I was thinking as I listened to her  
about Byron's relentless nihilism  
that only found out in intoxication  
any kind of remedy for the things

she was telling me about abortions  
and rapes and how no I won't go  
home with you and how Byron  
alone among the Romantics dealt

overtly with sex not just love like  
Shelley or fantasy like Keats or  
like Wordsworth the dull sheep  
and all the blokes in the bar were

staring at her green eyes red hair  
bust you know the kind that blokes  
will stare at and I thought Byron  
really caught something a seed a

kernel of what Nietzsche ran away  
with I said please run away with  
me and she laughed looked down  
into her beer and was finished

