



**HOMEGROWN
RASCALITY**

QUENTIN RAGAN



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A, B, C's to a Complete Life

Aesthetically
Beginning the day
Caring about beautiful things again
Defusing
Every morning next to my
Forest shadows,
Going into the day deliberately,
Hiding away my place of
Idyllic company
Juxtaposing the sky's blue on the house,
Kindly stirring in increments of
Lovely times in the day.
Moving to sway an own sway a
New day vibrating its vim,
One like children
Playing in court yard paths, around
Queen Anne's lace just doing its revenge
Rhetorical, and slightly dressed, for
Stillness is in the house and out the house
Tutoring me, but making it easy to look around, until
Ultimately I am
Valued dirt holding the pear tree
Working with the roots and the reason it grew
Xenia out in the yard, out there in the collective
Yanking my heart to the calm, for
Zenith had always been there

Morning After

The light shining through the window
an over exposed morning

couple of slugs slime to the bathroom
toothbrush frayed in a porcelain cup
and the mirror cracked from corner to corner
line up on its center and throw half a face off

The black and white checkered floor under
blood puddles, in the white porcelain sink.
buoyant, a shattered corner of the mirror,
floating as a safety raft
for a small scurrying ant.

In the mirror, there is a portrait, but the
back wall doesn't have much to do with it.
it's yellowing and always has opinions
on nudity.

Fire on Brimstone Alley

I am what is left of my birth.

Flipping through pages
of a distressed novelist
on the street corner I call
brimstone alley.

Few blocks down a car backfires.
Leaning against a stop sign,
leaping into my skin.

Here I am with only myself
static as the day comes
but for nothing but a few deaths
I keep to myself.

Limpid feelings couldn't meet me
again
if I am here with
a hero's gloom
making me easy

in a flexing enclosure.

The street lights shine straight up
and forget about the ground.

Throbbing against my skin
I am a bitter taste on my tongue
might as well be Arian with
this damn blood.

Everything is not me.
Everyone
 is speaking false passions.

This notion in the human city.

 passivity
 Stealing Skin
 We solemn faces
 waiting for more walls
 Mourning
 In the afterlife of our youth

I stay in my room
to stay away from myself
 out here.

Questions

Is Carnation a boy?
Eh, idk he likes flowers.

Is he ill?
A little too young to tell.

How does he get along with other kids?
Well I don't know. He likes to lay down.

Where at?

Wherever there is a flat surface.

What does he look at?

I don't know, clouds, stuff that's bigger than him.

Why clouds?

He says, "I'm thanking the sculptor."

Who is the sculptor?

I've asked, but he just kneels down and ties his shoes.

As I Held It

I held poetry one night
in my warm, blood-filled hand

It came to me
because it comes from me
with a cup of tea

Bug

Orange there
Orangeing around un-orange surroundings

Auburn's carrot bug in the grassy carpet diem
and the stilled purple in the meadow land

every time we do this we laugh at funny things
every time we do this, we talk of in what love lives

rat barn, rat barn, the figure a tree a magnificence
we need their rooting when we transfix anomaly

the sunlight on the shredded bone aligning the stream
the sun's light with us temporarily and on into the dusk

Heavy Tomato

I'm nervous for a life to come and how it ends
Where am I in between
What am I in between
I didn't start this race with these runners
So how can I grab onto myself
How can I continue to run forward
I can't see the place where we started from
I love myself and it took me this long to see
To see and be willing to write it down
The world is cold and there are beautiful people
But they are runners themselves
There is no dramatic love story happening in these parts
I'm, we are children, nothing more
Taking bigger bites than we can chew
To think, to think that life is not a continuation
There is always a point where mother can't comfort you
What then?
I can hold myself with no distracted wording
I can write this through a breadth of life
And say we can't arrive into these restraints
Not when the world, the universe births us
This could be called rubbish in morning
Says it looks good because its verse
But for now, to not cry when your parents have to die
And leave you in nothing more than this vagueness
Would be nothing less than a lie
And mother didn't grow me to deceit
We are far to valuable

When I Get Around to It

i need to eat
E at
eeat

E Aet
eat
eAaAat
E ee ee t
EaTe
eat boy, eat!

