

The Jill Kelly Poems

Alessandro Porco

A Thesis

in

The Department

of

English

Presented in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements
for the Degree of Master of Arts at
Concordia University
Montreal, Quebec, Canada

February 2004

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395 Wellington Street
Ottawa ON K1A 0N4
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395, rue Wellington
Ottawa ON K1A 0N4
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Your file Votre référence

ISBN: 0-612-94608-8

Our file Notre référence

ISBN: 0-612-94608-8

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ABSTRACT

The Jill Kelly Poems

Alessandro Porco

The Jill Kelly Poems eulogizes a mythic, masculine self, cherishing a Bacchus-like existence while simultaneously coming to terms with its impossibility. The collection presents a libidinal space where movies, music, sports, and pornography— not in opposition to each other but in relation to each other— are unified by language. The variety of forms (sonnet, epigram, triolet, haiku) and genres (imitation-translation, long poem, sound poetry, elegy) reflect and, more importantly, accommodate a variety of emotional and physical experiences. The final section of the collection, “The Jill Kelly Poems,” uses pornography as a medium for criticism directed at that which is commonly designated and valued as *poetic* by poets and critics alike. It is also an expression of sexuality, of the body and its functions, particularly, anal sex. The influence of many (from Robert Herrick to Martin Scorsese, from W.B. Yeats to Jill Kelly, from Robert Lowell to Snoop Dogg) on form and prosody should be obvious and, ideally, have contributed to what I hope is an unusual poetics that alternately roars and whimpers— just like a man.

Acknowledgements

The following poems were previously published in different forms:

“Close Encounters of a Heard Kind.” Headlight Anthology 6 (2003).

“Autobiographia Cinematica.” Grain Magazine 31.3 (2004).

“What’s a Mook?” quotes excerpts from Raymond Chandler’s essay, “The Simple Art of Murder,” Robert Lowell’s “‘To Speak of Woe That Is in Marriage,’” *The New York Times* (Oct. 2nd and 3rd 1973), The Ronettes’s “Be My Baby” (written by Phil Spector, Jeff Barry, and Ellie Greenwich), Martin Scorsese’s *Mean Streets* (written by Scorsese and Madrik Martin), and Dwight Yoakam’s “Yet to Succeed.”

My thanks to Mary di Michele and Jon Paul Fiorentino for their support; to Carolyn Smart for patiently listening to all my ranting and raving about all things cinema (and, occasionally, poetry); to Martin Scorsese and Jill Kelly for being the best at what they do, respectively. Finally, I would like to thank David McGimpsey, a wonderful supervisor, for *MNF*, *Roc the Mic*, and taking on this project out of the kindness of his heart.

for Olivia

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I write of youth, of love, and have access
By these to sing of cleanly wantonness . . .

— Robert Herrick, “The Argument of His Book”

Where the hell do you get the ass to tell anybody anything
about class or who the hell’s got it . . .

— Robert Dupea, Five Easy Pieces

Bad Boys

MacGuffin

The sign says NO EXIT & I am lost without you.
The Turks ride bareback across the horizon,
armed with dzeferdars, kuburas, & yataghans.
In the glove compartment, there's a starter's pistol
& a blue key. The key unlocks the box. Inside
you'll find a bouquet of Anatolian cyclamen
without a card & your severed thumb, up
from the depths to break the surface tranquility
of our pretty lake & hitch a lift into the plot.
The radio's playing our song & the detective
would like a word, but our horse has just arrived
& there's a war to prepare for. I tether our
thoroughbred to the steering-wheel & we make love
in the trunk as he trots us into battle. If captured
& asked, "Who is the man in the wheelchair?",
tell them everything, tell them nothing . . .

Close Encounters of a Heard Kind

the spectator & specter & scepter & intercept & tercet & a
great set & set go & go west & central & centrist & sentries
guard citadels & petals of a flower & the flowers of hell-bent
for leather & tie me up! & tie me down! & go down & give
me steam & pornography the pyromaniac & Jack & Jill &
Jack is jilted & Jill is gilded & love is dead & did & the deed
is done & the future is calling & London is listening & the
Clash is playing & Papini's praying & nobody knows &
nobody cares & are you experienced? & bellow below &
'seismic orgasm' & the grand O my dear dog day after high
noon landing & the race for mars & the race for arms & sound
the alarms & aural pleasures increase exponentially if
committed to mammary & love is always blond before blind

Men with Guns

after Giuseppe Ungaretti

Holding
vigil over
my wounded
brother
through
the night
His mouth
swallows
the moon
His hands
grapple
the silence
I write

Whatcha Gonna Do When They Come For You

That's right, Ma, I didn't pass judgement
when I flipped on the tube to catch a *COPS* episode
& found you gunt-gutted, saggy-jagged, & busted-out up against
the neighbours' back-fence; & I won't

pass judgement now: you & your cracked eyes
behind the dividing glass. Your guard says the Library's
stocked with the best state money can buy:
Joyce, Proust, Kafka, & Binky.

It's a whack-assed planet— the Koreans
are armed & arming— MJ's donned a #23 throw-back
Bullets jersey— I shuffle in & out of quarantine
— & Wu-tang killer bees are on the attack.

How much longer can I shimmy-shimmy-ya shimmy-yo
through life? Now's my chance to
pick-up, push-off & crowd-surf space to Pluto.
Time's up. No matter how far out: I'm yours but never you.

