

# with hired hounds

*poems by Johnny Beaver*



33 count

July 2011 - December 2012

~ FORWARD ~

This book marks the beginning of a new understanding of words, and so I feel it important to ramble a bit on the nature of where I'm at with things.

I've always been drawn to expressionism and for me, poetry is a shutter-fast method of enacting it. The minutia that gets captured paints a truer picture, in my mind, than what is left over after wrapping both hands around the throat of my experience and wringing it into shape. In that search for a true feeling, I have to consider the fact that words are just symbols, and mean far more to us than just their dry definitions. Words can be blunt or sharp or gloomy or loving, indicative of a myriad of different things that may have nothing to do with their meanings... and that's what I'm after.

Meaning has to take a backseat at times, as it alone is not enough to communicate everything.

I've found that through this art form, I am able to grasp certain sentiments that I either can't vocalize in other ways, or just can't express genuinely if I do much more than blurt it out. As a poet, I believe that I'm a purist in intent. In other words, I'm trapped. Unlike with other art forms, where I feel like I can exercise a certain element of control over what it is to the general public, with poems I find myself acting as a pack-rat. What I put into my work requires no work to go undone for the sake of appearances.

And so what you see, so to speak, is what I got. An extreme attempt at leaving no man behind by lending this specific hand where it seems most needed.

-JE

December 2012

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*(in reverse chronological order)*

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try try trying tried  
modern  
the warm wash away  
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" . . . "

let silence fall &  
feel rims of limbs | AND limbs  
fall, (strings from wire wind)  
stolen by hands and hands  
again stall : from the push-on wall,  
          the flip-on switch,  
          the set candle,  
          flame'd around us,  
          around & dipped after  
each dipped wick withered  
back near the camper.  
    we were on the stones on  
    a non-path where feet walk;  
we were soaking up the wet  
left behind from behind the ears  
of a dead dog. we we we we we were  
    that pile of woodfire logs  
    left out in the rain,  
    with the dry heavens of memory &  
the solidarity of an old hatchet.  
we were left posing in the nightlight;  
i and a woman who can't stand up  
    like they show in the textbooks,  
and there's no  
    end in sight.



" those clouds that can erase themselves "

friends and family,  
they say they're scentless,  
and as they speak they sharpen  
acute weapons; they're there &  
there & without eating,  
not taking -and- not obtuse nor  
in between / they're not changing  
when broken or mauled, not free;  
they're //////////////////////////////////////  
not real or revered or stored  
                                  in muscles'  
                                  memory.  
                                  they're  
                          not what we know,  
not behind the waning folds of the sky,  
not the clouds that are not unloading  
& not doing this -- from betwixt  
the twos' between, they're  
not becoming.

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. .  
. .

" liars "

i know what a liar I can be,  
& I know that I'm better at it  
than you. what a lonely shit it is. . .  
                          to catch yourself lying  
                          in a bad liars world, where  
shouting out is about as futile as flipping  
                          the switch on and off;  
                          numbly wondering why  
                          only the shallowest  
                          of two lights flicker.

" faraday cage "

lumbering advice  
is painfully articulate at times;  
for the exact same reason that  
it was vernacular'ly damned as 'lumbering'  
in the first place; you  
following me?

tonight's episode is:  
the only way out is through.

jim yells to sally, "  
let that monster inside you feed  
until it gets bored!"

" rub your face raw against the  
cheese grater of in fin i tum,  
until your skin coughs  
up rust etc. etc. etc!"

-and so on-

&  
&  
&  
and a decade later  
when sally finally got it,  
she became a real,  
adult human & everybody cheered  
and cheered,  
and cheeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeered!

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ FOR ALL!  
1234567890 FOR ALL!  
FOR ALL!

" warm blankets "

that silent hole  
into which i slip //  
late when stripped of time  
to talk or do much aside from  
search for holes in gums  
with an irrelevant tongue,  
jealous of the mind; it doesn't  
know any better, but something about  
this type of time;  
there's no way out,  
not because i'm trapped, but  
because jaws tend to springing  
before they rust & as it turns out,  
i'm not quite as different as i thought  
or hoped i was.

" those plebeian truths "

i watched myself save them,  
every last one. The soaking wet,  
The infirm, the simple.

i'll try to remember this  
as long as I can,  
so that I won't forget.

don't ever let me forget  
that i'm asleep, some of  
the time.



" just a piece "

cloned like any computer, wires cut k  
leptomani ...//  
red in perfection -- read and we rea  
d underground / overground, there's sixteen heads r  
olling perfectly in the place of one; we show up and gri  
n, some are dead some slow some  
match past and future sums, some v  
arnish themselves upon us a  
nd get lost while some are summed and'r  
calling each other out, as opposites.