Lupin Home

my lupin home
early afternoon romance
hair holding flowers
and swaying for a time
proudly vulnerable

In Desert Bath

Although, nervous to be sexual
there is a sparring breed of humans
on the earth vine

That can sense the relevance between
the mulberry and the deer that rubs its scratched nose on the bark
until Earth flips its great dime over our heads and with silver
leaves to gamble mother's great wide hips, or we the father of her eye
all while the child plays in the soggy roots

Without me noticing now
the things about me are seen to be me
fleshed and slightly relevant to my conduction of self
seen me and no path between our unheaded spirit

Currently, the windmills with the downstream winds through our blades
and the food we eat from the wind, and the wind we eat to energize
a lot of windmills on this trip, around most of the time, but turning back
now over the Columbia, and I can't wait to shake them out of my hair

Since obsidian

is there in the rocks
sincere to Gary's bath, with little breath in this car
driving through miles of Washington's technical desert,
and not once did I see you in the back bathing in the lantern's light
maybe I think to fondly, but
I thought of you more in the Nevada desert

Downtown Suzy Doll

If the trees are doing anything
they are jiving with us
polka jams hoka polka
black checkered white
under chest iron boots
oh, the hotcakes in sight
and spurs
café coffee instilled water
much marine and periwinkle
around the pinnacle chair
next door, haircut barber
knows the hundred heads in town

Bills been coming in less and less
since he hit the big 50
Sue has been going by Suzy Doll
ever since the spit shine head incident
it is town know, Suzy Doll runaround
ain't runnin around in the same clothes
no more
rumored, Classy Cat of the Earth's calling

Bootleg

Is anybody there?
cattle gatling crimson gun
spew your filament
filament filament filament

as you take a knife to the mountain side
much so, so much blood in your teeth
7 billion bloods reap the world defeat
as murder mobs play the morose lick “m,u,m,u,m”
“u,m,u” says Suzy Q, could it be you,
beside the blended world?
I could see you a mile away because of your tattoos
your eyes set the sun and you look beautiful
to yourself
 like a tall trash heap
 with your armband

You arachnid you, lucky upon a windowsill
bathing bathing yourself in terrestrial depth

Like the world
 like an octopus for deep seeing
poet poem writer unleashes ink
 like the earth writing itself in one go

It's only a mixture if Neptune really did build the ocean
because there are certainly men covered blue, but whiplash
sunk them backwards into the sky's well
 even nerves crumble him
 make him spew a line
 any line
something that is ordinary
and rolls off the tongue
 like languid
arrows through the sky, blue arrow, kiss me
with rose bundles in the transcended garden
rooftop garden beds in ancient cities
Vatican, oh, Vatican
heavenly courtyards around your water
there are famous transenders
 that actually
 cry because of you
that is why we have these oceans
its sea salt spraying in a calm composer
but you know what we do when God puts a fountain on earth
we degrade it with our plastic disrespect
filament filament filament

It will strike us with the karma arrow,
the one the artist has kept in their ass since the dawn of time
make us dying, going, dead
 smelling of rust
 looking like oxidized guacamole
meanwhile,
I will just weep and punch my pillow
because sacred alignment is so obviously everything

(When you're in the mood for it, of course)

And we shit, piss, cum,
tear down mountains, and walk past a trash can
 like it is actually a trash can
 and poke the world like our ragdoll
instead of having ceremony
 after ceremony.
You didn't perish in this madness? Ceremony!
Dead? Ceremony! Alive? Ceremony!

Struggling to contribute but half a step? Ceremony!

Trashcan, sandal, LGBTQ, bean bag, Frisbee, grass,
fiber, blankness, fear, structure, anxiety, sex, trees,
shallowness, differences, women, men, air, silence?
Holy ceremony! Holy ceremony! Holy ceremony!
Tell your friends!

We could drop pure existence off at the bus stop
kiss it goodbye, and there would be no authority at our heels
just a warm kiss on our cheek
and a small tingle in our genitals
that means it's right.