

AUTOPLANT

a poetic monologue

2nd Edition, with an Author's Preface
and new poems



by

Phillip Bannowsky

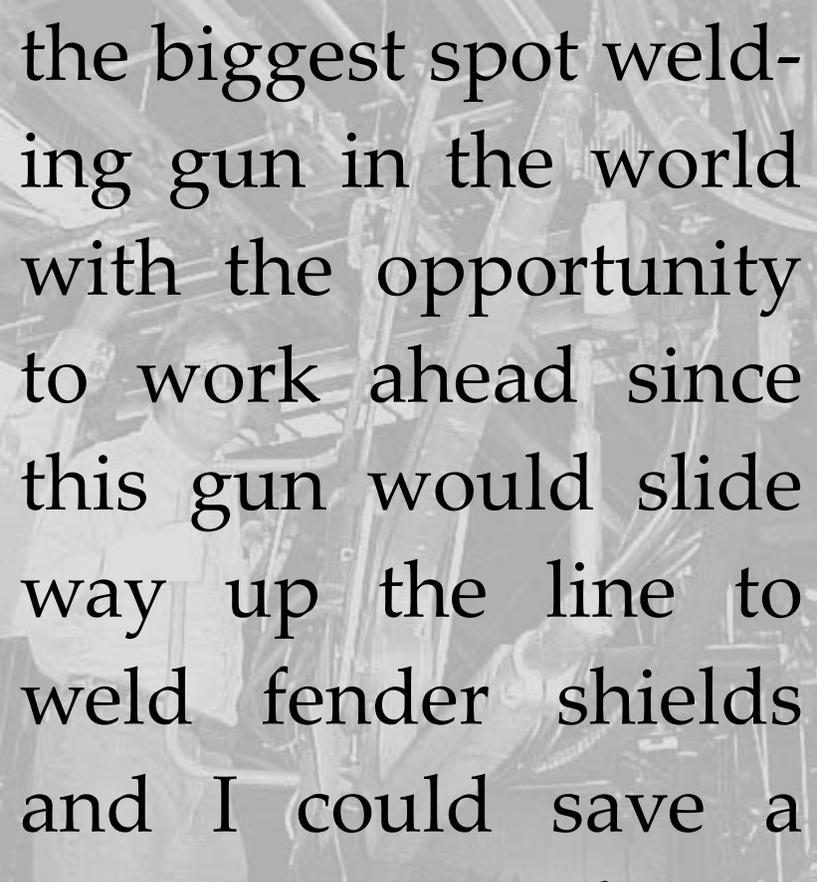
with **AUTOPLANT POEMS**

1. Admit you are a sinner,
 2. Repent and be willing to turn from sin,
 3. Believe that Jesus Christ died for your sins and rose again,
 4. Ask God to save you,
 5. Ask Jesus Christ to take control of your life, and
 6. Thank you Jesus! Thank you Jesus!
- Expel your demons,
burn your books,
and scarify your tattoos!

Ah, but I was more damned in my reading than Warthog knew, but not more than he suspected. History, not Jesus, I believed would redeem me. This was the early seventies, mind you. The Viet-Nam War was still on, framing whatever dream one languished in as a discourse of violence and deceit. I'd been to college,

too, remember, and I'd seen the best minds of my generation rebelling revolutionary naked.

Thus, when I chanced to be working a bear job—that's a job requiring more brawn than finesse—opposite my chum Gravy—I was compensated for the ardor of wielding



the biggest spot welding gun in the world with the opportunity to work ahead since this gun would slide way up the line to weld fender shields and I could save a concentration of, say, 27/100 of a minute all to myself every

three or four jobs so that I

could,

while Gravy pleaded from across the line, “Phillip,
talk to me,”

read,

covered with a brown paper bag with “this side
up” marked on the cover,

Marx,

Karl.

Capital.

Volume I: The Process of Capitalist Production:

The mechanism that is made up of nu-
merous individual detail labourers be-
longs to the capitalist.

“You see, Phillip, when I was a young buck I knew
I wanted to be my own man. Are you listening, Phil-
lip?”

Manufacture . . . converts the labourer
into a crippled monstrosity.

“So ya see, I happened to be endowed with an un-
usually large dick. Hee, hee, hee.”

. . . by forcing his detail dexterity at the expense of a world of productive capabilities and instincts.

“And there was this rich faggot I met hitchhiking—a big executive. He had a wife and kids and a big house and loads of money. He was pumped! And he was in love with me, Phillip, all for the sake of my dick.”

Just as in the states of La Plata they butcher a whole beast just for the sake of his hide or his tallow.

“I was seventeen, Phillip, and I had money, a gold watch and jewels and clothes, and a car, a 1958 cool grey and salmon pink two-tone Chevy convertible. Just for letting that guy toot my skin flute—Phillip!”

. . . and the absurd fable of Menenius Agrippa, which makes man a mere fragment of his own body, becomes realized.

And now, a minute's worth of Shakespeare:

"Phillip, what are you reading in that book that's more important than me?"

"What? Oh, uh, Menenius Agrippa," I tell him, turning the Marx over on my green table and then facing Gravy to weld the tail of the car that's just leaving my station.

"Who?"

"That's a guy in Shakespeare. It's about when the Roman workers were on strike because they were starving, and the big shots wouldn't open their corn reserves to feed 'em. Menenius Agrippa was a rich guy who tried to tell them that the big shots were like the stomach in a body and the workers were the arms and legs who were fed by the stomach indirectly."

"How the fuck they do that?"

"I think it was supposed to be through the bloodstream or something."

"Out the ass, more likely, Phillip. Hey, but I don't blame those big shots. They just know the law of life: 'You either gotta be the shitter, or you gonna be the shittee!'"



(Fade in finale of electronic accompaniment, angry, desperate, and tragic)