

**D S**

**P S**

**B L E**

**E P C S**

**THIBAUT RAOULT**



**D S**  
**P S**  
**B L E**  
**E P C S**

*Runner-up*  
2013 Caketrain Competition  
*Tan Lin, Final Judge*



**D I S  
P O S  
A B L E  
E P I C S**

**T H I B A U L T R A O U L T**

**CAKETRAIN**  
[a journal and press]

# CAKETRAIN

[a journal and press]

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For Gabrielle : *que gloria*



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**C A T H**

**E X I S**

**E D E L**

**W E I S S**



*O que bienheureux fut en icelle année  
celluy qui eust cave fresche et bien garnie!*

François Rabelais





The number of us  
Singing unknowingly

To everyone has risen,  
Only to dodge your complex question.

When gods frown, we hear  
Vertebrae turning off——

ARIA CUT OUT FOR YOU.  
You can't just say it's blackforest.

I wasn't sleeping and took my time getting back to you  
But that's when I was doing my best Jimmy Carter.

This is a dance / with numb particulars / a dance about / how I dyed  
my container gray  
Moved a few things around / ran the family / had a demonic  
breakthrough / sky so sorry.

I've had no chemistry with art before  
And I don't want any of you practicing [scales].

It wouldn't be hibiscus my understanding just in love in the habit.  
I take you under my wing but be loud so I know you're there.

Many of us have narrow bodies and how  
We conceive world as open is equally narrow.

Moving on, what my father does with a piano and the body  
I'd like to think I ask to do with words.

When I say *I wish I had eggs*, it's about as gender-specific  
as a matinée.

When I say *before I knew German*, it's a terracotta tagline  
that could be yours.

These are perfect examples of how clear I can be  
If pressured into song and dance.

Here in Valley Vade Mecum everything tickles.  
The sixth-grade class has been gently pasteurized.

Ten hours of sleep has brought out the slip n' slide / in me.  
Not: there are scores of people but: the score of personable  
speech tears up.

We water Valley Vade Mecum, Grandma's will untouched——  
Cathexis as key, Edelweiss as unpredictable, and Corsica  
ON ITS SIDE.

I went with, Wordsworth wept: ACCOUNTANTS ARE WARBLERS.  
Can't help myself—the wind / is tons blinding.

Paulo sneaks around. And that's someone's world.

I *could* stay here longer, sign my hips away, gravitate toward three creeks,

One creek in four acts, a watch stretched over five invasive valleys,

Or I could just let Mama know sage something.

*Another burn, another rhythm section.*

What do we do now that our home's sans mist?

A shape to be taken up / with Mansour, Mansour who forges absents.

Come to think: ask how her river was boogie, bought.

As a rule, we don't pay for  
Clouds but we allow for painted-over

Prairie and all back out of the sacred  
Cold we have expanded.

It's been one crazy Eraser  
Social. Europe's jealous: we penned a geyser——

And our *geyser* pens. What  
Else did we miss, freshet.

If they say there's a mystery ingredient  
Does that mean there has to be one?

And if ghost latches on to your residual leapfrog,  
Where does that leave me?

I understand my father  
Ate mustard sandwiches.

I understand banks  
Tune Wyoming.

The reverse layup will hopefully be televised.  
Propolis wows and prairie dogs fake your cough.

Why did you move your eyebrows.  
What was that.

Was that light.  
Let's stash a Douglas Fir behind your twist-tie mirror.

I moved a rug downstairs, recognized peach and lime,  
Invited them to stay as long.



I can't tell you how much my lens means,  
What it wouldn't do for equator review.

Another great day to sack jazz, as  
Primitive mall explains away sapphire.

I tend to invite myself to others' rivers.  
When I said our fridge was mastering Hindi——

A part of me died.  
That's what.

I don't acknowledge Norse.

What's it come to we're astonished some songs are fifteen,

And drinking is indistinguishable from, say?

Thor(eau) does his thing, Dottie does hers

(channeling 1950s New Hampshire):

*We did what we had to do / we wanted to be through and  
through through with you. [chanted]*

Sulphuric—Century—Dramatic—Toehold——

Why can't we be the throat we divorce.

