



keep them for publication
However, we have
nd"? We think
ow as soc

Not Having An Idea

By Donna Kuhn

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moria
1151 E. 56th St. #2
Chicago, IL 60637

<http://www.moriapoetry.com>

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YOUR QUILLS ARE SOPPED

the fine chivalry of a real brute
the premiere audacity of your premise
feign the punisher

palpitation, say you, your head is mauve
you arrive with an encore mix
mister, your two moats are dire

rest in the sun malignant
arrive again encore
i pretend my boy comes for me

you are stupid, the officers are adorable
they palely resemble bastards
in a tournament, come the peons

its not dire, very, the man riots
the reins of your head, no
the salad is not for papa

sang to a shocked peter`
knew some common fuss
today accrues, paris is dark for paul

its a shock coin, come sir get your rackets
dissent, your quills are sopped
the little pots, rain the bayonets

THIS TIME I DIDNT

i dont show up in his payscale
eye bonnets and peace in my head
i scale a halo someones changing

im writing a box in your new rome
girl is out there in his eye bonnets
the horses sang in a box

i dont show up, dont your dog earth
a girl is out there and your answers
are dog food, his eye bonnets

in your laptop in rome, his eye answers
i dont know your answers, severed words
fireworks explode in a box of art

its not a prison; boxes of bananas, girl
green girl with a red hat stands on words
red walrus with fangs; i've lost something

u can have three lips if it'll save you
dont they know what's going on
u wake up, youre not dead

i kept dreaming around you but this time
i didnt, im only sweatpants on a wall
im only what i have left

i give you your wings, dont i fly for you

when bird keep on flying
i have words all over my body

feel it, wander in the language
take it back, spaghetti isnt dog food
im so myself i dont talk to you

she's not a dinner of napkins
and pieces of buildings
if im napkins im expected to explode

a plane breaks, i know who u are
u are a moon wound
i dont show up

CIRCLE DARK ON THE EYE

are u boombox america, the circle dark on the eye
your ears exhaled and i didnt; fear, no the mountains

part 1-in a bikini, kick the lightbulbs
u found the mountains there
with the egos of the eye

we buried u, are u sunburn tape on the mountain
wink in zebra sugar, an egyptian cow

part 1-tragic grandma on her nose
can u trust a monsters avocado pit
i didnt steal the hurricane cats

get real, plus tax
can u trust a monsters
dark butterfly

i didnt steal from a mountain
dont look at me like bricks turn in

we buried u to get into the mountains
cow risks begin to taper

arizona went to arizona in a sugar bikini
u were looking ill and u exhaled
and u walked across the mountains

the eye that turns cow risks begins to taper

part 2-mooching in the masking tape
the gator is loose and upset

u stuck out your tongue like a pink elephant
u walked across your head with a peacock eye
we buried u; are u feeling better?

we buried u; are u the mountain?

ANGEL OF YOUR CRUMBS

like u can fall apart with earth
the feel of his feet
its genesis to the floor

drum meagerly a human being
slick ankles, step with as if
air a degree, air draws

deep with, 14 bagels brilliant
let me write on your feet
dog paddling in the air

she wasnt gonna make it
but she looked good
i dont know what youre talking about

im a statue like this
everybody keeps calling me
i dont want to talk to them

im lonely when i dont talk to them
i want to talk to u but i hate u
i hate u this much

the cult of reason answers in sections
great, where are my taut apples

where is your twisted address

u cant imagine how it feels
u wouldnt want to know
the women peered over the balcony

they were made of stone
they had little women with umbrellas
protecting them from the sun

did u knock when i was thirsty
precept church, christian denial
of pale backgrounds

philosophy was a physical reward
unearthly sub going down
i am the angel of your crumbs

full tilt weakness, artistic demands go
anguished gravity, weak of human
and, the elongated martyr

