



# POEMS FOR TEXTS FOR NOTHING

(derived from Samuel Beckett's Texts for Nothing)

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For the memory of Marthe Reed

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POEMS FOR  
TEXTS FOR  
NOTHING



#1 WHAT POSSESSED YOU

*sorry body*

hands stretched  
to where there was a rock  
we sat to read it  
kept thinking I was going to be eating  
you said that you would read it

*black sandbox*

Harriet my mother my mother my father  
yes, keep track of the sunglasses  
my reaction?  
we'll have enough, it's enough  
the dragons can't hurt people really  
they're really here to protect people

*home*

marching vessel  
where were the dangers  
friends, heroes, tables, cooks  
we were staffed and somewhat trained  
and we seemed to know what we were

*sunk in our caves*

Toots, you said weakly  
we walked up a slope  
what possessed you to always get everything right?  
I saw the melting pile of you to come

#2

*The things too must still be there, a little more worn,  
where would you go, now that you know? Back above?*

*creaming off the garbage*

*nothing showed,  
and the mind slow,*

*having said all, your all,*

*of*

*not been fruitful,*

*The day had*

### #3 I'LL WILL IT

then:  
into my leisure  
aboard the tall building

no:  
falling backward  
you didn't think I should  
fall on my belly when I was pregnant

the heroes:  
with their go-to-bed cutlasses, hammers  
the apron days, the far days  
array myself  
but it was enough to pull me out of here

the way:  
to stay  
I ask myself  
is that hard to do?

the war:  
ended not so very long ago  
but it ended  
the silence, the political deafening

into my story:  
the raven of which,  
well, I hope she starts quothing

some:  
will be students and some will be in school  
I'll will me a body far from Mississippi's  
were they hard were they easy

strong winds:  
brought a lot of people  
did they mind sitting on the grass?  
a ray of greenness where a drop  
of rain came through



#4

*with a form and a world,*

*dead like the living.*

*he couldn't have that,*

*evening,*

*This evening, I say this*

*life alone is enough.*

*and again this voice cannot be mine.*

#5 I'D GO INTO THE FOREST

not a mute performer  
but a crowd, it's noted  
what a game  
mental process  
into a darkness

let the bags  
let the flirt hang  
how were they packed  
do the balloons  
what a relief to know  
I'm not a matriarch  
you're helping me though  
helping me out  
comma, hold  
was holding you

like this?  
in one hand  
ragdoll

#6

*keepers snatch a little rest*

*Do my*

*the eyes take over, and the silence, the sighs,*

*nothing is ever here and now?*

*how is it*

*this infinite here?*

*leads to anything,*

*and that ant, that ant,  
nothing*

*the sea,*

*with its view of*

*the word hear, the word tell, the word story,  
a brief story,*

#7. BRISTLES WAITING TO DEPART

rounded up  
flat shirts  
warriors

the distance you've come  
looking back and seeing  
the Connecticut shore man

that made someone nervous  
kinda feel like we're used to it now  
from being away

but maybe you shouldn't experience  
yourself as tidying up  
we should go back to the conference room  
perhaps trying in its dame  
lame togetherness or something

ark for spinach  
green beans and lime juice  
seat us first

you gave Nixon his alibi  
neither one of us answers the phone  
run them aside

trees abound  
little florets  
the unbounded intensity of wheat

see the finished  
joys and mischief  
leading us astray to fate

#8

*I speak softer, every year a little softer.  
every year a little slower.*

*for ever the same murmur,*

*free in a dream of days and nights,*

*as if to grow less could help,*

*try and think,*

*The mistake I make is to*

*here I'm a mere ventriloquist's dummy,*

#9 THEY DRAW ONE ANOTHER BACK

might look  
like-minded

to a kind of irrational  
surface

moments of grief

that's how it goes  
can't wear sandals  
without drainage

I hear voices  
ok—sometimes  
that's an example of a little story

#10

*I had something once,*

*Inanities, agreed,*

*of consolation*

*for today.*

*I must not be too affirmative at this stage,*

*No, no souls, or bodies, or birth, or life, or death,*

*it will last my time,*

*some other evening, not this evening,  
too late to get things right,*

#11 FRIENDLY SHADOWS

and hurts  
as if he didn't quite  
didn't know it *deep* in time

what is this awareness of words  
and churning  
each word a different  
probably  
forgive you for saying that  
about him  
but what value do they have  
thirty-five and a half

who was that  
New York state  
belly friendly blues

but peekaboo

a bed is something to embrace  
this evening made of  
what is this evening made out of auntie?  
but what did this evening have to make itself out of?  
did he want to answer  
maybe you live in the one of the nicest  
just a wee peekaboo here,  
I came back again



#12

*so long as the others are there,*

*beyond*

*all doubt on earth,  
long enough for things to change here, for something to change,*

*this impossible*

*night, this impossible body,*

*dreaming of the night without morning,*

*there are voices every-*

*where, ears everywhere,*

#13 BUT WHO CAN THE GREATER CAN THE LESS

sometimes  
awakens  
a hand  
monster  
tears in its eyes  
before and after  
pictures  
they wondered  
what's become  
of the huge carcass  
in her car  
that took another  
five minutes to undo  
and that's ok

earrings  
nose  
flower  
the answer  
they go upwards

and under the foot  
an introversion  
this is super sad but  
you need to take that apart

somewhere in my  
pictures  
here is one of you  
it wants to make  
a hand  
and perhaps the rest will follow  
a face  
the sound throughout  
the city  
fruit  
we'll buy fruit

#13

*No voice ever but it in my life,*

*there won't be any life, there won't  
have been any life,*

*of things that don't exist, or only  
exist elsewhere,*

*get out of here and go elsewhere,*

*perhaps it will end on a castrato  
scream.*

*we're ended who never were,*

*so many times the  
same lie lyingly denied,*

*there is no one and there is someone,*

*still all  
would be silent and empty and dark,*

