

Insurrection of Order: Exercises in Dadaism

by

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1. A NEW MIND IS BORN
6-23-3 7:20am
2. A FAUX PERFECTION
6-23-3 7:45am
3. DRIVING ON A HOT DAY
6-23-3 7:45pm
4. THE ATTACK
6-23-3 10:45pm
5. PEOPLE PREOCCUPIED
6-27-3
6. ABSTRACTIONS ON CONTROL
6-28-3
7. REVISIONS ON THE WIND
6-29-3 3:37am
8. TIMELESS REGRET
6-29-3 3:45am

A NEW MIND IS BORN

mine destroyed in phoenix flames
caesarean rebirth slightly deranged

dreams flogged for their worth
another universe accompanies my rebirth

the streets are warped, cobblestones wobble
the world is a coma i walk full-throttle

motion brings clarity; stillness a blur
sadness wakes hilarity; anger sleeps demure

towers lean a bit obscene
windows expand like bubbles blown
live the logic of a dream
if only for the duration of a poem

A FAUX PERFECTION

a new race of woman
sleek of color,
wilting with memories

she's better defined,
rather by her reflection
always contrasting her soul

her hair is an array
of vibrant colors always in sway
fluctuating in length every day

she is a weeping cherry
an entity so very excited
and apt to seduce my idle mind

her fluid movements
are marked improvements
over the perfection that's just passed

she can withdraw herself
at anytime, and yet remain present
unseen with her very essence

every little detail can change
her per (&) imperfection
for the most loved trait is fluid
and will not remain

DRIVING ON A HOT DAY

four wheels, two species
both created in one way or another
left to play footsy with
flesh meshed to a hot metal petal

a window is down, the breeze up
just like the temperature
and the will to work is nil enough
an inert overture

bon voyage, set sail
on a boatless cruise
coast so snails outpace
not racing so you lose

THE ATTACK

fighting the quiet night
for brisk air, a breath of ice
fighting, in the end, for simple spite;
a wounding rush, destructive vice.

fall down damaged, escaping spirally
soul jolted lose from the coffin
blood flowing tidally
off in a congealing river.

no need to get up,
just dream and bleed
let the bruises bulge up
while the assailant flees

PEOPLE PREOCCUPIED

poets today, rather all people indeed
seem preoccupied by opinion
and driven by a follower's lead

when was poetry ever about another?
its always internally heated
for inner understanding uncovered

i don't care what you think
of these words i string or how they ring
maybe it is supposed to stink.

ABSTRACTIONS ON CONTROL

expensive words
hold more truth
than free ones-
the elite guards see to that.

common people
are kept common
by ignorance
through poverty and no expectations.

when thought-control
cannot grip an intelligent mind
bigger guns are brought out-
animal curves totally stripped.

REVISIONS ON THE WIND

i am writing again
words never created
upon the wind's delicate skin
and her flowing waves i've waded.

i am falling in the surf
pen in hand
wondering which is worse
ten lunatics or one sane man?

i am erasing a verse
tainting my rhyme
tighten it, a little more terse
waste a little less time.

TIMELESS REGRET

Whats less important
than the time of day...
reminding you how far you've come
from nowhere.
reminding you how far you've got to go
to nowhere.

time,
continues...
to slip through your fingers
away, and yet, further away....

what is the greatest regret to know?
the mistake which cannot be let go...
i realized mine first this very day
as i weeped for the last memory
of this child at play.