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Book Review: Sleeping With The Fish by Catfish McDaris

Victor Adam Clevenger · Wednesday, June 15th, 2016

Catfish is slick; his writings are a dirty, but beautiful rainbow ring on the asphalt that you stop and smile at, as the raindrops plummet to the ground and try to wash the oil away unsuccessfully. *Sleeping With the Fish*, is new and collected works from the man who has been writing poetry and prose for over twenty years now; it contains so many of his raw and mischievous adventures alongside his amigo Quick.

"As her fine ass retreated I poured gas all over my body And waited for lightning."

These final lines in the poem "The Ass That Wouldn't Quit" (below, along with another poem from the collection) are received with a slow clap and a standing ovation from the crowd of old and new Catfish McDaris fans that I picture in my mind, as we progress through the book together. I love it. They love it. You'll love it. This is one collection that will not disappoint. It's that motherfucking good. And it is available now!



The Ass That Wouldn't Quit

Her ass was fire

Her ass was the sun, the moon, a Tyrannosaurus Rex

Her ass laughed and cried

It could make brave men cowards

It could start wars

It could make rich men beggars

It could make saints into sinners

It could turn water into whiskey

It could make the rain come down

When she walked through the Louvre

It turned the Mona Lisa into The Scream.

Her ass was of biblical proportions

Her ass started playing kazoo, but soon

Mastered all wind required instruments

Including the slide trombone

Her ass made lions and bears roar with hunger

It was the Queen of Sheba doing the Twist

Cleopatra in her prime walking like an Egyptian

Marilyn Monroe in a sheer white dress All the beauty that Paul Gauguin captured in Tahiti The marlin that Santiago lost to the sharks Babe Ruth's grand slam over center field Her ass was Elvis Presley's blue suede shoes Jimi Hendrix's guitar from Woodstock It was Steve McQueen's motorcycle From The Great Escape A winning Powerball lottery ticket The Hope diamond It was all the words from Pablo Neruda, Li Po, Tu Fu, and Sun Tzu's The Art of War A saber tooth tiger, a killer bee, a Spanish fly A zillion tarantulas crawling up the Leaning Tower of Pisa Her ass was the Great Pyramid at Giza, Chichen Itza, the Taj Mahal, Stonehenge Her ass was the Dallas Cowboy Cheerleaders Naked doing cheers on the Great Wall of China As her fine ass retreated I poured gas all over my body And waited for lightning.

The One Eared Dutchman

Jocko's hands shook like a half jerked off dog shitting razor blades, rot gut was his Poison, he'd spill more nectar than reached his foul gullet, he used a bar rag or shirttail to sponge and squeeze his elixir Down his parched gizzard, the crack skeezer slouched against him, looking for crumbs in an empty eight ball dream She used to have a walk that screamed and whispered, I like to fuck, long ago Jocko would listen and turn into Van Gogh's ear A douche bag freak tried to gank his pile of change and steal his buzz, a cue stick sang, it was like killing flies with a sledgehammer Jocko headed for the beach, the woman said, good I don't want your damn pity, he laid in the warm sand until a mermaid took him home.

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