



From bastabrightbill.

normal

for david alan coutier

“there may always be a time of innocence.
there is never a place.” – wallace stevens

“they’re aggravating the shit out of me!” – dac

dacs poem

we met

washington square spring 1963

the sun was just rising

neither of us had slept

dac had spent the night in a nor’easter driving down from boston

i had shot dope in an abandoned building on the lower eastside

we looked familiar to each other

i split my dexedrine with him

dac talked about his fuckedup father

my father was not fuckedup so i just listened

he talked about his frenchcanadian roots

i talked about my jewishrussian roots
we agreed france canada & russia were fucked
then we agreed america was fucked
life was fucked
everybody was eating everybody
a pigeon flew by & shat in-btwn us
the white ran like a convict escaping a scrambled egg
then we agreed we knew each other from another lifetime
the french revolution the inquisition maybe a witch trial
who knows
we talked kerouac (dac was born in lowell)
we talked ginsberg (i was born in paterson) &
we talked of this young songmaker named dylan who played right
here at the fountain yesterday or maybe last wk
we spoke of the marches down south
neither of us had been south
neither of us was going south
the sun rose, we talked on
the world was burning
the world was mindwashed
international conspiracies filled the air
the brains of the bourgeoisie were devoured by rich zombies
in washington & moscow
aphrodite had whoredout to hitler
the oracles were few & far btwn
the world was sinking
we'd survive
poetry carried a life preserver over her tired shoulder
we had known each other forever &
so we would know each other forever
"i love you, man" dac said
15 years later dac died of acute alchoholism
i remain
the news remains an oxymoron
the survivors guilt is all but gone.

normal's most recent book of poems, *i see hungers children: selected poems, 1962–2012*, was published by LummoX Press in 2012.