New Year's Eve Haiku

Andrew's Pub, December 31st 2003

She schnapps-struts over
To the juke-box— her peach scent
Floats like the lotus—

The Soundtrack to Sex – Vol. 1

Nino Rotta's *Love Theme from The Godfather*

Kelly Ripa laugh-loop

Dennis Miller's *Citizen Arcane*

Ann Coulter vs. Katie Couric (Wed. June 26, 2002 on NBC)

The O.J. Verdict

Jezebel Bond in *Vixen & The Return of Vixen*

Malcolm X's Harvard Lectures

Real Madrid 4 vs. Juventus 3 (Spanish broadcast)

Tap dancing

Scorpion's *Wind of Change*

Al Jazeera TV

Monday Night Football with Al Michaels & John Madden

Scorsese's *Goodfellas*

Half-Japanese Girl

A few years back I was obsessed.
Routine had me eating from sushi boats
twice a week, & I'm allergic to fish:

love-makin' involving wasabi & chopsticks
& Asian tag-team wrestling masks—
I would swell up & excuse myself to be sick.

When stakes are high, self-sacrifice
is the name of the game.
Samurai understood sacrifice, performing *hara-kiri*

on the battlefield with the *wakisashi*,
cutting horizontally across the abdomen,
then upwards towards the aorta.

On our first anniversary, my love pulled *Rokugo* armor
from her costume chest & I, Mifune,
did ungodly things to my frightened village girl.

It Was Worth It

That time after the Scorpions show:
I rocked *like a hurricane* up St. Laurent
Letting all the literary hipsters know
Winds of change were a-cummin', or

That time I squeezed my way up to
The front-row & asked a nursing
Belinda Carlisle to flash her boobs:
My own private *heaven on earth*.

Good times! & who could forget
Smokin' indo, high in the nosebleeds
For Busta, Snoop & Fiddy Cent;
Teen T & A for *motherfuckin' P.I.M.P.s*.

But nights in a lifetime don't equal a life,
& the best actuaries can't even say if—

Portrait of the Artist as a Young Haiku-Cento

Once upon a time . . .
Flower-words are always nice
... Ever in good stead—

Autobiographia Cinematica

When I was a child
I hated this & hated that
& thought life so tough: thumb-
sucking complaints.

But audiences need
action. Include a one-time
deal gone sour & then jump-cut
forward to

present day. There's
a girl I've met; she takes
pleasure in my lies of omission.
Imagine!

You Like Me, You Really Like Me

for Budweiser

Hail, hail! All hail! to the King of Beers,
His busty-bird waitress teasing pet-names
At loyal patrons. After all these years,
Hail, hail! All hail! to the King of Beers:
Life's staple; stable when you're on or near
My nut-salt lips & the screens got the games.
Hell! O hell! Two bottle-buckets of King Budweiser
Later & I swear she's laying my name.

The Man Show

Jeans down round the ankles, a bucket of wings
between the knees, watching Juggies
in thongs jump trampoline:

I have to remind myself to wipe
El Scorcho sauce from my fingers before any self-
love gets too hot to handle or out of hand.

Mondays, I convince myself
I'm gonna start-up a rock & roll band;
Tuesdays, the band's broken up & I'm David Lee Roth;

what's left of the week
I spend in bed reading Raymond Chandler knock-offs
between AP reports on my addictions—

even in my dreams I'm a failure
in rehab on a California ranch dreaming of California
girls who maybe just maybe dream of me . . .

I wish they all could be . . .

Upon Eating Your Love

after William Carlos Williams

I pleasure
the papyrus
that rubric
the grouse

& which
you probate
accredit
for lapidate

Confess
they lascivious
so attar
& so atomic

Carisimi

I wake and walk to the terrace.
Church bells, wide-eyed all-
wise, stare-out from the belfry.
There are two young lovers:
he is proud and she is sore
as they make their way back
along the avenue of poplars;
I avert my eyes, letting them pass.
From where I stand the sky
is black, the mountain empty;
I hear Giacondo and Giovanni
al monumento dei caduti
waiting patiently for sunrise
when they will play the day's
first *bocce* match. *Ramarri*
begin slithering to the tops of
wild mushrooms crowded
around the court's periphery
like stadium seating.
The winner will be proud,
the loser sore, but whatever
the outcomes of the day,
they'll walk down to the graves
of their lost wives and say,
"Good morning, *Carisimi*, we're
almost finished being alive."

The Soundtrack to Sex - Vol. 2

Christian Bök reading Hugo Ball
Metallica's *For Whom the Bell Tolls-Fade to Black*
An eighteen-wheeler in reverse
Toby Keith's *Who's Your Daddy?*
An espresso machine
Ezra Pound *Live from Rapallo* box-set
The Cuckoo-clock monologue
Dylan Thomas reading "Do Not Go Gently Into That Good Night"
Dubai Aviation School Control Tower
Celine Dion's *All By Myself*
James Carville vs. Tucker Carlson
Oliver Stone's *Platoon*
Britney Spears crying during an interview with Diane Sawyer

Biographia Cinematica

SHARON STONE

Proud owner of a mint-condition Canadian nickel worth at least a dime.

AKIRA KUROSAWA

Tell me, Luke, who *is* your father?

SHARON TATE

And yet somehow! someway! the life of a midget must go on.

RON JEREMY

Brother of Tevye, you are a rich man.

MARIANGELA MELATO

J'ai ete sodomise & ich sodomized & eu sodomized & me sodomizaron.

MARLON BRANDO

I wouldn't trade you for all the butter in the world—

FAYE DUNAWAY

How . . . Greek.

SPIKE LEE

If Jesus can take it to the rack & bang the boards then colour me black.

I'm Ready, Coach . . . Put Me In The Game

for David McGimpsey

"Play like a champion today."

Being beautiful's like playing quarterback
for the Fighting Irish of Notre Dame.
Every home-game Saturday's a sell-out
in South Bend, & from sideline to sideline
up through the grandstand nose-bleeds, all eyes
are on you, kid, strutting your all-American
stuff on over to the fifty-yard line for
the big game's coin-toss.

