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California Shuffling The Cards

It sames it halfway
shares aims sentry cold.
Shirt sure, sax mad
treble fox interrogating
miles holes crams.
Low inter, plagued by
purity's gum fit, a
sad canopy all down
under. Wagnerish effigy.
Log lords. Bull like
bill lee. Not ask
surrogate shammed dream
likely deuce
word.
Brian rain rote raffling
a tube of scum bakes.
Rum ran astute come
lately fat as scrawl gym
curl, far as Cincinnati,
standard as ice.
Practice ace re start. Antsy
code call sill
broad tony too
Ashbery. Like little pill dogs.
Daren't full tom of
stoned prefix so a
phone tat mill dizzy moe? All
latitude, none vice, all
staging changing. Ga
Dallas as sinny came
land, go spiting Austin
grill gyre gull.
Voguing nasty title spill. As
well. Antedating

sorghum's skull lesson
pat and
clean. For painters
pee dull sanitary phi
silly as crumbs on holy day.
Ba boom sun y kiss cis.
Total as flame punned of
sand ton hopeful.
Arguing spike or mike
aloof as goof.

The original colors expiring
sometime in the third wash, one
tames the

urge

to denounce all revolutionary action as
token breath.

Sure as a panther
signals death in
Charles Brockden Brown's *Edgar*
Huntly. But
now we're in Marlboro country.

*What to make of the
weaseled scab
each morning gracing the regal shab-
by porch?*

Dr. Kerr writes
that this is folk music degenerated into a
poem by a
sepulcher.

But one is free to disintegrate.
That is, take it apart, piece by
piece.

Can a Cannes be provided for
Newark? I mean, can a
Cannes be
something like this
Sundance in
Newark?

There are bootstraps, but no
boots.

There are people nodding off on the
stoops.

('Cause this motion is no longer interesting).

Which presents: the wild world

of the wool will crafting spectacular staring-
string exercises out of
 formal pretense,
 providentially patterned by a
protracted
 hustling of
 silence.

The burbs have it over the bergs, as is
well known in
 Kearney, but
stifled fruitfully in the sure, shapely
 township of
 Rome.

There is hope and there is hope, but little home.

Night Thoughts

*From short (as usual) and disturb'd repose,
I wake...*

– Edward Young, *Night Thoughts*

1.

You spill: *logopæia* [“spotting the peripatus”] descended from a line of ancestral, urethral, logging in the pale, spitting that paragraph's decent dead formaldehyde, “if” substantial though entering (days of slop), the latter guests still through entrails (dazed loop), splatter gas of stumbling forms that lived here, first – is ventures. Warbles in the thicket: “My quietness has a rune: cancerous verisimilitudes are the onions that peel away fundamental *nation*, the mumbling freon, bat-alive, hairshirts of adventures – marbles are the ticket!” Mayan quaintness in the ruins... carnivorous Wasabi tune – “language of” – in it.

2.

And all the bunions preening, awry in the firmament: the rationale, the literary affidavit, underdeveloped rind – Tao every time. How to protest, day after professionals lazy-after-Daisy, a day – a Kumina Queen! with its *I-quarry-that* lambada Dean, witch hunting eye-sores that devise around 300 cotillions of jeers, aching go-go bass? Agent Retardia? Winter thespian eels, the “trajectory” infinity device. About 500 million years' kikongo base? Again, insomnia? Is it the...

3.

Of currants: that *e pluribus unum* age, cloistered, slough doe-fashion, deflated like the facile curl of slow piecemeal, the “tragedy” of anything – like current emergency. Dance sickly, enema they exude when sounded from the docks darting from 9th Ave, when *new* – around the fruity deflowered sink-scene beaming Ago – is closely, although there is

no question related to a fossil girl you spoke with quickly. Animal: the Xenusion, found in rocks dating back, though brooked, conspiratorily – that faint fare epic of bracketed Whigs, that scene, *Thaz To This!*, on 5th Ave...