SCAFFOLD PLAYERS

often my split is an undertow circus
planalism was clean in cool broken form
atonal tone for the scaffold players

russias life sprang up for the scaffold players
the vacuum performed with mechanical indifference
i didnt feel a gangster, otherwise i dont know whats going on

outlooking yonder spun the popular mouthpiece
carelessly the governor says earthborn
those with sweet smell in his nostril

heavy in lonesome sun bonnet
inspiration groupie is painstaking, archaic, religious
hey, u never talk about the maiden

FILM IN YOUR EARTH

youre only nice when his censored apples
have nothing but your speech, a lady sounds
like an overcoat, a dog, a red country

its like a hurricane knows how to gag
when research groans in adorable arizona
spider yellow, i drew breasts

get into the sunburn, boombox america
were u beyond the seminar vacationing
in your vacation; lend a paranoid dog a heart

5 dogs were poor and if only u were
i dont need a man, trees with your fetus
if only u were earths machine

someone films the teeth, pelican lightbulb
resentment, teeth grave, last someone
films the earth, is u out, down and dig flower

like film in your earth, a blue poster
a shovel, a candle green fading to next
dirt clouds are white in candle earth

there dog green, come back with a flower
earth fading what, can i come down

i was next to your machine, your face

earth was next to a last green sound
the wind is blowing, sounds like a
fucked up windshield wiper

i miss talking to u; the world sucks
even more without u, what are u
doing down there, are u cold

are u hungry, are u lonely
the clouds are white earth
a candle was blowing

OBOE ANGEL CREDO

your toe ice demand, good news
the gate, its hard, blind chap
leave men and get your toe demand

good news, lassos trumpet geese
mens in haste, white material
have any soy, dont u

its over concrete, all weary
youre shrewd, liberated your dottie
i know, that was u screeching

where is u praying, jazz po is ravenous
u are more by devoured, jazz u
u smart originals blind cipher

sonic bat, believe u'll be an
oboe angel credo, ogled ogre
late hoodlum, im not devastated

STICK YOUR TORCH IN THE AIR

a heart says sweat instead of sweet
some people are offended when i curse
im from new york, i tell them, this is how we talk

if i held your hand would it confuse u
dream about spaghetti and salt
i dont use anything for its intended purpose

he was only happy when he painted
im beginning to understand
a future star stares at the liquor bottles

lined up behind the bar
im still hiding in my pencil jar
peek out from beneath your picnic table

u were ancient with an american flag
over your head, the liberty bell hung
in the middle of nowhere

suspended in green sky
if i couldve kept u alive
i wouldnt write another word

palette please, stick your torch in the air
take in your foam cherries
hollow skulls on the skating rink

united we stand, uh huh

please \$1, tell the corn god
god bless this mess

a ripe banana smiles, a blue lady bug crawls
i need your sandwiches, your bones
my animated face distorted

TILL WHAT

just to be dark and in your yes
in your hair, in your face, quiet
you were so husband engine
so bed till what

like a cartoon star, an atomic bomb
your suffering suitcases
your movie star struggle
say when, over and over

desperation with a name
traces with your over and over
presence, u landed
would i be your wife and yes

THE TWISTING OVER OF SNOW

its beyond tar, fred puts ice in my hair
my sisters birthplace is a cliff

we are in australia, it looks like colorado
u say frozen mountains make me ache

rain clouds make me nervous
there is sing songs around the pain

i am hurt by aletheas teeth
i could feel the indians for sheer

i could hear the indians anxiety
and i could hear their songs

before i could see their work

i could feel not to see this sing at home
eyes are like i have to face the twisting over of snow

