



JASPER POL - ANTARES



# A N T A R E S

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## THIS NOT

Many days  
particular and without redemption;  
There  
but not nearly for the best.  
The certainty of time  
left to burn slowly.  
Not easy  
(as told before)  
but rather peculiar and strange and disturbing.

I don't pretend to know the difference.  
This just an unknowing.  
One difficult to understand  
through feigned rebellion  
or remorse.

Nothing that can  
make the desperation in the past  
long for the grey afternoons  
not much but what is there.

Sterile. I agonize about this:  
That I can  
but follow  
and revert to what is.

## YOUTHS

The preoccupation  
with that plural freedom  
towards which man is drawn  
but which inevitably terrifies him  
if left lying about  
for all to see and enjoy,  
presents a truly magnificent sight  
which however cannot be endured  
without scheduled smoke breaks  
late and hanging around by the bulk.

Low and dark  
while people are having coffee  
clouds present themselves in the windows;  
we must not meet their expectations.

Dandelions have been rising  
where otherwise not much of merit  
(which is to say abundance)  
that to which can hold no and restless end  
but for the certainty through disillusion  
rubbed into the carpet  
so secretly cloistered for purchase  
purely, for its exclusive enjoyment.  
It is a pity things don't last.

Alone so many times  
breathing through  
faking  
all of this  
with quite some difficulty.

The laborious work  
of slavishly copying  
the latest scores  
assuming that later  
it will satisfy;  
the yearning will ensure  
it does not get too bitter.  
Unless of course that  
is what is liked.

And it goes without saying  
that when one suffers with such a case  
of what can only be called  
a series of undeniably profligate performances  
to which no one can hold  
without causing  
a great deal of preconception  
the most bitter parlor  
that night prevails  
to other ends than those  
which lavish upon the reckless  
the savagery of the ancients.  
And by which momentum  
all shall violate  
the parting curtains  
behind which  
the ruins of the house lie down.

To say farewell  
a second excursion  
without the bereavement of hope  
will smoke its last cigar.  
So that others  
(some of whom  
might not be very well known)  
will live out their day  
to pine for a secret home  
and see its hallway,  
its bathroom,  
its cellar floor,  
which is basically just the bare soil  
on which it once stood  
and occasionally still stands  
searchingly,  
(lingering proud).



## IT WAS GOOD

Left a wealth of music there  
you can smell  
(when it is under water).

This  
me and my friend thought about  
a long time of different outcomes  
supposed to bring knees begging.

So the bus didn't show our wash was hung low  
but breezes always happen when it is convenient.

This is why, to begin with, things are always good.

## UNTITLED

Gargantuan old persiflage  
Croney old witchita  
Barbarous coast and hemlocked assaskin  
Thou welded a speloinck far from the stars!

My turgid unkindly  
So!  
Yet is brutal  
But then  
For what was a force never seen  
Penetrating  
Yes  
Devouring  
To nothing unkind seems a mess after all

The armoured self  
Unwielding  
Summoning a terrible waste.

## TRISTE

Max moved out of his room. And Triste, she died of leukemia seven months later. For leaves to change so suddenly is a loss that cannot be overcome. The most we can say is that it didn't matter in the end.

On Parnell Street other venues were developing their profile. It became obvious, as autumn progressed that there was no need for us anymore. The desire to withstand and break through the ice of Mars had subsided and potatoes became the staple food of the day.

One time, I think it was still in October, Max visited me out of the blue. We reminisced about Triste, carefully avoiding the later days, and that afternoon, with the gray sky covering my roof window, we seemed to get along as if nothing ever happened. I even walked him out to the bus station where we smoked one of the cigarettes he brought from Budapest, which tasted horrible.

I must leave you now, with what was left to me: thousands of days and no retreat. But how ever horrible that may sound, I know for a fact that none ever liked Triste better than we did. The way she stood and looked at you like you was nothing. She sure was something.

## SMALLTOWN PASSTIME

Bring a rucksack!  
That's the way to get down from there.  
It pleases and then you tear away on your own accord.  
That joke passed a long time ago.  
And it didn't hurt noone to begin with.  
So what we drank was good.  
And on the bar she stood.  
Well, wobbling  
and then the big cry came.  
TIME TO GOOO HOOOOME!

I pulled her out of the cab  
the house wasn't very far  
some other time would have been better  
but I didn't know what else to do  
(except for monsters  
I can't get enough of them  
Pretty some of 'm too.  
They don't dance much  
we could consider that to be uplifting  
for if they did  
an entirely different scenario would be laid to waste.)

Behind the counter now some muffled noises  
Barry is cleaning out the fridge  
Upstairs there is a definite sound of humping.  
and outside the cops are on vacation.