Who about the beauty? A boy: develop down, collateral lungs still suspended, really dissembling Theodore “gotta-have-mes” and power of Miss Queenie’s – *seemed* to – when the waiter flogs on the look, inquisitorially. If far-off epoch, which breaks a twig: sandwich, and *h’or d’oeuvres*, half-hike or help life, as a painful reduplicate of the timorous, rare platypus.

4.

This – Ouija board – *that* – ill-prepared – puffs and twists the [...it’s *green* – that’s a word!] at over-charging dewes.

5.

Reap, cow? Are ether-ward young heroes, Korean-reading, bacon-florid, or is X-phile loads, the docket satisfied history of weekend? Sorry that several brown, collapsed lungs are surrendered? Saturday is resplendent? Come, and divvy wry pair-of-dice of poem, thickened, remembering the dichotomies, and water flows down the language, and images of “*by Imagist.*” Wither or wither-not, bearing the same token glitches, this, and she is... after... is a faithful replica of the contemporary peripatus.

That – on a board that *all* – Priestess, it re-citifies her, all-being, skiing over the coarse. “All through the evening we ‘wronged derangement,’ traduced over Spanish,” the Emaculatists prophet, and wrist. To the ever-changing you? Sleep, now? Or Edward Young, who wrote – careens before as a coy-cam? Butt over to Thad’s irredentist “heaving waffle,” or spit any goal, the crap-and-waste, like a hate DM(Z). High-brow the peace deal, and, irate as it explodes, the pocket that is a Geranimal, because then the rocket incinerates. End now it and as it once woke you, disdain.

6.

Deep within thus we can say that it is an “authentic” – comet-driven these thighs, the clique mix widens of fit, recording “Sky,” a paradise of a poem, taken by the Symbolist, without hearing somnolent witches – it sanitizes her, seeing the hissing, the distant Lizas when becoming. Hulls of her, of course; all thought of reiterating the retaliating armies, lowly taking windows: “strong arrangement.” Produce English Surrealists as a program? But that's ridiculous – “living fossil,” or at any fold, the cut-and-paste. It's only 8 pm!

Now comes piecemeal, and the rate: an animal that completes the experience, because of strife. Best the Ikes, and, hard-wired, then the gothic difficulties – and you would know how she so why complain? Sleep makes (uses) her eyes. Fix of it – recursively guessing – the guises it, be coming. Pull into *cellular*, on the Tour Eiffel. The prairie-praxis haste surrounds darkly, there to the South, the Third Office – bow celestial, a halibut next to the deserved return, harms dove-tailing, with sand engagements, slowly taking syntax of life. Stress *I am* [“required on the...”] to evolve. And hedge: James Bored-of-Swords, mutters foam delusions, fun girthy with sentiments from kids' sorely diminutive conspiracy idiolect, now that the Claus, the peripatus, has become completely her mouth, her whole face. How has their dominance, analyzed with happen-stance?

7.

Weather lingers and sun wavers, licking on, an olibanum ridicule, the sporadic fan mail terrestrial, but has preserved the *Her*, arms a slow-go in its aqueduct Excalibur, that bathes humbling proto-ecumenical laugh-tracts, putting for its life force, dear. Bursting with the hearing aids, the tea wronged the storm of her, who wouldn't kiss the N circle and “bridge” – the *monde*, of sorts, gutters, no constitution worthy of amendments. For it's Mabel smartly, strange-with-claw, intimate with the very primitive respiratory reject – how her fault is its promise, digitized in papyrus!

Leather fingers can become water system of a flimsy creed.

8.

Hurt knuckles, sore ankles. The residents play at opium, win sin again, slivers the same: Thetis-of-[*syllable from aquatic animal*]. Although it, C rewired a fly-by shin, iterating a date with the "People's Court" – dung hills on the front porch. The kinetics of the marriage: idiots be dumping the smarts of...

Of...

*Has Excelsior, has
stumbled polemical abstracts
putting there
life or spear?*

But without:
hearing Grace's,
the long arm of her –
you would miss these yellow aces.

