

# POET JUICE

## *A NEW LIVE COLLABORATION SERIES FROM*

*Mêlée Live*

**This series is named for and dedicated to the poet, Paul White, because he introduced us to a living spirit of collaboration. But also because we borrowed the term, "Poet Juice," from him.**

**So what is *POET JUICE*?**

**Once in a while, we will host unannounced collaborations between one or more of our editors and some familiar poets, as well as some not so familiar poets.**

**Poet Juice No. 1** was a lunch hour collaboration between **Johannes Göransson** and **Chris Pappas**. The poem was composed on our *Mêlée Live* Facebook wall between 12:04 and 1:04 pm on January 5th, 2011. The text is considered as it was typed. Apparent typos were left in tact and incorporated as relevant pieces of the poem's body. No time for re-vision or re-deux in a lunch-hour collaboration. The hand must write and quickly move away.

Thank you to Johannes Göransson for consenting to write this poem live, a rare fearlessness. It was a very engaging hour, and a lot of fun.

This video is dedicated to the University of Arkansas students from Chris Pappas' 2009 Intro to Poetry class who participated in the class collaboration that resulted in the "**Declaration of Modes and Values**" readings, some clips of which can be found in this video.

**The video performance of the poem was composed entirely by Chris Pappas and does not necessarily reflect the views of Johannes Göransson on this poem.**

**The Editors**

## POET JUICE No. 1

### TEXT ONE

A translator both translates and talks about the problems in translating

A red poster both tells us who will be killed and who will do the killing

You can see all you need in the eyes, when you can see them

I can see your eyes on the walls of this and other cities

On the walls Graffiti Art lies about the language of of wall to defend them

The words are stains that come from a dazzled body

Never fight them when it's time to go home, go home

When it's time to use weapons, saturate the infants

A translator takes away the boys, takes away the girls the vigilante and the doctor, in mad houses, at least they know they're mad

The translator thinks she's a passer-by

How many people does translation of passionate conviction kill? Bomb-bomb says the one in bars to the priest and the soldier who

Came into the clinic to find the right instrument for the protest against

The angry street artist. And translates Graffiti Art does the critic to the masses, and translates God does the priest to the congregation, and translates law does the cop to the criminal, the over-employed, the angry speak of you often in their prayers

They tell me about your uniforms, the part you refuse to clean off and the part you insist on polishing with

The worn picture of your gal far from home. They tell me you could not simply write the words, I am lonely and yet struggle to seem a loner

They tell me how many hate-dances it takes to find happiness and

And how many books it takes to find truth. The truth of translation struggles to escape the art of the translator. More matter is too much art when the market dictates word choice and font more than

The bodies that accumulate in the translator's version of the event. Those bodies exhibit a kind of happiness

You can't see unless you see it. You can see all you need in the eyes, when you can see them. I can see your eyes on the walls of this and other cities. I can see you on the wall

Where you embody the translator's happiness in your bleeder's costume. I can see your eyes on

There in a mural of journalists. The Graffiti Artist made Baudelaire and the city left him on the wall unwashed and polished. To exhibit what insane eyes. The mural is a photo-script of campaign ads now, a prescription too late

For the corpses in the bedroom of the rich, but it's not too late for the ornate anatomies the rich want for their next charade: those bodies can still be

Remembered in song. It's not worth anything. But if I could sing to you now, though you've been gone, I never meant to hurt you none. And you never meant to hurt me too. But it seems that we have to kill ourselves to live on

It seems we have to abdicate

To kill ourselves or kill the king. All the kings must go, except one. The translator furious scribbles to find the sound. To know what we do though we don't the tongues. All their afraid of is yours.

You're the king of translators, the wound of the body, the rat of the hospital, the one person so scared of the tongue that you've had to invent mass graves to take its place

To take the place of family you have mad a world of too much law. A fallacy of misplaced concrete. Every year we do this. Two brothers come together to discuss the vampires and how to guide them into the light. One of us certain where the sun comes from. The other

