

TIME AWAY

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“THE WAY IT BEGAN ‘OH, BY THE WAY”

Alexis is the name I was born with the name my dad gave me-

what have I given him?

-back later-

he gave me this name

it made me different

why? because Alexis has that

is

at the end- so I'm not Alex/ lex/ Alexi

and here I am writing/ typing/ reciting/ seeing/ touching/
smelling

my spasms out onto this page

into this Zeppelin 2.7 poem

little like a Ramble

little like a rave

On we go and here I am and there you are

staring / reading/ reciting/ smelling/ seeing/

my page with your eyes

and I'm glad you could join on this little

display of my thoughts

are quite warp(ed) speed

is what Enterprise runs on when trying to escape from close
death

is what I feared

when I was having seizures I'd awake up with pulled muscles

are not big enough

is what my penis isn't /is what my mouth isn't /is what I'm not
enough of

a poet to write in perfect *I*ambic pentameter

takes up ten to fourteen lines

you add these up/ you get twenty four

is what this poem

isn't going to end with a nice humble

resolution/ denouement/ anticlimax/ rising action/

antagonist/ protagonist/

and who am I but a writer/ but a man/ but a person/

talk to me
talk with me
about the me
who asks
the you
to look into my eyes and see me
for you
are reading a little bit of my soul
is revealed through this poetry, no - this dialogue with you
is what these poems / are for you
I want you to listen
to smile/ to cry
to feel the me without the titles / without the surface of
who I am
to you is just another Joe
who tried / who wanted to look into your eyes and smile
because I was tired of keeping my head down
you can slip on
the ice if you don't look
the ground is clear and slick
you put salt on wounds
the salt on eggs
diversity means putting pepper on the eggs
and I wonder, are we ever going to get there
a time we don't refer to minorities as a ""
but as people
as the as which
is picking my nose -we all do it-
I begin to look around
the room, begin to wonder
are they scared? do they care
will they get upset if I write too loud
will they care about me tomorrow
is Wednesday
people call it hump day (which is to say I don't)
but I just did
but tomorrow
tomorrow

bet your bottom dollar!

sorry back on to the next day

is Valentine's day that day

what happens if you don't have a Valentine to hump

do you just happen to hump to a Milky Way

and love yourself / we all love / we all want

someone else

to read this poem might

never read

is being called illiterate

is what my Anthropology teacher called me because she
couldn't read my hand writing is pretty

Sloppy Joe's

I don't eat any more because I'm a vegetarian

is just another

is just another way to deal with the lack of a person that I
am not just the just

you can associate with assumptions about who I can be
someone who wants to make you feel

who wants

who needs to make a difference in your life

is short and if you don't do something it will pass you by

is from the movie Ferris Bueller's Day Off and ~ let my

Kameron go!

Kirk (the other) had *Growing Pains*

on my mind

is the mistakes "males" have made

females symbol is an O with a cross underneath it and

is it a religious connotation

do women have a bigger crosses to bare

what about the Old Man and The Sea he had own symbol

with an O with an arrow

used for direction and

is that symbol longer

an arrow, a weapon used to kill off these

stereotypes

is another word for

sexist/ racist/ homophobic/ ignorance is what we should fight
against

and hey lets join hands and sing koom-bye-ya my lawd!
what about that Jesus/ Allah/ Buddha/ Taoism/ Atheism/

Ahru

Mazda is a type of car we drive
rather than what religion one another subscribes to and Midas
and what about

subscribing to Sports Illustrated when I was younger and
didn't have to deal with issues / what matters and who
is to say??

Because I'm writing this poem -- so you'll get a chance to
expose and circle

this line because I'm starting to get to the point
of my poem

is fairly obvious

not so obvious

when we're sitting in separate bathroom stalls taking next
to each other that I'm male and you're female

you must agree that that we
have something in common

room is another word for

lounge/living room/ with the couches/ chairs/ windows

and you can glimpse another day

is when this poem started

and are you starting to lose interest yet? and what about hump
day

and what we don't need is to expose myself to the whole
world would be

a scary / sight

mine is called near sighted

I can't see things Far and Away

is a movie with Tom Cruise and Nicole Kidman
too bad they can't have

Kids

is another movie about doin' it and AIDS

is pretty scary

is that we all came from Vaginas

so even if you think you've never had your head in someones
gina'
-you're wrong-
and just because I was born in this
class/ race/ sex/ ethnic background
doesn't mean I wanted it
doesn't mean that I don't support you
don't love
the clouds
are blue is my favorite color
blind
is what "people" can't tell what is green and what is red
who says we have it right
on red is something Californians came up with
a method of poetry with a back stitch
and a quote unquote thing which we marginalize those
who are different but we all begin to deal with
each other on a level of which we don't have to talk about
the
usual weather and begin to say
just who are all of you?

‘ACCEPTANCE LETTER’

We are poets driven
towards momentous occasions
like
when our idols are toppled
or wars begin
we grope for pen & paper
and prop up our voice up,
on, high-pitch
for a quick burst or
a doting epic-
that will capture.

