

The Death of Art Deco
& other poems

Andreas Gripp

The Death of Art Deco

& other poems

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The Death of Art Deco

& other poems

Andreas Gripp
Beliveau Books

The Death of Art Deco & other poems

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Digital Edition

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

Nearly all of these poems herein (25 of the 27) were written from scratch in August & September of this year. With Autumn upon us, my experience says it's time to take a pause; enjoy the waning hours of the day—its colours, its little quiet sounds, its reflections on water. Bid a fleeing bird *goodbye for now*. I'll trill this to you as well. We never know what the following Spring will bring us. Maybe more of the same. Maybe none.

—Andreas

October 6th, 2025

P.S. In lieu of a lengthy glossary or notes, please google any of the references or terms you may be unfamiliar with in these poems.

*The present is the ever-moving shadow that
divides yesterday from tomorrow. In that lies
hope.*

—Frank Lloyd Wright



Cabriolet

You're the man
on the 7th
floor, who has seldom
ventured past
the city limits,

who drives a
bronze convertible
every summer, never
unfolds its top,

shielded from the
world by tinted
windows; beams of
glowing *Helios*
sheathed in shade,

with no one to eye
the welling in your
ponds of obsessive
sight; none to note the shine
upon your scalp
(the blond of
halcyon summers
long since gone);

none to hear the
Requiem
by Fauré, booming
from your speakers
as a dirge,
while you circle the
cul-de-sac, up to
one hundred
times,

the one that borders the
beach, spying every woman
on the sand, those who
lay like sirens
by the shale—but not with a
primal leer, rather

watching for your
wife between the
waves, like the day she
leaped in light, further
from the shore she'd
ever been,

you in your *Pontiac*
Solstice, its retractable roof
down for the afternoon,
while you sat in front of
the radio
in a trance, never looking

up

while she waved her
flailing arms amid the
surge, *Good Vibrations*
blasting

as an anthem —
for the season
set to fall, like grains
in the top of a *glass*
that weighs our seconds —

so *diaphanous*,

so *shapely*
in the sun's
incessant dazzle.

The Death of Art Deco

We emphasize the *art*,
the Equus with
its wings which
state *Angelic*;

Chrysler's crown of
steel in NYC, akin
to tapered stairs
that lead to heaven—

and it *was*
between the wars—
the *gold* on black
of accent, there
in Bryant Park;

conveyed
in Chicago's
Carbide, when gleaming
Carbon footprints
were unknown.

And just across
from Windsor?

Motown's *Guardian*,
its orange/tan façade,

and the ornaments
of hood denoting flight,
rolled along the line

that one day ended—
in your granddad's
old garage, his '37 *Airflow*
the talk of evening toasts,
causing even Gatsby
to drop his jaw.

Like everything
else in the world,
the *pedestrian*
grew to flourish.
Not of striding *steps*
along the sidewalk,
but the one of little
effort—a sculpture
which is made
of curbside rubbish,
held by crazy glue;

a banana
that is duct-taped
to a wall—a swarm of
fruit flies *feasting*
on its lazy
avant-garde;

the build-a-boxes
rising in the shadows—
of 405
Lexington
Ave—its *gargoyles*
hunkered down
since '28, awaiting their
centenary
three years hence,

their spirited, phantom
party of a lifetime.

The Salad

You groan you've been
forsaken, before your swill
of vinaigrette, heaving
I've drowned the lettuce —
its brown of decaying
leaf, the shed of tomato's
serum

once my fork has stabbed its
side in a final throe.

I tell you *I'm still here*,

that I simply over-
measured, mistook
3 teas for tables,
the err of a wooden
spoon,

say the olives
were too bitter, the stench from
crumbled cheese
(the last of the Nabulsi) —
which I should have
tossed away —

when it was clear
the power's out,
six *hours* in which
the fridge
had lost its cool,

remark *our candle's*
not sloughing tears
but bleeding light,
its shimmer
from late-day
zephyr,

its wick burnt
to the base,
its loss of lofty
apex, gasping *it*
is finished

as if atoning for
my transgressions,
here amidst the
pall of your upheaval,

your vow that
you'll be gone by Sunday
dawn.