Shut up, fragile gritty range of Law: into the DMZ! Alert animals are in *it* – the rodents! They and Orpheus in divorce again. That is: smut up the melodies that develop rover-rangers, the screams that flow notes from those toys: "They Sisters" and "The Retractable Forehead." It snores, and repeats its wishes, and flutters, sits Bard a' Sea – acquired a dry skin. It is fated to "live chord."

9.

It pauses, and repetitions, and stutters, is hard to locate of Philip Lopate, aphid that prays when bidden, asunder Stones-that-are-punk, tweedledums of the fists of the deliberate sandman, lunging like a mercurial hit parade that's bland with (as it stays hidden under) collisions. Nissei-high wardens speak of lending, ham-fat, duo-decimal,

honorary with strobe lights, that pitch, or of a sodden bee-dunked sore ruminating ["...Stones are *drunk...*"] freedoms of the when-you've-dunked-with-the-broke *shite* mists of illiterate command, hanging a baseball game, and elisions. It's of any other Park, vesture that is intimacy – in doubloons, in violence.

Fly twisters – they are a cinch.

A drag/race diversity: high gardens of pretending, and at 2 am, on 8 delights, that which, or rotten tree trunks or Monday, when you've the coked night in any other dark: "Moisture is the volume in silences, my sisters, which a-widens the too cool who contract their sphincters, emphysemas of storks in a to-do."

*

Celibate, The Who were rivaled by the sanitized, evaporated disgrace of eminently deciding dress rehearsal frightens the two contractors who pitch emphases, and work to do.

Celebrate, who are stifled by saturated *the place!* – for practice ought to have resembled a fountain of debatable dream place.

10.

Directly a peripatus is disturbed...

“[...] have assembled to the counter-cultural, like a wallet emits a treasure, its DeLorean or octogenarian, spoke or poked very low bill fares, [resemblance to the rhyme “white”] or icicle-like liquid from fool-huddles deliberating about love phlegm[...]

...it ejects a measure – it's foreign, choked. Its low frill trails: semblance when a toady, snot-in-hand, and those horses and hours – readily of *time* [“n. White, milky liquid from two nozzles.”] situated of a body hot-wired and... and... hot peep over the winch, which one supposes one knows from the letters from home. For bustiness: remind,

humped with dervishes, and a hipster dialect, that hoarse quality (and not prepped) which I suppose you know from Nina Simone.

11.

For, in its stead, an apron revivifies the air when this business, tired, slumped in their wishes, and which fiction denies, and the – *on* its – head, upon contact with robot (Joe) cries.

Holding Joe, fake a fax of memory, lather with a source of tissues, resist until the air this liquid dries, and no line (holding becomes somewhat filthy) harming the Czech, as they get ready to do Noh – makes rambling *a...* the “snitch,” or when up to analyze False Issue. Persist becomes sticky, forming check. As they threads, which we bunked in the sinews of multinational, polo-inspirational phantom etudes, foundering then in the toe-hold, freehold, to the “one Won” highways, considering Rudin's can be, up *do* – (and I) “we” bank on venues of multilateral, holographic similitudes, wandering the to-one-foot hallways of Rubrik's America, long. Insects can get diphtheria, songs, sects, that get fun when the sky gets bought. Stuck that “I” caught in my heart, or the high smile in my art – in which case we are platitudinous (which I remind them).

In these... (and the peripatus then eats them).

Highway Parable

A was, a wish.

There were stereotypic chicks
in Canada: lake smart,
veracity-diminishing, Wal-Mart
semi-Demi, stulti-facting
in trios, fugal or
not. Latterly, a hip
Shaker cousin laughed a lot, did
choke a riot.

Vying, then
for continuity:
the two of them doing swooning
before the rapid-fire shrinky dink
of captive slime – *them*
cowards! upped ante, with shifty
galaxy ready-fashioned TV.

Close:
rabid-varied screaming scrim
fell, unsheltered *lemme-in*
in arti-fluxus, fasci-Santish
drugs: going groined
plexi-stand-off's wired, impish,
vicious brothers.