For us, there is only the time between
the kiss of inspiration that comes too quickly to document &
the receiving end when:
The football hits “right between the numbers” and we squint
down field
moving-in-and-out of traffic, hair a mess smelling of rotten
platanitos on 18th & U in need of more nicotine or less
caffeine, or a pint of bitter we are groggy-eyed in a pub in
southern Galway, Ex-pat undertaker, trying to put together
the words slipping out of the bartender’s mouth having lived
abroad for two-plus years in the sub-Sahara desert he too has
something to say.

When he pulled the trigger.
When he screamed from the top floor.
When he took another nip at the rum that drenched the back
of his hairline.
When he watched the IV drip across the connection between
the open-ended question.
When he was hit by the pink dune buggy and promptly
apologized because for God
sakes it was our fault; we never should have been walking on
the beach that day.

Beaten by what we couldn't control and then our voice; absent-
mindedly ignored.

When dragons needed to be dispelled

We were the ones with the magic to sprinkle on the sword.

Ever look at a poet's pillow?

There are two sides,

we press one

to our mouths nightly

hoping

to snuff out

our muffled screams:

-a place where you can see

every poem we've ever written

and on the other side

we rest.

'A TOAST'

Every deserving poet should get this chance
to be here, along side all of us:
but they can't
So this is to them:
The shut-ins that can't find a way out
Out of their rooms, writing on the walls
& to the 9-to-5ers in their cubes pushing paper around
And scribbling down notes in the middle of meetings
That are really poems,
And it's for the drunks that can't look past the
Mirrored bar and keep themselves from whistling
Into the shot glass
And the baristas in Starbucks that are fed up
With Grande Mocha Frappachinos
And it's The IT technicians who have something better,
to write about than fixing your problems
And it's for the telemarketers who are writing
Down your complaints in perfect
A-B-A-B quatrains
And it's is for the kleptomaniacs trying to
Figure out how many Wrights, O'Haras and
Buckowskis they can stuff down their pants without
Getting caught.
Every last one of you and all the rest of you who
Were never recognized – to us
I dedicate all of these
and I'll join you all somewhere, sometime
in that big anthology in the sky,
I'll meet you at the bar or the coffee shop
And the first drink is on me.

Cheers.

‘PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED’

The last time my
parents spanked me they said
“look at this article, it
says parents are going to jail
for using
their belts”
and they held it out to me
and explained
that they would spare
the rod
and spoil
the child
I guess, I understood
all I know is that I didn’t
miss
the sound of my
dad’s belt coming
off
thwupthwupthwup
or faking it
when my mom
used
her slipper

FRANK & SUN

*after "A True Account of Talking to the Sun on Fire Island"
by Frank O'Hara.*

"You know me, or do you, I hope you'll wake up, I haven't got all day?!" O'Hara giggled while casually dressing me

"Huh, oh, sorry Frank, I well how should I can't and in the window

pane and the need why here and now...

is a song aren't they all? but yes," addressed,

"you sure you got the right room?"

Growing concerned as Frank was

sitting cross legged looking at me

"Of course, I've been trying to wake you but I wanted to make sure that I wouldn't give you another seizure. Up late again last night?"

"well, yes, I mean writing, of course writing, writing the stitch-

couldn't get much sleep. When I did, I would

wake up feeling the same, talking to myself

that... Ramble On.

But Frank why are you here?"

Trying to wipe the sleep out of my eyes

"Well I wanted you to know at least me and sun, would like to tell you a few things first off kid you're really not that bad, I kind of like your stuff it needs work, but hey! you're young, you've got time!

Some people might think you're crazy too, pay em' no mind -I never did- and look at me, don't let up, keep what you're doing"

Suddenly the sun began to rise

over Seneca lake as quietly

touching the ripples

rhymes with nipples

of Frank were showing

for the lack there of

a shirt he was not wearing

a pair of pants only boots
to my surprise
I questioned it mightily
as a fresh dove
flew to roost

“He’s with you, do like I say just keep on rising every day, you should know, I’m always there, though you might not always find me, though I might be covered by the clouds, the smog, the walls, believe that- even when you’re stuck at dinner parties with your friends... I’ll be out there, don’t worry!” The sun spoke

like Koch

what about the Coke?

With that the sun approached Frank and whispered to Frank:

“Did he get up as soon as you got here?”

“No, it took him about a half an hour”

“Nobody’s ever gotten up as fast as Mayakovsky, nobody” The sun turning to me and said, “Listen, stick to what you believe in, love the world and love yourself- you don’t always have to be so grim, things will change. Even though you might not see the change, after awhile people will see it”

“and don’t forget... we’ll be watching, if one day you feel like you don’t have love for the verse, for the colors of the world, the notion of desire on your lips, then camp up! and find something else to believe in, the world is beautiful!”

“Now go back to sleep Alexis, maybe we’ll see each other again, Alexis what a different name...but before we go we’ll leave a little poem in your head as our farewell.”

“Sun...Frank... Don’t Go! I still have so many!” I am awake

at last.

“No, we must they’re calling us,” turning and Rising Sun

is another.