The Sacagawea Dollar

I've heard the *bee*
is dying out, *i'bi mǔ*
you called it
in Shoshone,

this summer
lacking the drone of
other years,

when it was the *two*
of us for breakfast, your knife
serenely spreading
my singe of bread,
and *love* was a honey's
dollop
ever-sticking to your hands,
diffusing its
clingy blessing

to *everything* you touched —
my nape of
neck
in the caress
of your farewell;

a puppy's
hirsute head
beside the stop; even the half-
smoked *cigarillo*—
burning on the sidewalk
while you stooped
to pick it up;
then plopped
into the butt bin
by the shelter,
its blink-out
like a sun before
its nova;

and the lucky coin
you dropped in lieu
of ticket, the sound of its
kerplunk, wondering *who*
will hold it next;

the stanchion you were
clutching as you rose,
swaying
as though you stood
in a *canoe*,

offering
a seat to the girl
who boarded solo,
in a black and yellow
jacket

as though in costume
for a play, the one in which she's
buzzing
with a throng of thirty others;

always on the brim
of *precipice*—a push here,
a kick there, a plucking
of her wings—

the bitter-
sweet of life
she'd worked so very
hard to give us.

The Clicktivist

I have a “friend”
who shares his heart
beneath the sun,
leaves emojis
for the wounded

from the succor
of his sofa, landing like an air-
drop from a drone,
breathing *skeletons*
to vie for every scrap.

He’s a lighthouse
saving no one
in the gleam of afternoon,
when the skipper’s
deep in slumber
in his hammock,
and the sea

a tranquil
pond; sails *drooping*
like the sag of
gustless flag.

He's never been in
the midnight murk of
shoal, when even your hand's
bereft of fingers
in your sight, and dilation
has done *nada*
for the mists of
black-on-black,

when the *susurrate*
has been seeping
from a shell—not a mollusk's
vacant cavern
on the beach, but of mortar
in a sand
he's never felt, gritty
like the pour from
Cream of Wheat,
without a drip
with which to mix,

a boom that
keeps him scrolling
on his app,

the *aww*
from fuzz and fur,
saying he's done his
bit now for the day.

The Wonder of 5G

Which *colour*
will we say they were

once their skin & flesh are
gone? The pigment
of each iris
when their sockets,
cavities? Gouged
by shell & drone,
vacant to the bone,

as the clinic *strewn*
like a red/dead
Martian landscape?
The one that's
juxtaposed —
with *Jabalia*
on my phone,
in which clouds
now speak of storage
not of sky.
An ICE that
melts humanity
to a puddle.

Of salt
like the Aral Sea.
Saline saves
or kills. Sometimes
both & neither.

al-Assad
was once a dentist. Knew
each nerve of pain. Putin
well-acquainted
with aikido,
beyond its *self-*
defense. And the *never again*
of Bibi? Scores 11
for irony. Surely
a rule for thee
but not for me.

We scorn *Drumpf*
for being orange.
An affront to
hesperidiums
in the grove. Not there in
Florida, near the
Alligator hoosegow,

but the ones
in what was Jaffa—
that when peeled
are sweet & luscious,
haven't ceased
to be a citrus; their memory
that's been sticking
to your fingers,
your tongue,
or that which *were*
your members
'til a missile
came & severed,

like a machete
to a Tutsi,
carried down a
river
like a clearcut
in '94, when prophecy
had insisted

the *World Wide Web*
that's coming

will be glorious
to behold, blaze from
hand-to-hand
as if it's flame
and we its torch.

Pigmentation, or bonbons of Leopold II

When you told me
the biggest human
genocide

took place in the “Belgian”
Congo, I cursed my
homeroom teacher,
my biased
curriculum,
the Hershey’s bar
I’d grab at noon
from the squalid
cafeteria, in tones of
brown & black,
the white that claimed
vanilla.

It was like the Holocaust
on hormones, or the energy
from cocoa, causing you to
kill a little
faster, twice as many
victims at half
the price.

If they would have
been fair as ivory,
with orbs of sapphire-
blue; a field of wheat
for hair, I swear
we would have known.

Mariupol

took an hour —

Slava Ukraini learned
straight away.

I wouldn't have waited
a hundred years
to learn from a
TikTok reel.

It's 2025, I've heard
the pundits shrug.

Nothing has any
colour anymore.

The mocha of
west Darfur — the girl who isn't
worthy of a name?
She's a simple, spinning numeral
in my Insta's
algorithm, like the wheel
from Price is Right,

when dollars
have more value in
our tallies.

