

On My Eventual Death

poetry by Rick Lupert



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Ain't Got No Press

15522 Stagg Street
Van Nuys, CA 91406

Design, and Layout ~ Rick Lupert

Front Cover Photo ~ Addie Lupert
The author just before he burst into flames.

Back cover photo ~ Addie Lupert
The author in Magritte's back yard imitating a photograph
of Salvador Dali in Magritte's back yard photo.

The poems from Amsterdam, Brussels, Bruges and Paris are from
the forthcoming print collection "We Put Things In Our Mouths - The
Poet's Experience in Amsterdam, Brussels, Bruges and Paris"

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formation or to contact the author for any reason try:

Rick@PoetrySuperHighway.com

or

<http://PoetrySuperHighway.com/>

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*may your death be forever postponed
possibly due to a clerical error*

Waking up Early in the City of Tolerance

I find six or seven AM
has me upright listening

to the local canal ducks arguing with
the neighborhood poodle

I can hear the fig tree
getting taller in the garden

Speaking of taller
a nice boy from Canada

named after a southern vegetable
reached up the side of the building

and picked grapes growing
on the neighbors vine

I wonder if our plants in Van Nuys
have enough water

Hours go by and soon I'm thinking
nine AM sounds reasonable

I will get wet from head to toe
eat a typical Dutch Breakfast

then walk out the door to see
What this Venice of the North

has to offer

BRUSSELS

The Pis Family

Tonight in Brussels
so hungry we have two dinners
at same restaurant.

Confuses waitress who asks
“didn’t you already eat?” we think,
it was French so could have been anything.

Two meals later we
drink Belgian beer next door.
I bump head on giant wheel,

walk away to see family of
pissing statues
and their dog.

BRUGES

The Assult

Man, could Magritte paint nipples.
A slaughtered ball.

Musee Des Canards

They have a museum
for almost everything here
but not ducks

The ducks probably
wouldn't stay on the pedestals
which would lead to frustration for everyone.

Entrepreneuse

My wife wants to start a beard cleaning service
she announces Saturday morning as she picks
unmentionables out of mine.

*We could set it up right next to your cat service,
she says, you know, the one in which all the cats
in the world come to you, so you could pet them?*

Before I can respond she says
It probably wouldn't work as she wouldn't want
to touch anyone else's beard.

It's All Relative

I see the Baby Einstein
series of books on
our son's bookshelf
and I can't wait until
he develops the first
baby nuclear bomb

The First Frontier

Jude explores everything with his mouth
I march a baby-safe monkey towards his face
and he is open wide, tongue out, ready to receive it.
Tastes like monkey his crinkled brow tells me.
Later I see him sucking on a giraffe's foot.
This is the second poem I remember
ending with the word foot.

Baby Snot

Because Jude is new to all things
when he gets a cold, we have to use
a special baby siphon, to suck the phlegm
out of his nose.

Oh things I never knew existed

I wish he could just blow Addie says
and the conversation ends right there.

Back Pain

I wake up to back and neck that hurt
Addie says Maybe you slept wrong?

All the things I've screwed up in life
and now I can't even sleep right

Probably tomorrow I'll wake up dead
because I forgot how to breathe.

On My Eventual Death

I

Scientists say
our sun will burn out
in three billion years;

all life on earth
that ever was,
gone.

With this in mind
it is my policy to not make
long term plans or

worry too much
about my
legacy.

//

I read about a couple
that had their beloved dog
cloned.

Addie asks if I want to clone
my beloved Tigger. I tell her
yes;

because she would love him
as a kitten and so he could
be with us forever.

I tell her it costs
one hundred eighty thousand
dollars

and she screams
and doesn't listen to another word
I say.

I tell her I heard the price is
going down, but she doesn't hear me.
She is still screaming.

III

Knowing my family's history
of heart failure, I ask Addie

*If I die young, and you remarry,
which I would understand, would you
agree to be buried next to me.*

*I hope you have a happy life with the new guy;
but I couldn't imagine spending eternity
under the ground without you.*

Addie is, of course, horrified
but she agrees
which comforts me.

IV

Jude, my son
holds his fist in the air
like fight the power

as the milk goes into his mouth

Ah Jude, my son,
my little Black Panther
you will outlive us all.

about the author

Rick Lupert has been involved in the Los Angeles poetry community since 1990. He served for two years as a co-director of the Valley Contemporary Poets, a twenty-five year old non-profit organization which produces readings and publications out of the San Fernando Valley. His poetry has appeared in numerous magazines and literary journals, including *The Los Angeles Times*, *Chiron Review*, *Stirring*, *PoeticDiversity.org*, *Zuzu's Petals*, *Caffeine Magazine*, *Blue Satellite*



and others. He recently edited *A Poet's Haggadah: Passover through the Eyes of Poets* anthology and is the author of 11 books: *Paris: It's The Cheese*, *I Am My Own Orange County*, *Mowing Fargo*, *I'm a Jew. Are You?*, *Stolen Mummies*, *I'd Like to Bake Your Goods*, *A Man With No Teeth Serves Us Breakfast*, (Ain't Got No Press), *Lizard King of the Laundromat*, *Brendan Constantine is My Kind of Town* (Inevitable Press), *Feeding Holy Cats* and *Up Liberty's Skirt* (Cassowary Press). He has hosted the long running Cobalt Café reading series in Canoga Park since 1994 and is regularly featured at venues throughout Southern California.

The author's first e-book is *To Hell With Rick Lupert* (Ain't Got No Press, May, 2006) His second e-book is *The Rick Lupert Fun Club* (Ain't Got No Press, May, 2007) Both are available for free download at Poetry-SuperHighway.com

Rick created and maintains the Poetry Super Highway, a major internet resource for poets. (<http://PoetrySuperHighway.com/>)

Currently Rick works as the music teacher and graphic and web designer for Temple Ahavat Shalom in Northridge, CA and for anyone who would like to help pay his mortgage.

He lives in Van Nuys, California with his wife Addie and son Jude.

rick's other books



A Man With No Teeth Serves Us Breakfast

Ain't Got No Press
May, 2007

I'd Like to Bake Your Goods

Ain't Got No Press
January, 2006

STOLEN MUMMIES

Ain't Got No Press
February, 2003

BRENDAN CONSTANTINE IS MY KIND OF TOWN

Inevitable Press
September, 2001

up liberty's skirt

Cassowary Press
March, 2001

FEEDING HOLY CATS

Cassowary Press
May, 2000

I'm a Jew, Are You?

Cassowary Press
May, 2000

MOWING FARGO

Sacred Beverage Press
December, 1998

Lizard King of the Laundromat

The Inevitable Press
February, 1998

I Am My Own Orange County

Ain't Got No Press
May, 1997

Paris: It's The Cheese

Ain't Got No Press
May, 1996

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