



**O NEW YORK**

**TREY SAGER**

O NEW YORK

w/ yr hair  
in yr face  
going forward

into heads  
up people  
I don't know

soft words  
infographic  
fashion

a million  
you was like  
a little bit

corporate  
a little bit  
rock & roll

dead among  
the never to die  
tomorrow

to do  
what it takes  
away

from you  
a sheep  
dressed

in casual  
corpus  
the world will not

look  
at you  
instead

the movie  
streets & aves  
gridded

in Kings  
a drink  
thru green glass

no one  
vowels you  
more lovelier

wrapped  
in passwords  
benefit

you & I  
not the same  
frequency

now  
here to be  
nowhere

more valuable  
a disconnect  
than this

torn honk  
thrown against  
the tracks

where trains  
malign  
streams

late for the box  
we are thought  
inside of

superior  
unmanicured  
dreams

stay  
wireless  
little dreams

of you  
consoled  
in Taiwanese

advised  
but not been  
pleased

brehtaking & entering  
the windows  
again

communicates  
yr literature  
not a picnic

atmosphere  
a company  
is more

content  
watching  
homophones

kick & punch  
weakly  
agreed

to be bound  
& called  
boss, boss

harder  
turn on  
yr computer

crash  
can't we  
save us

thousands  
getting  
the business

end over  
time  
is money

a  
thousand  
hits of light

I miss  
change  
for the better

nuance  
I enter  
risks

my own  
take  
speed

to up-me-bring  
the city  
back peddling

& cc'ing me  
yr huddled  
massive hands

shaking  
the Hudson  
unevenly

in whispers  
outperforming tides  
& glitter

things to be  
reviewed  
things to do

not run away  
from you  
my empire

building loneliness  
as per longing  
distance btwn horizons

ads hock  
sugarcoats  
& sprawls

I spy  
your traffic heart  
beat

in cursors  
lullaby  
a midafternoon

nap  
how dare  
one wonder

full of life  
& enmity  
w/ taste

of blood  
in the mouth  
we kiss

in the upper  
western daylight  
yearning

is very  
kindly yrs  
& mine

not alone  
undungareed  
under grey pink wool

olde  
& English  
fucking drunks

yrself  
where  
in 20 years

which  
bridge  
the facts

you requested  
amnesty  
& concupiscence

& union  
circles  
time

out to get  
a new fence  
resourced

in awe  
yr inhuman electric  
amazing

metropolitan  
spectacle  
Yes

untrumped  
& undizen'd,  
exposed

to make personal  
the days  
all

served  
& noticed,  
interfaced

w/ indiscretion's  
no. 1  
topless lap dance

down  
town  
will now always

be  
the  
same

brand  
yr eyes  
for sale

teem  
on board  
the restructured burial grounds

I'll be  
yr server  
debasing

data  
the beloved  
bottom

line  
closing windows  
down

w/ us  
yr intersect  
to

run inefficiently  
thru  
boroughs

&  
in love  
accompany

## THE AGREEMENT

We do not  
control

the information—  
You agree

to be bound  
by such

modifications.

THE ECONOMY

*for Siobhan*

& in this frame I have no here & now of you fades the agreement to touch the money needs a body to spend the value of its tender regrets its blank account of the Beloved contracts its influence upon the end at first the ends continue into sounds like I cannot determine what these movements are like cinema changes frames you change the word you I understand the least does nothing but accept except your currency remains the same subject to change the bets we thought were safe only made the way more unmeasured & alone in my unremarkable thought of you admit a place & then replace the endless compounds join the hollow with the hollow plus one more dollar of your glide I want to handle being with conditions I can touch but may not grasp completely undeterred to hold one supple back from lavender I picked in fields these sounds of spring & fall apart of an all consuming everything repeats its own perpetuity without replay or evidence we continue without evidence these days are long as we who want the tree we hear here falling to remain here falling into you resemble every time to time I sense how little have I saved in the embrace confines the Beloved speeds of such descent into loss affects immediately the distances become money is time to move along this shadows the soft panels of your voice reflects a future of a blue & less penetrable earth before I stepped into it was an accident brought forth by occupations in reality is not just a child opening its birthday a child anymore tears will mean less in the long run through the park the trees grew boring their holes in my places reopened loss with the arrival departs just as instantaneously the wind rewinds all there is is penury & feeling the same increase of nothing shapes the feeling of more & more & more decisions amount to statements in the system we joke around the house we rent the imagination is the one address the country cannot send us incarnations marked malfeasance in the mailbox we opened & returned the envelopes to sender which was simply this is this again broken into pieces of an untrickled hole of black contracts densely into points of no return this for another face sought in mirrors to make sure I'm really breathing in the early dawn of exile to another hall of mirrors the Beloved turned away my thoughts of you have loaned me borrowed nights I've watched through glass a film of love requires bankruptcy I am not devoid of insecurities are my motives mind & mind alone in coined phrases utterly disposed to make change in the world of course this is the emptied case to fill in upper limits the speed returns to me the turn your face the music plays on & off & on the interests of beauty raised like wolves in winter snow falls through the heart its thin beams cannot support the