## IT AIN'T GONNA MAKE A GODDAMN DIFFERENCE

knowledge is of no use if it doesn't motivate an action and the way knowledge motivates action is through emotion you can know the same factual thing on many increasingly profound levels i can tell myself again and again and the interesting thing is IT AIN'T GONNA MAKE A GODDAMN DIFFERENCE no matter how many times i tell it i cannot feel now what this will mean for me some day i can't get there now even if i wanted to although it already is fact

A lot of stories get around about what's good.  
They're like whores  
they will suite anybody and any occassion.  
They never are good, unless you're already good.  
People will tell you they're great but nobody likes 'm.  
They just think you're a little more desperate than they are.

## BUYS BOOTS

In life  
none of them were recognized very much.  
didn't esteem to that importance  
but longed  
and waited for the coast to clear  
I have not lived  
right under their noses

Buys boots.  
I watch until he wanders off  
somewhere I feel this isn't a crying  
it feels like a parrot is hurting  
but it's only Tuesday!

Well, don't be  
the flow will correct any misunderstanding  
it is in itself unknowing to what's to become  
and doesn't see so well passed the arbitrage

Mostly the weather is good  
and sometimes, when you don't like what I say to you  
you find me drifting further into the merry go round  
some of this is difficult I suspect  
it bothers me that you know  
and also  
why is this nose dive always straight on?  
You expect me to believe this is coincidence?!

## SECRET POEM FOR CLAIRE

Your eyes  
mean I don't hear what you say  
not the meaning  
because I am thinking of your eyes  
and how they change  
how tomorrow we will have this day again

While we are talking  
having coffee  
doing our mundane things  
I feel this:

the revelation of existence unsettling deeply concentrated  
outstretched

I watch her writhe through your eyes and gestures

So we sit together like this  
by your grace: I am not there  
and you have no way of knowing  
even though I wrote this

## UNTOUCHABLE

Blow!

Why?

Because they could not have expected what life  
is now  
including them  
their best  
someone  
doing this  
know already  
just their names  
You might think  
this  
is hurtful but  
consider the people still to be born  
the complexity they will live in  
and increasingly well documented  
they have ever diminishing excuse  
ever diminishing chance

Unless becomes old  
of which, as of yet, no evidence  
is as fresh and pure as ever  
without sensing anything uncomfortable about it



1984

(Richard Burton)

If not when is the next?

What went on that was better?

I'm not saying there aren't any, I'm asking.

And I think I recognized it  
but it passed anyway.

Time goes on however important and powerfull the  
moment.

## THE MOTHER

My mother  
well  
years ago  
she buried a sea  
and whenever she wept  
a rain vast and superior  
would travel down  
and the night  
when it finally arrived  
would drown us  
it devastated us  
so much so  
it seemed it wouldn't end  
it wouldn't end as things normally would

Ever did fall  
and wine

One day, carnival arrives  
and we celebrate our emptiness  
it is all we've got (to defend ourselves with)

I LIKE PEOPLE TO FEEL THAT AT ANY  
TIME I COULD SPONTANEOUSLY  
DISSAPPEAR AND NEVER BE HEARD  
FROM AGAIN

Day thinks a man  
then, that man, fails but perceives  
writing 'ole shatter hand' breaches a firm feather loaf  
benign apron shelter thy fallow horde  
confirm but love not  
in a rather brutish twist  
levy another well upon man's trust  
and seek to redeem the latest  
forthcoming the most  
upon reckless shelter  
as does thou see fit  
and hurt relinquish the brave soul of strife  
menace to uncertain terms  
corrupted  
breached  
for my uncertainty  
pios to speak  
of labour  
life's troubadour  
burn wells, burn!  
suffer!  
truth's unholy consequence  
and demolition  
of happy thought  
for entertainment  
as i see fit.

## THE UMBRELLA IS NOT FOR EATING

I like where this goes  
the train so t' speak  
or a hurricane  
and to return  
unwittingly  
without the required credentials

It shows  
(where the guts are)  
that which is reason  
cannot be finished

Heaven  
yes I mock  
the seven  
wandering  
as if there was no hope  
they loiter beyond themselves  
a vestibule of thought preconceived

## O' LOST

In 1979 I stared through some orange curtains  
smelling of dust and home  
and I thought of science fiction  
the trees down below  
the sandbox in the playground not being altogether clean

We sat on the roof of the electric house  
very much above anyone else  
even when it rained

The grass was abundant and overbearing  
the butterflies just butterflies

My brother was still very small and silly  
some guy had hay fever  
at my friends house we watched movies about cross-  
america car races

And the skies were dead with tumultuous cries of longing  
gold prophesying the ruin to come  
blue, for the city with all its possibilities lay beyond them

