

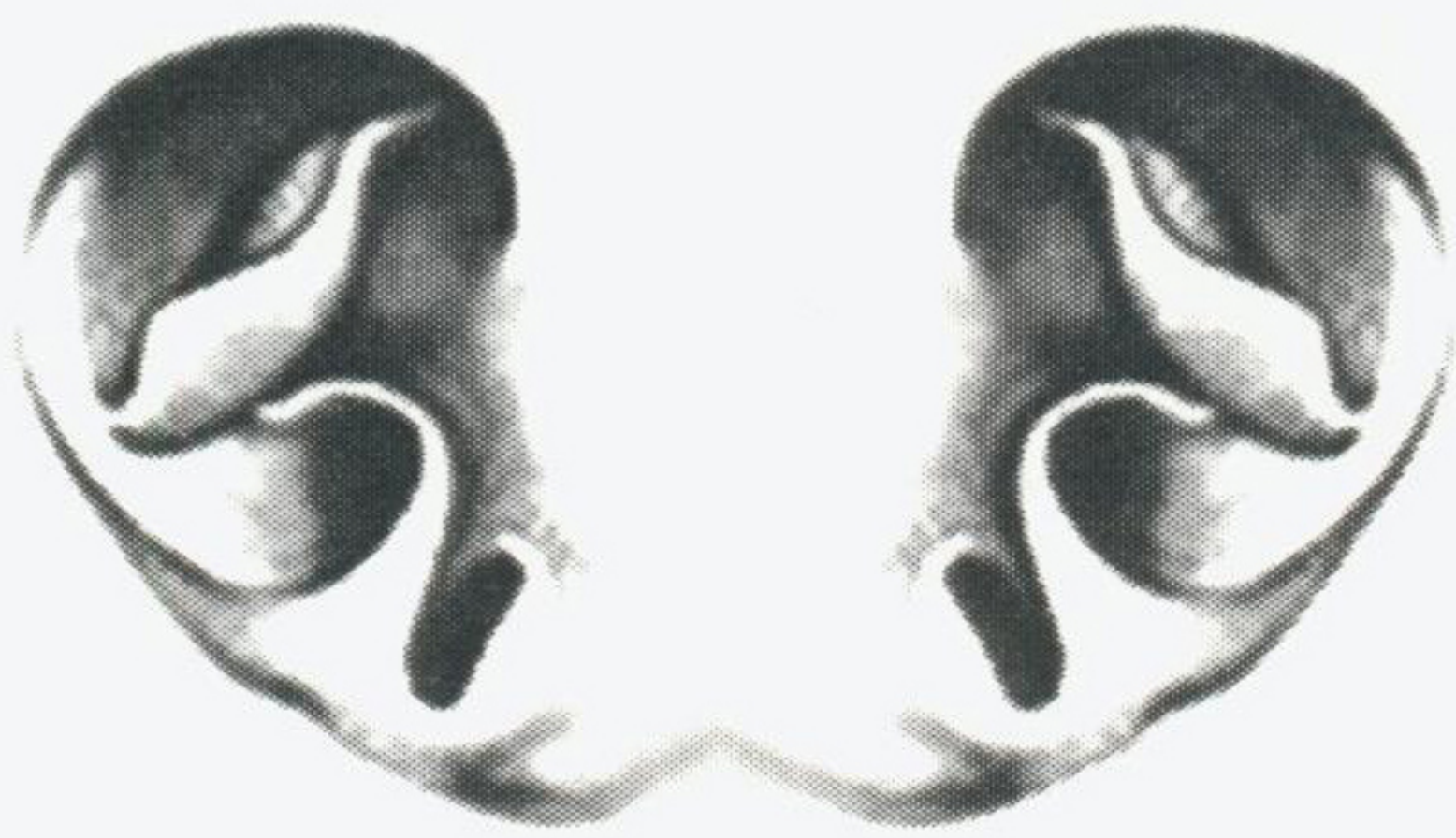
FULL MONDEGREENS

Andy Verboom & David Huebert



FULL MONDEGREENS

Andy Verboom & David Huebert



Frog Hollow Press

You see, if you lay yourself open to mondegreens, you must be valiant. The world, blowing near, will assail you with a thousand bright and strange images. Nothing like them has ever been seen before, and who knows what lost and lovely things may not come streaming in with them? But there is always the possibility that they may engulf you and that you will go wandering down a horn into a mondegreen underworld from which you can never escape.