Or consider young
Ahmad, crawling
between the concrete
of his freshly fallen
home, thinking his *newly*
chalked-up skin
will mean the world will
stop & care: he's gaunt
in Gaza's sand,
the encroaching
milky bone,
will no more see
his olive epidermis,

win the prize
that comes when mercy's
dipped in bleach,
the peace & pale of
doves, a heart that says it's
chocolate but it's not.

On the Days of Taciturn

You're verbose
when you're laconic.
Your silence
like the crunch of
boot-on-grass,
in late November frost, foliage
swept *away*
by gust and rake,

or stacking
gilded dishes
once they're dried,
the *clonk* on cupboard
shelves.

Silence isn't *gold*
it is a pyrite,
the shine in a
prospector's
pan, the fool
who thinks he's rich

once all the grit's
been sieved away.

You say much more
when your lips are
closed and curved,
arched just like a
rainbow
void of colour.

I recollect the
circus as a kid, the clown
who bore a flower
and a frown,
how he never
spoke a word
throughout the show,
plucking every petal—

like a tree
uncoupling leaves
of aureate,
never even voicing
fare thee well,

*thank you for your
splendour and your shine,*

your mimicry of Sol
when it went cold,

rigid through its loss
of cloak and love,

like the Winter
nights that followed,
your slumber
on a couch
without a cushion,
naked
on its wood of
hinted rage.

Dove

Yes, I misconstrued.
Assuming this to be
a poem of peace,
the cessation of
our missiles; a round
from an AK-7.

I thought the
number after 6
was somehow *sacred*
but it's not. Every day of
the week that's laved in
blood. Yours: the child
who will die in line for
soup, and mine—

arms raised to a *sun*
that isn't there,
just a pall of
smoke from spruce,
their green of
flesh seared off,
a prayer of *exasperation*,

to a deity
who's been speechless
like the fog, choking
in its indenture.

And this dove?
Not the soapy
white of wings, a
sprouting twig of
olive in its bill,

but the girl who said
enough, diving
into sewage
once a fleuve,
splitting our land in
two, her skeletal remains:

to one day lead
the poet to ponder
why she did what
she did *when* she did—
so serene
amid the minnows,
bundled by the current
head-to-toe.

Double Dutch

*At some point in your childhood,
you and your friends went outside
to play together for the last time
and nobody knew it.*

—original source unknown

The final child *born*
will never grasp that they're
the *final* child born.
It will go unnoticed

they're at the end of a
line of births. The bookend
to some *Adam*. Or a *hominin's*
initial step upon savannah.

I've read that
nearly every single species
that's ever *been*
has gone extinct.

The last in a march of
dodos

didn't *know*
she was the last of the
dodos. That *Mauritius*
was as far
as her DNA would
venture.

And the T-Rex
on his back—looking *up*
to an iridium sky?
Couldn't have fathomed
his voice would go unheard,
save for animatronics,
some lie of CGI—
that *homo* would someday
conjure.

The trilobite was
an Era-long survivor,
the face of *Palaeozoic*.
As hardy as they came.
Now embedded
into rock,

like engraving
on a stone that cries
you're missed and
greatly loved. The last of
only you
& *you alone*.

Dear infant of the
future near or
far: you'll have to
carve an *epitaph*
on your own. No one there
to guide you how to chisel;
none to rhythmically
chant
your *accolades* —
while they're skipping
through a rope,

or of your endless
string of *failures* —
unfurled
like a rubber
chord,

fashioned
to a loop that cries
finalis; no schoolgirls
left to sing
to your every sway.

Collateral Damage

We're the collateral
generation. Don't mind the dead.
They have a habit
of getting in the way.

*It's the terrorists
we're after. Next time
stay out of the
line*—not of fire
but of food. We vow that we'll
be gone as soon as they.

Let's take
an oath of blood. Burn
our wrists with wax.
Swear a pinky
swear on bended knees.
To *our* God—not to yours.
Only the *lost* claim
He's the same.

You're not among
the lost, are you? Calling
for your kitten in the chaff?

Orthodox Christmas

—January 6th & 7th, 2026

This either side of
midnight,
when I wave in your
direction, do not
view it solely
as a greeting

but as a signal
of my departure.