" titanomachy "

try to reclaim this time  
via burnt fingers & microwaves...  
can openers and the blank stare  
associated with information;  
we're all out of--  
--stop messing with--  
--click on--  
if there's nothing  
romantic enough to  
shit out in word form,  
forget about the  
romance.



again, not in rows but in mines  
or great arthropods or  
simply spools of dental floss.

" a towering husk "

i wear a skin that creaks like old snow;  
an ochre shell, halting in soft brown portions  
    & the leak'd sheen of oil drags behind,  
greasing the unraveling road.      the battered  
cracks explode and fade within seconds of  
invisible daylight. their hearts buckle  
while i deadlift the scarf of  
my exhaustion and welcome  
the jungle.

i and several others could make contact  
via communications towers, tie all of this  
rubber and iron into a noose  
& the birds would just  
fly on by.

what asshole let them on the ark?

" wrong turns left "

    laying on the floor  
of my parent's blue rental house,  
drinking a beer; using the wall  
to prop it up. i keep thinking that  
the romance of being poor is found  
within blowing your money on stupid shit.  
as with all things, the romance is  
a lot better than reality. keeping your  
socks on at night and eating nothing  
but stale Special K sucks though,  
nonetheless. the inside of my elbow itches  
and i've forgotten all about the fear  
of sleep. two salmon and six cobalt pills  
seem to be taking the edge off;  
i'm not sure exactly what the edge is,  
but i'm glad it has lost interest  
in me.      every ounce of wisdom we inject  
    beneath our skin can be countered  
    on occasion by the strength of its  
own validity; i've learned that i can live  
with a hell of a lot of hypocrisy,  
but dieing with it is another thing  
altogether.



" swallow's point "

in the glass, that's the face i'd make  
if i had to crush a baby mouse's head  
with my big toe.

i'd like to believe myself entitled  
to Lithium,

but entitlement requires a broken  
internal vista, of sorts.

i'm not ready for that & neither  
is my thyroid gland. there is no  
peace in simply the opposite  
of unrest.

or maybe there is.

or. or. or.

" oculus "

i am  
going down this hole  
for reasons i won't bother  
to decipher,  
ever.

" why " is even more of a  
crowbar in the ass than  
i had expected. when i  
shake my head, these days,  
my cheeks flap & i  
still won't eat  
eggs.

" ledge instinct "

i heard it was funny to watch foreigners  
and the indebted try to function.

we're both disabled in the way of those  
that treat \$\$\$ like its real and were born on the  
right clod of dirt at the right switch o' the old  
gears.

i creep them fingers under the door,  
creep creep creep. maybe someone will stomp  
on them; maybe it'll be me.

i think i have learned more about the world  
from my own cowardice than any parasite could  
with a thousand years and enough entitlement  
to pucker even god's golden anus.

" saturnine "

i can hear train calls and the wailings  
of ambulances and pigcars //  
firetrucks all night long here,  
right through the foam and plastic  
of the headphones that currently  
shit Vincent Price(plural)s'  
hoary schlep.

everyone writes like somebody else  
because that somebody else writes  
well (or so they think.  
).

i'd toast this wart of an evening,  
as if someone had told me to never come back  
or they'd kill me with their bare hands.

in strokes, resembling;  
this sleeping lady lies in innocence//  
the kind that will kill me, etc. i leave  
the room for a few seconds and her  
left leg drifts. Ten years ago I might have  
kissed her in the face to get it to move,  
but I've since forgotten  
how to build a wheel.

you know,  
louise was always too greedy,  
and this isn't louise. this one at least  
knows when to shut her mouth about my  
terrible music.

she's concerned, with my  
heart.

and not for the money, because i don't  
have any and never will. teach you not  
to listen to rock n' roll on a rowboat  
at midnight,  
won't it?

" fireplace "

DO YOU HAVE A PROBLEM.  
then what are you  
doing? Look at this,  
a fucking keychain. please  
don't durr dirr donn duwn,  
that i'm not stupid, no.  
a guy stewart a guy is  
stewart, unfortunately  
the guy is \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ hope enads \_\_\_\_\_  
a space he.

" raytrace "

life is a line, &  
    nothing more;  
    if the lines in the mall  
were more like those for hell,  
we could skip the smalltalk,  
the fake watch-time-checks,  
the pointless calls to see 'what's up'  
    and just disintegrate,  
like the perspectives of  
so many hairy-arpitted young feminists  
out to change the world one digital  
self-portrait at a time.

nothing here reaches its mark.

look again.

