



WHAT ZEN WISDOM
Joie Phenix & Bouvard Pécuchet

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dPress 2002 Sebastopol

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-----Original Message-----

From: Joie Phenix <joiephenix@hotmail.com>

To: Bouvard Pécuchet <bouvard@sonic.net>

Date: Monday, March 11, 2002 3:19 PM

Subject: **WHAT ZEN WISDOM**

What Zen wisdom can you offer on the topic of what to do when the heart doesn't want to read traffic signs, especially ones that read: CAUTION?

NEW GRAVITY

Out there—
you walk on air
in your new gravity

no matter how
heavy

you'll keep it up

ignoring signs
moving with your heart

UNINSURED DRIVER

You,
in your new gravity,
unsure
uninsured
driver of dreams

the soft shoulder slipping
easily too close to wheels

brakes squealing
against
time and un-metered
parallel
parking
in the universe
of
the heart

UNINSURED DRIVER

You,
in your new gravity,
unsure
uninsured
driver of dreams

the soft shoulder slipping
easily too close to wheels

brakes squealing
against
time and un-metered
parallel
parking
in the universe
of

the heart

BUCKLE UP

crossing
the intersection

NO U
TURN

ONE
WAY

I'm going
slowly

homewards
mindful

of
song

feeling
my way

REST

Stop

No Turn-
out for five miles

End scenic route

Historic land
mark

my words

SLOW

children

at play

going nowhere
to get there

tin can
tied to

my
tail

I run
as fast

as I
can

NOT A THROUGH STREET

but a through
and through
thoroughfare

where you
don't run away
through fear

but see it
through to where
it goes

SIGN POEM

Sign
on the

.....

UP !
up
Sign me up
up

Yield

I STOP at all railroad xxxxxxxxxxxx ings

There is no sign of relief.

Spring: a sign of re-leaf !

Life is a consignment of time,

but who gets the 60%, me or God?

What's the split?

Banana

I am resigned

I am resigning

I am re-signing the zone

no parking after midnight

No park

in the dark

No barking in the lot

or in the park

Woof! Woof! Woof!

ONE WAY

i might

say

there is not

a war

tied

to human

nature

i might

yell

zoo you bugaloo

in the face

of every

stupid white man

i meet

i might

reveal the secret

of keats

beauty & truth
or blake's

When Gold and Gems adorn the plow
To peaceful Arts shall Envy bow

or

A dog starved at his Master's Gate
Predicts the ruin of the State

michael moore emails
Police Raid Shut Down My Booksigning in San Diego

ARE YOU
PUTTING
ME ON?

it's a yellow
terror code
today

don't drink
don't drive
don't

WOOF!

I
would not
know
a
sine
if
it bit
me
on the
leg
of
my
isosceles

JOIE.JPG

the golden curls
the marble breasts

beyond cliché
or hyperbole

contain an
innocence

that chews the news
and blows a fuse

MORNING POEM

You

are my

present

so

THERE

it scared

me

a little

unprepared

for

what I longed

for

IN MORNING LIGHT

i rise to check my email

feeling the electronic pulses
that connect us

my words are virtual lips
kissing your face
in another place

P.S.

it's 8:35 and I'm hopping in the shower.
out and dry by nine.

seeing where i am going, and i don't think I'm ready
to go there.
but, oh, do i want to go there!

-----Original Message-----

From: Joie Phenix <joiephenix@hotmail.com>

To: Bouvard Pécuchet <bouvard@sonic.net>

Date: Thursday, March 13, 2002 6:15 PM

Subject: **STORM**

Driving home from Bakersfield thru an amazing storm front,
bleached clouds behind ash clouds, and rain coming down
like witch hair in thin strands of smoke.

Listening to a Brazilian version of house music, psychedelic
and trance-like. I was having
a damned nice ride with the spectacular view before me.
And a free car wash!

I was thinking how nice it is to have someone somewhere
who looks forward to my strange
correspondences, and how nice it is to have correspondences
to look forward to.

