



to
Bill
Gates,

The BeaST
God Warned US
AGainst-

Before there was something
there was the Word and the Word
made a world out of nothing
From the mouth of an undivided God
an undivided syllable came
it was

Loud in the beginning

Before the Babel it was a tower of femininity
it grew hypertext so wet you would sip incessantly
water your brain and thunder would roll off
the tongues of the tallest angels
it was the Word
that gave life to trees that look like that
it was the Word
that made the breeze hang your bangs back
before you named it
there was the Word
and it was good and it was real.

It scratched the surface of brown earth
and seamless skies, it touched stone
and papyrus, it was mighty before the mouse saw
the beeping blank
of a monitor screen.
It will be mighty after the mouse meets its Maker
at the end of the line
at the end of everything
the Word will still be heard so
watch what you say.

It's 2005 and the Word is faster than the speed of light
it has no fear, it takes mad flight,
it spoke before Microsoft made the drive so hard
Word is mightier than the sword
The sounds of liberation start up, sound raw
and stand before the mighty Gates,

Bill, are you listening? Your explorers are crashing
on cybershores
they're breaking down your front door
they'll ram and mega bite you
on your bright white ass with crimson teeth
Before your dirty Windows '98
there was the Word and
it was always free on the street.

It started the wars and ended the revolutions
it started the revolutions and ended the wars

it grew names and places from faces of all colors
and those names are talking to the otherwise unseen
and they are all connected to the he and she and me
and they cannot
they will not be programmed for PC.
These words could give you blisters
Mr. Gates, I wish you were listening
I want you to hear words from the ones you fear
the ones with knotty hair and supreme dreams of love
dancing on concrete
dreaming Sahara streams will burst from their
mindsprings.

This group is hopping on the hippest moment
where you may not go,
You cannot go
Your dime and dollar slave trade
cannot buy the Word that
works without rest, without a program to log on to
without a paycheck to go home to.

You are losing the battle on the streets
because before there were your Gates
there was the Word.
It scratched the surface of brown earth
and seamless skies
it touched stone and papyrus,
it was mighty before the mouse saw
the beeping blank
of a monitor screen,
it will make the stories
that leave your greedy mouth gaping
for more.

when you are hungry for the truth
when you must slide below the doors of
the youth you left behind
the Word will be the death of you
the Word will take you down
it will drown your silent screen
The loudest liberation,
a verbal levitation,
dancing in tongues
at the foot of your grave. ●●●

THE WORST STORY EVER TOLD

and God became a strong white-haired
man in a robe
on a mountain who wrote on rocks,
and had his only son begotten
as though all the rest were lost,
and watched him die,
crossed over by kings and priests.
And the story now enjoined with
borders in gold and countries
named with Holy Days
and languages changing chapters
as it pressed down the light
using pain to conform
inched into laws and gun reform,
because this story
is the biggest mistake so far
the worst story I know,
the one that says God spoke to me alone
and only me, or only us,

and you weren't there or you didn't hear...

this ancient memory folds
a modern tragedy,
Death blamed on God's story,
misunderstood and told only to a few,
an endless war of spirit and men,
telling it again and again...
on pedestals or balconies
or mountains. ●●●

It's a special story,
if you got to see Him,
if you lived in Galilee you would know.

Loaves and fishes, prostitution and crosses,
the story tells one exceptional tale
because no one else could do it
you just follow the rules
and it will all be good someday,
when heaven's gate leans your way-
just wait and see,

This Space Reserved for True Believers Only.

The real story still untold,
how each son and daughter and bird
saves the world around,
how Godlight lives in every pair of eyes
and each story cuts out to the air surrounding,
unique and perfect from the start.
How God makes no choices
and all crowds are promiscuous.

Maybe this story was a simple gossip of history,
and like NBC we ignore the
crucifixion of truth.
The story, a million times retold,
an endless round of applause.

Once upon a time,
when salt and stone were coins of war,
a magical idea made all the shepherds go astray,

Once upon a time,
a strong, white-haired man in a robe
told the worst story to a crowd
on the mountain below
and then they told it
to another group of strong white-haired men
and their numbers grew
and they wrote the story down
as best they could remember it,
which means memory replaced
experience and experiences
changed the story.

They brought it to kings, queens,
sultans, monarchs, chieftains,
all robes on pedestals
or balconies or mountains
and the story became the truth
and thousands of years and crowds
in between
the story stands strong, robed in
wars and guns and gold.
Maybe it wasn't supposed to go
this way.

It's a special story.
It only belongs to the crowd on the mountain
and no one unless you confess,
you profess, or you were born into it
in the first place.

...My voices like the flip of rain on dirty windowsills
the city's silence at 3am and the sound of
leaves making revolutions in the wind.
My voices rave with the rumble of subway trains
and were born on the dirtiest New York day in spring
when everything is new
so my voices don't go down with old ideas
and if you be true to yourself,
you'll probably eat your lunch alone.

Excerpted from "VOICES"



FOUR POEMS • TWO EXCERPTS

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How naked women get

(dedicated to the Guerilla Girls)

Power has a face and it is very hairy
It takes to razors daily.
It writes the books called history
and makes the famous men
believe their cocks are carved in stone
at heaven's gate.

Watch for cracks, the cocks will fall.

In the museum, hundreds of naked women
lay flat against the wall
or flat against the floor
but either way
they had to take their clothes off
so you'd remember who they were
but who cares
cause the artists who persuade
remain the white guys in berets
who sketch all day and drink all night
'cause their girlfriends
have a day job.

