

ERIK NOONAN

Born in Los Angeles in 1974, Noonan grew up in Sherman Oaks. He attended Hampshire College, Utrecht University, and New College of California. Under the imprint Snag Press he published a magazine called *Weigh Station*, along with collectible chapbooks and a series of zines. The author of numerous articles on art, film, literature and music, his books of poetry include *Stances* (2012) and *Haiku d'Etat* (2013). Noonan is currently writing a book about the poet Paul Blackburn. He lives in San Francisco with his family.

Glam Squad

the early-nineties death mask started to peel
we stitched on some chevrons, teal & puce
without anesthetic
our work looked great
then we blundered into a fable
fully furnished with market categories
got a taste of who the boys are into
alluring objects crowded the flickering gloom
so you “dug” them, big deal
what distracts us at our washstand
is the perfect distress “a careful
negligence” as Ben puts it
bus driver has not learned use of brake pedal
synth pink dusk

Lovescape

uneven shade like a thin wash on fine paper
props vaultless sky over plateglass the color of purgatory
an Angeleno palette remains autumnal, frostbitten
some seasons even St Ives squints Florentine
azure neon proves life still gets high someplace
no fixed relation here no long cold line of sun
no repose nothing lonely there never is
just Baxter Northup in the aureate air
I can't make out from my motel balcony
what studio copywriters life deals with otherwise
morale turns septic not citric new suit or old
john stall where youth and beauty pass away
celestial bodies breed showmantic bluster in fools why
we each felt the rest were in a dream the whole time

Fairest child of flowing time

though no such time existed nor did the place
I suppose in old parlor pagan England
where Cowper notes Prior's "ease" meaning poise
tillage as livelihood or gardening as pastime
stays daily real like labor's and leisure's face
who each imposed decorum on the other from next door
yet also conjures up all sorts of lives
that might severally cultivate tact as grace
which spares little room for human passion
but go ask about commitments you'll find
a fictitious metaphor like Venus flakes out
on hers no less than Christ has his from the start
hence this strange urgency of fluent numbers
when we measure out our hymns to the spring