

### **On Coke (Craig)**

He rode in from New York. With the sunrise. His head must have been spinning, because the black plague followed close at his heels, though all the while he was smiling. Never even saw it coming. Or perhaps never even cared. Disillusioned by animal's voices on the Serengeti, conversations battled one another. They must have all been one confused voice.

### **on coke products (mike)**

Whimsy ground dancing with mannequins. The blue flowery moon bubbles. Amputated bottles grow passive aggressive dandelions, upright reams and reams of them. All for the seasons. Spring out water in rich fruityfullness. Such an absurd place for strangers to meet and fall into. He said. She said. Can't you tell we're excited.

### **On Coke (Allison)**

Is the baseball player a heterosexual mime? Haven't you ever looked out the window at the lightning lighting? I enjoy lunch as much as the next person, but that doesn't mean I don't want to hear about the War of 1939. The words speak louder than the actions. Some people write books. Others write plays and novels. Most of us do a poor job at them.

### **On Coke (Tiffany)**

Sometimes people just need something to wrap their arms about. It's funny, he said. That was all. Sensation does not consider anyone an outcast. It's the transfer of heat from a coffee cup onto an exposed wrist. It's the melody of blowing palms screaming at traffic. It's the feeling of language. One morning in May he awakened to a new state. Without it, the sun isn't orange anymore, he said. It was shining bright like Christmas lights.

### **On Coke (Martin)**

John Ashbery skimmed over the restaurant, but he knew what to drink when a timely draft wasn't on the mind. He chose to down the Coca-cola to feel the bubbles hit his nose. Tickled. Too thick a drink to swig but by sipping the taste is there. Too quickly and it all burns down his throat.

### **On coke. (Marina)**

What happens when coke is on coke? I'd like to guess that it fizzes. Chemical reactions they, don't only deal with small acidities of life. When I woke up, carbonated, from an ant's viewpoint, I saw him in the leftover steam of my decaf espresso. I'm going to waste this line. I tried reading him and almost stealing his public Journals. Scarved out of wood, hanging on to the nail in a lousy brick wall - I didn't know if he was Making a cut. Cut in nineteen twenty-fifths.

### **On Coke (Tom)**

Why is it that this midday cannibalism makes so much sense. You see why the people in the park get beaten by falling residue. Why anthems and arboretums make us feel like sweating. The pitcher pours mounds of reason upon vegetable ears that just won't glean anymore. You say you can't stop spitting even if it means dehydration.

### **On Coke (Abby)**

On Coke (By Abby)

You can write, or maybe not, it's because of the paper. And the pen. There were locks, but I thought of the heart of many things. I am not as wrong as you, but it is possible. I wanted the bad poet to eat lunch. But the poet of piece came instead. The Greeks first described that. I know, but tell me. Again.

On Coke (A Cut-up of ACTUAL Anne Carson lines)

I am writing this to be as wrong as possible. Sadness comes groping out of it. Perhaps from a bad translation. He listened to it on the telephone. What is the difference between light and lighting? He would ride and stare. Since those days, I do not look at hair on female flesh without thinking, Deciduous? What a notion it is, after all—these small shapes! They are victims of love, many of them. There are more major things than minor things overall, yet there are more minor things than I have written here, but it is disheartening to think of them. We pride ourselves on being civilized people. I fear we failed to understand what he was saying or his reasons. How curious. I had no idea!

### **On Coke (Courtney)**

Words flowed on the paper. His pen hovered above the sheet as he paused, thinking whether or not to punctuate the next line or keep writing. He felt self-conscious about letting himself into his work and covered the feeling with a reference to Johnny Appleseed. He decided to write prose paragraphs instead of metered stanzas with rhyme and reason and constraint. He made up names of some people and used other real people too. Then he got up and went for a walk. He pondered his own greatness.

### **On Coke (matt)**

Must a poet be depressed to be a poet? Coke didn't think so and so injected humor and vitality into his work. The comic poet. He was better as a teacher, it must be said. His poems try to dance on the edge of inanity, but too often slip. He is a cackling gremlin who thinks himself the master Fool. The ironic twist, the capricious grin, the absurd juxtaposition—these are his tool kit and his shackles. He must get a laugh out of everything, no matter his subject. Once, on a camping trip with rain and bugs, I laughed away a damp evening with a single line of Coke's. Back at home I picked up his book,

again, and read page after page as the sun trickled across the kitchen floor. The cat followed it, sleeping and waking, always warming its enormous gray belly. I didn't smile all afternoon. Coke can go flat from too much attempt at humor; there is no balance only haphazard. He likes to hear himself write and so draws out to unhealthy length a thought that a wiser hand would have cut short. Yet he can overcome these deficiencies with the adroit bumbling skill of a lucky gambler. Amid Coke's cacophony, one can always find sardonic harmony.

### **Short Talk on Coke (Krista)**

Feel it. Snorting lines off bare ass in London. How poetic it sounds with air brushed girls. In real life she had a wart. The free love happened in a month he cheated on his wife. Cooler nights than this have welcomed him. Don't do it. Mirrors reflect the truth and frankly, long hair does not look good on him.