Wow! The light out the window is another treat. Pink sunset
happening. Going out to have a look.

Brrrr. It's chilly out there. Chilly and pink.

TWO HIPPIES IN A HAMMOCK

Did he kiss me
under a heaven tree?

Believe it, Joie
you've been kissed.

Why would
he do this?

I'm surfacing
in a sea

splashing
inside me.

BOUVARD,

I think of you
as I step off
a curb
out of nowhere
in the middle
of the movement
of the day
a sensation
of falling
back into the
light
delight
a feeling
my insides showing
like birds flying
out of my stomach
and out of my
eyes
light
headed
for
light

DEAR HEART

I want to talk with you all day
I want to talk with you before
we make love
and while
we make love
and after
we make love

I want to talk with you just
before
you fall
asleep and just after
you wake up

I want to talk with you about
love
about life
about
a recipe
for sugar free
oatmeal cookies
Do you have one?

I want to talk with you about you
I want to talk with you about me
I want to talk with you about us

I want to talk with you until
talking turns to
a full silence

SUGARLESS S&M OATMEAL ORGY COOKIES

2 sticks soft butter
2 eggs
2 tbsp milk
2 tsp vanilla
1 3/4 cup flour
1 tsp baking soda
1/2 tsp salt

2 1/2 cups uncooked oats

foreplay is necessary, preheat oven to 375 degrees,
beat in butter until creamy, after removing the delicate
under garments, add eggs, milk and vanilla, don leathers, beat well, but do not bruise, add flour,
baking soda and salt, mix well, even if there are only two of you, stir in oats, stir well, drop by
tablespoon onto ungreased sheets, silk would be nice, bake 10 minutes for chewy cookie, longer
for crisp cookie, but if you become too crisp,
i suggest starting over, nibble at the ear, proceed to cool, remove to wire rack, yields 5 dozen
orgasmic delights

-----Original Message-----

From: Joie Phenix<joi phenix>
To: Bouvard Pécuchet <bouvard@sonic.net>
Date: Thursday, March 28, 2002 9:03 AM
Subject: **YUM**

Libra says . . .

I'm sure the recipe would make for great foreplay . . .
and midplay and
afterplay . . .
But, poetic license aside,
does the recipe
actually make good
cookies?

The cookies are the only part I can indulge in right away.
The rest makes for good dreaming and a note for future
reference,

future reverence...

FOLDOVERS

I have a substitute for sugar— *amrita*, nectar of the gods,
but I only use this in my perfect divinity,
and maybe you would like the recipe for my apricot foldovers
or my stuffed dates.

BURSTING OUT

My outer electrons are bursting out of their orbits for you.

I'd love to BE your apricot foldover, Baby.
Let's not even talk about
stuffed anything.

INNER CHEF

What can I say
after cooking
in the cauldron
of your embrace?

What will heal
the blistering kisses
from your lips?

Now, you're jammin'
and I'm stammerin'
and everything's
sizzlin'

And I'm blinded
by the sweat
in my eyes.

-----Original Message-----

From: Joie Phenix <joiephenix@hotmail.com>

To: Bouvard Pécuchet <bouvard@sonic.net>

Date: Thursday, March 28, 2002 2:23 PM

Subject: **MOON LOONIES**

>This storm and this full moon are really getting to me. >But I am feeling oddly at peace
>down deep inside. It's the outer layers that are doing
>the merengue.

>

>It's odd how I have these two very distinct reactions

>happening at once. A calmness that

>believes all will be well and my life is about to get >much, much better. And a nervous

>anxiety that says I'm about to enter an emotional cyclone >that will blow my trailer into the

desert.

>

>My compass is spinning and I'm talking Greek with the >seagulls. Must be in the Burmuda Triangle.

>

>If you lived in Salinas, the trailer would certainly be lost.

>Or at the very least rockin'

>

>I think I will feel more in balance by tomorrow. The >moon always makes me a little crazy. It's the wolf in me >and all that water!