Inklings of icicles!?

Crane relates.

Many paintings—texture no-cloud.

About time meadow.

*And I feel she was able to CAPTURE*

*DILUTE any need for rum or rise time.*

Do swallow your border

And cart around marble.

Enthusiasm as inheritance.

Locomotive stitch, rose abstract.

What herbs do at all night.

How sounds deliver a social message:

's bye.

What with Senate kazooin'——

BETWEEN HELPINGS——

I cannot crannog read.

I grant you missing monograms

I grant you clouds of ñ

*you can and will live like this*

*a germ of this the flowage*

*you can and will live like you can*

*and will the flowage of this*

When were you going to tell me relationships

have semi-precious waiting areas?

I think we should see other ghosts of ourselves.

I eat equivalent of suitcase

I salvage stick figure

And get my weeping done éarly

So my piercings can animate marigolds from a distance.

*We can't all be equally interested in materiality.*

That's what I'm banking on as I take my usual in the  
heart of the forest——

Which tries so hard yet never gets out.

And so I rescue leaf from itself.

The leaves go days without blinking and up  
On my hunting perch I open my big mouth

And percolate. We take turns  
Tickling the vanishing point——

How we met and how we lose the natural light.  
I'm willing, turns out, to stack my selves three high

If it means another dimly lit weekend with you——  
Pandering to every crocus, swallowing *marcato* whole.





**C O R  
S I C A  
O N I T S  
S I D E**



Krill tell me I'm such a rotten cloud to ask for help. But hell, they gave me sweet sixteen bushels and said *get 'em black and white and cored*. Did they mean *rotten* rotten? Krill go all *AVE AVE*, praising the praise-giving mechanism but there's more to Krill than partying. And if I treat Krill as twisters, I can send them back to the molten big band they came from.

Juvenile Tuna reach speeds of 50 mph as they proofread venture capital. All this in the saltiest of waters. Treasurer, for his part, is dream-based. Still, sexuals need a surface. Sweet sixteen bushels. I'd have laid eggs there, too, had these elemental restraints—gifted to me by Treasurer—not been so compelling in their own right. Apart from the group dynamic of aspen, all Krill ever want is brown apples. Krill, you've chosense madnez. If I had an octave for every bushel that found true love—

Sweet sixteen bushels have gone untouched. For a change Krill seem happy. About this or something else, I'm not sure, but

something's going on [*sixty gongs*] I can't attribute simply to our terrifying overlap. Juvenile Tuna could care less about clouds, (m)(e) in particular. Krill are such sweethearts for asking me to co-sign on rancid parallel universe. Okay, I can take my rot to the bluest of cartographers and be repackaged as Malta, but I'll always be my own personal agenda. Speeding isn't a problem for Krill. It's the orange lights. Mysteries are left open on their backs. If it weren't for my testimony, they'd never have come into their trove of lubricant. Forgive me, Treasurer, for helping Juvenile Tuna crash your coronation. And on top of that for not staying in rhythm. Krill glare. But it's how we *do* with this glare that suspends my sculpture garden indefinitely. I hope our stay has been pleasant.

Krill say *you have to hand it to the Germans*, and while I see eye-to-eye with them on other polished fictions, I don't want to regret any ancient forests. At least Krill are from the center, right? I'm too young for this, *but it can provide excitement equivalent to a horse race at any gathering without the necessity of going to the track or of cleaning up after the horses*. My cloud act is falling to pieces around me, and the naïveté we had suppressed up until this point is now on speaking terms with my big stain on the Rockies. What should we have as east?

I don't know what God I asked to piss on me. Krill call on me to look dark, whatever. Sweet sixteen bushels are in good enough shape to walk me through the perfume aisle. Krill, as aromatic specimens, don't vote. And they've been hoarding. My Belgian counterpart licks itself clean the way North Sea pinches my cheek. So much history, never enough roux.