Clever women write, you know,
or paint, or sculpt in stone.
It's nice they want to have a job
besides the one they have at home.
Unnatural dreams
make women seem artistic, it's what happens.
you know, when chicks are not realistic.
They think they can be seen and heard.
They think they'll be remembered.
But history forgets all ovaries
unless they make the men
who go to war, or mother the guys
who paint the really important pictures
on the wall.

The handiwork of women dare not dream
without a man to lean or steal time into.
Thermometers under the tongues
of five year olds, a lunchbox and leftovers in the fridge...

Men make right to life into law
but 'till death do they roam and they don't
raise their hands to say
"I'll stay home with the dirty diapers
and the baby." Men pray from their
tower of power you'll believe all the lies
so they can have lunch in a suit and a tie
and make their names the first on the list
changing the story so you'll completely
relieve yourself
of the mistaken identity
that great women artists exist.

We are not unequal, sisters, we are invisible
and power has a face, let's be honest, it's not ours.
When chicks make quilts they call them handy
how sweet she knows how to sew!
Matisse sewed patches of fabric together, too
you know, but his genius was between his legs
the man part made his blankets sing
'cause masters of anything are hardly
the girls and girls remain sleeping
under blankets of fame
while masters dream the names and
remain true to their trade.

The face of power in these times is still a hard-on
in any culture, any color, any country as we speak.
Colors on the outside just excuse for disregard,
what hangs between the legs
is what makes it hard to get our line out on open air
to get our letters heard.
Ovaries of the world,
speak the mind they said you lost
create the handle on the stone, make another poem
don't be afraid to be alone.

The cocks are falling. Watch for signs of change.

into museums

Photo: Cynthia Brown

I have lived during the
Reign of Facts.
Facts that rule the
upper classes,
that move the masses
Facts that claim the mysteries
of eternity in the modern age
I'm afraid of Facts.
They're armed and dangerous.
They are out to get me.
They're ready to blow my
cover the minute
I mention astrology
They work overtime
in the winter like spies
from a foreign country,
They wear overcoats made of
untrustworthy polyester
and they look like your grocer
until the uniformed man
comes to your door
at 4am and says
"We know all about you"
I want to know
what they know
I want to get to the bottom
of this, too
but I'm too weak to blend in
I can't make that phone call
and I have stopped
channel surfing.
It's over.
They're right next door.
I'm in pursuit of the politically
correct but it doesn't matter.
I'm emaciated with the Facts.
I am starving
for the undefined.

excerpted from
“Eyewitness”

THE MAIN REASON THAT I BITE MY NAILS

Chickie had some kind of tough about her
she was born in Brooklyn this close to rough
she chewed a lot of gum
her jeans were so tight you could see what
men spend time only dreaming of at night

She went with Mikey Stang
who was the Italian translation of homeboy
and Sicilian too and if you guessed
they took to the streets in his yellow '68 Mustang
hung out the windows in summer in the rain
making peace signs as they cruised by.

Chickie had this page-boy hairdo
and really long pink nails that seemed to shimmer
“They call it ‘Glitter’” she said
“and these are the kind of curlers I use,
if you do it right you’ll never lose the bobby pins.
My father says mine are too tight,
he says, ‘Chick, that’s why you ain’t too bright
that’s why you ain’t no good in school.’ ”

“But Clare, why you wear such baggy pants?
Tryin’ to be some kind of artist, but like,
what kinda girl is an artist?
None of the guys think you’re cool
it’s like, you want them to talk to you
but you bite your nails
whaddya want to talk to guys for anyway?

“Me, I make Mikey Ziti every Sunday,
then we make out
we’re gonna get married and make babies.
Have you ever tongued a guy, like, on the mouth?
What’s with this artist shit?
When you gonna grow up, Clare?
when you gonna get over it?”

She would deliver these sensible sentences
with bright orange lips snapping and
stuck on a cigarette
her breasts were enormous and would heave
up and down
and I used to think Mikey would drown
if she hugged him too hard
or that she would rip those Maidenform seams
in the middle of a tongue kiss on the mouth...
but Chickie had dreams.

She didn’t have a mother
and kept pictures of her brother
near the velvet baby Jesus in her wallet
Tony died LSD overdose 1965
and was almost an architect once
He used to say “Chick, you’re not a dunce,
you walk as my mystical muse.” She used to think
those were some kind of shoes
they only sold in Manhattan.
I never had the heart to tell her.

She sounded so serious
when she talked about her brother.

Chickie had some kind of tough about her
but she kept a secret pile perfectly cut,
not even a little rough
of Roman ruins and Grecian columns and
details of the Sistine Chapel
and Frank Lloyd Wright and
copies of schematics,
but she was pretty bad in mathematics.
“What kind of girl’s an architect?”,
her father said “Tony’s got at least
two brains in his head,
he’s real smart, doncha think?
Chick, put this cup back in the sink,
what kind of girl’s an architect?,
willya get me another drink?”

She married Mikey Stang
the summer Woodstock
made the news
I was in tie-dyes, I was into
wearing two different
kinds of shoes
and once Chickie moved
to Valley Stream
it seemed like there was
more to lose.
I couldn’t really be a hippie
I was only thirteen,
I couldn’t go to beauty school
everyone who did looked really
really mean,
and besides, I still bit my goddamn nails.

But Chickie had that kind of tough
that taught me
no matter how rough you
take your schemes,
no matter how many times
they stand between,
don’t ever let them
change your mind,

Don’t ever let them
take your dreams.