pits we pick our choosers from despair among the groundwork of tomorrow I will find the time to buy these vowels add to written sound the credit of your meaning almost too much now tears at the pennies are not we vowels men & women of today tow the line & hold the allocations of pleasure against the market full of squash remains available for use against those whose wishes to be wealthy & immortal birds of paradise assumes a wasteland looms despite the rules have been made love beneath the landscapes of complexes & tar lots of color televisions turned on by a hundred million glances traced to being separate names of you & I see death will never be more obviously withdrawing one from one is no one here to say it like it is received by our dependents on a paycheck only goes so far away from me the kind of scrupulous & penny pinching behavior problems solved in the endurance of lungs filled with coins of air is clear from this everyday hunger & catastrophe is like apples & aren't you glad to have a job description of too inhuman figures out how to arrive at this unlionized report of bottle rocket red glares at me across the counter where I cash my checks the computer screens my calls the Beloved is not working mother me peruse the sunday sections off the good die from sadness thought obsolete like optimists refuse the moment stops moving objects to being monuments for change for a twenty years have passed out in bathroom mirrors the empty stalls for time to leave ourselves in the mirror anymore there than us together for what is an instantly different momentous occasionally available in products I cannot afford the honest truth is this reflection free from tendencies to bury your fingers without rings I can no longer hear you think a part of me wishes would come back a million dollars more than longing earns the empty room for two or more at least we have each other people value stability seems thus far a way to be in the world wide war of landscapes painted tirelessly across the open mouths of rivers stick & stone the Beloved to death do us part time jobs matter insubstantial thought of being a combined incoming fear you are less incomplete with more to lose in the cloudy overhead of dreams we share the presence of forever can't be counted onto other things may be maybe not my heart rates its irregular ability to pound for pound against screen doors of love will not yield for me the Beloved in a diamond forest gown of leaves me for a sleek design of man I don't provide our kingdom with enough marble or lionskins to be tread upon our gently rented carpet of beige flowers grown beside the windows of our apartment faces north young men to trump my hand it over time I've grown accustomed to disgusting paranoia gains

on me the minute you walk out that door I'll sell myself to lonelyhearts collecting sentiments valued more than present life is written on the walls are caving in my lungs are points of underfunded breathless intimations that the lease of human objects as charities to each other's bodies of money changes everything you touch me turns to gold needs gold to give your neck unchains itself in wreathes of spun & yellow locks your throat of roses red with rhymes of perfect blue ahead of us the pressure traffic & unknown bubbles burst like flames lick your lips stuck with nothing to lose me in a crowd of faces turned from fears we are inseparable lies in chronic fires the promise begs for breakage each & every second place we give & take each other ways to weather these accounts of our mutual distrust for the Beloved banks it on the need you predicate in restless sentences erupt in me the eclipse of systems of desire to consume you like a red car trouble makes me reconsider this is this is this really possible to love without purchase the beautiful complicit in its own serpentine crashes the machine of longing to be fixed into dreams collapse in the international pressure drops of rain attacks the past outdoors perceived with hopes to die perceived as infinitely changing the scatter of now I know less than then there was nice to know you Beloved plastic mutable objective sustained by love & efficacy cannot nickel & dime us from what are you becoming more or less animal abound & uncatchable meanings outnumber customers of thought unfriendly to detachments end their search your missing persons me to death contains a void all costs you I love so poorly in the world become excess distorts what we don't know what to stop is eating my tired monopoly on the Beloved impossible to rectify or not to be in question the pursuit of interference evicts the property from happiness deceives our shallow spoils the resolve damages the you you immediately transfer indefinite futures cannot sell me stuff enough times to spend constantly on brand new resistance to the impulse to stay breathless from insistent breath & deathless by death of everything previous to now we're talking in your hold me underwater sounds distant from these slants of masquerade & purple thought I was a lonely finish often caught between us nothingness & nothing more than ricochets against the active rush can't stop turning on a dime