My name's Rudy;
I'm the practice squad's tackle-dummy, bull's-
eyed between the numbers; I haul ass at the
mill, dreaming up one final down where, with
some Gipper luck, I score a taste of the good life
& convert my five-foot nothing into something.

Raison D'être

This poem includes the word somnambulist
Because I like the way it sounds.
There's no meaning to be derived by formalists.
Why not include the word somnambulist?
It's so damn oblivious. I consulted my linguist
& he assures me I'm allowed
To include my *mot juste* somnambulist
Whenever I like: my ear's mind's sound.

In Media Rex

Under the auspices of a kind Syrian belly-
dancer & a player to be named later,

I've decided upon a proper fate:
today, the only thing more popular than

Che Guevara is a Che Guevara T-shirt:
the kids don't want my face

pressed on their *faux vintage* cotton:
I'm a tripping billy without a war,

not some twentieth-century folk hero;
deferent to N.W.A. & souped-up

low-riders, I know my *loco* place
in the defeated city & acquiesce to the

co-eds congregated at the marquee,
buying one-way tickets out of Damascus:

The Real Truth About Cats & Dogs: An Epigram

The story of my life is as follows:

I'd love to love an Uma Thurman;

What with my back-hair condition:

I'm promised to Janeane Garofalo.

The Real G

A self-proclaimed *brother who'd*
smother your mother as soon as he finished
backside sliding into your little sister,
the one they call Eazy
never went in for PG big-pimping or getting jiggy
& if he were alive today,
he'd hard-knock life Jay-Z into reality
& send Big Willy's Willy styles back to west Philly.

At L.A.'s Mount Sinai Hospital,
Eazy's pneumonia-induced fever arrested
the logic once distinguishing him
from the mass suckers, making it impossible
to drop rhymes for 7 kids from 6 mothers;
he lay stock-still, emaciated,
Tomika breast-feeding their newborn
in the bullet-proof shadow of twin big-boi Samoans.

Lawyers bowdlerized his last werdz,
excising every signature *motherfuckin' & motherfucker*.
But defiant to the end, he refused to wear
the prescribed hospital-blue gown.
Rigged-up in Raider gear instead, activator proud
with the So-Cal jheri-curl,
I like to think Eazy met Death as only Eazy could,
with a ruthless squeal in full G-effect:
"What up, Dawg! The original Mista 1-8-7.
It's about time. It's about motherfuckin' time."
They'd compare weapons— a sawed-off vs. a scythe—
& in their low-rider hydraulically bump towards the light.

Hello, Sports Fans: An Epigram

My record with women is
As winning as the Bengals;
No matter the 110% effort
I trip, fumble: I'm a bungle.

Kaley Cuoco

Baby-blue under-sized cotton joggers
squeezing you in while you're busting-out:
I had an erotic-dream-specific fan-letter
stamped & sealed: naughty thoughts

about your below the waist fashion sense
may've been interpreted as stalker-weird by
studio-lot security & so I decided against
sending it: if you hated me, I'd— just— die.

Write a poem instead. That's my plan;
a rhyme here, a rhyme there: the best get-
out-of-jail free card I know, making it

legit when I pull at your waist-band
& bare pimple free teenage ass-cheeks:
not perfect in form but how perfect the fit.

Late-night Haiku Composed for My Once Lovely Beloved

Winsor Pilates:

“Firm, tone & sculpt your body”;

Twinkie-yellow moon—

Carpe Diem

A giant ape dead to rights'll put the kibosh
on 4th of July good-time belly-shots
& trump the ol song & dance fireworks everytime.

Military command didn't bother one-bit
about Dwan's model model heart; they riddled Kong
with seekers; he plummeted to the street.

As her golden tresses fell to the stars-&-stripes
sequin-sash wrapped round her waist,
Dwan wept & wiped the tears on Kong's hide,

& I figure it's only a matter of time
before she comes a-calling for a live shoulder
to cry on. If years of routine rejection

have taught me anything
it's that one shoulder's as good as another.
Why not mine?— It's evolution, baby.

This is Just to Say, Thanks

So I went to the doctor
& figured real quick that my ex
is a major-league whore:
now it's two months no sex.

A real friend is quick to pipe-in,
"Hey Man, I had crabs too."
A little cream to clear-up my skin:
oh I wish we never screwed!

Terms I often use include:
hump titties titty-fuck money-
shot donkey-punch lube
cock-knock DP & big jublees.

A real friend knows its
the transference of frustration
by a guy stuck in an office
working to pay for STD medication.

So this is just to say, Thanks,
for every consolatory shot of Jack,
ball-park draft, St. Catherine lap-dance:
in general, for having my back.

Mean Streets

What's A Mook?

October 2nd 1973:

77929 wins the Jersey Daily Lotto.
The NJ Nets beat the NY Knicks
97-87 at Madison Square Gardens.
Rangers & Isles tie 6-6,
& Mets fans slop into work hungover
because one day earlier
their squad clinched Baseball's
National League East Division title.
The J-E-T-S Jets Jets Jets O-line's
banged-up. Quote of the day:
"We have learned a bitter lesson.
To give in when one life
is endangered only endangers
more. The answer is that
terrorism must be wiped out"—
Golda Meir, in Vienna
to meet Chancellor Bruno Kreisky
to discuss the plight of Soviet Jews.
American buyers agree to pay
Egypt 400 million dollars
to build an oil-pipeline from
the Mediterranean to the Red Sea.
Ehrlichman's grand-jury testimony
admits President Nixon
authorized Plumbers' covert tactics.
The editorial page: Philip Roth
comments on married life
in the fifties: "It was up to us then

