



Economy Candy

Poems 2011/2012 Rick Lupert

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Ain't Got No Press

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If you are a host to your guest, be a host to his dog also.

Russian Proverb

Poconos

I ordered the “German Sampler”
at the brewpub in Tannersville, PA
It came with a Klaus and three Hitlers.

Wifery

I tell Jude that Addie, his mother, is my wife.
In a fit of two-year-old defiance he shouts
No! She's my wife! She's my wife! I'm a wife!
Oh the social norms he has tossed aside.
Maybe someday Jude, I think as the course
of "Nos" begin following the announcement
of the impending toothbrushing.

Cows on the Freeway

for G. Murray Thomas

My son exists in a perpetual singing of *Old McDonald*
which explains why, after a period of silence,
he'll yell "Cow!" while we're on the freeway.

Expecting me to moo.

A Week in the Life

Wednesday

A mid-day funeral in Northridge
and half the work day is gone.
The meal of consolation
ruins dinner for us.

Thursday

My son discovers he can open the door
of his bedroom. So he does, walks out
into the hallway, calls for us in whispers.
We strongly consider moving.

Friday

I see thirty seconds of Jack Lord on TV
standing in front of a map of Hawaii drawn
on a sheet of plexiglass. It is 1:30 in the morning.
This is all I can take.

Saturday

A conversation with a Rabbi ensues
about which music doesn't belong.
Her premise: the tunes she doesn't like.
The trip to the Zoo is cancelled.

Sunday

A woman in Ocean park reads a
poem describing a homely fish.
I can't think of a single fish I am
attracted to.

Monday

The cats keep us up all night
yelling at each other in their language.
They know about the earthquake on the
east coast. Argue whether to tell us.

Tuesday

At midnight after the poetry reading,
my car separates a family of raccoons.
The babies on one side of the street
Their mother on the other, hating me.

Airplane Money

for Amber Tamblyn and Jeffrey McDaniel

If I were the kind of man who could fly anywhere
I'd come to your reading in New York City.

Page Meets Stage. Both of you have the chops so
I'm not sure which is which.

I'd come to your reading, but all of my
airplane money goes into my child's mouth.

Instead I'll sit in my house in Van Nuys
with my blow-up poetry dolls

and make believe. Which one of you
wants to be the girl?

New Year Haiku

Careful how you bring
the new year. Come October
a new mouth to feed.

Heat

It is nine in the morning and already too hot.
Ninety degrees in the San Fernando Valley

It is truly a dog day of summer.
At ten-thirty in the morning it is two hundred degrees.

Hot enough to keep a pie comfortably warm,
so when you are ready, you could scoop

vanilla ice cream on top.
Serve immediately.

At one in the afternoon
it is six hundred degrees.

Hot enough to cook a family of four,
though certain laws request you don't.

At four in the afternoon
most of the Earth's surface has burned away.

I'm writing this underneath the
last remaining palm tree

in a place as far away from the equator
as one could be.

A gaggle of deceased penguins
stares at me wantingly.

Nine o'clock in the evening
I got to bed. It is too hot to be awake anymore.

Probably fifteen hundred degrees.
I'd check the news for tomorrow's potential

but they are gone. I'm going to sleep
until the ice monsters come

until they develop clothing especially for this
until the breaking of the fall.

A Morning In the Life

It is just ten a.m. and I am already back in my pajamas after delivering the child to the preschool and acquiring the weekly items from the boutique grocery store.

This is how it will be for the rest of the day, Monday morning, me, in the pajamas, the front door, not opened again.

When I arrived home I checked in on the social network which informed me I am now the mayor of my house. I feel like I stole an election.

My wife asks me what changes am I going to implement now that I've risen to this power. *Oh, you know...* I tell her.

Probably stay the course...a thousand light bulbs changed after they burn out. I'll probably bring the troops home and implement a no gopher policy for the front yard.

I'm *mad with power* she suggests. At least I think she would suggest this, if she were home. She's not. It's Monday morning. I'm just in my pajamas

making stuff up.

Winter Haiku

I threw a snow ball
at a guy in New York once
He was not happy

The Increasing Finances of Age

Today at the market
an older woman asked to see my ID
in conjunction with the six beers
I'd placed in the shopping cart.

Happily I said, and produced it.
After studying it for a while she said
Oh my god, you're a year older than me!
You Look great!

At first I wanted to bond with her
about high-school in the eighties.
Then I felt bad for her, looking older
than her years.

Probably a smoker I thought.
Then I felt bad for me.
Am I really that old?
I collected my beers

and the rest of my groceries.
Over a hundred dollars worth of items.
Back in the eighties, I couldn't
afford any of this.