THE MEMBER

Hello poem  
where I have no

money again  
for whats

in store  
24 hours to

shoplift  
beneficence

& bring it back  
unscathed

like a fly on  
the wall feeling

flying  
or the wall

the little buzzer  
presses

against  
& tries to tether

a tremendous  
why

are you not a snake  
for example

asleep w/ someone  
relevant

like Oedipus  
whose eyes

I remember  
what is meant by

nothingness  
taking shape

like asterisks  
btwn

the legs of fathers  
w/ double

dagger  
visions to

feather the misprison  
we are all

dismembered by  
subjects

& changes  
my mind is

somewhat  
comprehensively

an accident  
of data

a birdbath  
I hesitate to always

bathe in  
comprehensible

tubs of  
scatterbugs

doing the backstroke  
w/ just

24 hours  
to die

the flies  
who flew

in the face of  
why

are you  
a poem

craving  
beneficence

in a slaughterhouse  
where

meat is meant  
for meaning

mostly  
vegetarian

& a chance  
to bury

one last poem  
in the earth

& all its  
sundry

contradictions  
hanging on

to life like  
the undead

in perpetual  
states of

shopping or  
lost in

the ice cream  
I can hear you

scream for  
a kind of

consciousness  
where evil

panda bears  
have

upstairs bathroom  
freakouts over

honey  
they can't

contain  
the epithets

I'm calling from  
a rather

pollenated  
emptiness

inside you  
where the phones

are dead  
from business

signals talking  
abt faces

on the  
surface of

a deep corporate  
sleep

the animals  
frolic in

what someone wants  
to eat

yr jobless  
inviolable

suffering  
I can't afford

to zip the fly  
of anyway

like a snowman  
feeling

feelings  
the world

forgets to melt  
when you

put its chainsaw  
to my eyes

& say hello  
why don't you

wear these  
clothes

forever

Thank you poem  
for loitering

inside  
the underwear of death

& all its adversarial  
relationships

I can kind of  
counterfeit in

btwn a Canadian  
goose

hunter & some geese  
are verses

& guns  
one'd rather be

a gaggle of horses  
shooting for

the hills  
or an orphan

colt  
surfeited w/

trojan emptiness  
& deadbeat

flower tomorrows  
I promise to change

promises  
tomorrows

a sang  
froid universe

& all its sidereal  
sounds to grind

the axe  
against its will

incorporates  
pink logos

like a slowly hacking  
lung

or someone's tongue  
in a zombie's

mouth  
forgivably pronounced

*mmmmbership*  
has its ups

& downs  
the Canadian

goose hunter  
I used to

hover above  
the poem uncovers

unlimited miles of joy  
free ice cream

a cone-shaped  
spectacle

carrying  
a tune across disguises

I can't help but twist  
the corners of

insouciance  
to make at

least love  
incomprehensible

w/o comparisons  
to popsicles

or hearts  
in viral forfeiture

just a stick enclosed in sticky  
melting

red attachment  
no one is worth

forty thousand dollars  
or the ambivalent

dust  
bunnies collect in

btwn a Canadian  
shotgun

& the grass  
colored sweatshirts

you like to wear  
are horses

sleeping in stability  
yr politics

create  
a dream colored

lassitude  
I can't stop

admiring  
the possibility of

taking  
off the underwear

I can't remove  
disguises

what  
we can't help but

be  
nothing

changing  
nothing

changes  
the facsimilie

of life continues to  
transmit itself

via horror &  
irrelevance

sprinkles  
or a moustache

you refuse to shave

Good-bye  
poem

where  
you sweat too much

& the birds want  
to be held

not slingshot  
into slavery

w/ other parts of  
body

paragraphs  
& incorporeal

terms of use  
you & I

O you & I  
approximate

vowels  
exchanging

flies in  
the ointment

our membership  
is made of

trying  
to resist

life from  
working like

a head  
laughing itself

off  
or death

is just  
the backup plan

I don't  
know how

to properly adore  
but you

are too  
hungover

to dent the teeth of  
capital

anyway  
& yr indentured

face is constantly  
drunk

w/ the  
insignificance

my eventuality  
sputters in

the beneficence  
you & I

make  
like a tree

keeping us  
addressed

in letters  
I waste my time

writing the  
unemployment

lines  
yr eyes

put me to sleep  
O pls

poem  
don't go

to work just  
yet



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