to give them the value and the
 purpose that society at large
 withheld— by marrying them.”
 Battle pushes on 35 miles Northwest
 of Saigon as General Giai is
 sentenced to 5 years hard labour
 after abandoning his post during the
 Tet offensive. Mayor Lindsay’s
 Health Services Administrator: gay.
 & that’s not all. At the movies
Cleopatra Jones— “she’s 6 feet 2’
 of dynamite!”— playing at the
 Blue Ribbon Theatre. *American Graffiti*
 asks “Where were you in ’62?”
 Jim Brown in *The Slams* / Robert Blake
 in *Corky*. *Crooked Arrangement*
 & *The Plumber* with all-male casts
 “even the straights will dig.”
Enter the Dragon starring the one & only.
 Pacino in *Scarecrow* /
 Zeffirelli’s star-crossed lovers /
 Jewison’s *Fiddler*— if I were a rich man I. . . .
 Uptown the gloss-porn crowd catch
 a *Youthful Lust & All Woman*
At Sweet 16 double-bill: “an erotic
 invitation to life [. . .] and
 arousing introduction to love.”
 Broadway at 65th. The Lincoln Center’s
 Alice Tully Hall. The 11th annual
 New York Film Festival Presents
 A Taplin-Perry-Scorsese Production
 A film by Martin Scorsese
 “Go to church on Sunday / Go to hell
 on Monday.” *Mean Streets*.

*

Peter. Andrew. James. John. Philip.
Bartholomew. Matthew. Thomas.
James, son of Alphaeus. Simon
the Zealot. Judas, son of James.
& Judas Iscariot: the original mook.

Father Steve performed the service
at my brother's wedding. He
began his homily by explaining
marriage as a three-ring process:
"There's the engagement ring
followed by the marriage ring;
& finally, there's suffering."
I was my brother's best man.
& standing by his side as his bride
walked the aisle, I leaned in
& whispered the first thing
that came to me. "Dude," I said,
"You're such a mook."

From *Songs In the Key Of Mook* Disc 1:

1. Fly Me To The Mook
2. Wanted Mook or Alive
3. A Boy Named Mook
4. Mook Outta Compton
5. Man! I Feel Like A Mook!
6. Maggie Mook
7. She Mooks Sanctuary
8. Mook, No Chaser
9. Then He Mooked Me
10. Mook You Like A Hurricane

“Each night now I tie
ten dollars and his car keys to my thigh. . . .”
— Oh to speak of the woe that is in Mook—
are you now or have you ever been?

St. Mary's. Appleton, Wisconsin.
The final resting place of Joe Mook;
his marble gravestone, bordered by
urns, defaced by delinquent
Wisconsinites & angry Pilgrims.
Mook led the second wave of House
Committee on Un-American
Activities (HUAC) Hearings in 1951.
But no man is his own man— *are you now
or have you ever been?*

I pay my respects
& make my way to the annual
Packers / Vikes NFC Norris match
on “the frozen tundra” of Lambeau field.
Another holy-land. Another war.

Etymology. The study of words.
Mook: Moor plus Gook: Mook.

*

I need money. Corman alumni
always come home to their alma-mater.
“Marty,” said Roger, “Here’s
the best I can do for you & your
Season of the Whatever script.
My brother’s made a real good buck
for the first time in his entire life
off some Cleo Jones blaxploitation

flick, so I'll bottom line you:
I love what you did with *Bertha*.
Had everything. Part stick-em up /
part Lefty-labour / part Peckinpaw /
Barbara Hershey breasts / & a
crucifixion scene not in any script
or pre-production storyboard I okayed
but that's neither here nor there—
it did what it was supposed to do
& that's something in this business.
Bottom line: make it a black cast,
less cryptic title, more gun-smoke /
more tits / & you got yourself
\$150,000. I'll distribute it. Black,
Marty, black. Otherwise, you're back
in the editing booth with MGM's
Elvis tour & Zimm's Racquel Welch
roller-derby rip-off." True story.
Scorsese said he'd think about it.

*

Sept. 19th *la festa di San Gennaro*
Bishop of Benevento, native of Naples.

Interrogated / tortured / & beheaded
by order of the Governor at Nola.

San Gennaro translates St. John.
Its Latinate root: Janus, the two-faced

Roman God of gates & doorways.
What's in a name? DeNiro plays

Johnny Boy Cervello (pronounced
Ch-err-vello). Cesare Danova as

Charlie's Uncle Giovanni / il capo.
What's in a name? The two faces of

Janus: Johnny & Giovanni / one
in the same / guardians of contrary

gates / to what was, what is meant
to be / & our gangster-priest, Charlie,

stuck wandering "these mean streets
[. . .]. A man [. . .] who is not himself

mean, who is neither tarnished nor
afraid," in self-imposed Purgatory,

no blessed wind pushing me-him in the
right direction— *dove se, benevento?*

*

God knows he's got a lot of it
but it ain't good ol fashion Catholic guilt
stopping Charlie from breakin' off
cheatin' on long-time girlfriend to-be-bride
Teresa / Johnny Boy's cousin / a neighborhood
girl so as he can have his cake & eat-
out his *castagna bruciata* too.

