

from SEVENTEEN ANDYS

ANDY WARHOL (III)

When you're young, you feel superior simply
because you know more people.

And when you are young you have the alcohol
of first information; the sunset is never

so uniform, but it is like the fried egg
over rye, universal difference or a kind thing...

I know what we call knowledge according
to a patron breaking the yolk

and not clientele, men
discussing the fourth power of cream and

sugar where the poor are condemned to days of
begging for coffee. When you're working

(no one is rich) you never say,
"I don't do your job," and imagine the town
on fire, adjacent, when the sun sets,

faking ennui, billboards
and movie houses burning. Famous people

have more organized lives, but we
in the public organize them. They were
never better than us because we said they

could be great; but not better or worse
because we don't like people who are.

I could draw a picture twice of the person I admire,
the Coca-Cola bottle, Mao or Nixon.

from SIX COMMODITY POEMS

STEEL

1

Nothing written in freshman blood or
senior ooze – it wasn't, yet –

or pyrotechnic fire. Steel touches all
untranslated feathers

of our American Fourth of July
sky, and drowns heart-heavy in

the mid-night black of a
lake, later. Blown up once –

in the trade towers, and shown failed, on
film in

melting bars; killed in another domestic,
democratic state; war.

Steel: lattices that will grow
up, and dimensions of beams

of forecast eras I have already
augured....a new century of movies;

steel striking the air hard: the sky's
balance beams.

2

Formosa to the Faroe Islands –
men lift blood types

of children and beams of rust-
proof homes – fortune, struts.

Pulverized, liquid hard, unclass-
ifiable blue iron

and perfect, human-made product.

The egoless stars, the stars

do not see steel, but a glow — glow of
orange; seen too, from the view of airplanes,

from laboratories in space, and in
Time and *National Geographic* magazines;

glow of yellow — — from sidewalks

where delusions and deliriums verge
into fresh poetic blood, and

smells of city waters and trash

clogging iron. Non-traditional projectiles
are thrown through buildings

with steel;
bricks, cinder blocks by a man,

or lewd magazines strung with twine.