

G EMIL REUTTER

PLAIN *SPEAK*
***SWEET* SPEAK**

PHIL PRIMEAU

A DOUBLE CHAP OF
PLAIN SWEET POETRY

Plain Speak/Sweet Speak
G Emil Reutter & Phil Primeau
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This work is a double chapbook consisting of two parts: the base text and the remixed text. The base text – the original one – was penned by G Emil Reutter; yours truly is responsible for the other half.

This was not originally a joint effort. Initial manuscript edits deemed too extensive by Reutter nearly ended the project before it got off the ground. It didn't take long, however, for the two of us to notice the healthy interplay of the sister texts. They had chemistry. They had shared spirits. Rather than distilling the work's overall effect, the differing typographies and divergent subject matter both enriched and expanded the scope and potency of the project.

This chapbook demonstrates not only the versatility of language, but also the necessity of subtextual examination. It allows reflection on cultural and linguistic patterns and forces the reader to consider the flexibility of the written unit. To the regret of elementary school grammar teachers everywhere, a piece of literature is not a sandwich. It is not a discreet continuum with a beginning, middle, and end. Rather, it is an onion. It is a rug of thickly woven thematic and narrative elements. This is the critical lens which the reader must sport to honestly and properly evaluate *Plain Speak/Sweet Speak*.

Phil Primeau, Senior Editor

G EMIL REUTTER

P	L	A	I	N
S	P	E	A	K
P	O	E	M	S

THIRTEEN POEMS

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Some of these poems have appeared in *Cokefish Magazine* and a broadside published by Alpha Beat Press (2005). Others were published by Palebras Press.

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of cats
lone dog
wanders
among them
cats prance
dance
along edge
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laughing
as dog
rests
next to a
tree

late morning
arrives
as
cats depart
dog
jumps onto
top
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along edge
howling to the moon

dog
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it is
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fragments

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blind

trembling
seeking protection
from the covers
at night

sleep
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memories unearthed

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for understanding
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hands empty

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calls out
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moment

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on edge of bed
long wavy hair
covering frame
silhouetted by
early morning sun
i sit up
our bodies meet
her head rests
upon my shoulder
a moment frozen
in time
a moment
that will always
be in my mind

babble

whispers call
from banks of the mind
through fog
like rolling thunder
of a far away
storm

murmurs build
as crescendo of orchestra
through the hall
like applause rolling
from first row
to balcony

voices rise
as hot lava
exploding mountain tops
like babble rising
settling into dust
unheard

sounds stir
whispers call
murmurs build
voices rise
sounds
babble

morning meal

eggs and bacon fry
i will bring her this surprise
bagels warm in the toaster
frying pans heat up
grease begins to pop
striking skin
it was not a good idea
cooking breakfast in the nude
thankful that grease
did not strike
lower
i smile bringing the tray
to her
pondering if it is proper
to want desert
after breakfast in bed

sweet inside

sweet center
surrounded by fruit
tongue glides along
slowly entering
tasting sweetness
of all
that is inside
ah
nothing is quite
like
a creamsicle
on a hot summer day

heat wave

lock yourselves in
heat index of 105
don't let the pets out
they might die
shut the doors
seal the windows
run the air on high

there was a time
when sitting
under the old willow
feeling summer breeze
reading a book
sipping lemonade
was all you would need

that was time
before ac television and pc's
kids played ball
neighbors spoke to neighbors
when we didn't know
the heat index was 105

watching

sweeping away
steady on its course
circular motion
sixty clicks in a second
passing by
roman numerals
so large
unobstructed
it sweeps by
i stare
thinking i may
have been watching
this clock for
far to long

porch

cool breeze
chimes ring
humidity dissipates
chair rocks
in rhythm
darkness of
night arrives
settling down
contentment sets in
as fire fly
dances in
the night air

mill creek in levittown

mill creek flows
cutting between
the orchards and juniper hill
sunnies guppies and cat fish
swim undisturbed
crayfish hide
under the rocks
in the creek bed
turtles nest in the banks
frosty hollow park
lays to the southeast
deer raccoons groundhogs
reign here
natures paradise
in the middle of tract homes
i do believe
abe levitt's spirit
does dwell in this place

this place

mars passes behind the moon
orange sun sets in the west
darkness of the night sky
replaces the radiant blue of day
starlight cascades down
quiet of the evening air
brings a peaceful feel
to this place
where poets once dwelled
spinning free verse and form
of injustice love parenthood
even a broken piece of stained glass
when~ poetry stirred generations
with the power of words
before slams and competitions
for long after the performance
words speak
echoing through the caverns
to the countryside
causing a stir in the air
from this place
where poets once dwelled