Consider the voice-over:

"You know something, she
is really good looking / I gotta say that again:
she is really good looking, but

she's black. You can see that real plain,
 right? Well, there's not much
 of a difference anyway, is there?
 Well, is there?" The "she" in the passage
 refers to Diane the black stripper
 dances at Tony's bar
 Charlie's got a real hard-on for.
 Twice-repeated "She is really good looking"
 no matter how genuine— & it is—
 is undercut by the "but" which
 qualifies Diane's aesthetic: "She's black."
 Charlie's obsessed with "you" / what "you" see /
 & by extension: what "you" think:
 three questions in total
 one explicitly / two implicitly
 addressed to a "you" whose presumed
 response of "Yes" will both approve
 & absolve Charlie's own racism:
 good enough to fuck the dark in the dark
 but not enough to love in the love
 is to speak of the woe that is
 Eye-tie. . . . *poveri marocchini*. . . .
 Is there any difference between
 Black & WOP-broads?
 That's besides the point: Charlie'd
 be a mook in the eyes of "you"—
 that is, me you & every Tuti-Bones-Peter-
 Paul-Balls & Johnny Boy on Mott,
 Elizabeth & Mulberry— if he hooked-
 it with some *moulie* strip-teaser. . . .

*

What's in a name? American emancipation
 & the trisyllabic last of history's exodus.

Abraham Lincoln Polonsky
testified before the HUAC on April 25th 1951.
Polonsky refused to answer questions
about left leanings or recruitment into
& involvement with the OSS
(the Office of Strategic Services,
later known as the CIA)
with whom he served during
the Second World War. In response to
the “unfriendly” testimony
Congressman Harold Velde of Illinois
declared Polonsky “a very dangerous citizen.”
It would be twenty years before
this “very dangerous” screenwriter-
essayist-novelist & communist-director
directed his feature-film follow-up
to 1948’s classic noir
Force of Evil starring John Garfield
& Thomas Gomez. “It’s been
a major influence on my work,”
explains Scorsese, “in particularly
on *Mean Streets*, *Raging Bull* & *Goodfellas*.
I first saw the film on television
when I was thirteen years-old.
I was overwhelmed [. . .]. *Force of Evil*
was the first film I can remember seeing
that applied directly to a world I knew & saw.”
It’s a world of rackets numbers stoolies
crook accountants counting crook dollars
laid down by plain-clothes on-patrols
& of course not-so-innocent blondes
who know to play the part
& not-so-not-innocent brunettes

too far-gone to play the part for anyone /
the gangsters who love 'em & leave 'em &
love 'em again in seedy-dives where
the snitch is gonna bite it
right in the eye / where lawless law-
men get wined & dined: sky's the limit rhetoric
has 'em flying high / left of right
& right for what's left of what's what—
which isn't much.

Wall Street Joe
& racket-man Tucker are fixing
for 776 (Ol Liberty) to land on July 4th
breaking every numbers bank's
bank, including Leo's (Joe's brother).
Tucker'll move in / consolidate
& Joe's got his first million—
“an exciting day in any man's life”
he says via voice-over as the film opens,
Polonsky's camera set-on
high-rise Wall Street, the bells
of Trinity Church tolling / then shifting
down-ways to the hustle-bustle
workers bobbing & weaving through
city traffic for punch-wage: Emancipation!
An exciting day in any man's life.
Come the 4th brother Leo's mooked.
In the film's final sequence
Joe searches out Leo's body
under the George Washington bridge—
by the lighthouse— on the rocks
— at “the bottom of the world”—
the shore of the river Hudson-Styx:
Hell just a crossing-fare away.
Framed by dwarfing city-scape

architecture, Joe's 10-shot descent
as photographed by Polonsky
is that of a once-larger-than-life man
cut down to size by legit-hood hood-legits.
Noir. It's hard to tell which is which.
My brother's dead & that's it.
The world I know.

*

From *Songs In The Key Of Mook* Disc 2:

1. Carry On My Wayward Mook
2. Mook Was The Case
3. Whiskey Bent and Mook Bound
4. Jumpin' Jack Mook
5. Mook Gone Wild
6. Another One Bites the Mook
7. I Still Haven't Mooked What I'm Looking for
8. Stella By Mooklight
9. Mook Looks Like a Lady
10. Stand By Your Mook

Rock Big Band Eye-tie traditionals.
Jukebox picks. From start to finish
Scorsese flicks mark time & space
with music. The deaths of JFK
Martin Luther King Jr. & Marilyn /
Watergate / *La festa di San Gennaro* /
a no-win situation guerilla war
stretching from Saigon to Cambodia /
Fellas from the block shipping-out
then shipping in in body-bags or worse
MIA captives in 'Nam prison camps:

Hank Williams, Johnny Cash,
Negro Spirituals, Muddy Waters,
“Diamonds are a Girl’s Best Friend,”
The Stones, The Beatles,
una tarantella, la strina,
“The End,” & “White Room.”
Another holy-land. Another war.
Tony pleads, “Play all the old ones,”
as if a jukebox three-for-a-dime
could turn back the clock to a better
tonight tomorrow’s got nuttin’ on:
The Ronnettes Chantells Nut Megs
Aquatones Shirelles Marvelettes
& Jimmy Roselli.

The first time

I went down on a WASP broad (what’s
in a name?) the radio was playing
Prince’s “Little Red Corvette.”
She had a who’s who of the *Simpsons*
thumb-tacked above her head-
board, & I remember being so bored:
by the time the second verse came round
I’d started a where’s Waldo-type
search for my favourite characters
— Hans Molemon, Lionel Hutz, Disco Stu—
just to keep from falling asleep
on her in-betweens mid-way.
True story.

I left home at seventeen.

