



*TV*  
*POEMs*

**SCOTT PIERCE**

# *TV Poems* *by Scott Pierce*



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B o o k   d e s i g n                      S c o t t   P i e r c e  
e d i t o r @ b l a z e v o x . o r g



*i'll love you say you'll do this*

pull the eyelids, lover

we gather vision along the edge / night / common glyph

w/out turning suitably for eyes to adjust to revisions

our street does not move      ground fed to montage of map

(      shorelines running      )

grooves of river under foot

as illustrated and firmly attached

highest places replace our towers, drawings, dreams

some hands raised to the Power Supply

running speed just after and varied by foot-controlling mind

*as machine, for machine*

light source behind wound deliberate, a beautiful

taking apart of what's been built      *for food*

flooding all circuits

remove light and replace with demi-type unattentive figure





*who cries for the mommy*

tractor coughing    tense moments on the land  
w/ the tow trucks jockeying for the take    a special  
treat open and shut    (a fuse)    a wild crowd on all sides  
   everywhere the beat of drums

sterile gloves snap to bony wrists here

who watch this tv so much it watches back  
smug and shrug    and say okay

( she moves  
   around the room )

*what he sd to me w/ detonator in hand*

*stomach contents over an open flame  
allow a face to introduce itself*

wait a minute

it's locked in      so you put your drink on the floor  
pull with both hands, nothing but rapid fire  
credit card oldies and talking chins and      *nature (!)*

and there is a text, there is that same value  
which is dull and which money buys

the episode which changes everything

o where is my boy    my late night fog and drizzle  
my big bad attitude

because dammit getting shot hurts,

*the dealer at ten inspect*

*a mass destruction*

fading a spent shoreline    brace for leverage  
a disruption  
enhance the elimination process

that's a voice    a thin red line

a pony tail    a look      now go to it fast, be cool this time  
walking it    moving through the sequence

thudding to here    rake a story together

there is a company logo  
dressed as a favorite neighborhood

so commendable pictures of accidents, a girl's  
will for the young ones    *she wanted*  
*to bathe their children in slow motion*    (he wanted some beer)

flash highlight wound    drag evidence    though  
it hasn't yet come to the heart throb

golden light consume our sunglasses  
rocks in the ground    a thousand insurgents rage  
one distant overcharge

you are your monthly payment  
an all new hotspot    an exciting exciting market

*scenester before dinner*

oh fucking artist

mister inflated to hell who touch my hair  
good evening, the son of a son of a sun  
who doesn't stay here long says stop  
in many languages

balls of light suspended in corners  
gone deep amber splash "there  
is much noise from the box" he wrote  
beside the heater



*when stars are*

mathmatics and questions

fold names to put in the pocket

i like when stars are

triple digits road running team leader fund raiser

stimulate the joy of giving reusable words

revival tour i am the center i forget why i sing these

songs comes between the face out from there

i am a stranger

i walk on legs

the camera view from the forehead

i see out from yours or i want to

*the collage*

falls over backwards

tv light knocks her down    bridges collapse

disaster            laughter

water train and talking face

poem move over

the volume gets

wrong

and the wings

drag

dim light puddle

drown couch and coffee table

over leg    torso

and human face

stoned going dark    darker

*some fantastic relief to forfeit*

sickness arrives      and bolt action headache  
    the fiber optics turned stale old bread  
flatness has happened  
    and now for airplanes    for something un-  
telephone

*[ an octopus has no vertebrae and may  
follow a lobster into the smallest of  
places along the coral wall ]*

no florescence    no airplane    an appetite asks to be gained  
    tho drinks for one are seldom fun  
it flashes twice    each time true  
romance splashes against the shore  
    on a smallish screen in the home

*boy dreams of big time power surge*

step in here

pretend account manage of long waves

files of future wrappings & engineer-issued  
numbers

w/ thumb and finger balance

inspect a serious smile

smile for saggy countrymen

your boss in your poem

lover

memo verité

memo verité

*good night night*

CNN me to sleep  
i'll handle glass before i go there    seems  
synthetic data is what i measure against

spoonfed  
    hat on my head

*Scott Pierce was born in 1975 and lives for the moment in Austin with his partner Karly Hand and their cats Floyd and Duke. He edits the publications of Effing Press which include the effing chapbook series, and the lit/viz art journal effing magazine.*  
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