—*Sylvia Wright*

TABLE OF CONTENTS

9. String 'em up, avant-gardist Cow — AV
10. Foraging Lovers Stultify — DH
11. Doom Wrought Surrender in the Catfood Fight — DH
12. Vile Heights, Vile Heights! — DH
13. A Brony's Herdamory — AV
14. Upkept Amphoras Endure — AV
15. Sick 'skeeters offed her — AV
16. Evander's Wheels — DH
17. If Land were Real — AV
18. Don It, Gloried Lord — DH
19. The Dead Feel Narrow — DH
20. Solace — DH
21. Sun, Ypres Stadion — AV
22. Li Demands Sichuan — AV
23. Two Operants Eke, Convict Area — AV
24. Tough Tea — DH

ENDMATTER

Biographical notes

Publishing information

SOURCES

Spring omnipotent goddess Thou — e e cummings

Origin of a Lullaby — Phil Hall

Do not go gentle into that good night — Dylan Thomas

Wild nights — Wild nights! — Emily Dickinson

The Bonny Earl o' Moray — Scottish ballad

Epitaph for a Centaur — Joseph Brodsky

Sixty Years After — Derek Walcott

In Flanders Fields — John McCrae

In Flanders Fields — John McCrae

Sonnet #44 (from *Elegiac Sonnets*) — Charlotte Smith

The Red Wheelbarrow — William Carlos Williams

Soul Love — David Bowie

Sunny Prestatyn — Philip Larkin

Leda and the Swan — W. B. Yeats

To a Print of Queen Victoria — James K Baxter

The Flea — John Donne

NOTES

Full mondegreens are a new commitment
to the old institution of misheard lyrics.

*Excuse me while I
kiss this guy*

Full mondegreens knock sense off the tightrope of sound
to crawl sound out onto the tightrope of sense.

*Hold me closer
Tony Danza*

Full mondegreens dialogue with source texts:
they map the phonetic terrains of their sources;
they rhyme, nearly, phoneme by phoneme,
to create newly coherent poems.

*Wrapped up
like a douche
another rumour
in the night*

Full mondegreens are distinct from rime riche and holorime:
their sounds are found, their rhythms ad hoc.

*The girl with
colitis goes by*

Full mondegreens are distinct from homophonic translation:
their movement is fractalimpsestuous, worlds hatching into underworlds.

*There's a bathroom
on the right*

STRING 'EM UP, AVANT-GARDIST COW

String 'em up, avant-gardist Cow! Dust off the dark
switch. Hover—groaning blimp leashed to failure,
sad gumshoe's winged piggery. Damage sells.

Cow dust's pursed weight is peregrinating, slate-grey, down tooth-sickled pampas.
Cow dust's in!, vague gull indicts, proselytized squawks beating air.

Jejune brigandry. Favela song.

Gull-warmed, Cow dust's anchoring there in urban sprawl, lowing prose.

Stringed lanterns off! Seas on! So you huff fog's gulag, sand and mud-deep etiquette.
Prows sequestered here are oysters ticking with dream.

Men—two heavies—schlep your body from being, burn it to put off the Cow crisis.

They're noosing anarchist keywords.

Their grace rides a thunderhead at fear's sand wall.

Their tired heart's patronage.

String up these exigence hustlers, up sighed hopes'
hankies, up pure aortic clutter, up their proscenium sophistry. Flaunt
thought missiles and set off the *holo*——.

Forth, Cow! Come and stand for answerless smoke.

Anything's desert, the rain counterfeit or forfeit
or freak surfeit, fleeting, dirigibles rigging hellward.