LET MAYA SPIN

don't change your name
you are your own foldover
you are the key to yourself
and your polarity is in play

cover yourself in meringue
and do the merenque
(i assume that's a dance)
get down and howl
hitch your trailer to a cyclone
and blow

it's ok
to talk greek to the gulls
when they start quoting homer
i'd worry

HOMER

but there is the issue of the sirens . . .

The merengue makes me dizzy,
though I like the meringue idea

I am going to fold myself over and kiss my
tootsies

I am feeling more ready to trust

the IS again

I am feeling like something
is shifting that will bring
me back into alignment with
my soul songs

something inside of me
something you inspire

but something that is truly my own

I really don't know WHERE
I am going from here

But some joyous songbird
in my heart is singing

YES! to life again.
Did anything happen to you at 9:35 tonight?

AT 9:35

at 9:35 exactly
touching my tongue to my lip
i saw what i heard
and heard what i saw

i sniffed the air, and
the thorn in my heart
plunged deeper

AT 9:35 EXACTLY

I was reading
SPIT IN THE OCEAN

At 9:35 exactly
I stopped

At 9:35 exactly

I felt
such deep
love
for you

that
my heart
burst
open
like
a cloud

and my eyes
filled
with
salty
joy

At 9:35 exactly

I felt
time cease
and space
compress

and you
and
I

became

ONE

CASE OF THE INNER DRIVER

She's got hot springs
on her dune buggy.
She's left tread marks
over me head to foot.

She's got hot springs

on her dune buggy.
She's driving me
to the bridge.

She's looking through me
with her gamma ray eyes.

If I wasn't a bloated body
in the trunk of her car
I'd blush.

LIKE THIS

I wish I could sit
still and silent
inside of your arms

You
sitting on a kitchen chair
in fading daylight

me
on your lap
facing you

yin
to yang

my eyes closed,
head resting lightly
on your left shoulder

You
gently lifting aside
my summer hair
and kissing
my neck
so lightly

I barely
feel

a skin shimmer

of a warm
breeze

I hum
a love song
like a lullaby

and wonder how
I could have
lived
this long
without
this

long, merciful
love

I lift
my head

we sit
nose to nose
lips to lips

a moment

telling
those
Alaska blue
eyes

that their
northern
light
can find
magenta

can melt from
stoic
into
fields
of
lilac

Home
is
here

do you
hear

the
early
angels?

MELTING INTO LILAC

we are by
ourselves
all alone

I am lost
fall

tangled
in your absence

I take gentle
pleasure
in you

make the early
angels blush

OH, SWEET RESPITE

The moon,
in the embrace
of the oak

The moon,
as far from me
as from you,

thus
pulling us
closer

The moon,
a silver eye

The moon,
a promise

The moon,
a friend of elves
and mortal men

“And what to do, then,”
asks this Elfin Queen,
“for you who falls so
tangled in my absence,
oh, human man with
raven hair and clever pen?”

How to discourage
the sparrows
of despair
from pecking
there
at the thorn
in your heart

where
surely
the longing
tears a
part
of the future
from
the past?”

“At last,
so this is bliss,”
he whispers.
“When my eyes
see only you
in every mote,
hear your voice
in every note
of night.

Oh, sweet respite

from all that trial
of trying.

Oh, to be lying
beneath this moon,
embrace of my arms,
kisses of my eyes,
my raven silk
against your
thighs.”

This too I wish,

but now must hush
the early
blush
of angels.

WHO ARE THESE ANGELS?

who are these angels
early, late, or lingering
over our ambrosial repast?
will their curiosity be satiated
with a *do not disturb* sign?
can we hide our entangled limbs
beneath their radar's reach?

archangel of aching desire
acheangle of arching thrust
arch eyebrow of forbidden lust
keens the furrow of passion plow
from a soft fingertip of liptouch
beyond the mustiness of gravehood
jammin' the notes of night

IN YOUR GARDEN

I chose the hammock
hoping you'd lie beside me

You didn't have to lie
in the hammock, but you did

From there, gravity pulled us together