

# All Along the Livery Line

Marshall Mallicoat

## Preface

*All Along the Livery Line* is a collection of my poems published from 2011 to 2014, on a few websites now defunct and a couple times in print. They were written when I was living in Stamford, Connecticut, after I had first moved out to the East Coast. I drew much inspiration from the people I met through writing, and those I knew only through the internet.

To everyone who solicited my poems and invited me to read my work, thank you. And thank you to everyone who was kind to me.

*Marshall Mallicoat  
Hartford, Connecticut  
November 2016*

## About this document

These poems were collated, proofed, and lightly edited in the fall of 2016. The publications where they first appeared are listed in the appendix. This document was inexplicably typeset in LaTeX and printed to PDF.

This version was last modified on 7 June 2018.

# Contents

The turpentine camps of north florida . . . . .	1
Video game champion . . . . .	2
A graffito that says bank of amerika . . . . .	3
Poem to white people . . . . .	4
Like a movie you can see anything . . . . .	5
Ice mines on pluto . . . . .	6
Poem . . . . .	7
The radiators come on at night and wake me up. . . . .	8
We're Bowling with Bumpers Now . . . . .	9
A Bouncy Castle Lifted . . . . .	10
Horse Advice . . . . .	11
Black Ice . . . . .	12
For the Santa Barbara Estates Trailer Community of Olathe, Kan. . . . .	13
Memorial Day . . . . .	14
Mayflies in June . . . . .	15
Oh Little Quick Forgetter Pt. 1 . . . . .	16
Oh Little Quick Forgetter Pt. 2 . . . . .	17
Oh Little Quick Forgetter Pt. 3 . . . . .	18
New Haven . . . . .	19
Eulogy . . . . .	20
The Sun Do Move and the Earth Am Square . . . . .	21
For My Then-Girlfriend . . . . .	22

## The turpentine camps of north florida

In loud places you can sing to yourself  
Alone with your bars  
In a nowhere filled with people  
I want to be left alone for three days  
To do drugs and look at things on the internet  
When Im done Ill come back  
The drunkest someone has gotten in an applebees  
Ive gotten that drunk in my apartment  
My spine curved toward the computer  
Like a flower toward the sun  
The world is big and small  
And I can never make someone know me  
Tho Ive convinced myself I know myself  
My bedroom is a time machine  
Moving into the future  
One second per second  
While everything moves away from everything else  
Im really doing this thing  
Im tryna love you girl  
Sitting on the train or standing on the train  
Chinese food to go or chinese food to stay

## Video game champion

Cops are harder to see in the dark  
Cops know this  
I know this too  
I am a sad man  
And my sadness spreads like wifi  
Aimed at new york city  
In beirut the kids do drugs  
Get skull tattoos and race to heaven  
Million being a thousand thousand  
And trillion a million million  
Street fashion will never die  
Cuz street fashion doesnt care  
I will die in an airport  
If possible  
While in the parking lot  
A car tries to get underneath its own shadow  
Like cows in a field  
All tryna get under the same tree  
It's raining in japan  
And tomorrow it will rain here  
The people of the world will survive  
And discover secrets in this earth  
And live forever

## A graffito that says bank of amerika

In the mens room every man is me  
Im on drugs and everyone else is on drugs too  
My backpack feels like someone pressing against my back  
In four hours there will be more hours  
Ive seen this  
Ive seen flags with ak47s on them  
I kneel on the carpet and pray five times  
Then I stand up and pray five times  
Gods body is frozen somewhere in the ice  
Listening to a perfect ipod  
Rap will last 50 years  
Then repeat the first 50 years in reverse  
Like how every v nasty verse is an unrecorded eazy e verse  
Like how I always go everywhere twice  
The first time to go for the first time  
And the second time to go for the first time again  
While feeling like Ive been there before

## Poem to white people

I watch movies about white people  
To learn how to be a white person  
I am learning  
I assume funny people are happy  
Cuz theyre always laughing  
I laugh a little too  
While my soul pools in my feet  
I wanted to be white trash  
And tried to dress white trash  
I thought they were coming back  
To buy up the block  
Then leave again  
Like life is a slow sickness  
That kills as it spreads  
Im sayin  
White people  
Go back to your communities  
And teach them what you learn here