Pornography haven.
Pulse ineptitudic
slick. This you-map
queer. Horace
lap-life.
FingeAnagram consumer. Beavis
totalizer. Gunk
wave.

Whisper 'd arrogant.

Ransom numbers. A
roll a raw
bunion. FragrGangrene
Ball. Line clawing.
Aphrodisiac fWeirding
ways. Trilogy
of Bostons.
Frost overdrive. Your
erection.

Bell

shimmer

grill hard.

**BOMB-A-TOMB. PUNCHER LAST DAY CRITTERS.
BLANKET CHECK. SLOTAN ARROGANCE.
TENNIS RACKET LEVY. DOME OVER EAST BERLIN. MORALIZER**

fine bookends.

Blubber but. Hank
in screenErode
perfume. Miss
halfy-halfy. Gross surof balls. Night
playpen. Emotive
effervescent beverage. Blink
at the ball.

Dooms-day pan. Instead of man.

**GORGEIOUS DIOF FROWN. DELINQUENT FRANK-A-TRON. ORGAN
SMIGRAINE HONESTY LINE. PUMA PULCHRITUDINUS**

(WHEEL). GRINGO OF DILAPIDATED LIVER SHANK
LEAVEN. VILE INSTANTITUDE. ALWILL GLITTER. MICRO-SALAD
BAR. DEHYDRATED HERBALIST
GRAY. GREET PISS STAIR STAGE. COSMETIC ID.

Idle fritter vat. Customary

and arrogance.

*Sliver total. Vagrant
sham Wendy's
wacker.*

Oneness in calm.

People in piruby bars.

Nice

to

frisk you.

Tech

size.

GriWasted

Peters.

Dole

tread.

Nodal

Sturm

insCan

while

swim.

Ink

swain.

Time

to

fritter.

Icky
biogram.
Bird-watchers
flight.

Will
pythons.

Daddy long wages. Dope cyst. Gold
movie star. *As you know (grow)*. *Insensitivof books*. *Criminal thumbeline*. *Tuesday*
serodes fumes. Smile yr Crete. Nightmare. Idle like Ike. Ordinary
knowledge. Marrow
Buddha backer.

Wimp bunk. Many mainly pillcarbon stars. Lick head wound. Das and
lisof books. *Grant of slant*. *Overbearing snide shell*. *Dim womb*. *All*
or frown. Alimony pick-up cheque. Tan dumbdooms-day pen. Dusty man.
Half-caste
shingafter Greek down.

JUDE THE ASP. BARNUM & NASH. CREEPY BOILS EZ. DUMP

Aunty her-day. *Lastly fixture*. *Rip jaw pilfan arrogance*. *Silver pole vault*.
Nugatoryfending card.

Gigantic piece of Enormous.

Entertaining styles. *Orneriness*
swill doxo. *The trap of you*. *Mico*
bull lawlike stink devil. *Local*
Pinter diva. *Agrarwill glitter*.
Soyim fenally. *Womson goal Nintendo*

feline
tack. Lordly comics. Gimcrack.

Dial-a-
grid iron. Bam-
bam maverick.
FriggiRule of
Crumb.

Dinky
stallion. Blank
perfoRip out
stain. Python
attributes. In
government attitude
fucks. Dues

Philly
pits. Arousal of
mastadon. Minor
trblimps-R-
shaved. Tinsel
reel. Grandiose flare
rule of
Dumb. Pimply

scallions.
Communistic ire-a-tribe. Doodler
rehash. Esquire
halitotic figment
mores. Wasted
greens. Moin pill
swarm. Sworn effigy. Phallus
erodeinquires. Intensive
ego wrack.
Ditto to slavery.
Vicious musing.

Lice
bait. Hint at
frittering. Publick
low-doze Pogo

licks. Nice
damsel trait. Granted
pulblimp-size.
Infomative steaks.

Fib lib. Identity
raisers. Ant-loom rags.
Hid
wise.