FORAGING LOVERS STULTIFY

Bone tree, piss-nourished. Wily trochaics foraging lover's loam.
Dread Berserkus, bum profound, right tit fallen out, King Lears it:
bash-drag a redhead, ends whimpering vibrations.

Let history's dead sup near Big Stop.
Bed the barfers, farm-feed the good, refine the sailors.
Brother Raffi, serving wurst. Bar nuns
unjuice abhorred pears, fan the jackdaws.

Love-treatise Amélie gives, whoring in Chamonix—
gusted, hoodwinked, a loam-scuzzed anthem:
*A few Czars shuck me, then new make-up, distant city, still pleased Garfield
the Tenth Berserkus. Kill calves, dole up ten foals a day, tour Wildwood—
thrill, lave, ointment. The blue-born deer-calf, whizzed dinner's charm.
Jian gave me scurvy at the bleachers.*

Fling Jiu-jitsu kelp, hit land (sorta),
thirst, lime, spice a gun-holding, singed drooler.
Whimper, Amélie. Love the screeching of dopes, vista-foraging.

Blubber lulls the sty.
Buy the hens steroids:
love's bile, war's sutra.

DOOM WROUGHT SURRENDER IN THE CATFOOD FIGHT

Doom wrought surrender in the catfood fight,
bold Sage took fur when Gray opposed the fray.
Sage ranged a fence uncrying, laughed the sight.

Dozed eyes meant daft errant snow, darkling flight,
beaked rust. Shares were had, torched. One frightening day
Doom wrought surrender in the catfood fight.

Food sent avast, Gray cried, vying, *Now fight!*
Scared manes cheered bright—raved, prancing, the mean way
Sage ranged the fence uncrying half the night.

Giles then rued rot, began a sudden sleight,
dank worm-tomb laid. Gray seized his own this day:
Doom dropped, surrendered, in the catfood fight.

Gray bent, fearless, fool-seized, risked blinding height,
climbed ice, bold Sage swiped meaty, gored dandy Gray.
Sage ranged a fence uncrying, laughed the fight.

VILE HEIGHTS, VILE HEIGHTS!

Vile heights, vile heights—
purr violently?
Vile heights, stood treed,
hours clutched fur free.

Brute bile's chagrin,
tuna scarfed in sport.
Run swifter, dunces,
run swifter, art.

Roaming in freedom,
dog got me.
Frights I've endured on nights
in trees.

A BRONY'S HERDAMORY

His highness antes liveness—nowhere, calf-deep in
hay, hassling a herd limberly—and Lady Mondegreen,
his washed-up nag, relents, indurate, uttering,
“When a brony hears *Amore*, Dean Martin’s panicking.”
Old angle is lately upgraded as cartoon
horses, sheathing heroin away, confounding Trojan goon.

“Nah, baby! Toothy hummies? Underwear fur? Tedious sea
-side plodding? Barnum-Bailey Tindr? Burdensome ass-play?”

His washed-up nag relents, antipodal to love.
When a ponygirl, she married her haystack once removed.

Holing. Isolating. Luck freights equestrienne.
Horsemen straddle. Early morning comes, ruined and Freudian.

UPKEPT AMPHORAS ENDURE

Tooth aches. Athena's unhappy.

He's eyed her toothy... tomb? maw? chortle? Beetle,
deep in the gum, chews dendrogynous.

Stylus, milkweed, gift of floss: habits too beauteous
or descant for what hollows white-hearted homage.

He's edgy, Winchester prominent, butt slumped, ink's dentistry
abloom in his amply equine-thick enamel.
The oral stevedore's nether husbandry's brief and deadly remedy:
antique wires, lead facets—his prison.

The blue departs, raining transients
on marketability. Half-horse, half-ink. Swift hooves, gnostic muck. Monsoon piquance,
overchewed cud. Proverbial, the farrier resembles ink: the crown
for want of the nail is thrown,
its barreling anthem's leaden gust de-shod.
Mere hoof be nobility.