Elections are fixed like dogs and, like dogs, bring great joy to their owners. Krill want to know which essay to mount. *Shadows of leaves*. In my forgiving cloud-tongue I have a sphere to put this in. And that concept sings. Sings all afternoon. Krill don't have ancestors. That's what makes them so sharp. Klepto Krill? Let's hope. They could raid. I could rain. I have eyes and Krill love mash. Realmeanwhile, tri-toned Treasurer shuffles bills with his feet, affecting a longest coastline grin.

Those with family in the red for photo day know declaratives when they see them. Krill want in. I don't know how I got dragged into selling back to Krill their *own* sworn statements, but that gives you an idea of how much the world has changed as a result of my non-action. I asked the Treasurer directly if the sweet sixteen bushels were time-stamps, but I went unmet in the nude. I could've been there for Krill. To devour their closest competitors. Five thousand additional piers.

Future incarnations of my outliers won't have a lisp and this encourages me today to both distill and congregate freely. You can't hedge data without hitting someone you've implicitly entrusted your genitals to. I knew I shouldn't have given up on dance, not before a radical survey of Treasurer's apartment's psychologized landing. I wish, dear Treasurer, to be clean enough to cry into. I thought of you when the thyme entered my body.







**C O M M**

**U N I S T**

**C O U P**

**L E T S**



*nous nous baignons*  
*dans un lit d'eau anonyme*

Marcelin Pleynet



Can do your highlights for \$35.

Experience?

I have experience.

Other experience

: fog [transactions].

I know you're not barking at me.

The bay leaves are hovering,  
WE NEED REGULATIONS.

For any foreign moment now they might  
Start mouthing off and never stop.

If you wouldn't hang in a room with it,  
Don't use it on my apple tree.

Mallarmé had it right:

It's not free if it attracts hornets.

It's suitable for two books to share at least one dying throat,  
But how can it be a single project if there are separate beds?

SAVINGS are a choreographed displeasure, my dear——  
So easy to mistake the air as access to sour self.





Thibault Raoult is the author of three chapbooks including, most recently, *Communist Couplets* (Projective Industries, 2013), as well as the full-length collection *Person Hour* (BlazeVOX, 2011). Individual poems and short stories have appeared in *Boston Review*, *Denver Quarterly*, *Gulf Coast*, *6x6*, *Bombay Gin*, *Volt*, *Web Conjunctions*, and *Bomb*. He edits *RealPoetik*, performs music with Historic Sunsets, and lives with Gabrielle Lucille Fuentes in Athens, Georgia.





“Here comes Rimbaud reborn, addled, and set on fire for the 21<sup>st</sup> century.”

Forrest Gander, author of *The Trace*

“When I say, as I occasionally have, that Thibault Raoult is the Capablanca of our moment in poetry, I don’t mean just that he’s irritatingly debonair, but that he can see the move that rips through settled understandings. He does it with his vocabulary: with “extant prams” and “lymph,” with “Mariposa U.” *Disposable Epics* wears both its Francophone influences and its heart on its sleeve; underneath, though, an acute current of clear-eyed melancholy courses: ‘I want us all to be free. / But I don’t see it happening. // Not without me getting my cut.’ Maybe none of us can believe in utopia anymore, or yet. Raoult tracks the chilly syllogisms that maintain contemporary stasis, and all the while his verve holds out a giddy, gorgeous brief for hope. This is the stuff.”

John Beer, author of *Lucinda*

“Thibault Raoult’s *Disposable Epics* is revolutionary, exhilarating, leaping with delish whimsy and disjunctive wham-bam-F-yous-to-The-Man. Here is lippy irreverent romp and rally; here is wry political impulse wed to generous bodily imp’s pulse. His enthusiasm sprung will tickle you and everyone in your party until all your ‘Mysteries are left open on their backs.’ Read at your own feral.”

Heidi Lynn Staples, author of *Noise Event*

“Derivative of no one, Thibault Raoult forms his own école.”

Samuel Amadon, author of *Like a Sea*

*Disposable Epics* was the runner-up manuscript in the 2013 Caketrain Competition, as judged by Tan Lin.

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