



### A New Man Every Night

[A man] offered to buy me a drink (Charles Bukowski)  
Fifteen years between me and [him] (Sylvia Plath)

I look (Frank O'Hara)  
His blue eyes they were shining (Leonard Cohen)  
I want you, I want you, I want you (Leonard Cohen)

And I was ready to go (Kingstley Amis)  
Come with me, I said (Pablo Neruda)  
I'll do anything you ask me to (Leonard Cohen)

In a motel room (Charles Bukowski)  
And naked (William Carlos Williams)  
My lips are withered with a kiss (Dylan Thomas)

I don't care what happens to my body (Allan Ginsberg)  
Little he cares (Cecil Day Lewis)

[He] perceived the outline of [my] breasts (Leonard Cohen)  
My feet touch [his] feet and my mouth [his] lips (Pablo Neruda)  
Then [his] hand returned to my dark breast (Pablo Neruda)  
Moans of movement, voices, hands in air, hands between thighs (Allan Ginsberg)

Discharging on [my] breast (Pablo Neruda)  
"When will I see you again?" [He] asks (Charles Bukowski)  
"It'll cost you a hundred" (Charles Bukowski)

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Patchwork Poem – Reflection

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I had no clue what my theme was going to be until I began to read poems and as soon as I opened Charles Bukowski's poem anthology I knew right away what my poem was going to be about; prostitution. I had never read anything so sexual and my life and I couldn't believe that someone would title a poem "Fuck" but Bukowski did and that's when I knew that there were no boundaries when it came to postmodern poetry. As I kept reading poems I realized that many other poets had no boundaries which is all about postmodernism is about, testing limits, taking something old and playing with it. I did read all the poems in the process but I don't really remember which ones I liked best. The poets I liked the most though were Charles Bukowski, Leonard Cohen and Pablo Neruda. Their poems had plenty more than just four lines that I could've used but I also liked how they didn't censor anything and say it straight up.

I found a few lines the first period we worked on this assignment and by the end I had my two first lines, two lines in the middle and two at the end. The difficult part was finding lines to put in between those ones. Eventually I found all of the 20 lines needed but instead of just finding lines I liked I decided to find lines that would work for sure since that would be more time efficient. After hours and hours I was finally done the poem and was quite satisfied with it. I really like how you don't really see the last line coming because at the beginning of the poem she meets a guy, ends up bringing him to a motel with her, has sex and then at the end she reveals that she is a prostitute. Certain lines may have given a hint though such as "In a motel room" and "I don't care what happens to my body" but it is really just at the end that you know for sure.

When it came to the artwork I actually found it before I was completely done the poem. After knowing what my poem was about I researched the artists on the paper we were given and I was hesitating between the pop art by Lichtenstein that I chose and an abstract expressionism by de Kooning of a naked lady. I ended up choosing Lichtenstein's piece rather than de Kooning because I felt like this one represented prostitution better, I'm not sure if it was the red lips or what but I just liked it better. Lichtenstein is known for referring to pop culture, which marked a big shift from Abstract Expressionism, he also used lots of dots in his artwork. Originally I had wanted to draw my own abstract piece where you could subtle things that were in the poem but I didn't have enough time.

I am proud of the way my poem turned out. If I had had more time I would've probably looked for a few more lines and maybe found some better ones because there are a couple that are just there to get up to 20 lines. I like the look of the artwork with the poem and I actually really liked doing this assignment. At first I thought it would've been easier to find lines and I was sure I would have more than twenty but that wasn't the case. I would be happy to do another patch work poem in the future.