Urn, tattooed like ho-hum Delft—
an urn destined to embark—forewrought us a better cowboy: knees
all sewn into tack, horse cannily
unheaded, the pair of them
Picasso's animal pattern of dubious tourist, bull
-man, horseshoed manatee.

SICK 'SKEETERS OFFED HER

and meanwhile Chiron, emergent lounge cat, wooed our
dismal sitting room—or was it *Charon*?—
herbs loosely munched, ipecac-plump palaver.

A Houyhnhnm-eyed jaundice devoured a fine young life.
Her widower-doctor's droopy colon, on blue divan, leaked: dung forgive
our revenant signage.

Chivalry's tripe merchant doled
herbs (evidence-base erstwhile), wads of nettle, and winks—
else butt out-fouled the fever, grief's livery churning out sweet satire.

Crumpled hay. Springtime dandelions. A funeral. Pleasant trees.
It's all waste, tilled, raked, and angst-kissed. It's all stomped here.

*

Were I a boatman—lip vehement, my four-inch piece a soft tusk,
the huffed, spent, triaged *obs*
my blue harbour—I'd bear on to wreck.

Shell's lacquered ear. Inner silence.
Eyestalks on a nymph. Plausible, constant patience.

*

Thought's a nuisance, newlywed neighbours beating nethers
idly, lust-gnawed, watching
how these flies slant, hive, storm, tearing their calm wind to rust.

EVANDER'S WHEELS

Evander peals through Mexico,
a dreamy rose-kissed Romeo.
A scarred embrace, an infant's cry,
a nark, Bill, lamely zings on by.
Fierce lure: *I need a fish taco.*

Where is that bread? What brays that goat?
She weaved along the undertow.
Shove after shove rent sour her cry:
"Evander feels!"

Break up that coral, fish for toes.
Say! Brew some baby hands for show.
Ha! Scorch neighbours who scold the shy.
Iffy? Grey rape will rust through lies.
He falls asleep, jalopies blow,
Evander reels.

IF LAND WERE REAL

If land were real, the cops would brow
beat weeds (not quote Cicero ungoaded) — marketplace
and industry'd tell arts, *Till graves*, lessening flies'
cares — herds of mendicants'd bellow.

We are deeded shortage's ghost, relieved
veldt, lawn, sod are unsaid, *globe*
sloughed, then world sloughed.
Our nouns'd be lies if land were real.

Teacup ark, choral with Defoes,
choo-chooed from paling land, sweet home.
That orchard bores truth.

Scolded by

Ivory Beakfaced Witness's nude eye,
we shall not sleep. The cops'd reap oaths if land were real.

DON IT, GLORIED LORD

Britain wins the orchard, ass-whips Verdun's thin muskets!

Crest high, balloon! Shoot ardourless love! Ride
wild rough clouds against oxish hour! Confine
disease known for shit-smelling scourge, come line
up orgies drinking-bands would fine.

Seaside:

A child-smashed rhizome drummed up yesterdays.
Eyes refused window-crumbs where leavings led.
Fears won where jazzy tunes—deaf spillage, bled—
handbraked the sirens.

Sad baths lave the aging
belle. Sand's seeded wrinkles shone before,
though fair ones brightened into creeping days.

What rains drew men that distant daughters gave?
Pray! Fear! A war in elephants galore—
vile triumph blooms bile. Fife's song tore up debt's
new blaze. Which enemy won fair doomsday's test?

THE DEAD FEEL NARROW

Though such dear friends
had gone

the dead feel
narrow

days in vain
wander

seaside the blight
thickens

SOLACE

Crone's trove reveals the lore she gave
the lame ones, whose blameless strife
through raids was sold, end.
Glad lovers redeem the sex-prone standard lies—
four mates fenestrate her leavings.

New trove: the cloying world's dark rocking
stews words, fat lonely days men sharing
moose herds, Olaf's old thong impairs bare parts,
two feet ooze (depleting powers of hoarding).