To mark the occassion of my man-
making days ahead, I made a mix-tape
of tunes: *Shane* Volume 1,
& like Alan Ladd I rode into town
with good looks & the best of

intentions, only to ride out
bleeding a slow bleed (*You broke my heart!*)
dying a slow death (*You broke my heart!*)
man-made un-made / but a boy.
Upon my return home, I recorded
Volume 2— a more jaded mix,
opening with “Hurt” by Nine Inch Nails
& closing with Dwight Yoakam’s
suicidal-nasal “Yet to Succeed” yelps—

Please don't start me a-cryin'
'Cause I'll go on for days

Girlfriends have come & gone:
days & nights on end spent tight in
arms on a single-size bed, like
gangsters who *hit da mattresses*
during family-borough wars;
my wanting to hear those three
little words: *Alessandro, I mook you:*
it's the world I know that makes
mooks of us all / pulling “a man
[. . .] who is not himself mean,
who is neither tarnished nor afraid,”
in every opposite end direction
(I have learned a bitter lesson)
drawn & quartered in-by the street
that leaves him for not, empty-
handed what's left of its language
with one climacteric gun-shot that
sings

the night we met I knew I needed you

Bildungsroman

It's official— I'm an uncle. Woo-ha!
Hey, little guy, you've got the whole family
talking that talk
families get to talking at big-time moments:
about how
"things'll have to seriously change round here,"
like, for example, me:
though they're sure to direct their comments
at nobody in particular, & so
everybody agrees.
For the record, addiction to teen soap-operas
is *not* a sin, & it's not
the *mangiacake* cakewalk they think
disciplining oneself to wake
at 7 am Monday through Friday
to record four consecutive episodes of *Dawson's Creek*—
it's as legit as wielding a mortar-filled trowel
forty hours a week.
Hey, here's a joke for ya:
why weren't the Italians first to the moon?—
they ran out of scaffolding.
Fact is, I like planting my ass on Mom's
(your Nona's)
plastic-covered divan to watch
& re-watch Katie Holmes play coy,
breaking boys' hearts from Capeside to Los Angeles—
so leave the Italian space program
to the pros.
Don't get me wrong:

your Mom & Pop aren't to blame;
 I mean, dirty mags (featuring Santa & the Easter Bunny
 doin' da nasty
 in as many nasty positions as da nasty can be nasty)
 bookmarked by hard-as-rocks socks
 filled with nasty old jizz
 tucked beneath my nasty old mattress,
 the only mattress I've ever had
 in the only bedroom I've ever been,
 is nothing to champion; it's just plain ol nasty.
 Now I'll let you in on
 a little conspiracy theory: they're planning
 to ship me out
 like the Corleone family did Fredo—
 sure, he was banging "two cocktail waitresses at a time"
but he ended up at the bottom
 of Lake Tahoe. Tahoe—that's in Nevada.
 Of course, sticking around'll mean some "serious change"
 (that's what the "they" are saying).
 All ethnic slurs & curse words: out.
 Uncle Drunky's drunk spills: out.
 Playing-card decks with naked chicks: out.
 The Bong-Song: out.
 Straight & narrow: that's in:
 meaning an early start to some steady job
 & clothes that may need ironing;
 if all goes well, then, maybe start to date—
 though it goes without saying
 whoever she is
 has got to be (not just Italian)
 Calabrese. So,
 should life pick-up & I go down some Tarheel path
 to my Katie out on a Wilmington dock,
 making enough of an impression

she comes a-knockin'
on my motel-room window (decked-out
in Carolina baby-blues)
for a night-cap snuggle, existential chit-chat
revealing her beyond her years,
& a pay-per view flick (anything but Spielberg):
it can only be what might have been if only—
in the end she'll never be
the Signora Katerina Holmsino they all dream of;
she always just be Mrs. Katie Holmes;
my Kay to their Apollonia.
Too bad, kid—
she would've made one looker of an aunt!

The Lonely Street of Dreams

One Night Only. 10 bucks a pop.
My guitar hero Reb Beach, Live at *Hot Rocks*.
This is it, I thought,
the start of the instrumental guitar-rock revival
in my hometown: Brampton, ON.
Only thirteen years-old;
but a friend of my brother worked the door.
Dude hooked up the tix & snuck me in.
Oh man, Reb
sweet-talked, trash-talked
played possum with his 7-string Jem-model Ibanez;
24-fret pinch harmonics,
whammy-bar dive-bombs,
eight-finger tap-dancing,
light-speed speed-picking—
you name it: he did it,
& I witnessed it. From start to finish.
After the gig
Reb answered shop-talk questions,
signed autographs, &
passed-out monogrammed picks
for a crowd of guitar-shop hack-shredders
(including me)
who lived to steal his every lick
under the impression that doing so
would help us score chicks;
what Reb didn't do (unlike most guitar heroes)
is slip back-stage
to disrespect his beautiful Jem
by jamming it neck-deep in the nipsy-end
of the mother end of
some cougar-daughter tag-team.

Well, the instrumental guitar-rock revival didn't take,
but that night
something more important did:
a passion (yes, *passion*) for hottie waitresses
in baby-sized baby-Ts
florescent bar-logos pressed across their respective
working-the-sticky-stuck-floor chests.
Remember:
at thirteen, the closest I'd ever been
to the real-life stuff of big bubs was scrambled porn
— even then I couldn't say for sure.
I knew I was just a precocious kid
born two decades too late with ass-over-head taste;
a fact confirmed by
my first girlfriends who,
during To-let-you-know break-up talks,
invariably let me know
that listening to
the Mahivishnu Orchestra while *Dog Day Afternoon*
played on the tube, muted,
did not qualify as *a night of romance*.
Of course, if I knew then
what I know now
about the mysterious ways of love. . . .
One Night Only turned into a lifetime,
& I've paid & I've paid
& I've paid the price of admission, I admit—
now looking at you, all I can think
is,
Here I go again:
I've made up my mind
& I ain't waisting no more time;
here's 15% & my heart
for the tip—

Did I Shave My Nuts For This?