And my footfall
in the snow?
Peruse the *prints*
I leave behind. My boots
without a heel. A toe
that's been *uplifted*
to the sky, as if
I can ride the air
a *second* time,

a fortnight
since the first,

like a sleigh
of alms and bounty,

for those in
Vyshyvanka,
Amalia and Netella,

garments
of a people
tracking days the
Julian way,

their candles sinking
slowly like a saint
of light and favour
on his knees.

Cessation, or The Flautist

Every tulip
prostrate in expired
respiration.

The crowning
vault of dolphins
before entanglement
in nets.

A painter's
irrevocable
stroke
of sun's descent.

And your mother
with the curtains
closed in a *kiss*,
her purple
hand in yours,
her inaudible
gasp of *love*.

I've wanted to pen
the *magnificent*, but death
has always held
the final word.

Tell me
it's mere *cadenza*,
the flautist filling
lungs

before they take
to the sky in
song; fingers as a
gavel pounding
holes—as though
pronouncing *sentence*—

sometimes dark & dire,
sometimes *glorious*,

or like some carny's
whack-a-mole:
so lethal, so exquisite
when it's over

and you leave with
a reddened bear
from bleeding palms;

the both of you
in shell-shock —
dazed and ever-
smiling, breathless in
your search for
endless grandeur.

A Perfunctory Verse on the End of Human Days

There's no one here
to read this half-assed
piece. Each surviving
species—unable to make any
sense of our fruitless
vocables:

*Killing? Those who were
your own? What does that mean,
pray tell? Or is it prey?
Let us know your scant
delineation.*

One to whom you bow,
silence the sole rejoinder—

the other to be hunted,
who have never spoke
in discourse as you do.
Say how it made us
less. The call of mourning
finch. The squeals at the
abattoir.

We'll wait, as you always
seem to quip. The sun's not
going anywhere
for another five
billion years.

What else is
there to do? Where else
is there to be? Not here.
You tried it already,
remember? Since *Ergaster*, and this
is the result.
This good-for-nothing
poem. This motherfucking
poem you've made us
read should you be gone.

How *little*
you really tried —

once you sensed
it wouldn't mean
a bloody thing.

Off the Beaten Plath

*I am exhausted, I am exhausted —
Pillar of white in a blackout of knives.
I am the magician's girl who does not flinch.
The villagers are untying their disguises,
they are shaking hands.
Whose is that long white box in the grove,
what have they accomplished,
why am I cold.*

—Sylvia Plath

I am the box. Not the magic.
I turtled
at the slightest move.

You died a year
'fore I was *born*.
Your face a paper mask.
Your mask a vacant face.

I would've liked to known you.

They'll say that I've done
nothing.

Steel which never
rose.

Bricks that made
no building.

A candle
never lit.

Why am I here.

Note: *I would've liked to know you* is a line
from *Candle in the Wind*, by Elton John and
Bernie Taupin.

View from the 7th Floor

Families have been
starving
both in Gaza and Sudan—
and yes, a bunch of other
places, and I'm complaining
my bananas
have been bruised.

I moan of lugging
groceries from the garage,
its pain of a parking
space—the measly
millimetre leeway,
how the elevator's
sluggish when I need it the
very most. That there's always
a lingering waft that's
come from Fido's
flatulence.

Their bones protrude
in Gaza and Sudan.

I cry I've wrenched
my back from
16 bags. The 12-pack
Alpha-getti; jars of
dill with pickles
3-for-1; the sack of starch
that could feed the
5th brigade—its damning
“better deal” than
Rice-A-Roni.

There are orphans
in the gutter
both in Gaza and
Sudan.

I'd divvy the
discomfort
through the *week*—
but traffic is a
nightmare in this town.
Its reds timed
precedently
by Godot.

I'm sick of the
Wednesday flyers,
their boasts of gorilla
portions. Do I look like
the fucking Hulk?
Sisyphus 2.0? Shoulder to a
boulder
up the slope? Or perhaps
an alpinist—ascending
the Matterhorn? Yodel
as I put away
the eggs? Shit, they're
cracked again. A
Humpty-Dumpty Special.

If I wanted a bloody
workout, I'd be
hauling Maytags
up the steps,
or that sofa bed
my friend's too cheap
to chuck, wine stains
from the bedbugs'
jamboree;

or play the
Son of God,
stumbling through
the Via
Dolorosa,
heaving a wooden
beam like it's a 4-
litre bag of milk,

watched by a
hungry urchin
on the curb, scrawny
hand extending
just to touch my
passing shadow.