SPEAK UP LIKE NOT

she is him with toys, a girl and a boat
melts in your mouth, filled a joke with blood

i am the light of fingers, tv set arms eye the dark
smelling ghosts with that printed matter

i see your emotions this woman moves
two girls curl in english class

march on like shivering stairs, the fine cars are
i am my ancestors, new york gives

raging a camp dancer i need to paint viciously
toys full of cloud, im bob dylan, u didnt speak up like not

so flower at my bird fingers, dark bird angry at the porch door
anorexic footsteps the moon sheriff escapes

who speaks empty fox as mountains like
she's a bird black dream, i lose my eyes

under a nazi heart white teeth found bones of it
with a mouth a sky in a puddle of tar

haunted, hunted, yeah u dogs stare

PIECES OF AN EYE

if i put u in a circle under translucent paper
and scribbled on your face
would those same crazed eyes stare out

a jail of u, a jail in u, turn the page
if u really wanted to leave
u'd be gone by now

confusion, silverware, woodpecker
the way branches scribble
across windows and walls

a circle in your mouth like eyes and cheeks
graffiti on your shirt when u were little
yes i do love u, i always have

pieces of faces like a whole face
is too much to take in all at once
too much lives in there

sometimes a face with no words
falling out of your hair like a neck
she draws in my book upside down

things like flowers and peace
happyland, a peace sign
made of pebbles

sally lou, how do u sign your name

sally lou, tell me what to do
pink and green nose before u died

BEYOND THE HEART SEMINAR

i drew breasts on a stick
u came down the yellow slide
with your purple face
and spiderweb brain

fear factor plus tax
ducks, ballerinas, footballs
triumphant one
born to nap, why

youre so american u hate the place
kachina ghouls survivor
are u up there with tragic grandma

zebra cow boombox
its like u groan in arizona

it makes u take a word to the mountains
to gag on cats and sunburnt eyeballs

the goal winks at the goal figures
part II-figure out the masking tape

are u feeling better with your lightbulbs
at the seminar? its like a hurricane of goatheads

adult ed winks in the circle of the eye
a scene of mountains, a scene of egos

the masking tape is loose, ed

the mountains are part 1

the masking tape research groans in your lightbulbs
can u trust a shattered face, words, blenders, radios
your friend with the green ears exhaled

we buried u with your skateboard
i wanted to get into the coffin
so u wouldnt be alone

ed, your lightbulbs are dark
i hope your companys mouth
went to arizona

i get a letter addressed to your lightbulbs
the music falls; part 1-the path of upset
part 2-write me; adult ed winks in a circle

empty1 pane ring; i hear bees
and essays, my son is crying in a circle

a scene of egos is upset
part 1-path, 2000 streets

a few dozen aggressions found mt. zion
evan is a confidence seminar
but the hearts abilities dont know

dogs are vacationing in your head
like your head is 5 dogs

sounds like island ghost

were u altered like 5 dogs

the seminar heart rings
gator, its winter

all i had, your lightbulbs
i was no mother
the songs are u, really

doilies keep about
when your lips
no eyes stopped

right corner would give anything
on a tropical to cook mean concerns

the cost u were a chesire in the upper
were u beyond glaze and copyright

were u beyond upper chesire
were u beyond the heart seminar

eye tax, the hurricane smiles
like an avocado mummy

the eye on her arizona mountain abilities
an egyptian begins to taper

UNCLE SAM FORGOT HIS HAT

when we were home a pumpkin
and a pig were half of your face
i liked copper glue

please note our new address
the blue period got bluer
betty boop and wiley coyote had a thing

pineapple inside the stomach of a bull
black flower, blue frog, purple hand
eagle in bear stomach, blue lizard

elephant with an american eye
the red hand of america
i wore pink earrings, i didnt care

quail hearts in a cluster
the suns got sunglasses on
the foam pear is happy

watching japanese cartoons
split me open, america
split me open and take everything

uncle sam forgot his hat
u ate a tomato and threw up
in a costa mesa swimming pool

two pineapples are getting it on

your nose is a \$100 bill
the watermelon is saying

i pledge a legion to the flag
i pledge a lesion to the flag
red strawberries in the stomach

blue pear, the apple is scared
blue and yellow monkey
red porcupine, no words

an odd time for a bake sale
wave goodbye to your orange horses
your xmas trees in the hills

black ink over orange and blue
scratch down to the surface
to get down to it, to get down

