

Connor Stratman

Slower Giggle & Other Poems

↳ Slower Giggle ↵

Slow the music down 1000% and hear
dinosaurs running rampant through shops.

Glass blows its way through the aisles
turning into rainbows of dissonance.

These are now tickets to bird shows—
flight as envy, a caricature of romance
that flies in governmental faces
yet disappoints in its very trajectory.

Transfer: people into things & vice versa,

virtue of unthought methods now rule

the hallways. We found you in the fetal

position ga-ga-ing into urban midnights

of tepid vapors. Go forth into the night

and bring back edible souvenirs, solid

substances and ascetic bags of fetid fur.

Yell out to the dark in aquatic ripples.

↳ Queer Reversal ↵

He turned the hallelujah backwards. He sent her a bouquet filled with fish. He kissed a strange man in a tavern. He smoked ten dollar packs of cigarettes. He lost count of the bricks on the building. He preferred salt to sugar. He never visited the dentist. He had photographs from a friend in Washington. He grew up shoeing horses. He went fishing with his sister. He watched a lot of movies. He sniffed the gas and left his body. He didn't think of people as fruit. He shucked away flesh only to pick it up again. He sprayed mists into the wind. He went up and talked to kids training for ministries. He was confused by the meaning of "please." He hums "Brother Louie" to himself when walking alone in urban areas. He sees his mother releasing seagulls into the air on a stone beach. He likes potatoes on Sunday morning. He never murdered someone. He wonders how bizarre people ever get famous. He asks his friend why he came without saying anything. He built a fence to keep the goats in.

↪ Short Films ↩

From a taped conversation: "I am unaware that
you are listening. I'll erase this picture, puncture
your eyes with something that you won't find
terribly pleasant. Poor taste but good feeling."

"Like Comus trudging through the woods
in Illinois evening, right? You see yourself
as some kind of demon now. Reading minds
is kind of a joke nowadays." "Sure, but think
that all music is the symptom of collapse,
a kind of aural X-ray. It gets simpler when
you watch a handsome actor get naked
onscreen. Picture opera as only talking
about itself when it's necessary." "I am
aware that you are listening. Talk away
and watch as each glimmering figure burns."

↳Cutout ↵

In the competent split eye they hand trophies

generated wombs pushing out a new treatise of shouting

fetishes of invisible swamps and passionflowers

cut

he has me by the neck now

and fire spouts from the lake

the vein splits with the film shred

out

bellies of desire blow on the bubblepipe

end-of-days faces toward the hammering twilight

faces left in trails of manure begging for water

Author Bio

Connor Stratman is the author of three collections of poetry: *An Early Scratch* (erbacce press, 2011), *Some Were Awake* (plumberries press, 2011), and *Volcano* (Writing Knights Press, 2011). His poems have appeared in various journals such as *Otoliths*, *ditch*, *Scythe*, *Pinstripe Fedora*, *Counterexample Poetics*, and *Etcetera*. He is currently editor-in-chief of *The Balloon*, an online blogjournal of poetry and poetics.

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