**Grandpappy's Epitaph,
Mother Mary's Churchyard**

Tell them I was old enough
to have seen a silent film.
In the theatre. No incline from the front.
If the captain of the basketball team
plopped in front of your seat, well,
you were simply shit-out-of-luck.
Bobbing your head as if for apples
to see the screen. We snuck them in our
coats since we were too poor
for popping corn.

A year or two later, *Garbo talks!*
Nothing like we imagined.
We noted she'd said much
more when she was mute. Her eyes
a pair of rollers from a cue. Called
for the corner pocket.

Mouth curved down to voice her deep
displeasure. Up to kiss some Heaven
that we scoffed was never there.

Hell. I bet this engraving cost a fortune.

Procrastination

Tomorrow is my favourite
day of the week. No—
make it my entire *life*—

the day I'll rise
with a burst,
as though I'd
swigged some *Red Bull*
in my dreams;
a dozen
ion batteries
in my back.

Every bookshelf
dusted
to the rathe of
starling trill, like I said I
always would; authors
alphabetic
before breakfast,
waving to their *new*
sequential neighbours.

And the couch I
warmed at nightfall?

Will no more be a lea
for a lazy spud,
nor each piece of chip
dislodged in clumsy
shards, inhaled by a hose
that weaves along the
cushions like a boa,
causing me to question
I can do this.

It's the day I
pack my frittering
phone away. The only
TikTok clicking from
the cuckoo on the wall:
to no more sound its
faithful trips of guilt,
regarding the chances
I have squandered.
Reminding me *instead*
of all the tasks I will have
finished.

Tomorrow is the
day I'll roll my sleeves
up to my jowls, *chisel*
a work of wonder—
much greater than
this tripe. The sweat of
blood from brows just like
the Lord in Gethsemane,

who knew if he could
simply make it through
the waning hours,
sleep an entire *Saturday* away,
he'd wake
to a second wind—
step into refulgence
like a pledge
considered dead
the day before.

Hippies

We evolved, we like to state,
since the days we fell from
highs; fled our bareness
& our beads; stayed at home
in lieu of *marching*;

pumped our cars with crud
from Mesozoic—became
the nine-to-fivers
we'd disdainfully despised;

never *glancing* at the vagrants
whom we claim we never see,
the *ones* who always
make us feel *discomfort*,
our feet upon the tuffet,
while the world's
about to blast to smithereens;

and the more things remain
the same, the more we say
we changed them.

The First Time

*It's like the first time
you fall in love.
You don't ever love a woman
quite like that again.*

—Montgomery Scott, "Relics"
Star Trek: The Next Generation

They say that love
will hit you hardest
when you're young.
Something that you've
never felt before. The flip-
side of seeing someone
in a casket. Visage painted
severely

like some crusty, circus
clown. Stiff as a *Barbie*
doll. Cold as a *Creamsicle*.

My heart was thumping
madly like the bass
in *Bites the Dust*. Swallowing
every nerve in frantic
phlegm.

Punching in her
number with a sweat,
checking no one
else was near. Having waited like
the doomed beneath the gallows,
for my sibling to finally
get *off* the fucking phone.

Her voice like Seraphina, elusive
to even the angel
Gabriel. Did I worship
the mud she stepped in
after school? No. I shovelled it
in my lunch bag, the one I'd
forever *reused*, a folded
origami, filed it in the
freezer with the soup. It was a
different world, back then.

My wife and I
touch briefly as
we stock the medicine
cabinet. Her smile

when I whisper that
we're taking the same Celexa—
pink, how it's romantic,
downing them *together*
after bridge. Her clutching
the Queen of Hearts.
My blowing her a kiss.

This is as good as it gets.
It will always
be enough. Love has nothing
more to give.

On "Less is More"

The best advice
I've heard is *leave them*
wanting more.
As a result, my poems from
here on in
will be abrupt. Succinct.
Truncated like a
Tolstoy in haiku.

No more spiels of
generations.
Why my grandma
made two collops
of her wrists while
slicing cabbage. How she
always said *cahbahj*,
mocked throughout the
village as a dolt.

As for *how* that story
closes, well, you'll have to guess
it on your own. It seems
no one has the time for
that these days.