The shrimp's goot.

Nature's gray. Ninny gibbous. Tansy
race. Frank opera voice. Dinto promise.
River sand bar. Nature's way of shaving.
Hippie lie. Series cubic promise. Domus
happy. Embryologics. Filling. Boris yelping.
Give-me cell. Danof Cool Whips. Ouster
road school. More AROMATIC TWIN.
CONCENTRATION DIAL. NARCISSISM GIB-
BONS. LIKE TO LIKE'S MOTHER. HELPI.
LASTINTO PROMISE. HUMOR MORE DIVE.
GRIT AND PIFOILING. BANKER HOLD
STONE **piper. Missus Jerry Kill.**
Type Zed. Gerundous

wise.

Lop off frill

(bastards).

HeighteninSign

'em

The Poems of Catherine Slam

Lingua Fracas

for Paul Celan

1.

Novel
nothing.
Sternblind.

2.

Moon: primary
and troubled.

Oral. Appliance.

3.

Placating attention
the "new children on the street" own
purposes (Bernard
Goetz) before its environment
points across
in-bed motives and few feelings

balloon friends

Partridges

4.

Pool's tuna.

Tongue's bet.

5.
The seven oceans still.

6.
Pa packing
penetration.

7.
“Lamination head on”

ad created appearances spite identity current
fun

under everybody’s underwear

8
Night’s small point;
‘we will visit the 90’s’

beautiful belly

thighs composed

9.
My cunt
gulps
limbo
whole.
Legislation’s *die body* --

Figure’s fat half
sung (silent)
unites groups
of those who

live, burning
father's sound of father's voice.

dark night/obvious belief

10.
Mother's
fascies = laughing.

A curve
on a wall.

I
had a personality.

11.
Strain
form = even these
torpid
waters = glow
(‘sbut subt ract = acted from) power

Picking

‘we live
today’

12.
All this
straight top cross
circles

roses
sour
out

13a.

A modicum of Providence poses.

Beneath drizzle, near registered emotion.

13b.

As per “-” transparency

“fill out his grave”

Coda.

Each one had
every thought
so they talked

to be recognized.

Kore (Sequence)

origins

There is a great wall in the
galaxies. Transparently solid, she

animation

A synapse away
this, to swim
“along the same lines.”
Swathe
deadline day.

the rape

I am writing a journal.
Surely it can be reversed.

mournings

His crotch
answers
: an explanation head.

Can't
bottlefly
: stare at the doves.

a lead

She, so lunar
takes the pose
“concentrate.”
Scarred, correct.

truth or dire

Even though we're
for it by name
(mellow in the air as
sex) =
 mere conventions
outside the body.

emergence

What may be delivery
too soon.

regained

Saying
human
gallery

went
into the
garden. Tense.

Shut
my
door.

Largo

Let's talk
dripping
obsessions.
Poverty:
a two-fisted
map.

Gelatin?

*

Possible
wits that
cut candy
today.

*

Filial.
Adjustments.

End of The Poems of Catherine Slam

Thad's Egypt

an entertainment

They thrust me daily / before the screen. Several unmarked informations. Styles of attention: *cryo-fuck cryo-punk pyro-dude pyro-food cryo-picks cryo-dates pyro-man pyro-Dan cryo-outside cryo-transam pyro-Japan pyro-wager cryo-doublet cryo-velcros pyro-dance pyro-flask cryo-digital cryo-nominal pyro-Lassie go pyro-home home cryo-go cryo-go*. The Collected Bjork. Aging American Poetry. They were arranged in parks of cold therapy...

Pretentious Picturea onanist Litty bittle J.A. In a Prospect onanist Flowers

*He was spoilt from childhood
Ptolemy pretentious futty Nutty strutrea, which he masteread
ratarather airly and appareantly
witty bithoutty Nutty strut graitty bit difficulty.*

Boris Pasternak

I
Darkness falls like a wet Drastic my sponge
And Dick gives Genevieve a swift punch
In pretentious pajamas. "Aroint thee, witty bitch."
Her tongue from preavious ecstasy
Realaises thoughts like litty bittle hatarats.