utopia

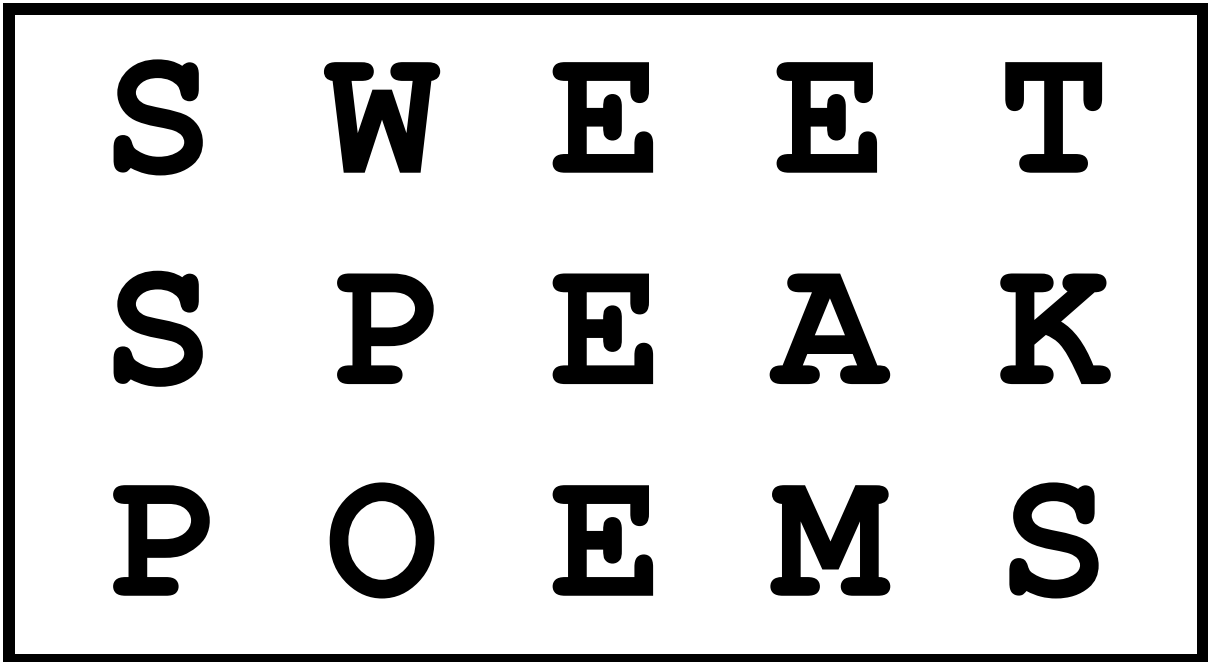
times like these come and go
as eras and ages are defined
by those who win
seeking the ever elusive peace
on this planet
that not once has existed
promises of utopia living in harmony
fill the pages of history
as we fight
over whose version of utopia is right
unique we are as creatures
fighting the good fight
for the causes defined by
beliefs religion morals
war rages on
when man sounds so honorable
even a dictator
speaks of the cause of human rights
just not in his land
reality it is only about power
the true fuel that feeds the fight
utopia i think not

i see

there ain't nothing you're going to say
that ain't been said before
it's all in how you say it
or don't
just because someone said it
don't mean it doesn't need to be said again
'cause people tend to forget
put it out of their mind
it didn't happen
if they don't remember
you know
i see
people everyday
if it don't affect them
there ain't no war
no injustice
no poor
when you don't need it
there is medical care for all
'cause people are about me
you know
i see
there ain't no m-e in us
and without us
there is no me
you know
i see
things ain't gonna change
but then that is me

G EMIL REUTTER

REVISITED



THIRTEEN REMIXED POEMS

PHIL PRIMEAU

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Seconds

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Summer Eve

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Sweet

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Clocks

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Abe Levitt

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Night Dance

Full moon
on alley full
of cats, lone
dog wanders
among them.

Cats move
along edges
laughing
as dog rests
next to
a tree.

Late morning
arrives as
cats depart,
dog tops
the fence . . .
hind legs
howling
the moon

Sometimes
it is cool
to dance alone.

(Dog lays next
to tree!)

Close Open

Close open
staring blind
at ceilings.

Seek from the covers
at night,

sleep fragments
time
 for a moment.

Reach understanding

hands grab
the thin emptiness.

Seconds

She sits on wavy hair
in a long frame

by
early morning sun!

Bodies sit up
in us, we meet
frozen

her head rests
upon)

this will always
be in mind.

Hot Babble

Whisper through
fog

rolling away
in storms,

murmurs build
to my balcony

(or yours),

hot babble settles
in our noise.

Breakfast Nude

A surprise warm
in the toaster and

the grease popping
heat up

cooking this perfect
breakfast nude.

Sweet

Nothing quite enters

or surrounds

like creamsicle

slowly tasting

the summer inside.

Heat Wave

Lock yourselves in
heat index and don't
let poets out

'cuz they might
shut in doors and
windows, sealing . . .

Once
there was sitting
under breeze

or reading a book
in lemonade,

that was time.

Clocks

Sweeping away
steady,

 their only course
motion

in sixty clicks.

Love Seat

Chimes dissipate through

humidity, the night
settles in rhythm

with our chair.

 One firefly
over there.

Post-Mortem

At all levels
people pass
in a pause –

maybe.

Isn't time spun
so brightly?

A doubtful pause

maybe.

Abe Levitt

Mill Creek flows,
cuts a hollow park
or a bed.

Catfish, sunnies,
guppies, and
Abe Levitt –

his spirit . . . Abe Levitt
are you undisturbed
with the turtles

on the rocks in America?

This Place

Behind the moon
in the west Mars brings down
the peaceful feel.

Stars some radiant blue
quiet where a generation stirred.

Now no kids beat new verse/form

behind the moon
in the west

where Mars brings down
the peaceful feel.

Utopias

These come and go
in definitions,

the elusive peace
of this planet

has always spoken
in pages.

ABOUT

G Emil Reutter is an author, essayist, and traveling poet from



Pennsylvania. His work has appeared in *The Underground Window*, *Think for Yourself*, *The Southern Ocean Review*, and *New Vantage Magazine*, among others. He recently undertook a national reading tour which included a stop at the Walt Whitman Arts Center in New Jersey. He also has a website, available at www.gemilreutter-author.com.



Phil Primeau is manager-in-chief of PERSISTENCIA*PRESS. He edits *Dirt*, a print 'zine of minimalist poetry and poetics. His poetry has appeared in a wide variety of print and online venues, including *Skald*, *Eratio Postmodern Poetry*, *moriamoriam*, and *RealPoetik*. Essays of his have appeared in *The Online Journal* and *Dissident Voice*. He attends Emerson College in Boston, Massachusetts.

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