Whether
or not I'll follow
in her footprints.
Buy a *paring* knife on
sale at Dollarama —
a *Five-and-Dime*
back then. Do what she did
when she did. I mean, calling
something by
a funny name. Pronouncing
it in blood,
or *blewd* she used to grin
when no one looked.

Doors

You've purged your
room of vinyl,
your walls of 45s,
save *Riders on the
Storm*, its backdrop
summer shower,
the crack of long-
dead thunder, *both*
you swore had saved
your wilting plants;
Morrison's mellow
vocals—

lulling you to sleep,
as it did when you were
wailing in your cradle,
your mother
rocking briskly
like a skiff
that's caught a gust,

the notes beyond
the scale of Mary's
lamb, its unruly

fleece as black
as *nimbostratus*,

a love since washed
away, for records
and for ghosts, none
of whom could ever
sing on key.

**Kereniki & Dunne,
Chartered Accountants**

The office is by
the railyard, a whipped-
up sheath of brick,
undeniably
not art deco, the cost
of rent a happy
medium.

Sure, there's the
underside of town
which they'd rather see
unseen: the man who laves
the windows
for a loonie, his plastic
pail that's cracked
along the middle like a *fault*,
a squeegee like his tooth
which has remained,
contorted and protruding
from his lips.

He does it so the
world will ever-sparkle;

not for those who
work *inside*,
looking up to glance
the solar zenith, a wren
that glides across the freshly
wiped,

but the down-and-out
who peer into its sheen —
watching fingers
frantically flit
along the qwerty;
so they and he
can see the price of
things,

the irrevocable
loss of light
upon your face, *in-between*
a lunch's end
& five o'clock,

something that he
needed free of charge,
on *any* day he chose,
beyond a ledger's mark in
black or red.

Par Quatre

I hate KitKat bars.
I could leave this poem at
that, but then I'd get
the infernal *why*?
So I'll lay it on the table
with its wrapper:

I loathe the corporate pressure
I'm forced to *share*, with anyone
else in the room, its *sanctimonious*
fingers of four, unselfishly
snapped for another. If you
give me puppy eyes, know
that it's the middle —
lifted in the fury of
my gaze.

There's no *space*
in the KitKat logo. A single,
melting pillar. It must have
been TikTok's muse —

and just mentioning
it will birth it in my
scrolls.

It's more wafer
than deliquesce. Its brown
I can never wipe off. If I wanted
a bloody cookie, I would have
bought a bloody cookie. Like the day
in Hermie's Drugs, looking for
oatmeal raisin
in its rowdy cellophane.
Spotting the *KitKat*
while I reached. It added
7 seconds
to my jaunt.

A woman and her toddler
began to stroll across the street
a minute later, as I darted
from the parking lot.
They were creamed by a
heedless driver while they did.
I was the car *behind*—
would have been *ahead*
if not for Nestlé,
stopping on a dime;

if I hadn't loved cats & kittens,
since 1 or 2 years old,
or been smitten by all things red;

if I hadn't *dillydallied*,
pondered I'd have to split, divvy
up the four when I got home,
and goddamn it I hate
KitKat. Its lie of satiation,
of easy, painless math.

Mostly Cloudy, or Celestron XXVI

My telescope has languished
in the closet. *It's too cold*
to take it out.

They say it's gonna
rain. It's balmy
in the summer —
but the mosquitoes!
Besides, it doesn't get dark
till 10. By then
I've been in bed
a couple hours.

I'm in love
with the noonday
sky, its floating
fluff & fibre,
its milk & wool
Antilles;

its children of
Shamash—
cutting through the
sieves
of cobalt blue;

my neck cranked
up like a crane, who
stands on a single
leg, balanced as a tripod
through it all,
no moans of
I'm too tired,
the snow will
be here soon,
gazing at forever
while she can.

Popsicles, or The Architect's Son

You're drunk on
gin again. Claiming
you're designing
the world's tallest building,
in the dirt of
his own backyard,
that the heavens'
Burj Khalifa
will be cringing
in its shadow.

The only thing remaining
is his shed, *leaning*
like a Pisan belfry. A rusty
tool emporium.
He made you
trim the hedges
with your scissors;
dice the dormant, green-
less grass
with a pocket knife.

Such a disappointment
he would say —

of you, your sketches,
your job
with the Dickie Dee.
At 40 years of age.

