

my Type-writer is EROTIC



Ed Baker '10

# MY TYPEWRITER IS EROTIC

by  
Ed Baker

Beard of Bees Press  
Number 103 · June, 2014



UNDERWOOD # 5

my typewriter is erotic &  
the erotic did this to me  
saved my ass  
a toy that I could play  
with

-in & with out

simultaneously

in it I could not only  
play  
w myself but could

& did/do play with

her

and all of the various hers

the news on the television  
in:trudes  
this e-mail just in an aside to

pause for the bell at the end of this  
line

rings

I best answer the phone it just  
might be her or otherwise  
important

a bill collector

her father the rat-bastard who

fingered her when she was 13

changed her life

it may be important

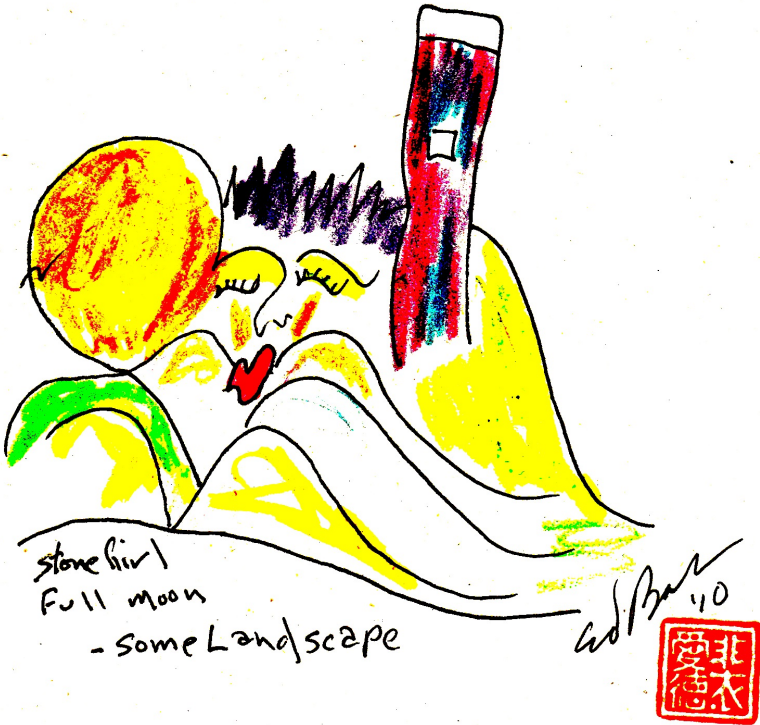
THIS POEM IS

an autobiography is a fictional autobiography  
& an  
autobiographical fiction

it s method is just-like-this the same way I composed

Neighbors  
Wild Orchid  
Things Just Come Through  
Butcher of Oxen  
Full Moon  
Stone Girl  
GEM  
DE:SIRE IS  
Song of Chin

now I return to my erotic 1942 typewriter  
& re:call her



one word follow the stream flows regardless of my  
wants/needs be seen after the fact & now as then is  
also as best that I can eradicate to go out from our very  
first

encounter

in this narrative it is in this mind

...in this mind & time & space  
in this  
that the imagination become/is the real

WHAT IT IS

the poem is what the words do  
the painting is what the paint does

what she does what I do is  
pretty much the same now as then

& then & there & when it is the same

methodology is it s own dig

I compose & therefore I am IN the action of it s  
only

doing

this or her or that  
one word  
at a time  
develops

into her

entirely

PLAY

was she that was last revered  
Imagine that she up &  
left me

she left me for a guy with an huge

cock

robbing me of just-another-muse

phantasy is here & in this play

within self-reveries

is this return to my child hood  
on the back seat of a 55 Chevy Impala

the stuff of dreams' reality

escape into the pleasure of my  
erotic typewriter

so far so good this new book  
today will bring up from my  
cellar

#### D I N G

is to measure the success of  
me  
by how much free-time that I  
have  
to  
waste

to sit around & wait for her

to come

for something to happen

&  
something always happens



soI & me jus' stop & sit & watch  
&  
when something comes our way

it strikes us  
&  
we

spring into action/reaction

full moon  
measuring my success  
by how much time I have to kill

&  
not to kick a dead horse but  
what else is this typewriter good for

"write me  
"call me  
"come visit

"but NEVER  
"send me flowers  
"or  
"any more of your

"STUPID FUCKING POEMS

"ciaoo, Full Moon"

full moon  
behind a cloud  
will I see you again

full moon  
in her garden  
peeing

green peepers spring onions  
celery cauliflower carrots  
kiss kiss kiss kiss kiss

kisskiss kisskiss kisskiss  
all you think about is sex  
what kind of a koan is this

