

DAVID PRATER
FEM KRONOR



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TEN POEMS

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for T.

FEM KRONOR

Tjena.

Hej.

Har du fem kronor?

Nej, Karlskrona.

Oj! Ser jag.

Vill du ha ett kvitto?

Nej, vill jag fem kronor.

Ehm, vad?

Bara ge mig fem kronor.

Fem kronor?

Ja, precis.

Så, vårsagod.

Tack.

Fem kronor.

Okej ... vad sa du?

Fem kronor.

Karls—

Nej. Fem kronor.

Ah, precis. Fem kronor.

Tio kronor?

Nej, fem kronor.

Varför?

Varför vad?

Fem kronor?

Ja, precis.

Nej, varför fem kronor?

Fem kronor, ja.

Vårsagod.

Tack.

Hej då.

THAT'S RELALY SHREWD!

Good point. I hadn't thugohht about it quite that way.
I am for-ever indebted to you for this infomrtaoin.
I'm out of league here. Too much brain power on dipslay!
Clear, ifnornmative, sim-ple. Could I send you some e-hugs?
I'm scheokd that I found this info so easily.
Yeah, that's the tikect, sir or ma'am
Heck-uva good job. I sure appreiacte it.
Great stuff, you hepled me out so much!
Holy sihzint, this is so cool thank you.
You know what, I'm very much icninled to agree.
What I find so interesting is you could never find this
anhwyere else.
No qusteion this is the place to get this info, thanks y'all.
Yup, that'll do it. You have my apperciation.
That's relaly shrewd! Good to see the logic set out so well.
Super informative wirintg; keep it up.
Not bad at all fleals and gallas. Thanks.
Very clear good lcuk
I literally jumped out of my chair and dncaed
after reading this!
That's way the btreset answer so far!

DJUNGEL

This sound, that stinks of dirty sneakers
 (never boots, they're meant for da *smeris*
speaks of *djungel*, uprooted flowerpots
 (never flares, maybe strobelight analysis

strewn across the *asfalt* like the remains
 (not the *actual* remains, mind, but echoes
of *tribal war*, *racial war*—*bloooooo!* Yeah,
 (not just like Junior Reid, more an actual

song of the thrice-dispossessed, sampled
 (never played, not spat by some *kannibal*
to oblivion! AKA K-Town, Babylon. Chant
 (but do not actually sing, try screaming—

until I find myself somewhere in Somalia,
 buying Camels for the old man.

Slutspurt.

MENTASM

if i may so bold as to ask what it is, oh professor ...

indeed you may (listen and learn, young padawan
here's a formula to make a mentasm from scratch:

1st, take a sawtooth, or even better: a lot of them
yes professor, any help is appreciated, continue pls.

k. I suggest you take the superwave pulse machine
now head for the sawtooth & use a lot of detuning

here? no, here: max, sub 1: 120, sub 2: max, etc. k.
what are you using when describing this technique?

people have been trying to crack my sound for years
k. any examples knockin' about to educate me with?

well, we wouldn't be anywhere if it weren't for kevin
agreed (managed to catch a copy on discogs last yr.

'what the?' was the preset. youtube here I come—

sch00led!!

TRENDING

pls re-tweet & follow this if you can: CSI Fallujah trending,
mission accomplished & war on terror continues unabated

on the day obama died i was buying candles in abbottabad
inadvertantly i liveblogged the whole damn cash transaction

check your receipts, people—the asteroids have not landed
she was a real mars crosser—& a sub-orbital patriot gamer

did you see how QILF was *trending*? copy that & re-tweet if
you agree, let's make it happen people, dance in the streets

i count eight lines down already, six more & it's a sonnet—
copy that if you agree, re-tweet &/or watch it start trending

oh i see jack bauer is trending, funny that—follow me if you
agree with what i'm saying, or don't. smokin' hashtags here,

pplz, plz agree. did we mention instant fucking deathcamps?
did i mention one million dead people *trending*? #justsayin'

KØBENHAVN TRILOGY

I

‘Morten, who was *not so good to English*,
wore oversized glasses that made his face
look crooked, as if he had been punched,
on a train, by some thug from Århus. We
corresponded only very briefly, when we
were both in primary school, but yesterday
I felt his presence in the capital, København,
like a scab slowly peeling itself off my face.
The things he liked to do, his hobbies and
favourite sports, elude me, though football
must be in there somewhere. I am left with
a simple image: a boy carrying a backpack
and wearing a black beanie, travelling alone
on a train in the so-called happiest country
in the world, watching as fields of grey metal
glide by in complete silence. Maybe I should
blame Peter Høeg for putting the image there.
I mean, who else? I want to write him a letter,
ask him if Morten drew a slash through his Os,
the way that I used to cross my Ts, dot my Is.’

II

‘We’ll imagine that for Morten, at his age anyway,
the idea of a girlfriend was preposterous. School
being the great equaliser, we’ll creepily approve of
the idea that he was bashed, daily. His parents,
having also been victims of working class hate,
were powerless to stop it, despite their letters
to the schools department, the weekly protests.

