

# New Poetry by Justice Castañeda: “There Will Be No Irish Pennants”



PRESSED AND WITHOUT / *image by Amalie Flynn*

## There Will Be No Irish Pennants

“Discipline organizes an analytical space.” [1]

Field Day & Inspection.

Windows shut blinds open half-mast. Sinks will be bleached, faucets are to be pointed outward, and aligned. The toilet paper roll will be full. The shower handle will be left facing directly down towards the shower floor. Waste basket will be empty, cleaned out with no stains or markings, set between the secretary and the

window, where the front corner meets, farthest from the door.

Beds will be made showing eighteen inches of white; six beneath and twelve above the fold. The ends will be neatly tucked at a 45 degree angle. One pillow will be folded once and tucked in the pillow case.

A shoe display will be at the foot of the bed and will consist of one pair of jungle boots, one pair of combat boots, go-fasters and shower shoes, in this order. All laced left over right.

Each lock will be fastened on each locker and secretary, all set to '0.'

Inside one wall locker, hanging up there will be: one all-weather coat, one wolly pully sweatshirt, one service 'A' blouse, two long sleeve khaki shirts—pressed with the arms folded inward, four short sleeve khaki shirts, three cammie blouses, two pair of green trousers, three pair of cammie trousers, and one pair of dress blue trousers, in this order. All shirts will be pressed and buttoned up. All trousers will be pressed and folded over. All clothing will hang facing right. All hangers will face inwards, separated uniformly by one inch. On the shelf inside the locker, starting at the inner most edge, there will be six green skivvy shirts and three white skivvy shirts—folded into six-by-six squares, six pair of underwear folded three times, six pair of black boot socks, folded once.

The markings will be last name, first name, middle initial,

stamped on white tape,  
no ink spots or bleeding. All collared shirts will be marked  
centered on the collar;  
on all trousers and belts on the left inseam, upside down so  
when folded over they  
read right side up. On all underwear markings will be  
centered along the rear  
waistband. On all socks markings will be on the top of the  
left sock. All covers  
will be marked on the left inner rim.

On top of the wall locker covers will be placed, from left to  
right as staring at the  
wall locker, one barracks cover with service skin, one piss  
cover, one utility  
cover—pressed and without Irish pennants.

Irish pennants are not permitted.

Stand up straight. Arms to your side, thumbs along the seams  
of the trousers,  
shoulders back, chin up. Heels and knees together, with feet  
pointed outwards at a  
45 degree angle.

Eyes. Click.

Ears. Open.

Attention.

[1] Michel Foucault. Discipline and punish. 143

[2] Two faucets in each barracks room.

[3] Irish Pennants are loose threads or strings coming out  
from the stitching.

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**Poetry: "Departure" &  
"Respite" by Justice  
Castaneda**



# Departure

Once upon a time, I know I had a plan.

Going to come back, finish the conversation.

Keep all of the promises,

About how it all connected and why

There was so much there

To dream.

Overwhelming really, even takes the breath away,

Freefalling, I let it subside, and the memories fade;

Lake and Oceanside conversations,  
Moments to say  
I would never forget or let go.  
And I knew I would never come back  
So I pretend that I never want to leave.  
But I do.

And the coast disappears  
And you did as well.  
Hidden underneath the fog,  
Hiding everything;  
The mist came in and set us  
Right, and put us all  
To sleep.

The trains roll,  
And the sirens roar,  
Through the morning city;  
Urban rooster, setting everything to  
Go, and it's a  
Long day ahead.

Relaxed, just

Concentrating on breath.

I leave, I know.

This is what I do.

No permanence,

Or stake to claim or defend.

Just life and the road,

And everyone in between it.

Falling in love in the great cities.

But not all.

Not yet.

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## Respite

Once I drank

One thousand dollars

In a month.

Bit of beer

And lots of whiskey.

Just to talk myself

to sleep

At night.

And if you've been awake

As long as I have

I think you would've spent

One thousand-

One.

**Photo Credit:** [Abdul Rahman](#)