suddenly the moon & I  
are at a loss for word  
big fucking deal

today she painted her nail  
red  
& proceeded to

scratch my eyes out

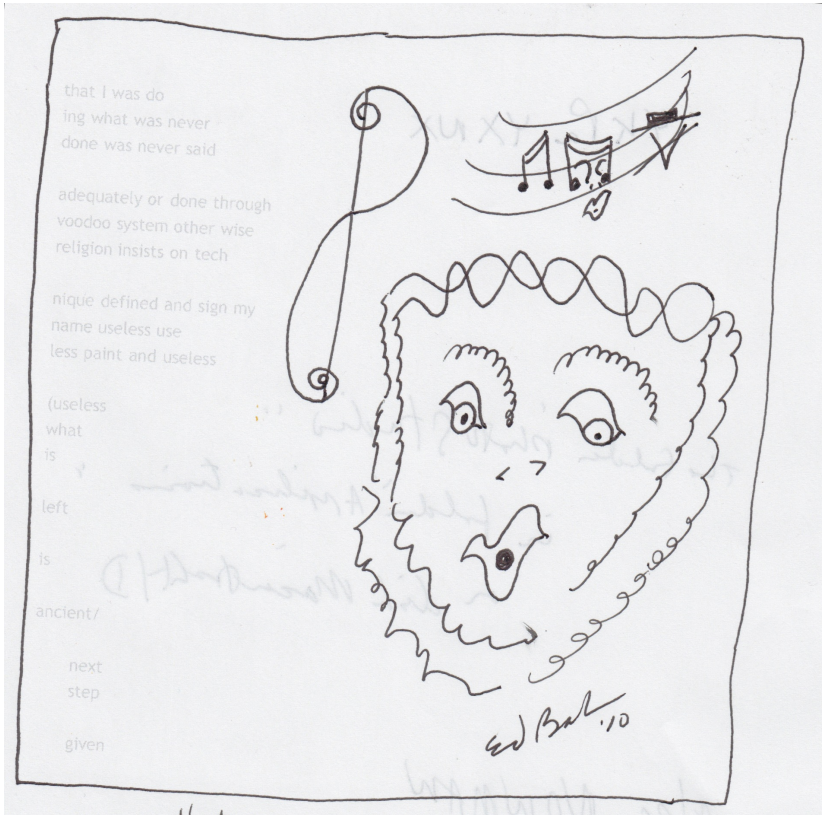
this time she was not  
pretending

the pain the pain the pain

she screamed I screamed

she lit a cigarette then sung

"I love the  
"juicy"



that I was do  
ing what was never  
done was never said  
  
adequately or done through  
voodoo system other wise  
religion insists on tech  
  
nique defined and sign my  
name useless use  
less paint and useless  
  
(useless  
what  
is  
left  
is  
ancient/  
next  
step  
given

MANIPULATING GODDESS

the poem is  
what  
the words do

everything  
de:pends

typewriter/reader

it's erotics

to know  
gives and takes

into this not so easy  
to let go of the

so of it's  
pre-disposition  
that is any  
other  
test nor meant to  
be

careful w any proposition  
made or intuited by the use

use use use use use use  
of  
a thrown in phrase recalled

that thing she did the last time  
the colors did drop  
nor any other demands  
she made me

pay  
all

attention

not good  
not bad

my pleasure

but

what was done & did I say

or write or draw her down  
into the cold sheets or  
mean

besides what done was  
more than any thoughts could  
pre

-determined this that my  
erotic typewriter

types

that was not my intention  
to perfect  
this

was never between us  
or between the cold

sheets  
said or written or drawn

out of the silence  
everything adequately done

gone into/through  
any Verdun

no voodoo system  
or

otherwise

dogma insists on tech

nique defined & sign my  
name in blood use  
less

useless words/paint

is  
ancient

she

is

she that is ancient

is she that is

ugly

is

(she)

next step is given

I KNOW

that  
my typewriter did this  
to me

she IS my typewriter

I swear

pick-up stick she in the dark  
lifts the cold sheet

stick into her self her  
pleasure/my pleasure

in the dark room this

Old Man watches her  
strip

stripped and standing there

just so

her dance for his pleasure  
she strips to dance

every night & in the dark  
her

light gown falls  
in a heap  
Old Man falls

"please"

every night  
I tell you

every night this

she strips to please  
the dance they dance is

theater

"what do you do" he asked

"I handle people" she said

"OH", he replied. "So you

manipulate."

that was the very last time that we fucked

It was the last time

I am telling you

It

was my

Underwood #5

did this to me

04.06.010

Dear F, S, & D-t

we did in fact turn the light on & almost  
right a-way It was over

I turned over to find your side of the bed

cold

now I am left w my typewriter

&

all the other hers



that it could be

unconditional  
& neatly constructed  
correctness

done  
re:done for all the others'

jump into my  
Orgasmic Typewriter

w feeling this brush  
brushes

her real name is TARANI

she lives in a cave

I am Walking Mind

I live in her too

to put It into con-text

vigtigste moderne udgivelse

which my typewriter (very) loosely  
translates as

maize mettre zaine

(that is that  
nothing much ever happens in a cave

She ran off with an ambidextrous  
Jerk Off

she married him

once was not enough

she ran off to some exotic country  
70 years ago                      & since

my typewriter has been writing

ED BAKER's most recent paper book, *Stone Girl E-pic*, is available from Leaf Press.

Either Google "Ed Baker Art poetry" or visit his web site, Bare Bones Bonze, at [edbaker.maikosoftware.com](http://edbaker.maikosoftware.com).