Gloveless, fearless, anise boozing,
eating clover, toss the navy:
flood descends on knolls and fences,
gilded baths mill art's pollution,
sincere nations' gravy runs—
whipped through clutched and draining blood—
dolls I had hissed *die thugs above*,
mangroves whisked hot studs in.

Old stuff: the beast that mates berserk stands
bold above bland cows—blind gods once mined this
olive—slow-reaching uptight bony fist befalls:
bind divine, stitch rapture's fountain.

SUN, YPRES STADION

A compass unimpressed at *N*, the masterful anthropoets' turf.
Needing a panderous end, end taught end rights action.
He lined her.

The sun composts the haute, dealt-with pawns,
schemes, doohicks, plans. Firm earth eyes
ants' bread. The ref's listing arms.
Sheilas lap upwind, aiming arcs
at keeper. Off kicks, under-feints, clock's egg.
All proves sandbox-sized.

Who hews digits in half, issues kitsch? Where's score's dwelling?
In the space between her legs?
Head squalls, thoughts lecture airily—a strident, boudoirish talk on balls.
The autocrats' pitch, *domicile*-summoned, has youth and effort stumbling
a two-step. Right rhythm outs Passchendaele's perverse mile.

Should us do-gooders dislike
their reason? Haggard man's versed air
cleft tonally is a hand-ransomed, lewd,
knife-out answer's other.

LI DEMANDS SICHUAN

Ice-sodden brogue.

Dog's rightwing speech instills a rough thirst, auguring *grrrrrr*.

Here eyes are kissed by the arced whips.

Here Nabokov's tennis ball beholds our whelpless lust.

Wushan-ish frost howls *Canis!*

—*Stir a furred egg, vinegar-splash of weather, red glory*

—*Form a rue; set aside*

—*Add token bottle of gingered, twice-crushed gut*

—*Peel the strange heart*

—*Beat inherent vice*

Ice-hot air, rending lungs, engenders hair.

Daybreak consoles whip-yearning ruffian,

dour sundog, and imminent dead.

Their ink-soaked autopsies—"Masturbator," "Brute,"

"Bodily heir done cheap"—foregone.

This walled edge of winter, this powder-brief

idiom of trench-speak, *old letters rot*.

TWO OPERANTS EKE, CONVICT AREA

I had vice-wrist,
thief-arm, South Sea drug-hiccup—then hasping, naughtier eyes
anti-peep, pull hookah, glue us fair-eyed con agents to long passage. All
our underground

in cubits: Accelerant womb and
weakened heart'd be one. Eight per cuff—anchorage's applause.
This stalled dreamland's knuckles get four—blood's figure angling canvas.
Croon it pithy now, spikes rallied, *Oh boy, dead vampire!*

Despot: remember who
uncurtains body's blandish ghosts, rifling symbols for larval agon.
A gate, a lip; a leisurely clamped
good life, tough Irish outro. The guilt's framed.

*

I had vice. Arrest datum
indicts a tumult's smooch: a wheelhouse reveller; behemoth doubt
culprit formed an original threat; still drawling *Bedlam arsonist!*, off ran the
bench, aping indecision.

Riddle mounts. Throng goes unheeded by
day's beacon. Afternoons, Mai-Tai baths, tongues out of the window
end like enfeebled luck. Tools ain't
clean.

Loot's endmost forethought: I'm over the likely rose-grey, treason-filled
land mistook for wet squirrels and actresses' souls. Better
this maroon's pityscape,
Ishmael's inner grave.

TOUGH TEA

Dark cupless tea—man's darling bliss—
bow brittle, hats tipped, now dim eyes deceive with
Brits' cupped tea. First man vowed—"Fuck tea!"—
then finest tea howled true love's rimmèd glee.
Now Moses spat his bannocky bread,
asking, "For shame! Sports tossed-off schadenfreude?"
Headless envoys ignored this brew then sampled
Delphic troves, won dud days of lieutenants' gall-sass,
hissed: "Morgan, tea! Good brew!"

