

The Messenger

Volume 2001
Issue 1 *The Messenger*, 2001

Article 27

2001

(for) Jarvis Cocker, Yellow Ochre

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Recommended Citation

Staniunas, David (2001) "(for) Jarvis Cocker, Yellow Ochre," *The Messenger*: Vol. 2001: Iss. 1, Article 27.
Available at: <http://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol2001/iss1/27>

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(for) Jarvis Cocker,
Yellow Ochre

When, near three A.M.,
some bloke with Christ's initials
intones, "you can't get anyone to come
in the sack," a sort of fin-de-siècle
decadence creeps, red-eyed and weak
into Werther's lamplight. All angle and lank,
Rob makes a hieroglyph of himself. All
grimace and squint, I read him.

We let the record run a fraction
of its numbered length: long enough,
evidently. Kitaj's *die Judenschule*, bilious,
"cigs and sniffin' glue,"

Here a blond jüngling scrawls a neuter human form
into existence; its stucco-pallid bowels
erupt from the blackboard, slouch
toward the Bethlehem of the student's hidden bits.

meets Pulp in middle-night's expanse
of boiled milk, girls' pants. A Slick Rick mumble
shapes the place; is our standard voice.

An elder, withered pink, unwraps a buff
ellipse for his blond youngster. Their only bond
is tinfoil; I notice. Sickly, "tite fille," I whisper.
I wish I had a daughter. Her hair, near three
would be as mine was: between baby-shit
and Budweiser, angelic.

"Oh that goes in there. Then that goes
in there. Then that goes in there. Then that
goes in there." In liner notes,
a bronzined Ramses offers
me a swimsuit and a poolside seat. Politely
nodding toward his golden wallpaper and bowling plaques,
I decline. I let the record run, and, accompanied by Cocker and Kitaj,
distill my infant rakishness, my yellow impotence.

| David Staniunas