The orange roof of my grandfather's house was small  
in the backyard it smelled like piss or dog poo  
birds were kept there as well  
and later chickens  
he later died of lung cancer  
yellow fingers from smoking  
kept on rolling cigarettes 'till the end  
walking from the car park in front of our house to our door  
out of breath

He offered to make me a fishing rod  
when I agreed he said he needed 5 dollars for the materials  
needed  
when we sat down for dinner we had to be quite for prayer  
he signalled us to start eating by sniffing like he had  
a runny nose

Across from me lived what I thought was my best friend  
his mother made him go out and play with a ball every  
morning at 7 o'clock  
unless there was school ofcourse  
from complete silence the first thing you'd hear was my  
friend  
bouncing the ball on the gallery  
walking on his soccer shoes  
(which have sort of spikes or nobbles making them extra  
noisy)

One day a new kid came to live in one of the appartments  
he had a rough mouth on him and of course we all thought it  
was beautifull  
following his lead, We cussed out this kid for about  
an hour  
daring him to come down  
nobody ever came to tell us to stop  
later the same guy would stand with a visible boner  
looking at centerfold posters on the wall of my friend's  
bedroom

My former best friend's family we called spectacle monkeys  
this doesn't translate very well but in Dutch this is actually  
a species of monkeys

I got lost in Paris on a school trip  
some trashy ugly girl thought it was funny to give me a  
mineral water bottle which actually contained tap water  
these people had low IQ's  
I was annoyed but felt more sorry for her than for me  
seeing that she was so ugly and that this was about the  
most fun she could have in life  
I mean she was only sixteen and already unhappy in a way  
a forty year old might be unhappy

I had a girl in France who was gorgeous  
I had actually finished high school that summer  
and the stupidest thing I ever did was to actually go home  
with my parents that summer  
she was gorgeous and her father was a good old guy who  
was into snorkeling  
later I would be too

I went back home to flunk out of a year of higher level high  
school  
after that I got into social studies  
and after that into art school  
after that I worked at a hospital  
and after that I was unemployed for a long time taking  
long summer vacations to France  
I became interested in computers and worked as a software  
developer  
during this time I moved to another country  
I studied math and obtained a B.A. in Mathematics  
then I lost interest  
then I started drawing comics  
then I wrote poetry

Most of this happened

BUT ONLY FOR THOSE WHO DON'T  
SPEAK

Dan didn't come and collect his fee  
I thought my flesh was made  
some probabal cause  
to tear at newyears eve  
and the terrifying cloud berated me for it!

for a short while we sat

this must not be born  
a farwell this is  
because this is all I will do

does that diminish beauty  
if a thousand years from now  
you read a porcupine led up a stairway  
performing a letter unread

better to dance and not care  
curious matter  
my uncle didn't win his farce

so for purity  
both a divine aid and belch  
pat yourself on the back



## DORDRECHT

There are some things  
that are very beautiful  
I dwell upon them without obsession  
just beautiful  
I lay in bed all day

Later I go to the supermarket  
where it's packed  
(it's Saturday)  
I might see a woman  
who is very beautiful  
I know that one day  
a woman like that will be in love with me  
and then I go home and eat the good stuff first  
and then I'm left with the healthy stuff and little appetite

I sit on my couch in front of the telly and I drink a beer  
and I know nobody is going to come and bother me  
I think: wouldn't it be great if 'where eagles dare' was on

Half an hour later, I'm bored  
hopping from channel to channel  
wadda yah know  
where eagles dare!

## PORTARLINGTON

How the mists have fallen  
they seem sometimes brighter somehow  
leaves descent upon my shelter  
warm and old  
rain lies beneath  
it doesn't touch me

Further north on main street  
the rented graves wait for christmas to arrive  
they don't care about you  
there's hunger to be dealt with  
Along the mock up footpath  
the cardboard boxes collapse into splinters  
blown to kingdom come

## YOU HAVE TO TIDY UP BEFORE YOU CAN LEAVE FOR ACAPULCO

The lumberyard fell silent. On a pedestal a man scratched the wanted lights from nowhere. Puerto Rico approached in the distance. Some of us were in too good a mood to be bothered to climb on deck and appreciate the magnificent coastline. I myself was busy tending the fire. Then the night bell rang. A banquet of the barbarous ensued, eating their way through the ship's hull. We didn't sink our stomachs were too strong at that gentle age.

As we entered the harbor we saw people dancing on the docks. Celebrations all around. Under the lights shadows dipped in and out of view. You can stand there and wait, skipper said, but you better off jumping in yourself. I didn't listen to him. I took one of the life boats and pedaled out of the harbor back to where we came from.