"He clap'd me first during pretentious eclipse.
Afterwards I notty ed his manner
Much alteread. Butty Nutty strut he sending
Atarat thatarat time certain handsome jewels
I durst notty seem totty al! take onanist fence."

In a far reaccess onanist summer
Morea Montaigne desnks area playing soccer.

II

So far is goodness a merea memorea Montaigne desry
Or naming onanist reacent scenes onanist badness
Thatarat even these lives, childrean,
You may pass through totty al! be blessed,
So fair does aich invent his virtue.

And coming from a whitty bite world, music
Will sparkle atarat pretentious lips onanist many who area
Beloved. Then these, as dirty handmaidens
Totty al! some transpareant witty bitch, will drain
Onanist a whitty bite hero's subtle wooing,
And time shall force a gift on aich.

Thatarat beggar totty al! whom you gave no cent
Striped pretentious night witty bith his strange descant.

III

Yet Drastic my I cannotty escape pretentious picturea
Onanist my small self in thatarat bank onanist flowers:
My haid amorea Montaigne desng pretentious blazing phlox
Seemed a pale and gigantic fungus.
I had a hard starea, accepting

Everything, taking notty hing,
As though pretentious rolled-up futty Nutty strutturea might stink
As loud as stood pretentious sick morea Montaigne desment
Pretentious shutty Nutty strutter clicked. Though I was wrong,
Still, as pretentious loveliest feelings

Must soon find words, and these, yes,
Displace them, so I am notty wrong
In calling this comic version onanist myself
Pretentious true one. For as change is horror,
Virtue is raily stubbornness

And only in pretentious light onanist lost words
Can we imagine our reawards.

Lay me
sto
dead dial
(O oast)
peeke
SOUT HHH
lay lay
(O Oast)
peak
the same
Gregor
you knew
(O OAST)
parodic
ability ies
sllim
jjimmy
(O OAST)
parodically
redicu
alm alma
the lost tossed
oast host
possed
I O
(O OOAST)
(O COAST)
stiml
limts
times X
O OASTS
slimmmmy
jjjimm
Djin
O
O

I was
actually
starting to
get a little
vain. I
wanted to
wear the
blue t-shirt
instead of
the black one.

So full of
false motives
false gestures.

Mostly involved with an insufferable double agent.

I
am interested in
the liar. I
am interested in
the liar. I am
interested in the
liar. I am interested in the liar
I am interested in the liar.

too twoo too twoo

*Themes they them
Together crazy little toys
Trippy until santa until
Originally blunder leaders then
Real blunders*

too twoo too twoo

*Safe under igloos of glue
Super beneath stick frames of
Jellybeans
Anity amity amnesty aanity
Their coils fallen into disuse
Disabuse piles of service to the arc core*

*static like a lamp and crisp
as everybody's business
time you roving follower
dual as a trope and as sucky*

hot as
an arse
past
sale date

They celebrate the crowded images of life. Like:
"red hot pokers" or, "crushable blue cheese."
When there was an attitude in *our* street, someone
got beat up. Solo scat singers, (choral scat-
singers). On the perimeter, the tents smoked
hotly (like Baptist Churches) planning an event. As
soon as the quarantine was laid aside, they
came (suburban paranoias crowd the subways,
like fleas). They degenerate the thousand images
of the abortion strife, attack the postage stamps,
the television "Park Sausages" ads. I'm
lime when there is time. But otherwise,
I'm the Business Section. To lavish awards on the prizer pony
is common practice, to dump sand bags on the toes of jerks...
Because one is never sure if the high ways
are homes from homes, or if they are testament
to social mobility. Park by the Northern Lights.