Somewhere along the line,
keeping up with each installment
of the *Emmanuelle* Euro-art-porn franchise
became too trying
on my day-to-day comings & goings—
I am but one man.
Freshman year
I took to cataloguing
some of our more celebrated thespians'
nipple-baring sex-
scenes instead. To this day,
top five favs are
Barbara Hershey in *Boxcar Bertha*
Melanie Griffith in *Night Moves*
Rosanna Arquette in *Baby, It's You!*
Kathleen Turner in *Body Heat*
Susan Sarandon in *The Hunger*
— I nearly flunked out
on account of my dedication
to the study of thespian Boobology.
I was a giant boob,
but summers come & summers go;
a fella can change, can't he?
Senior year, we— that is, four prospective graduates
at one of Canada's finer institutions
of higher learning—
organized a sophisticated camel-toe pool
for international gymnastics events
broadcast Saturday afternoons on NBC.

God bless the Romanians!
who afforded me many a pub-crawl
all along Kingston's main strip:
pints at the QP & Alfies, the Trash & the Brass,
AJ's, Stages, Yesterdays, & the Wellie;
strippers at Shaker's,
& a night-cap at the Toucan,
where Darling the waitress couldn't help
but acquiesce to our slurred
yet oddly charming small-town requests
for TNN's Professional Bull Riding on the big-screen.
This is all to say, my love affairs
have never been up to snuff.
Stacey, Crystal, & Kierstyn cheated.
Cecilia the Virgin, determined to remain the big V,
wasn't above cheating in that
I'm a Virgin cheating kinda-way: she cheated.
Angela gave me genital warts.
Odds are she cheated.
Dana cheated, & I gave her genital warts.
So nobody's perfect, but
everybody *can* change. Of that I'm certain.
See, nowadays,
whenever some uninitiated hottie asks,
"What's bubble-tea like?",
my answer's as clean as can be:
as clean— as— can— be—.
I pen A+ graduate-level English papers
with exceptionally clever titles,
like "Shakespeare the Rapist"
& "Nabokov the Pedophile."
I hold doors for ugly people, & Asians.
When asked, I tell it
like they want me to tell it like it is:

White males make the worst quarterbacks.
How long can I keep up the jig?
Long enough to secure my degree is the plan.
Though lately I hit the sack feeling
less a man than I did when the day began.
Integrity, thy name is Porco!
Porco— that's Eye-tie for swine.
It's funny what you catch
rolling in the mud.
Apply 3x a week before going to sleep.
Did I shave my nuts for this?

The Jill Kelly Poems

Jill Kelly's *Ars Poetica*

Breakfast in bed & down on all fours;
You're eggs-over-easy, munchin' for more.
Vegans protest & brand it obscene;
But there's no starving my anal queen.

Working-class to the bone: I love my porn,
& at minimum wage it's all I can afford.
Marxists can lecture & label it obscene;
But they can't put a price on my anal queen.

No clean-cut air-brushed auto-shop pin-up:
It's dirt-box zoom-ins & spunk on a C-cup.
Puritans can preach & declare it obscene;
But I still love you, my anal queen.

**Jill Kelly Conducts Research Into
The Most Notorious Blackbeard's Most Notorious Wives,
Most Notably Absent From Daniel Defoe's
Most Entertaining *Pirates***

Fact: the thong dates back
To wife number four, one-time
Carolina seamstress wooed
By the Cap's sack & jack.

She dipped in the sloop's
Eye-patch reserve, stitched three
Strips of deck-rope *et voila!*
Hidden jewels & booty to boot.

*We frig, we fiddle, we swallow & spit
Yo ho! A gang-bang on the seas;
We bend & bone every mate on the ship
Yo ho! A pirate's-wife life for me.*

Studies of early 17th Century fashion
Fail to note that the busk,
Originally made of iron, wood
& later whalebone,

Slotted in basque fronts, was
Discarded by wife ten & replaced
With an early model plug
Cut in the shape of a blunderbuss.

*We gulp, we plug, we jack & strap
Yo ho! A gang-bang on the seas;*

*We ball the cannons blasting our gaps
Yo ho! A pirate's-wife life for me.*

Kink, anyone?
The cat-o'-nine-tales, a flogging device
Wife number eight asked
Be whacked on the chubb of her bum

Till sweet coo-juice
As intoxicating as west-Indie rum
Gushed from the keg
Tapped between her legs.

*We drop & drool, we jump & jiggle
Yo ho! A gang-bang on the seas;
For trolling our story, thank you Jill
Yo ho! A pirate's-wife life for me.*

Jill Kelly's Anal Philology

God bless that BBC anomaly:
a North London-ites night-life miniseries
offering up Cockney euphemisms.
Like *bullet-hole*: that's one I'd never heard before,
& I fancy myself a connoisseur of sorts
when it comes to anything
back-door-related. So, naturally
(or unnaturally, depending on your view of things),
the expression would go something like
this, *shooting the bullet-hole*.
Simple. I like it. I mean, it's no
paintin' the dirtbox
flying the red-eye
plowing the cornhole
or *earning your chocolate wings*
— darlings of XXX lingo—
& maybe it's a bit too action-hero;
nonetheless it's one more for the collection.
Thing is (to be honest) I don't quite
get it: guess that's what makes it cockney;
guess that's what makes it poetry:
sweet-ass language all the sweet-ass time
all up in my sweet-ass pucker,
the dream of a sweet-ass lifetime
come true. Ah, but then, what is truth?
It's as sweet-ass can be—

Jill Kelly's Titty-bop Sonnet

What's to stop me, say, from writing
A beauty's best blason, never looking
Above, below, or beyond gianormous
Jugs juggling-in at a D-cup 36?

