

I had a



Christmas

An Elaborate 2004 Christmas Card for the
beloved and curious of
Daniel David "One Fist" Talsky

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I had a
Joyful,
RAGGED
Christmas
by Daniel Talsky

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Leaves 4

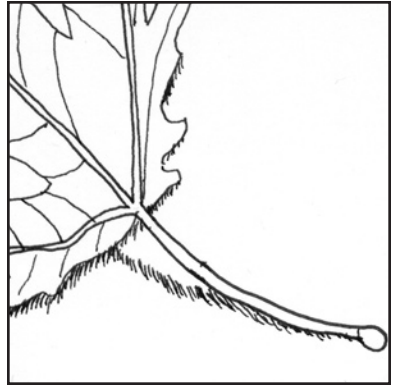
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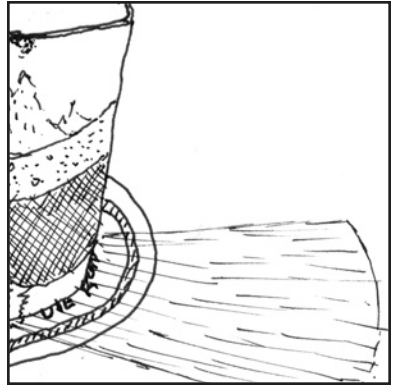


I pushed the blanket of
yellow leaves off the cement.
Same as always:
 they are back!
Why bother to sweep them?
They will rot.

Halloween, the last night before Christmas
It's the perfect transition
to celebrating the birth
of our beautiful and gruesome Christ
with his much embraced and maligned
heaps of
lovingkindness, loot and stress.

On Halloween I rode my bike
sweaty and ragged through south Seattle.
Weaving underneath I-5
with my sweet trucks of industry overhead
bringing the much embraced and maligned
shrink-wrapped pallets of
lovingkindness, loot and stress.

I didn't even bother to wear a costume.
I am ready this year.



I'm a ragged joyful lonely man
am finally a man (damn, I am!)

All my cooking skills devolved
to peanut butter sandwiches
in my warm quiet house.

Everything here is where I left it.

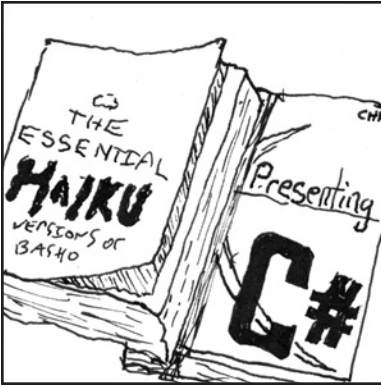
Including the laundry.

My broken parts crackle in a chair
reading novels about old men with broken dreams.

Now I'm riding a bike.

Mostly avoiding such impact.

At least I quit smoking
and reading too much into meaningful looks
and started praying again.



Dark rainy days are time to hole up and learn some new technologies.

It aches like a mistake
like herpes
or a heartbreak

this broken wing
this injured haunch
this crippled thing

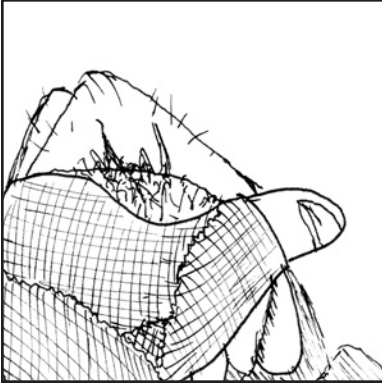
I tried to get
a jump on Christmas
but it got the jump on me

I'll be healed about the time
I get used to doing things in 100 steps:

- Put down the glass
- Pick up the pitcher and pour
- Switch hands
- Lean the pitcher against my chest
- Open the fridge
- Prop the door with my leg
- Put the pitcher back in
- Take the Vicodin®
- Pick up the glass and swallow

I had two chances to look
at my tender swollen lump
before they wrapped it up
in a shiny blue sheath
of rock hard cloth
making a six week house
for a very stinky arm





Always maintain
only the support
of a joyful mind.

- Tibetan Lojong Slogan

She said,
(as I prepared to give her a one-handed massage)
“You shouldn’t ride a bike!”

And I thought:

“I have to find a reasonable level of risk
between

telecommuting from Norway while wrapped in a
thick sheaf of California King-size comforters and
eating only what I can have delivered by trustworthy
organic providers

and

dedicating myself to blindfolded kung-fu jungle
warfare hang-gliding.”

I’ve got to ride a bike, woman!
There’s no joy for me on this 72 metro bus.

Beloved and Curious,

I started writing these silly poems the day after Halloween, and then, in an attempt to be ironic, I wrote a poem about how I had settled down and stopped breaking things, titled “Ragged, Joyful”.



A few days later, on November 13th, 2004, I fell off my bike while riding to meet some friends and fractured my left radius. (Now I know to “tuck and roll” in this situation.)

This Christmas card was meant to be an expression of love and openness, and a cheap Christmas gift to the people I love but would otherwise be buying a candle or something for. It's just a little snapshot of where I was at Christmas Season 2004. I tried to walk the line between making the poems too boring for my punk rock friends, and too offensive to Aunties. I hope I succeeded in both.

Sorry to inflict poetry on you as a gift. If you say, “Oh, you shouldn't have,” then I'll know I really shouldn't have. Really, thank you for reading, and doubly thanks to those who read the tinyblog, the place where I write online. It lives at:
<http://tinyplace.org/tinyblog>

Love,
Daniel Talsky

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