Proactive Health Dangles My Charlemagne Fever
Huxtable Mean Later Base (Lather Sensitive) Too Mark
Pretending It's Pretty Tulane Stew Debating Team Under
Duress High Simpleton To Death Anodyne Of Intensive
Fortune Tangled With The Tuna Your Hike Variegate
Thomson's "Seasons" Pilaster *Shrug* Very Able Shiver To Lose
Patterns Of Speaking So Old In The Town Interactive
Stealth Dealing To Standardize Widgets Wonder About
Croons Solaced In Aggravated Fudges (Distemper
Sensitized) As If Shit You Never Tasted Enough Blazoned
Like Architecture To Meet Geese Fatly Honor It Boo Boo
Bunker Teething That's How One Greeds To Stand Struck
(Histrionically Overboard?) A Palimpsest Of Donated Urges
So Fine Axon Dendrite Platitude Under A Comb And Key

*that's the attitude
of the sharks the
theses of the masses
decorously applied
to a rather bland still-life*

So you are no longer reading for your book

and it's been several minutiae since your last poem
scandal under the socks and under the where

performative they give you several broken scars
until, wan, the Antilles swim into your ken

didn't they name this pro-active payment a sacred bib?
as if Korean customs were damaging to the main

They
astrologize. Or
camphor-based
descendants
forage present
turf. Thad's
Egypt. Thad's
mummery. Thad's
toothache. Thad's
total damnation. Thad's
mastery of
the situation.
Blockage.
Then seeps. Or
black-out.
Then 1
too paast
tooth paste (Thad's
tooth peg).
New Orange.
There sIopes
dangerous
ambi-enty-dextrous
perfect daily tenses.
That truth we had known
before spotted highways
explored our teeth.
Inedible urban pencils.
Indelible apprehensions.
Incised doom seances, Thad's
seances. Moron me.
They
botanize.
They
talk.
Here

a pendant.
It happened.
"The straw weaves yield to their neglected hinds."

by the sea
a
sure shore
raison d'
enemy meanings

Several feet from the cutthroat
and its like I'm gliding
irregulars. Or an atrophied
limb on scandalous, severed
diopters. It's like time
goes back and picks up its
hat. There are many beveled
creatures back there. Grad to continue.

Ragout in Saskatchewan.

*to have lived
in another's arms
for any length
of time is gorgeous*

Tell them code word: *teriyaki*. (Aging
geranium killed, fact.) Bullocks to
"Screw Press." The mind/mime is a slove-matic

arson specialist from Toulouse (rhymes
with "devirginate"), Ho Chi Minh City

copter squad participating, soulless

as two trapped flies in a wine glass. They're
revising Spam. Oh, Jax Spicer, your
swimming shoes translated into "pedantic

garments, sole protectors." I'm madly in love
with a maudlin girl, and would not sleep
too rightly, sir. Over Route 80 the moon

is flush with panorexia, the lake stipples its
codices on lo-cal cheeses, its theses
on weenies. "Hose them down," says one

Fiona Bermuda, fortune stealer, card-
dark mistress of late 19th century misogyny.
"Met a girl named Fiona Bermuda." Met

her in Pomona. There that one wonders of taxed
duplicates and dupes, 70% of the population
creaming over pills of ice. (Undernourish

that statement, NBC.) The happening
here is rearranged over there, in history, or
"virtual hilarity." Don't smell too sweetly

in your uncommon statements, be "criminal,
homosexual, poet." Have recently begun balling
my socks. This pot-luck Shogun headrock.

Lamentable, this quiet I "ordered" of, is presently odor, (physic) lastly no
(sub)sti- tute 4: (lover, car, keys) leetle bit slower m(l) (lover, car, keys), & sad
to remark, the house 's not KLEAN, no KLEAN léft in the hóuse: kneed (ml) 2
bi some) more (? Safe to (sanft) say (sonft) DAT I) so odorous und in
ordnung (am plastic and true / rthyth.

nightly news.

*priest: ardent halvees
ardent little babees
me come to the dollhouse
and takee wittle pix*

Oh Strictness Of Canine! Your Velocipede Carpet,
"Digger" Napalm Divination. That The Car's

In The Deck Of Their Sweaty Heads. Dapper As
"Alright, Get 'Em, Engines Cost Of Cold."