## Like a movie you can see anything

The crusades except its americans  
Drivin suvs into mexico  
To feed the hunger  
Under an electric sun  
I cant accept the world  
In such impossible detail  
Wish I could be a drunk girl  
Dressed up pretty with makeup  
Holdin a cellfone  
There are so many people I cant talk to  
Imma buy xanax off the internet  
Imma go to mexico and buy xanax  
And walk down streets  
Feeling things  
Not even seeing the streets



## Ice mines on pluto

Ask anyone what an alien is  
And they will tell you  
What it means to travel a great distance  
I can hear my grandparents dyin  
Thru my cellfone  
Thru my cellfone  
Thru my cellfone  
Poetry is the poetry of atoms and dust  
In the rap videos  
They shoot you with invisible guns  
Shit dont mean shit  
President on tv  
Talkin bout four more years  
Theres no trash bag big enough  
For what I have to throw away  
My god  
I wish the aliens were real  
I wish theyd come  
In the dark  
And then leave  
In the night

## Poem

I'm the best man in this chatroom  
I'm the worst minstrel dancing for you  
I'm the worst friend for sending you bad links  
My best rappers are wack to you—  
My girlfriend on the edge of this time zone  
I can feel you in this zip code and in every zip code  
I can sing your telephone number  
I want to email you and CC the world

I'm cleaning up the condo  
I'll turn up the air conditioner  
I'll do your math homework  
I'll lay you out on my queen size bed  
I'm so rich I will love you for handshakes, for eyelashes  
I will love you for nothing  
For love I will love you  
Love your thumbnail slideshows  
Love your scrolling text messages  
Love your mpegs on loop

I'm out in god's country  
Gathering pop tabs on a string, on a great necklace  
To gift to my wife on our wedding night  
So she might be proud, and you are  
And the sky is your color  
And the shampoo smells like your hair—  
This is my email to make you love me  
At least when drunk and on drugs and asleep and offline  
Love me like I love your green fingernails  
Love me like I love the cigarettes on your lips and the hairs on your ass  
Love me like I love the shoes on your feet  
Love me like I love my trailer park queen

## **The radiators come on at night and wake me up.**

Two people together and god is there. Im all alone and god is gone. Off betting on natures science. Sneaking into hotel rooms to hide bibles. They were well hid. And what was written in there also hidden.

There are two worlds running alongside. One a little faster than the other. Like trains on tracks. The seats in trains like pews. All facing forward. Toward the altar. And on the altar nothing.

The other americans come speaking a moon language. To the moon and on a monday. They come and they go. Trafficking memories. Thru customs and thru sheets of glass. Thru invisible sheets of glass in the sky.

Let them drown before the sea. And throw the bodies into a sea of insects. Let god be Christ. And let Christ be the Lord. Let the shadows reach west and touch the mountains. Let each new blog bury the last. Let the atoms of air be numbered. Like each coat in the coatroom is numbered.

Stand on a plastic box. Stand on a wooden box. Stand on an aluminum box. And you see. And you see. And you see.

The people on the internet are not me. But they could be. Uncle Tom, Brother Jed, Saint Anthony. Reverend Run, Doctor Faustus, Professor Chomsky. Chairman Mao, King Cotton, President Aristide. Mister Carter, Citizen Kane, Master P.

## We're Bowling with Bumpers Now

I know morale is low.  
The ice shifts inside  
the ice machine uneasy.  
Where we can't get clean  
we paint over the dirt.  
When the buildings are finished  
and the hospital gowns are lifted  
the wrong songbirds will take roost:  
the killdeer and whippoorwill will talk shit.  
But it's just a little hazing  
from friends you haven't met yet.  
When the odometer rolls over  
we'll all clap together and applaud each other  
to have seen such a thing just happen.  
There's a corset that holds the mountain up.  
There's a belt that girds the world.  
All exits have been clearly marked  
for your convenience and safety.

