

Trance Notebook #22 [ultramarine has a pocky charisma]

by
WAYNE KOESTENBAUM



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pocky charisma]

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ESSAY PRESS EP SERIES



#11

ESSAY PRESS EP SERIES

In the Essay Press EP series, we give extended space and time to some of our favorite authors currently developing new book-length projects.

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Introduction

—Wayne Koestenbaum

I've kept a diary, writing in it virtually every day, since 1976. Beginning on November 30, 2012, I stopped keeping a diary, and started instead a series of trance notebooks, as a way to transform my journal into a higher pitch of ceremony, an occasion for intensified, unmoored consciousness. A year later, I distilled the results of my aleatory experiment into a sequence of 34 assemblages, which I call *The Pink Trance Notebooks*.

Trance Notebook #22

[ultramarine has a pocky charisma]

in the past, philosopher
queen, we
majestically proposed ideas

our small ugly face shoved
into back-assed lucite chasm

now I want French
scholar's maroon
velvet suit and hair

he has
cologne I envy, money
and totality

ask where he got his perfect
hair and righteousness

need to figure out
every avant-garde
face in the auditorium

imaginary rubs based
on accidental contiguity

could he be subtly
conquered under hotel sheets?

hair like a 1970s
After Dark model—

can I say "I love your
look" or go door by door trying
to find a candy store?

cuties don't clap—

"butting
in" has allegorical implications—

microscript a sign
of authorial integrity—

I'm more
accustomed to shining in bars—
or am I just a bad actress?

years ago I was
haunted by a guy named
Didier—that was the era
of a thousand Didiers—
even at the dry cleaners
I bumped into Didier—
Jet Cleaners of Didier
fame—

which reminds me of
his ganglion

his hair
in French is obviously
superego-driven

let him seduce me
as an indirect way
to inflict sadism on *him*

Hegel
uncompromising in
support for masturbators,
Rousseau the world's
most famous masturbator—
nor forget Algernon Swinburne,
Sapphist extraordinaire

his name is
Ron, but Ron what?
Ron of hair and velvet
blouse and handsome
Sontag-loving boyfriend

making out in church
sanctuary, lights out,
herpes

leg hair crawls up
to bathing suit
sighted in Ludlam play

kiss antique dealer
Adam's apple logorrhea in
rainstorm

hard-on
at dawn merely from awareness
of self, not from other's body

Mitropoulos last fuck in sauna
idly available, no taker,
not friendly enough

snowfall
of poet's son, envy of
poet's son in bed
with artist, Donatello,
hair of free love

porch-sitting
Cassandra

thanks for your beauty,
your communism, your
Brando prostitute
demeanor

his
guitar, his gait and
orthodoxy with striped
baby, teal Mom

deep
need for Pampers in
couture w/out specifics

invasive sublimity
nixed, plainspoken
sublimity chosen instead—
I represent and I
don't represent

I lied all
morning

presence of Burberry tartan
shoved codes onto me

"nim"
is junior-high compromise
between "numb" and "him"
or "numb" and "nimble" or
"numb" and "dim"

faun worried
about hygiene, AIDS he
means not hygiene

Marimekko dresses
matching shoes on bed,
light showing through
curtain reveals no under-
wear under caftan beard

lifting me to lisp étoile

how can I be lifted
by ecstasy without
betraying mother?

mezza di voce is impossible
diminuendo—years of
caring about perfect
diminuendi might be over

sons as sticks to be
proud of, even from
afar

she abandoned
me while playing harp

we sing because we hold
ourselves secret
resources apart
from imagined drunken
victories

suddenly
sentimental we

nominate those
moments as our mortal
mothers, self-slain

the "qu" sound kills
interlopers who willingly
deafen themselves to avoid
immolation and melancholy

pause, gosling

parallel yellow and
blue create muddy
remembered punctual green

endangering the hard
explanatory brain

touch his beard
again and again, greedy
suture

I folded him
in half to discover
the uterine

forget about imagism,
forget about "Get
Happy," forget about
narco-premiums

nostril
hair entrance to coital

dorm vista, and the
pig nose attitude toward
Jewish crossdressing, Bruch,
her pixie truism—

hurry up sheer things
corral me

they think
all I wear are
tank tops and wanky moons,
a winter uniform

all "o"
sounds exiled from this
stanza

or the tawdry
as a concept, his séance
and my trance

our father in
motherland

Aleister Crowley anyone?
he sees the magick
difference

pinks and oranges stood
out yesterday

Greek extortionist with
facial damage blackmails
us in our hotel

dropping
mother off at our apartment
so she can make a series of
angry libidinal phone calls
recruiting bake sale victims

she doesn't know *mene*
tekel in Daniel with
shut blind eyes

"ge" appears
everywhere in German,
object attached to
verb and incidentally
migrant, like a phone
app

parked
on 23rd in the pissed-on
dark, plastic belongings
tucked into green mailbox

he went to have pee and
lunch and shoot-up

prepositional
phrase's arrival at noun
in French has more tonal
variety than in English

pop-up queer offerings
like Renaissance fairs
and cinammon buns

I never inspected
cinammon boy's
nude thighs, their high
shut-up stipulated area,

closed to Cassavetes
ambiguities in 1927

man
in wheelchair sets muffin
on yellow bar stool

the less hair I have
the more the dye
burns the scalp

are you cut? I
want to know if you're
eligible for our dating
service, only cut men
are eligible

put
the bucket out and collect
some of the falling
rain, or is it a non-
liquid substance
falling?

the first time
I discovered Alice
was coincidentally
in an archive

between the gism and the
_____, he said
blankly, derivatively

glossolalia I
said, unsure of glossolalia's
exact significance

ten thousand years ago
Raquel Welch
we were in the same tribe
on adjacent continents—

I look Egyptian and Israeli
but am neither

three bunnies and one
bird on yellow rectangle
concealed with
green make toxic
lawny combination—

ultramarine has
a pocky charisma—the
noncontinuous is often
the most guileless

pocky usually
modifies corpse

no
comment from mother to
say she received or did
not receive the frock

make drawings
without central compositional
focus

fishnet stockings
on a 28-year-old Danish
married man made me
cum five times

Winterreise

for ambassadors and tubas

I already
said cluster fuck but where
and when did I say
cluster fuck and was it
a clear or successful use of
cluster fuck?

carelessness

caused me to spill
water on this book
which is therefore
ruined, yet darkness
qualifies this book
as *not* ruined—

Author Bio



photo credit: Andrea Bellu

WAYNE KOESTENBAUM has published over a dozen books, on such subjects as hotels, Harpo Marx, humiliation, Jackie Onassis, opera and Andy Warhol. His latest book of prose is [My 1980s & Other Essays](#) and his latest book of poetry is [Blue Stranger with Mosaic Background](#). His first solo exhibition of paintings took place at White Columns gallery in New York, in Fall 2012. He is a Distinguished Professor of English at the CUNY Graduate Center.



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