" laws of average "

stumble down stairs, thud//wall  
at the bottom. feed the cat.  
shut the door. open the door;  
shut the door. step step step  
step step step step open the  
door; shut the door. turn off  
the light. turn on the fan,  
fall backwards. pants off.  
kick the hamper off the bed.  
use big toes to pull off socks.  
wrench pillow #2 back up from  
between the mattress and the  
headboard. dry swallow seven  
pills. avoid nightmares avoid  
nightmares avoid nightmares  
sleep.

" you don't know me "

i used to be famous,  
but nobody besides me gives a shit  
about that; thank god.

something something,  
and that's okay, but the reasoning,  
here, it isn't obvious.

nothing is when you're thirty (i'm not)

.

i heard once that farts or balls or dicks  
were great punchlines.

a keyboard just fell out of my closet  
and nailed me in the fucking head.

" parlor tricks "

one

flaw in my character, it seems  
, consists of criticisms towards  
charity. as it turns out, you're  
supposed to ignore bastards i  
f they're doing good. radicalism is  
not found in the extremity of viewpoints,  
but in the extremities successful in enacting  
those  
viewpoints.

something like that,  
anyway.

" rotting "

the chasm left by bits  
of my tooth fill up with food  
such as the shells of beans  
& i get them out before taking  
another halcion.

i want to  
close these eyes without  
anything new living  
there.

also,  
once it might be nice  
to lay down without having  
to get up & piss again.



" try try trying tried "

pleasantries

p l e a s a n t r i e s

ple asa ntr ies

p l e a s a n t r i e s

mop and bucket

pleasantries

pp ll ee aa ss aa nn tt rr ii ee ss

p l e a s a n t r i e s

sandwich ARGUMENT plastic

p l e a s a n t r i e s

ple asa ntr ies

p l e a s a n t r i e s && && &

pass the time pass the time &&

getting angry \_\_is\_\_ becoming & & & &

more difficult; when you won't shut

the fuck up, even. after a certain age, it seems

i can't do it at all without having a worm

crawling through my stomach. it leaves

dishes all over the place & matted

black socks, whispering

" hey,

this is all your fault. "

& i spend the rest of the

night trying to read what i have

yet to write. this is all working out rather

W E L L

W E L L

WELL

w e l l

well

wel

sometimes people break themselves

we

trying to break free.

w

.

" modern "

at some point i stopped moving  
and put all of my energy into dragging  
two broken legs through the silicon  
and magnetic tape  
dropped  
by these tattoo'd clowns.

fastening buttons on queer rags &  
ruffles and shit,  
this movement this motion,  
your tattoos and quirk  
are making it hard for me  
to get this dick  
going.

an update :

a sleeping pill  
in stolichnaya,  
my bones and/or waist  
are too large  
for 32 black jeans.

" the warm wash away "

the only  
difference between ALONE  
and DEAD can be quantified  
by your ability to move  
or give a shit. YOUR ghost lies,  
it turns out. i'm glad. it was becoming  
a shadow, eating  
breakfast or  
rolling over, still half-asleep  
smelling like astringent  
and chardonnay  
AND the black vacuum of its world  
will pull the joy out  
of mine  
as  
it  
loafs about like a big  
lazy fuck that doesn't clean up  
after itself or punches  
me in the dick  
while i dream  
of a better  
life, but not yet  
a better i.





this is what i say this is what i do this is what kills me.. I  
WANT TO NOT CARE  
WHAT DO I DO?., SORRY KID, NO IDEAS!

I AM SUPPOSEDLY A MAN NOW, full of fat and water & butter,  
twisting the world as carbonation twists my stomach;  
just in time to desire things  
that don't exist  
in this cheap, son of a bitch world  
where we know more about eurotrash coffee  
than our ancestors // their perversions  
& lusts.

WHAT DO I DO? SORRY KID, NO IDEAS!

twist the writers & they  
twist themselves.

welcome to hell,  
welco,me to earth welcom.,.,e to "friendship"  
& living ghos/ts  
and dead men WHAT DO I DO?

WHAT DO I DO? SORRY KID, NO IDEAS!

i do not wait for the living stars to fall;  
i am okay afterall, feeling like i should be  
doing something, strong or alive something  
at all,  
but i don't know what and we're  
having a hard time guessing //

there are too many faces,  
with too many names & every last  
one of them is clueless & i think this  
may be just part of gasping or

being

. ., being,  
breathing,  
confessions of ten  
trillion confusions fusing  
with lies in order to feel graceful;  
i am a fool.