## A Bouncy Castle Lifted

Everyone's alone on their fone  
busy unfriending their friends,  
sitting at work pretending to work  
shoveling shit to the shit eaters.  
At this bad banquet  
you gotta bus your own table.  
In the crowded movie theater  
you gotta touch yourself.  
We come in thru the out door.  
What's done is undone, like shoestrings, like oysters,  
all the French curls and crazy circles  
or the patterns of a fancy dancer.  
It's a fuck-all wonder.  
It's a revolving door you're stuck inside,  
wearing a coat that only makes you colder  
and pulling it tighter  
against the air-conditioned air.

## Horse Advice

Don't bet your house on a horse  
You can't live in a horse  
You can't even eat a horse  
Or you wouldn't want to

## Black Ice

In the late 20s of your century  
in your painted room painted red  
on your leaden mornings of done lovers  
when the earth curves away from you,  
you might find you've gone defunct  
like spoiled milk in the guest house  
like a small patch of black ice  
left alone and not bothering anybody.  
You're cut with a knife so dull  
the wound doesn't even deign to bleed.  
Your teeth still hurt, but only faintly  
like they were someone else's teeth  
and that man was walking away  
concerned only with the stone in his shoe.

## For the Santa Barbara Estates Trailer Community of Olathe, Kan.

The plain fact is there *are* no Super Walmart's—  
only Supercenter's where you loiter,  
where there is no center to be found  
unless it rests like jewels on her navel.  
She was blonde like a Fox News anchor  
and made love like an octopus plug  
with a Rorschach on her lower back  
above the hem of her khaki pants.

The motto of Idaho is *Esto Perpetua*,  
which means *it's forever*, which it is—  
maintained by our selfless Aryan brothers  
insurgent in the foothills of the Rockies.  
And there's a handsome klansman here right now,  
with toothsome smile, eager to guide our boat tour  
thru the putrid Florida *everglades*—  
a nice word for an endless swamp.



## Memorial Day

We're once-, twice-, three-time losers:  
the Sooners, Hoosiers, and Corn Huskers—  
all the fishes: the Bettas and Tetras,  
the scumsuckers who chew the glass,  
the anchovies and sardines alone in their tins,  
the feeder fish, the minnows—born to die.  
The bugler plays taps badly  
and the flag's gone orange and gray.  
As the halyards chime their complaint,  
let's try to remember Ruby Ridge  
and the little 9/11 of 2000 and 10.  
Let's salute Dale Earnhardt Senior  
for everything he did for a sport we love—  
Jim Beam, Jack Daniel, and Johnnie Walker—  
Hank Williams I, II, and III—  
Kiss Army and all the No Limit Soldiers.  
Let's sleep in on the long weekend  
and not bother with the flowers.

## Mayflies in June

The liquor aisle stays lit until 11pm  
and seven on Sundays.

I drink whichever beer is cheapest  
so to let the market judge  
what I have no business judging.

At Wed. church you can wear jeans  
and sometimes it ends early.

It's there in the parking lot you witness  
the first of the floodlights come on  
and the mayflies queue up for communion.

## Oh Little Quick Forgetter Pt. 1

The phone numbers wear out.  
Your friends don't live here anymore.  
You showed up for the party early and I asked you to leave.  
I said *homie, go home*.  
Your lips are drawn wrong.  
Your teeth are set backward.  
You got high off fake weed.  
You caught meso from one summer doing insulation.  
You could have done a tour in Iraq and been back already.  
You're the one who buried his gold and thought he was golden.

## Oh Little Quick Forgetter Pt. 2

Who is you?

You who would withhold dap when asked?

You who split cats and tie down dogs?

You who stand on the escalator and idle in the drive way,

your car in ten thousand pieces,

arranged in one of many possible ways?

It's no good what you might could, or can done, or been had.

Oh little quick forgetter—did you divide rightly?

Have you never seen the sea?

Are we to believe that *these are trees*?

## Oh Little Quick Forgetter Pt. 3

In painful shoes, you'll stand, until you're fit to sit.  
As your leg learns its limp, and your back takes its crook.  
You weren't well liked, just familiar.  
And we used you for your pool table.  
You were named a supernumerary.  
You came back home, and the lights was on.  
The oven was on, and all of the faucets was on.  
And in the garage the car was running.  
And when you stood in the Dutch door,  
we closed the other half.