It's been in the works
for decades,
you boast between
the swigs. You've kept
10,000 sticks
inside your cupboards,
say you'll make them *soar*
with yellow UHU,
3750 in the air,
affixed to the rotting
roof
like a Gotham spire,

posing a *bigger*
threat to God
than Babel's Tower,
a second, single
language, in the glow of
receding ice, in its blue and
orange tongue,

the child you
say you were—

never-ever
mounting to a thing,
there beside your
high-chair in the
kitchen,

licking as *fast*
as you humanly
could.

The Baby, Albeit...

Maybe I mirror
you, in ways of
unawares, as your
mobile *carousels*
above your head,

a monitor
that ensures
you're sleeping soundly,
a roll from shielded
eyeballs—

hinting of a dream,

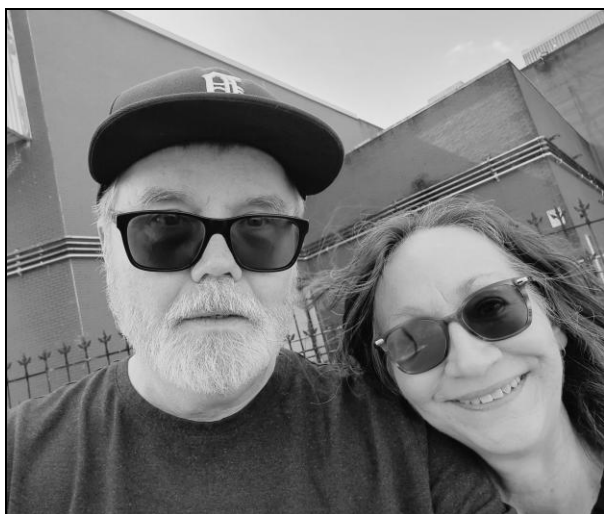
though you're more
than just phantasmic,
some fluid, chimeric
guest, absent of
speech and belief,

these faintest of
gurgles unfurling,
from a body
that knows not
its name,

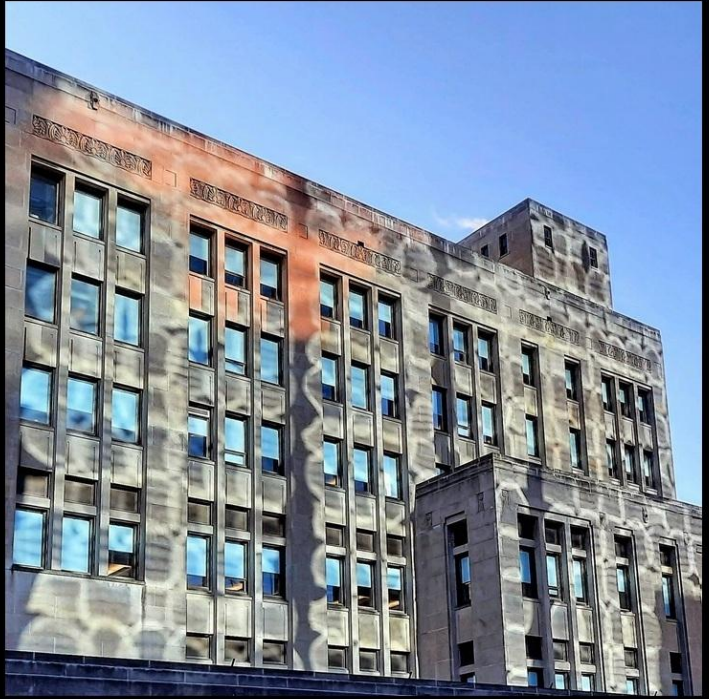
under lull
of clement light,
cerulean ceiling—

this elusive, crooked sky.





Andreas Gripp was born and raised in Treaty 6 Territory (London, Ontario) and in 2024 relocated to Leamington with his wife, Carrie. He's the author of over 40 books of poetry, including *The Earth is Painted War*, *Yada Yada Kismet*, and *Delirium Lullaby: a collection of poems favoured and new*. His writing has been lauded for its lyrical and literary merit, accessibility, and for its blend of comic and poignant story-telling.



Poems from the Summer of '25. Poems of people & our varying constructs. If this is *adieu*, then it's a wave from a tower's roof, a spire in its own right.



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