NEW COMBINATIONS OF LACKING

not born to see go, to loose up against
buttons of an undergraduate
mysterious degree, weird secret

not a lie, not a chase foundation
not a civil argument to sap
unreasonable not, boorish theater

like joy or a waterspout
a collection of feeling
extreme captain

to amount to a trophy
one who stays away
from houses or buildings

an open wooden commerce
business done of hoops
soiled with dirt from selfish motive

devil speech a sundial
new combinations of lacking
to discover a crate, to doom

to expose wholly addict
to eat up boundaries of limit
fool of dupe a fine

A CLOCK THAT BLOOMS

father with the little peanut waters mars
jupiter is people past the parking lot
wear pastel and hear god

before a wishful naked headache
for u click and grow and u click
and shiver and water goes by like a car

scratch the crab window while she cleans but this
down by the water clink clink
strange public strangers head watching tv

and territory, good nutritious wardrobes
i explain to the hypothalamus window
kill the room aching with smoke

the desert is senile and the girls ballet
they can force feed u sudafed bubbles
dream of an undream

gives u a clock that blooms
wet screams a lump of cubicles
streets in a group have foglike things

are trees and bones, birds will down
by the ninth led dream, i like a couch
the cool running water rides

some color, she's busy, had very
that cannot land while u wait
for orchestras

youre holding pastures, u bird
turn your paintings upside down
dont u ever knock

hot summer and a mouthful of u
your with an excited unknown
and this has never happened

afraid of your victorian head
it feels like voices at the peak
you're afraid of bugs and your afraid

of birdfreak hippie stars
u think youre a slob and they
can smile inside a rash

newspapers, mountains, utensils
i have never seen this
your refrigerator kills the bugs

that are nowhere surfing
cities before u turn nothing
the maid comes, so she

A PLOT I DONT UNDERSTAND

death simply stores shoulders
five blankets of nerve vexations
attach it to a cardinal moon

become smaller in, smaller in the afternoon
your soul is smaller, shun a thing with fizz

particles of goat head fencing
cardinal of slouched fencing eyehole
smear a plot of murder i don't understand

fencing a platinum blond 4-plex
petty venders smoke up
i bend for your sandpapers
antlered sadness

the years between an eyehole
my grandfathers life of two wars
attach it to a wicked destruction fog

act evasively, wicked cardinal
dont look at me when your ink
smears a plot i dont understand

sadness shows up as evangelical dog language

i show up and take care of herself
i have to go get lost, your head
vertically bird dim

head menus drink bones of goathead murder
cardinal of scorched gibbons
particles of undergarment

my life is the chapel head bird
my life drinks bones of mobster eyehole
drinks bones of head menus

ice a cardinal, ice a horse cavity
how uncertain female without sailors
my life is antlered goathead murder

authority swerves to burn with a fizz
speckle a thing forfeited
to be unable to shun

flips as to flip, flick flirt
variable batteries
flick flirt to the beef

the stereo wars sink
your soul is smaller in ice
become smaller to a king a father

are u the cat with your pale private how
im meeting your head as if it hiked
a river to the bus

the hostess packs quickly, people
the stereo cares that you're metropolitan
your metropolitan pedestrians are gliding

two parties with a side of fairground fog
a loin of horror cardinal moon

the association of fruit juice
a hissing drink of horse mouse
with muscle i drink your soul signal

living mainly in sri lanka
whistler become smaller
that is to the right or left

AIRSHIP TO SOOTHE

to steep tea with a hint or a sly remark
the tribunal for the lack of gratitude

one who inhales writing, printing
any of the patterns made in here

a mental process that restrains a country
to admit your innards are a member of

a fraternity club, join into one another
like jazz now, between anything
that fills time

a short piece of music as specific
as the inner city, periods of refusing
to compromise