## New Haven

Your breath appears in winter, like a new pope  
and the snow smells like your smoke.  
You stutter like Roman numerals: I, I, I  
and I touch you with gloves on.  
We kiss like bridges half-finished  
in your parent's house on the sound.  
The mirror is a perversion of the room  
and in this perversion is your face,  
your hair arranged in folios  
with the pages yet uncut.  
Your body is a grand concourse—  
not just a terminus, but a place to depart from.  
I'm drinking from the faucet of your mouth  
not worried who has to drink after.

## Eulogy

Canadian geese crossing the street  
are ready to die for their country.  
Why not you? Are you too good?  
Do you bloom perennial?  
Or once then never again?  
The soil is soaked thru with malt liquor.  
Something smells sweet in the greedy weeds.  
Our reparations are pending and hang  
like a branch of rotten fruit.  
It's pythons in Florida that will redeem us.  
The kudzu is busy at our retribution.  
The nightcrawlers are out in the morning  
and they're embarrassed, and you're ashamed,  
as we lay one of our alumni to ripen,  
to dare reckon of underground trees.

## The Sun Do Move and the Earth Am Square

*after the sermon by Rev. John Jasper*

In the flint hills, you cut your feet  
where the fences are fallen ladders  
and the power lines come together  
at right angles, like corners—  
where the old internet still runs  
blown on the wind  
carried on strings drawn by pigeons.

The earth was taught patience (and waits).  
The stars learned loneliness (and don't they look lonely?).  
The day comes when the sun  
will be called from his racetrack  
and his light squinched out forever—

But what do I care about the sun?  
I ain't been appointed to run the sun.  
We are moon men, have always been moon men:  
moon men and moon women.  
And tonight is our favorite moon.



## For My Then-Girlfriend

My little phone holds your face  
in the distance where the birds  
are just plucked eyelashes,  
maybe an unclosed parenthesis.

From an airplane, we see the landscape  
as a modest array of paint swatches.  
The people become pointillistic,  
spittle from the idiot maw of creation,  
a bit of food you lost in your clothes and wanted to eat.

If there aren't enough blueberries, and they're black—  
If the stars are asterisks with footnotes to follow—  
If I'm allergic to your cats and ugly with freckles—  
If I touch your collarbone and break its wings—  
It's just as well.  
The pictures on my phone are yours.  
With obliterated eyes I've seen us together:  
(me) laid out in a deleterious sun  
(you) cutting your nails, and letting them fly.

# Original Publications

- [1] “The turpentine camps of north florida,” “Video game champion,” “A graffito that says bank of amerika”: *Pop Serial 3*, edited by Stephen Tully Dierks, 2012, [popserial.net](http://popserial.net).
- [2] “Poem to white people,” “Like a movie you can see anything,” “Ice mines on pluto”: *shallow*, edited by Zachary Whalen, 2011, [letscallourbandtheyeahyeahyeahs.blogspot.com](http://letscallourbandtheyeahyeahyeahs.blogspot.com).
- [3] “Poem”: *Everyday Genius*, edited by Stephen Tully Dierks, February 2013, [everyday-genius.com](http://everyday-genius.com).
- [4] “The radiators come on at night and wake me up”: *horse ghost (volume one)*, edited by Matthew Donahoo, 2012, [www.horseghost.info](http://www.horseghost.info).
- [5] “We’re Bowling with Bumpers Now,” “A Bouncy Castle Lifted,” “Horse Advice”: *Pop Serial 5*, edited by Stephen Tully Dierks, 2014, [popserial.net](http://popserial.net).
- [6] “Black Ice,” “For the Santa Barbara Estates Trailer Community of Olathe, Kan.,” “Memorial Day”: *Aclypse*, edited by Cody Troyan, unpublished, [aclypse.com](http://aclypse.com).
- [7] “Mayflies in June,” “Oh Little Quick Forgetter Pt. 1-3,” “New Haven,” “Eulogy” (appearing as “On the Occasion of a Friend Falling off the Wagon”), “The Sun Do Move and the Earth Am Square,” “For My Then-Girlfriend”: *Western Beefs of North America*, edited by Willis Plummer, 2014, [westernbeefs.com](http://westernbeefs.com).