Carrying a stake in which a poem has been inscribed

## POET JUICE No. 1

### TEXT TWO

#### Mêlée Live

~~A translator both translates and talks about the problems in translating~~

- **Johannes Göransson** ~~A red poster both tells us who will be killed and who will do the killing~~  
January 5 at 12:04pm ·
- **Chris Pappas** ~~You can see all you need in the eyes, when you can see them~~  
January 5 at 12:05pm ·
- **Johannes Göransson** ~~I can see your eyes on the walls of this and other cities~~  
January 5 at 12:07pm ·
- **Chris Pappas** ~~On the walls Graffiti Art lies about the language of of wall to defend them~~  
January 5 at 12:09pm ·
- **Johannes Göransson** ~~The words are stains that come from a dazzled body~~  
January 5 at 12:11pm ·
- **Chris Pappas** ~~never fight them when it's time to go home, go home~~  
January 5 at 12:12pm ·
- **Johannes Göransson** ~~when it's time to use weapons, saturate the infants~~  
January 5 at 12:14pm ·
- **Chris Pappas** ~~A translator takes away the boys, takes away the girls the vigilante and the doctor, in mad houses, at least they know they're mad~~  
January 5 at 12:15pm ·
- **Johannes Göransson** ~~the translator thinks she's a passer by~~

January 5 at 12:16pm ·

- **Chris Pappas** ~~How many people does translation of passionate conviction kill? Bomb bomb says the one in bars to the priest and the soldier who~~

January 5 at 12:18pm ·

- **Johannes Göransson** ~~came into the clinic to find the right instrument for the protest against~~

January 5 at 12:22pm ·

- **Chris Pappas** ~~the angry street artist. And translates Graffiti Art does the critic to the masses, and translates God does the priest to the congregation, and translates law does the cop to the criminal, the over-employed, the angry speak of you often in their prayers~~

January 5 at 12:23pm ·

- **Johannes Göransson** ~~They tell me about your uniforms, the part you refuse to clean off and the part you insist on polishing with~~

January 5 at 12:25pm ·

- **Chris Pappas** ~~the worn picture of your gal far from home. They tell me you could not simply write the words, I am lonely and yet struggle to seem a loner~~

January 5 at 12:27pm ·

- **Johannes Göransson** ~~They tell me how many hate dances it takes to find happiness and~~

January 5 at 12:30pm ·

- **Chris Pappas** ~~and how many books it takes to find truth. The truth of translation struggles to escape the art of the translator. More matter is too much art when the market dictates word choice and font more than~~

January 5 at 12:31pm ·

- **Johannes Göransson** ~~the bodies that accumulate in the translator's version of the event. Those bodies exhibit a kind of happiness~~

January 5 at 12:35pm ·

- **Chris Pappas** ~~you can't see unless you see it. You can see all you need in the eyes, when you can see them. I can see your eyes on the walls of this and other cities. I can see you on the wall~~

January 5 at 12:36pm ·

- **Johannes Göransson** ~~where you embody the translator's happiness in your bleeder's costume. I can see your eyes on~~

January 5 at 12:41pm ·

- **Chris Pappas** ~~there in a mural of journalists. The Graffiti Artist made Baudelaire and the city left him on the wall unwashed and polished. To exhibit what insane eyes. The mural is a photo-script of campaign ads now, a prescription too late~~

January 5 at 12:42pm ·

- **Johannes Göransson** ~~for the corpses in the bedroom of the rich, but it's not too late for the ornate anatomies the rich want for their next charade: those bodies can still be~~

January 5 at 12:46pm ·

- **Chris Pappas** ~~remembered in song. It's not worth anything. But if I could sing to you now, though you've been gone, I never meant to hurt you none. And you never meant to hurt me too. But it seems that we have to kill ourselves to live on~~

January 5 at 12:48pm ·

- **Johannes Göransson** ~~It seems we have to abdicate~~

January 5 at 12:51pm ·

- **Chris Pappas** ~~to kill ourselves or kill the king. All the kings must go, except one. The translator furious scribbles to find the sound. To know what we do though we don't the tongues. All their afraid of is yours.~~

January 5 at 12:53pm ·

- **Johannes Göransson** ~~You're the king of translators, the wound of the body, the rat of the hospital, the one person so scared of the tongue that you've had to invent mass graves to take its place~~

January 5 at 12:56pm ·

- **Chris Pappas** ~~To take the place of family you have mad a world of too much law. A fallacy of misplaced concrete. Every year we do this. Two brothers come together to discuss the vampires and how to guide them into the light. One of us certain where the sun comes from. The other~~

January 5 at 12:58pm ·

- **Johannes Göransson** ~~carrying a stake in which a poem has been inscribed~~

January 5 at 1:04pm ·



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**Chris Pappas** CP

January 5 at 1:05pm ·



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**Johannes Göransson** JG

January 5 at 1:05pm ·



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**Mêlée Live** ~~Thank you both. Let's see what we've got here . . .~~