

E X C E S S
C O N C E P T I O N S
M E D I T A T I O N S
R A P I S T



a collection of poems by
Bob Marcacci

Preface

I hate writing about myself or my work, but it doesn't kill me and, I suppose, it makes me stronger. Many people always want to know about the person behind the poem, if there are any people left seriously reading poems out there, even if it is as veiled as what I'm giving you here. I don't want to turn anyone back before they've started so let me get down to it.

Again, as with my previous e-book, *Geek*, which can also be downloaded at my website, some of this poem came about through my attempts to work with **found** poetry. At the time, in the mid-'90s when I was still a student, although the technique was far from new, I found it hard to get the work accepted by my critics, largely my colleagues and professors. They felt it was too derivative, but I wasn't overly concerned with hiding my sources, which were integral to the poems, and happily went about my business tinkering with texts. Underneath their rhetoric and disbelief, I think they were simply afraid of

being duped or fooled. Could the results really be passed off as poetry?

Many imagine that poetry or any other art is handed down by the muse or some other inspiring representative of the beautiful, different for each of us, world, lending the work a kind of divine authority, which may be entirely possible. I may have even experienced such a thing, but now I'm getting off track. There is hard work behind it. Call it craft. I feel that this piece is as effective, genuine or inspired as any other I've written.

Most of my work actually stems from something, some language, I've encountered somewhere else before: another poem, a song lyric, a slogan, a billboard or sign, a part of a conversation, etc. Steal from the masters, even those who are probably unaware. All things are equally inspiring. Additionally, some might argue that everything has been done before and, if that's true, this is no exception. The real trick lies in making it new and exciting and I believe that occurs.

Well, that's more than I've given my readers in the past and, perhaps, it provides a small handle for those who always reach for one. I hope it helps. Now sit back and enjoy it!

BOB MARCACCI

fighting venomous bile

as dawn uncoils

drags the bodies breathing still

under a rock

the black tooth poisons sleep with a flicker

Technicolor feed in the colloid static

N O T I C E

The indications and dosages of all drugs have been recommended in the medical literature and conform to the practices of the general community. The medications described do not necessarily have the specific approval by the Food and Drug Administration for the use in the diseases and dosages for which they are recommended. Because standards for usage change, it is advisable to keep abreast of revised recommendations particularly those concerning new drugs.

		arguable
		abrupt attempts whatever
		words can only make it worse
discontinuation		a way to deal with boredom
		i am so i am slowly
	pushed	into the greyygreen sea that swallows
complex-partial		
	duration	
	of 400 mg/day	
	extrapyramidal more	
	the same mysterious sentences appear	the latency of response
A reliable history must always supplement the mental	status examination	
	target symptoms	bizarre behaviors usually
	twenty-four years and some odd	is greater than 5 days
	daze	occurring more
	i lie awake	work
		5. Baseline of premorbid functioning
	i nake with unicorns	and float
	on white horse everything	6. Time...illness
	the shape bears crude teeth	7. History of prior response
	gulps mad apples out of nowhere	8. Family History

predict individual *

luminous poem

usually in the morning

the idea for this poem

you are the only person alive who can
bury yourself

distinguish these colors

be aware of side effects

emulsion

dry mouth and blurred vision

an open wound

someone on the other end

screaming the poet tries to imitate a television

obsessing

i am a pine cone

i don't want October to end

the message

trembles with teeth

X-es

avoid additive toxicity

secret personal appeal

finish this sentence

syndicating layer

from the American a muse

document observations

I give you a sky, cracks, buildings against
waves. Summer sets. Smoke fills our lungs while
orchard to pave over.

Onto the concrete, speak until there is no
sidewalk that leads to the university, where you are
Remember birds flew from your mouth. Sink into

nature, the precision

we wait for the last apple

answer. Crack your teeth on the
still enrolling in courses in a panic

granite

parchment

you are centuries old suddenly
centuries

perplexity at the height of syndrome

i don't know what it is

it has pages but is not a brochure

there are words that make a story

make poetry

history or affective disorders

a population that abuses laxatives and diuretics

difficulty with concentratio time of day

impulsivity obsessions and compulsions yes

target responsive

the demonish attraction

coax the moon out from her

pyromania

the largest category

peculiar to himself

for his part

absorbed on the downpour

singing always

note the deep-toothed leaves

the variable thickets

i can remember you

in the momentous

twilight



About the Author

Bob Marcacci, a San Francisco State University graduate and native Californian, began writing and publishing his poetry nearly two decades ago. Currently, he is teaching English in Beijing, China.

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Thanks to those of you who continue to provide Bob with your support and interest. Find out more about Bob and his poetry at <http://marcacci.blogspot.com>. Send this e-book to someone you know or e-mail Bob with your rage or praise: bmarcacci@hotmail.com.