## BEHIND THE WALL LIES THE CITY

A yacht and some palm trees  
Hawaiian shirt moving about carrying cocktails  
men shovelling dirt in blue overalls  
behind the wall lies the city

Schools of fish migrating to tropical waters  
a bed is left unmade  
high tide slams into a little dinky boat that has gone too far  
out  
the men are praying to make it home  
mr Leonard is chasing his daughter's boyfriend.  
their cars, deep black, rush by in the moonlight.  
a woman is sitting on hands and knees between a barrage  
of broken bottles and furniture  
she's looking for something  
perhaps her glasses  
the second time his brother calls he doesn't want to open  
the door anymore  
not enough sleep has caused a young woman to talk  
gibberish to strangers on the train  
she talks emotionally in a quavering high pitched voice  
softly  
and then suddenly loud  
the money tray in the hotdog stand contains no change  
the hotdog vendor waves his hand as to motion that he can  
take the hotdog for free  
looking around over his newspaper, eagerly searching for  
his date  
she shows up an hour late but is again very beautiful  
the lights come on but some people don't seem to get the  
message  
they stay, unmoved, sipping their drinks at the same pace  
as before  
the sewer is dark and long  
there seems to be no end to it

a horse, a cat and a dog are asleep in the stables  
tomorrow is a holiday  
behind the glass lies a necklace from which a precious  
stone is missing  
a hand grasps it  
Bertrand kisses his woman  
she is not his wife  
the park bench is wet and it seeps through Bertrand's  
overcoat and pants  
in the hotel the staff are without emotion  
except perhaps for slight irritation  
a man in a hat looks out a coffeeshop window  
you can see the last light over the highrise buildings  
he thinks, 'I can't do it anymore'  
a cup of coffee stands untouched  
the fishnets contain no catch today  
I climb into my unmade bed  
and think about the end  
drunk women are screaming joyfully in the courtyard  
a chessboard sits on top of a television, untouched for 12  
years  
when they arrive at the market most fruit is gone  
except for lemons  
her uncle she finds creepy  
he sits quietly in a shadowy corner  
when on occasion he says something there's always an  
immoral ring to it  
bats flock out of a cave  
a little girl is laughing  
they  
are not real  
she says

## SKYLINE

Opening to utopia's gold  
below, water rising and it's the last time

My father, well some say he drowned  
through another year  
delving deeper

My roads don't meet  
they part and disappear  
but for another to be so kind to me

To another soul I ride on  
and for another country  
or planet or galaxy  
I ride  
Antares!  
She diminished  
and left  
her splendour

YOU CAN CLIMB UP THERE  
BUT YOU CAN NEVER CLIMB DOWN

My baby came to the sea  
and she dined a golden wand  
Well driven for a later time  
ere what was wrong to be

Some form of all not common  
a diasporic bliss forgotten  
Roaming life which had not been  
to dearest god forsaken woman

Now passed a hungry child I lurke  
and watch what weather thou  
Bereavement upon stalls of water  
my longest fellow jerk

Come dine upon thine sea again  
worst murky earth forgotten words  
Of all but never pain again  
to down but fly with birds

## ANTARES

And later we sailed on the Maltese Falcon. And in Alaska bears were flipping salmon up in the air from the cold Yukon river. A satisfied old man rose up from his bed and stood over his stove making himself an Indonesian coffee while dragging on a Cohiba Siglo IV. And the dust on the floor was soothing in sunlight. There were lush clarinet melodies sweetening the air and the terraces were packed with people drinking Daiquiris, Manhattans or cocktails they had never tried before with fresh coconut in them or maybe cinnamon. And later there would be fireworks and people brawling. Skyscrapers flashing in the sun while below, on the boulevard, a convertible Lincoln continental speeds by, or a Maserati. You could see the city from a distance, blue, and wonder about all that went on there: Schools for dance and drama in brownstone buildings nestled in the shade between high rise business in the center of the city. The smell of burned sugar. Men wearing ties carrying briefcases with papers with hundreds of thousands of carefully chosen and typeset words. Further out the garbage heaps with seagulls flocking over them and across the Atlantic: islands, archipels, the Pacific, the Mariana trench and up in the sky the moon with it's sea of tranquillity. And beyond: Titan, Io, Callisto, Ganymede, out to Proxima Centauri, Procyon. The hall of light, to the emperor: Antares.



## UNTITLED

You don't keep gettin' 'm for free  
A bullwhip's a chance to change  
Menace to what is right  
A dog wispering  
Belly pouring out onto the stones  
Fester, else what is life for?  
Green hills and fog behind them?  
A studio window  
Grey girls  
Records (the music playing kind)  
A different sky  
What was it like when Thomas Wolfe was alive?  
It's different now  
Everything pleasantly unsatisfactory

And then I thought maybe I could be free  
If the stream just kept on flowing  
Perfectly naked  
Maroon washed on golden shores

And then I thought

No

maybe I could be free







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