



Alicia Zukofsky

The Great Pisser

STONYBROOK EDITIONS

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THE GREAT
PISSER
& OTHER POEMS

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Alicia Zukowsky, The Great Pisser and Other Poems.
Selected and edited by Karen Wittstock.
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Herstellung und Verlag:
BoD – [Books on Demand](#), Norderstedt
ISBN 978-3-7578-6521-4

*Nous devons surmonter notre rage et dégoût,
nous devons les faire partager, afin d'élever et d'élargir
notre action comme notre morale.*

- René Char

FIN DE SIÈCLE

Trecking through
 deep ravines
then, places
 where a glacier left its
 rocky trace
of fossils, deep sea animal
 creatures, of shallow bays
 breaking, creaking under rubber soles
caoutchouc, from rain forests
 processed in Northern plants
 by huge machines, you know
 never, by human hands

Confused thoughts flashed up
a voice shouting, no singing
 at the back of the mind
 of *blood*, on a far-off track

When, at the close of the century,
 you approach Grosny
 the stench of urinals
the heritage of an
 all-too-German war carried
 into foreign lands
 envelops the torn, bruised'

burned fragments of
a stray dog in the street

Invisible, voices
calling from somewhere
Calling, it seems
for an end
to this suffering

Jan. 13, 2000

ARRIVING, AT THE CLOSE OF A CENTURY

Selvas deforestadas, erosion carving
tree house dreams out of
Northern Californian ridges
where shadow plays are staged
by *los Araucanos de la C.I.A.*:
Cocain rangers, full of
visions of ice-cooled
Coca Cola fluid
bottled in distant lands
transported
by planes, pack mules
through the Mexican desert

In the shadow of shacks
signs, blinking *Last exit, Nogales*
I saw you again, *gringo*
counting greenbacks
your official bonuses
No bigger drug-dealer, today
than the State
selling its omnipotence
to sleazy policemen

Open your eyes, you buggers
What are you getting these days but
a *bartered* society?

Sold out, they say, are decency
& the common sense of communities

while the word "community" has become
a prescription drug
for the rich
those who are cowering now
behind the barbed wire
of their *Angst*

Jan. 14, 2000

IN THE STREETS OF BISHKEK

1

the icy blue
gave way to spring clouds
the mountain snow
brilliant as ever
in the sun

But programmed ideas,
of beauty, fortune, individual progress
crowd the minds
of the girls coming down
the sidewalk

Perhaps, today
shoes with soles thicker than a brick
signify the new heights attained by humanity
signify the
common denominator,
of a *world culture*

2

*Socialism? How foolish
can you be, to
believe, in the old
discredited ideas?*

But in Germany,
 in a county hospital
 the old, homesick Kirgiz -
blacksmith, *in the fifth generation* -
 remembers how electricity came
 to his kolchoz, during the
 Brezhnev era

The Brezhnev years were good, he says
A bus driver in Frunse earned
 280 rubels per month
and the rubel was worth
 3 Deutsch Marks

Perhaps this is not exactly
 a sound concept of Socialism
But it came close, for him
 to decent, improved
 living standards
 in a society that had been
paternalistic or autocratic
 long before Brezhnev's time

Jan. 13, 2000

THE GREAT PISSER

*a poem in remembrance of the release from
custody, by a foreign secretary, Cook, of a mass-
murderer, because of his incontinence*

an old man,
 in his eighties
 held together by his uniform
held together, by his belief in
 Milton Friedman's medicine and
 military virtue

 awaiting extradition in London
the slaughterer sits cozily on a couch
 pissing into the cushions
 wetting his pants
afraid as a chicken to be sent to Spain
 to be asked to stand up
 and face
 at last,
his responsibilities
 his shame
 his betrayal of a
 President duly elected
 by the people

The *soldateska* of a century is
 symbolized by an old man
the "progress of humanity"

standing to attention, always at the disposal
of stiff upper-lipped dwarfs with a baton
in their bloody hands.

Here we get, finally
the idea of a great
millenium show, a tattoo for liberty
Friedman's liberty, which is to say *that of the*
market, and the human rights of
truck-owning people
who created disorder in poor Chile
toppling its hopes, toppling its
attempt to finally free itself
of the big *supermercado* power in the North
where Kissinger was pulling the strings
where Reagan was looking down south
hoping to see
that America's colony was put in order
The house of the *Gestapo*
the house of ss-like *dignidad*
where they're now digging for skulls
Westinghouse was glad to provide the
instruments for electrical torture
glad to magnify the cries of the victims
whose heads,
shoved down
the toilet
smeared,
with shit
were pulled up, alive or suffocated
to ask the question,