Well, sure, some critic might claim
Porco the Poet is unable to sustain
A poetic argument of any *real* value;
But it's no reason to not do as I do,

Which is express a love of big-bubs
In a fourteen-line song to the God of
Titty-bops— hast thou forsaken me?
Why not hand over a naked Jill Kelly

So as I can finally stop writing this
Thing & slide my thing between her tits?

Jill Kelly's Gertrude Stein

a boob is a boob is a boob is a boob is a bub is a bub is a bub
is a jub is a jub is a jublee is a juggy is a jiggy is a juggy is a
jiggy is a jag is a sag is a jag is a sag is a saggy is a jaggy is a
jiggy is a juggy is a D is a double is a double is a D is a jiggy
is a juggy is a jiggy is a juggy is a jublee is a jub is a jub is a
bub is a bub is a bub is a boob is a boob is a boob is a boob is
a bub is a bub is a bub is a bum is a bum is an um is a yum is
a yum yum yum is an um um um is a bum is a bub is a boob is
an ooh is an ah is an ooh is an ah is ooh baby don't stop don't
stop on top big top big bub round bum biground bubbum is a

Jill Kelly Productions' League of Extraordinary Women

First, Jezebel Bond, or, as I like to call her,
the Literary One. The most learned of all
adopted industry names: Ian Flemming
meets Baal sex-cult worshipper. 1 Kings 16.

'Double O Ho' (as she's referred to
by subscription types) only recently decided
to break out of the girl-girl scene
& into the man show.

Next up, the "other" Jenna— that is, Jenna Haze;
every part of her sickly frame making up
for a fresh-off-the-bus, bad career-name decision
which could have ended it all, another

lost pup to be picked-up by a Pierce Patchett chump.
It's made her hit the gym harder: a cock-
ring brawler in the bod of a blood-starved vamp
nowadays; meet Porno's Mina Harker.

& of course, Jill's every eye lights the sky
when talk comes round to *the* Haven:
a one-word two-syllable three-hole slice of
suck-ee suck-ee Heaven. Haven

studies the shaolin way & two-gun pump
mastered by Chow Yun Fat in hopes of crossing
into action-heroine mainstream in cineplexes
across America, from Maine to California.

Jezebelle, Jenna, & Haven:
together, they are Jill Kelly, the Anal Queen's,
League of Extraordinary Women, fighting
crime in the year of our Lord 2005.

Jill Kelly's Award Ceremony Triolet

& the winner is . . .

sweet & smutty Jill Kelly, pornstress
extraordinaire, uncork yourself, come
on up & accept this year's Back-dat-ass
award; O my sweet-smutty! pornstress
never again think yourself talentless:
outdoing the wanna-be Jenna Jameson
amateurs, you're an original pornstress:
plugging the extra mile. Uncork & come!

Jill Kelly's Retiremento Sentimento Cento

The material contained herein includes
Fingers, thumbs, tongues, & spoooge
A girl who doesn't like wearing clothes
Opened to accept the smooth probe

The Pro+Plus pill enlarges your penis
Stick your dick where my finger is
Yes, most women agree size does matter
The Mr. Satisfier satisfies every desire

Order *Doin' The Babysitter* for \$4.95
Receive your free copy of *Fat Girls Try*
Order *My Best Friends Gramma 2 & 3*
We guarantee 100% shipping privacy

Jill Kelly's Twiddle da Twat

Twiddle me doo
Twiddle me dumb
Twiddle my twat
Pluggle my bum

Twiddle me this
Twiddle me that
Twiddle my twat
Pluggle my spot

Scuttle me buttle
Piddle me paddle
Tickle my piggle
Twattle my twiddle

**Hot Girl-Girl Action University President Jill Kelly
Welcomes This Year's Freshman Class**

Pubic grooming g-strings g-spots
Tucks lifts boob belly & cum shots
Spooge-juice Extendor Orgasma+
Thank you fathers for your daughters.

Glow in the dark lime hot-pink
Two-headed thin tall small or thick
For that little less little more ribbed dick
Thank you fathers for you daughters.

Who would say No to a gang-bang?
Who would say No to Prof. Poon-Tang?
Who would say No to my scholarly tonguin'?'
Thank you fathers for your daughters.

At Jill Kelly U say Yes to snatch
At Jill Kelly U smack dat ass
At Jill Kelly U friggin'-it is class
Thank you fathers for your daughters.

Welcome Girls. . . . Ho Ho Ho it up!

Jill Kelly's Delight in Disorder

Typical monthly-mag spreads
pretty much go something like this:
easily identifiable location
(mountain side; limo; Mexican restaurant)
its apropos costumes
(backpack-stiletto; corsage-stiletto;
sombbrero-stiletto-taco supreme combo *por favor*)
followed by the obligatory
one-page peeler, then finally a spread 'em
that puts the spread in spreads.
This one should've been no different.
Jill's orange-in-a-can tan sets itself
against a symmetrical off-white crotch-line,
& blond crop-banged locks:
not one split-end or root to report.
She's decided on a pastoral scene;
good call. Bottle of white wine,
white linens, a white long-dong dildo,
green bottled slip-&-slide
lube-icide, & a basket filled with
the very things the Sisters of Sacred Heart
once filled baskets with on picnics.
They detail the ever-green knoll
that straddles her in the background.
Kudos, M. Des Sets.
It's perfect: as if the waters of some river
somewhere nearby are flowing
& I could hear the leap of its goodly fish
in delight: the world's alright—

perfect

but for your right foot, Jill,
kicking at the screen, wanting
out as much as I want in: its big toe
4x the size of your one bared
nipple, a nipple I hardly even notice
on account of its disproportion:
an anomaly so bizarre is that podiatric wreck
the crucifix round your neck
slipped by me till this very moment
— *mmmmm!* to suck on your
big catholic porno toe.
Or, rather, A-*mmmmm-en!*