You can guess why Morten’s on the train, then:
he’s running away to København, or else further,
across the Øresund Bridge to Malmö. We’ll allow
him to get that far, perhaps further still, before
the Polisen corner him in Lund, their windbreakers
catching him in a patriarchal embrace, knocking
his glasses from his face, spilling the contents
of his backpack all over the icy platform for anyone
to see. No papers, barcode - no true identity
to speak of. It’s a fair way from Århus to Lund
but his father drives virtually non-stop through
a horizontal blizzard, pausing once to pay a toll
on the Øresund Bridge, and a second time to cry.’

III

'I only ran away that one time, fleeing violence
the way refugees flee internment camps, or else
momentary ceasefires. They amount to the same
thing: entering that gap in space between days,
running fast like my old football coach taught me,
head down, fists like pistons. I thought my black
tracksuit would camouflage me against the night,
the mean streets of Vesterbro. As it turned out,
in København I couldn't even leave the station,
surrounded by Tivoli's dregs and angel's wings.
I rode black on a train bound for Malmö instead,
got as far as Lund before the future caught up
with me. I waited for my father in a juvenile cell
crowded with boys who jeered, then broke my
glasses. I managed to get one solid punch in
before being king-hit from behind but it was
worth it. Then on the long drive back to Jutland
for some reason I recalled that Australian boy
who pretended to be my penpal for a month or
two, back in primary school. *Hvad var hans navn?*'

WIRELESS

The tower *was* locked (its future being chained to the mast like a breeze crossed with water from the past tense (that immense wall of sound's collage (its anagram eye, loveless wireless) abstract but intact. Your childhood lies like party lines populated by ghosts (some Fenian, others pulled from the CSIRO telephone directory. The first email (never sent cced Gaia but bounced. *So it goes ...* (that manual exchange inside a powerhouse (a museum exhibit etched in charcoal rides the lightning (killing composers, developing in still-life. Meanwhile, father's crystal set gathers dust in a council tip. The volume & tuning knobs had fallen off anyway, replaced by one cent coins (also obsolescent. A smell it gave off when "live" could trigger memories you never knew you had back then, in the *then* when events unfolded in a logical fashion, proceeding to their happy ending, or a lesson (the Masonic Temple's front yard littered with broken glass, dead weeds (ah that crazy guy who ran screaming down the street (that joke about *Oddfellows* isn't so funny now, in his aftermath, the grey dawn of dead things screwed into the sky (that line of furrows from the ground wavered across his forehead, an object of ridicule allowed one last laugh (surprised to end up on someone's thrown-away camera (your soul locked inside a mangled memory chip (just an SD card away from rapture (or was it repatriation? as shards of laughter escaped from the abandoned sun memorial (a sound came out of the blue sky *like, as if from nowhere* (a disembodied voice he thought he'd heard on the antique television set describing Vietnam was God (turned out it was the government

(calling him up.

BABY MONKEY

The latest song of the week from Parry Gripp is a cheerful tribute to that baby monkey riding the mini pig ... Our facility is USDA and FWC licensed and has over 20 years of experience. We are a wonderful facility, torturing the baby monkey and baby pig and laughing about it. The monkey clings to the pig because it has been separated from its mother and ... the Internet. Visit Channel4.com for more on the Baby Monkey. *Wikipedia* is a 2004 electronica music album by the musician Moby, released under his pseudonym 'Voodoo Child'. According to the album's liner notes ... Why have I made this record? Well, see, there was this night in Glasgow in December of 2002 ... It was the last night of the European tour for *Where is Baby Monkey? Where is Baby Monkey?* Is he in the kitchen? (Is he in the kitchen?). Teach CD7's 'Where is Baby Monkey?' song (and also make sure you've done CD2's 15 Adorable Baby Monkey Portraits. The monkey is the most loved animal in the world because they are hard to get

and they act just like a baby.

HE IS SURVIVED BY HIS WIFE

He is survived by his wife (and children barely rate a mention. But they in turn are survived & loved by other people

who do not die (but turn up, oddly, just for a little while, at the end. Just as long as *you* survive you can be sure that

His wife and children (survive him but he, unfortunately, does not. In fact, he dies. He does not survive his own life. Rather,

it survives him, in another form. A body? Of sorts. Someone else's body. Plurals.
His bodies survived by those of his wife ...

And children (have heard that one before. That's right, just before they survived him.

THE TRIAL CONTINUES

Let's be mad scientists and make a Kafka clone!
Or a sequel to *Teh Depression*, this time with more
masticating (oh & the rabbit gets shot at the end;

Let's be like bad cryogenics, bring a Walt Disney
& a couple of tea-towels (don't forget Phar Lap's
head! (hey & this time the rabbit wins), m-kay?

I've got one: let's be Dexter from *Perfect Match*,
You know, that robot. What, together? Well, no.
(in this version there is no rabbit & no fun runs

either. Dare I say boring? *No, you may not say.*
Let's be gerbils, then. They're closely related to
rabbits. When stripped of their skins, in fact, they

look almost identical. *Just a bit smaller.* Granted.
Are we almost there? Are we there? There yet?
Let's get so into the meta-text that we forget

(the trial continues.