



NOT NOTHING  
NEVER NO

a poem by jordan davis

X

## NOT NOTHING NEVER NO

Sleepy sweater wearer,  
Making maximum wage for a middleman in Lodi,  
Playing bass in a dive bar in Little Rock,  
Baiting the contender for a bit of rope-a-dope

In Shreveport,  
It is the American way to love names.  
What we repeat  
Teaches us rhetoric  
And calls it music.  
It sincerely hopes to bed us,  
And maybe the beach  
Will come right up to the library

With an invitation for us to grow up already.  
What do you say. Up for  
Some growing? The artist  
Goes barreling down a context.  
He has buffed his concept to a lustre.  
Mayhap you will join him at the AMF  
For a few frames. Maybe he will tell you  
What you are dying to hear, which is

Neither here nor there. This  
Peculiar unpleasant space called poetry,  
For sooth, no worse than a nightclub  
And no better than a house on fire.  
Ah, said the American, that cannot be helped.  
Ah, said the American, we must be ruled  
By the wealthy inept. It is our heritage  
And birthright — all citizens

Are entitled to feel contempt  
For their leaders, and by extension,  
For themselves. You too, sexy.

## About the Author

Jordan Davis lives in New York City.

## Colophon

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