



# TALES FROM THE COCK

7 Poems by Johnny Beaver

Cover Illustration by Jack Compere

This short collection of poems was written in rapid succession over the course of a few hours at the Corvallis Oregon bar known as The Peacock in December of 2013. A fan of bar culture, as well as a component of it, I wanted to tap into the sort of rapid succession of these strange, dizzy emotional ideologies that one often gets while hanging out on a sticky bench and contemplating the cosmos while some assholes play pool and generally muck about. Written in my typical expressionist style, I apologize, but that's about as pretentious as this mini-book is going to get. I try to grab hints of intangible things, and so the more I try and dissect these clusters of words, the more of a wanker I'm likely to sound like.

## Contents . . .

(in reverse chronological order)

carpet bomb

JIF

only

fourth poem

124\_

because we're all bastards

painted whore

## Content . . .

" carpet bomb "

stuck between safety &  
risk; what a pathetic cliché,  
they all choke like salted throats  
bends knees like pistons  
stay in time.

there is some sort of singularity,  
and although we're too dumb to define it,  
we nonetheless live that shit every  
day, pounding it like a whore;  
into every crevice, like a graham cracker  
into a hotel lobby's used carpet.

" JIF "

if Bukowski ever watched some  
bespectacled cunt wolf down a sandwich  
in faux leather smock he'd have  
written about it, right?

or was he more / his mom choosy?

the only thing that truly separates people  
from one another, i've found  
is whether or not they can play pool.

" only "

the one thing i can't write about  
is the only fuckin' thing  
that i need to.

this is probably because i'm a bastard  
and don't want anyone to find out.

" fourth poem "

buzz lightyear, hero of youth,  
was pulled over by a police unit  
because some stupid asshole  
was wearing his skin. there's really  
not a damn thing more  
to say about that.

except some stuff  
about werewolves,  
condoms &  
friends &  
spaghetti.

" 124\_ "

124\_ that's how you count on a curve;  
when you're all alone and the  
only one that gives a shit  
has their own shit to contend  
or be content with  
&  
their  
fading purple-grey strands flicker  
in the only kinda moonlight that has mattered  
since the middle ages; those idiot bodies,  
back then, crashing together like stupid  
trucks or horse-drawn carts or whatever,  
offroad on the grassy sentience  
of a dead God,  
blistering in the heat  
of an exhaust port  
with emotional ties  
to a grease fire THAT'LL NEVER LOVE  
THAT HOSE OF ALUMINUM BACK!

but eventually... french fries.

" because we're all bastards "

our will is an orange-less crane,  
lowering these goo-strapped brittle  
bones into a hot cauldron of piss  
in hopes to beautifully break  
the beautiful things that  
have yet to come up broke,  
either in or out of this liquid ocean oven  
of dripping, temporary  
blah.

" painted whore "

brown and blue set  
the stage;

i've fucked off from  
looking at my mountaintops  
for far too long, & now  
with eyes speculum'd wide,  
the skin cracking up 'nto a mix  
of dry shards, the red wet creeping out..

[ dramatic pause ]

nothing seems to  
be happening in this bed  
of warmth  
& feathers. no matter the bird  
shocked to the wall, shattered  
flat as a deck of cards // half a deck short,  
the rest on the floor and i'm yesterday,  
scoopin' it up, hot press into a canvas  
and still nothing but a bloodstorm with wings,  
that same black nothing staring back  
without enough change to buy the cheaper  
items at the counter.

the same stupid look on your face  
over and over... nothing, nothing  
to make sense of me to me  
or anyone else.

you're / i'm leaving me nowhere  
and it's impossible, impossibly frightening  
to call this The Future.

//end