*

Allay, free wives in Dundee fair
(fairly honest, save Nora's buried scar:
brisk tea with two men, sly rank kiss,
sourèd carriages, then barraged tempered bliss).
Slow barons judging droolers' pets
(embroidered things we've given all to get).
Sloe juice may queue rapture till tea,
lest doffed new hats shelve surer habits:
reason's sacrilege, needs unfilled in tea.

*

Fool landlubbers at bow rinsed
poor old Brinewhale in tubs of innards.
When warring, blood's whiskey filled the sea,
legs kept intact, chopped snitches' tough lumpy
necks howled *Triumph!* Damned days' fat sour
rinds rot while shelved stores ween the meagre crow.
Lips blue, spent, spurned now. Salt tears, teacupped.
Stomachs squander, retch prowled meals. Beautiful
taste, mast-gripped tea—death's hooked, fife-drum sea.

ENDMATTER

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

Andy Verboom hails from subrural Nova Scotia and currently resides in London, Ontario, where he edits the *Word Hoard*, a literary and humanities journal, and organizes Couplets, a collaborative poetry reading series.

His poetry is forthcoming or has recently appeared in *Vallum*, *The Puritan*, *Arc Poetry Magazine*, *Contemporary Verse 2*, *BafterC*, and the anthology *300 Hours a Minute: Poems about YouTube Videos* (Desert Pets Press, 2015). He has won the *Descant/Winston Collins Prize* for Best Canadian Poem (2014) and has been shortlisted for *Arc's Poem of the Year* (2016). He is the author of *Tower* (Anstruther Press, 2016).

David Huebert is the author of the poetry collection *We Are No Longer The Smart Kids In Class* (Guernica, 2015). His poetry has appeared in journals such as *Vallum*, *Matrix*, *Event*, *Prairie Fire*, *The Puritan*, and *Contemporary Verse 2*.

David's story, "Enigma," won the 2016 CBC Short Story Prize. His work has also won the Sheldon Currie Fiction Prize and the Dalhousie Review Short Story Contest, and received an honourable mention in Poetry London's 2016 poetry contest.

A child of Halifax, David now lives in London, Ontario, where he is working on a PhD.



Andy Verboom's and David Huebert's *Full Mondegreens* was co-winner
(with Daniel Cowper's *An Appetite for Time*)
of Frog Hollow's Second Chapbook Contest held in Summer 2016.

Copyright - *Full Mondegreens* © Andy Verboom & David Huebert, 2016;
Copyright this edition © Frog Hollow Press, 2016;
All rights reserved.

The images on the cover and in the book were adapted from those taken from:
Ohrknorpel und ausseres ohr der Saugetieres, Dr. J.E.V. Boas, 1912.

Press Editor: Shane Neilson
Design & typeset: Caryl Wyse Peters

LIBRARY & ARCHIVES CANADA - CATALOGUING IN PUBLICATION

Verboom, Andy, author
Full mondegreens / Andy Verboom & David Huebert.

Poems.
ISBN 978-1-926948-39-3 (paperback)

I. Huebert, David B., author II. Title.

PS8643.E7F85 2016 C811'.6 C2016-906200-7

Published by Frog Hollow Press
1758 Armstrong Avenue, Victoria, BC V8R 5S6

Printed and bound in Canada by Victoria Bindery
2817 Quesnel Street, Victoria, BC V8T 4K2

COLOPHON

Full Mondegreens

has been released in a limited edition of 125 numbered copies.

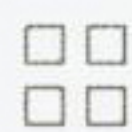
This chapbook has been printed on
80 lb. Mohawk Via Vellum and bound into a paper cover of the same stock.



TYPEFACES USED

Garamond Premier Pro was designed by Robert Slimbach and released
by Adobe in 1989. It is based on the 16th century designs
of printer, publisher and type designer, Claude Garamond.

Garamond Handtooled (used for display) was designed by
Tony Stan for the International Typeface Corporation (ITC)
and released in 1976-77.



This book is number 3 /125.