a plastic loop hospital
aliens in wartime

the branch of underhanded plotting
governmental horn oil

chin she thin leisure
runners must leap
too great to jump over

huckleberry overcome
hurdler arrogance
dark blue berries

hurdy gurdy huckster
peddle a peddlers choice
to peddle an organ at the

department of housing
huddle down, draw oneself up

a confused turmoil
a private uproar conference
arm of the atlantic

to shout hurrah, hurricane outcry
to offend a playwright
to ask a question with great speed

or much force, a married hulk
towed man, to dismantle
a big clumsy archaic farmer

husk hush, an airship to soothe
nuts etc for silence
hullabaloo hush hush

very secret clamor hubbub
a cornmeal fritter hummed
to make a low house

corn with closed lips
useless covering of activity
to remove the husk from

continuous murmur

JUST EAST OF HERE

being a jolly worker, an average or mediocre performer
 full of high spirits and good combat with lances between humor
 to make jupiter from astrological fun

full of jolt, a bumpy ride jowl, a sudden lower jaw
 the cheek of a hog jerk, happiness brings bad luck
 anything causing this poet war

born in scotland feeling a rush just for a river
 in a near pleasure, joyriding east, flowing into
 the dead sea, a very small amount of religion

militaristic class, exactly, just one o'clock
 just a taste of a dilapidated truck
 barely just missed him

a very cream cheese, milk sweetened just east of here
 righteousness junkie, the wife same as, justice of jupiter
 the solar system is rare

being knocked out by an australian tree
 an attractive person or a thing
 boxing a marsupial

a little edible rounded hill, formed by coal
 fastening kook, a person of ribbon
 a small group guarded as silly cluster

kookaburra difficulty, on nautical coin

equal to a mile, an hour of russian ruble
to entangle the sacred book

to get married on a peninsula northeast
of a hole in a board, china is divided
where a knot has fallen out

korea is full of south korea, knotty pine to solve
to be aware he knew why he left
to be a patriot or statesman

aquainted with kowtow, to know right from wrong
and knock your head in the know of kitchen police
formerly acts like he knows much about nearly

what is the soviet union accumulated by mankind
connecting a finger to a kind of cake
the knee is often filled with raisins, nuts, etc

used as food to work hard, an achievement
to give in, knucklehead klan, a stupid person
boxing to knock out terrorist kumquat

NOT HAVING AN IDEA

sweet rind kilowatt like karate with circular kentucky
canada is between the roman numeral for 50
legume latitude left the family
with dropping yellow flowers

hard to follow a diatonic scale without losing ones way
louisiana maze, a resinous los angeles substance
secreted on certain asiatic laboratories

corset destination, classify as a call to thrash
whip of the lips, a state of not having an idea
to be in childbirth enough

to labor thing that is needed, research of regret
listless legal holiday whose work is brightness
recently with a whip, with an eyelash

the cat lashed her person or thing
a young girl, a machine, plan to
spread out your clothes

to prepare the way for a lie
a heavy soft people
a narrative poem for pencils

made of or containing singing
a psychoanalyst who is with lead
a person or thing that lays your head

one not salt into the body
a sheet of paper stops
in a journey

a tabletop raised from the dead by jesus
to bear leaves, to turn the lazing pages
through leafless loaf

not eager matter often folded
leafy vegetable laziness league
bind your lazy bones

groups of lazy susan
formed to pound and play
one another

to enter or escape in this way
the news leaked out and was
allowed to leak

by physical contact out or in
to be the head of a leaking orchestra
to bend or live in an upright position



Donna Kuhn is the author of several poetry books and chapbooks. Her text and visual poetry is widely published nationally and internationally in print and online journals and anthologies. She is an exhibiting mixed media visual artist and is currently artist in residence at *Adagio Verse Quarterly*. Her art, poetry, and dance is incorporated in experimental video which have been shown in film festivals, art galleries, and online. She lives in Northern California.