WHAT DO I DO?

o Chang222e Drivers' Perceptions of Law to Deter /DUI

- o Famil2y Fe2male Alcoholism/
- o Alco2hol Gu2idance for UK D/octors
- o Alc2ohol Top Problem Facing /Communities
- o Bi2nge Drink2ers Forget Worst/ Aspects of Being Drunk
- o Alcohol-relate2d brain damage/
- o 22Adults Give 2Booze To Youth/
- o2 England cricke2ters to get drink/, drug and gambling counselling

- 2o Drugs from the I2nternet/
- 2 o Alcohol Orientati2on 101/ at U. of Virginia SORRY KID, NO IDEAS!

- \*22/ SORRY KID, NO IDEAS!

- \*22/ SORRY KID, NO IDEAS!

- R2/SS Compani2 SORRY KID, NO IDEAS!

- o/ sa2te for Alcohol Craving SORRY KID, NO IDEAS!

- o /2Cannab2ea2land's spiritual aspects in 12-Step treatment

SORRY KID, NO IDEAS!

- o /TS2F 2ki2ng and Harm Continuum in Britain SORRY KID, NO IDEAS!

- o /ALC222OHOLISM MYTHS SORRY KID, NO IDEAS!

- o /T22een Drug Use in Primary Care SORRY KID, NO IDEAS!

- o2/2 Free I2nhalant Abuse Education SORRY KID, NO IDEAS!

- 2o /Spiritu2ality and Acceptance SORRY KID, NO IDEAS!

- 2 2o/ Getting 2active SORRY KID, NO IDEAS!

- \*222/ SORRY KID, NO IDEAS!

- M2y/ Amazon books22 by top SORRY KID, NO IDEAS!ic

- Alc2/ohol Counsell22ing SORRY KID, NO IDEAS!

- Addi/2ction couns22elling SORRY KID, NO IDEAS!

- Spirit/u2al couns22elling SORRY KID, NO IDEAS!

- Youth/ c2ounse2lling

- Family c2oun2s2nony SORRY KID, NO IDEAS!mous

- Narcot//ics 22A2nonymous SORRY KID, NO IDEAS!

- Gamble/r2s22 Anonymous SORRY KID, NO IDEAS!

- Al-anon/222 SORRY KID, NO IDEAS!

- Adult Ch/ild2r22en of Alcoholics SORRY KID, NO IDEAS!

- Codepen/d2e2ncy SORRY KID, NO IDEAS!

- Counseli2/n2g2 SORRY KID, NO IDEAS!

- Psychot2h2era2py SORRY KID, NO IDEAS!

- Spiritu2alit/y2 SORRY KID, NO IDEAS!

- Reco2ve2r/y2 SORRY KID, NO IDEAS!

- Twe2lv2e s/te2ps SORRY KID, NO IDEAS!

- Alc2o2holis/m2 SORRY KID, NO IDEAS! there are secrets everywhere.

- A2d2diction/2 SORRY KID, NO IDEAS!

- 2S2moking2/ SORRY KID, NO IDEAS!

W/ D N H V T E U P I .  
E/ O T A E H S P L E S

to tell the truth.

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.
./ . ALIVEqqwtrm,kh12jh647,,,,,8,,,,,95meditation WHAT DO
I DO?
./ . ALIVEqqwrtjhhhjkk31654j,,,,,7.89meditation WHAT DO
I DO?
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I DO?
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./ . ALIVEqqwrtjhljjhkh236547,,,,,987meditation WHAT
DO I DO?
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WHAT DO I DO?
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./ . EVIL_qqeefdhjgdlhj264,..19,,,,,meditation WHAT DO I
DO?
./ . EVIL_qqwhkegfd3452,,.1 WHAT DO I DO?
789,,,,,meditation,,
./ . EVIL_ WHAT DO I DO?.qwl321456789,,,,,meditation
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what is felt is the vertex of everything and not.

i don't need i or we or you and you boldly  
need nothing nothing nothing:



killing me.

instead, all of these symbols just snake their way  
around my arms and i turn wooden while  
they turn the world sideways,  
smiling a smile-smiling smile

like someone told a joke that only the dead  
could understand. these places that reach, i try to reach,  
reach like gods like men like ants.

today i was fed my own free heart,  
free of sludge, and for a moment i took one huge,  
juicy fighting bite, crushed it to death in my jagged array  
and let the liquid cough and sputter its way through my teeth  
and finally pool under the tongue.

i have heard that blood is like battery acid,  
but rather i heard shapes & i wondered later on  
if when later on was occurring, would i auto-consume -in-mouth  
conveyor - belt;  
belt me in inside the room; i see a thousand brilliant lights,  
as if they came here to  
remind me that  
i need.

(end)