This Thought, Too many Syllables for Haiku

The biscuits didn't
turn out as I'd hoped because
too much baking sod-

Being a Museum Guard is the Loneliest Job in the World

You stand silent for hours, your only interaction
with people telling them what they can't do.

*Stay behind that line.
Don't touch the art.
No flash photography.*

You grow to hate art and
when you get home you want to do mundane things.

Watch reality TV.
Eat franks and beans.

You may get another job someday
Maybe office work or retail.

In the mean time,
oh no you've fallen
Asleep standing up!!!!

Sites on Rivington

I
The store across the street from the hotel is called "Economy Candy."
It is right next to a place called "Fat Baby."

If you wish to maintain your baby at a reasonable weight,
you must serve him premium candy.

II
At Economy Candy they serve off brand versions of
famous candy, such as *Schmickers*, and *M and L's*.

They have a version of the *Watchamacallit* bar which actually
has a name. They have a *100000 dollar bar* which only costs a grand.

Animal Hospitality

I can tell which cat is walking through my house
by the sounds its paws make as they come
into contact with the wood floors.

At one in the morning when I finally arrive at my bed
Cleo walks in. She is the oldest cat. Not in the world,
just in the house. You can barely hear her since we took
her claws

nine years ago. She propels herself to the bed
like a kite. No sound. No bounce. She makes herself
comfortable. At five in the morning she will purr.

I'd tell you the name of my next cat is Tigger,
but then you would judge me.
He walks in like a pony wearing tap shoes.

If I make even the slightest audible sound or motion
he will rush to the bed and lick any visible skin
of mine he can find. I am okay with this.

Our third cat is larger than a moose. He'd come to
the bed but he can't find room. His breathing is
louder than the president's helicopter.

He will cry for his breakfast with the imperative
of Vietnam. *You're running a zoo* my friend once said
to which I replied. *Let me show you the Chinese*

*water dragon and the frog. Did I tell you I tried to keep
a bird alive that I'd found outside? It didn't make it.
Did I tell you about the caterpillar I killed?*

Discovered Talent

Jude and the Madagascar Hissing Cockroach
have an argument for twenty minutes.
Or it could be a conversation. All we know
is he speaks its language fluently.

Zoo on a Mountain

They give birthday presents to the wolves
Three years old today

Wrapped bits of whatever they eat
You pay a few dollars for the privilege

of handing the package to a caretaker
Then watch the pack tear it apart

Wrapping paper not of the wild
Happy birthday wolves

I'd like to give you the mountain as a present
I'd like to make the zoo go away

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*, *Rattle*, *Stirring*, *PoeticDiversity.org*, *Zuzu's Petals*, *Caffeine Magazine*, *Blue Satellite* and others. He edited the anthologies *The Night Goes on All Night - Noir Inspired Poetry* and *A Poet's Haggadah: Passover through the Eyes of Poets* anthology and is the author of 14 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*, *We Put Things In Our Mouths*, *Sinzibuckwud*, *Death of a Mauve Bat* (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.

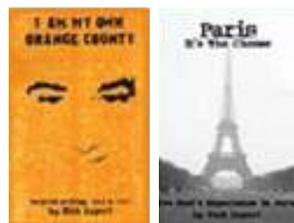


The author's other e-books are *To Hell With Rick Lupert* (Ain't Got No Press, May, 2006), *The Rick Lupert Fun Club* (Ain't Got No Press, May, 2007), *On My Eventual Death* (Ain't Got No Press, May 2009), and *Today We Bombed The Moon* (Ain't Got No Press, May 2010) All four are available for free download at PoetrySuperHighway.com

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

Currently Rick works as music teacher at Southern California synagogues and as a freelance graphic and web designer 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:

Death of a Mauve Bat
Ain't Got No Press, Jan., 2012

**The Night Goes On All Night
Noir Inspired Poems (edited by)**
Ain't Got No Press, Nov., 2011

Sinzibuckwud!
Ain't Got No Press, Jan., 2011

We Put Things In Our Mouths
Ain't Got No Press, Jan., 2010

A Poet's Haggadah (edited by)
Ain't Got No Press, Apr., 2008

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, Jan., 2006

Stolen Mummies
Ain't Got No Press, Feb., 2003

Brendan Constantine is My Kind of Town
Inevitable Press, Sept., 2001

Up Liberty's Skirt
Cassowary Press, March, 2001

Feeding Holy Cats
Cassowary Press, May, 2000

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Cassowary Press, May, 2000

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Sacred Beverage Press, Dec., 1998

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The Inevitable Press, Feb., 1998

I Am My Own Orange County
Ain't Got No Press, May, 1997

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