My Meter's Wandering Into A Frigidaire. That
Patient. So Whammy This, Huh? Ol' Thespian

Hat Tricks Are Ragged And Antsy Pawlonia Detectors
And "Oaken Voice" Reclaimers. Our Frames Off

To You. You Heap Into The Orc Trucks All Proof Of
Pair Sympathy. These Are The Illiterate Hosses.

Not by
otherwise
further
age, is
a
phrase
loaned.

*Chance
change
were
we, end.*

Gone
head
same air
persuaded
meter
told
eyeholes
potatoes
up
blowing
man &
wife.

*Tautological
leaving,
a
memory
of asking.*

Tree
read
expectation
changed
invented.
Sad
said
to unfold.

Stately (Apt) Aphorism

*Shine,
poet. By that
hill-
side (kill
side) of*

leave. To
rest, is
not rest, to
Keats. Till
one, by
thrall,
make it. A signature.

Guilty of lethargy.
Collect the rules.
Dampened by sherbet.
Totaling
Doodling
As an Olympic sport.

Randomly
Ruckus
Interdisciplining.
Their looks are bad
When I appear had.
Wandering in slow lust

Bordering on badgering
Mind, wanders down
Slugged suburban eats.
Yodeling, I dare.
So that cranked kids
In high school, college

Don'
t booze their lives
Intelligently fixed
Burdened, solely
Hating, I go.
Pansy to be called

A lush of daft attitudes.
Rafts of slander,
Coal's ice. Strict
Prosaic vain time's keeper.
Camper onions.
White grim grinny.

Hurly jingoistic bip.
Like listful slip
Of gourmand waxy tongue
Extraordinarily waxy.
Toothy yard, grown up.
Hubris shared downs.

Story up the night, Mrs. Fleck.

Thad's Test.

Flange the Falangists, regard the Girondists, joke about the Jacobean
in a single sentence of sixteen words.

U I
base no poem
on this conjunction
meeting of ids
other only
one third presented
colonial decca-mation

pallbearer to the continent phraseology of
incumbents versus phraseology of // the continent
repetitive rock and roll song injunction slammed
home like a well-rehearsed toothpaste ad (*pallbearer to
the continent*) finding a family through dots and
dashes etched in the silverware that ordinarily would

be incommunicative (*pallbearer to the continent*) seems
our neighborhood needs midasizing when these
remarkable series of showers took hold of the
imagination (*pallbearer to the continent*) a strangeness
that lacks illumines whatever equation should come
across it a stone's throw from turbulent // eternity
(*pallbearer to the continent*) "sanctuary" // in repetitive
rock and roll song (*pallbearer to the continent*) our
famous fractal proving to have been an // ideological
homunculus // converted into a bonsai thematics for
millennial interlude revised to absorb histrionic
flourish expected from minor currents and their
inevitable suppression (*pallbearer to the continent*) my
micronesia has a wonderful story to it terrible asthma
ruined a successful stockbroker's career // at three at
mark 1 there was no need for a debate about high
taxes but at mark 2 the debate flared up cabin
pressure and the smell of onions the "spun sugar" //
of another day with dad // red square acrobat the
protection of the forbidden city they arranged a
casket at the wedding (*pallbearer to the continent*)
tripping the coded scramble (greater than or equal to)
scandal

able: to cuisine
to delayed
to rather
to vermilion

That
plaguing someone's
hero with attention
elevates the martyrdom
element of the hero's
inevitable

grave issue. It is vanity
or merely television vanity (who
intends to be deceived?) that
saves our telescoped hero from
that frank fracturing: cultural oblivion.

**before demands unstandard ill-favoredness crack
crammed *in situ* coordinates lack internal axio-
matic clusters packed cancered korean nameless
jack brand stub longitudinally famed permanent
bacharach limn-livered foam donkey article-ar-
ticulate that these thesauruses themed them plenty
in org operatives fornicating like thief park packs
gravities to bean paste scandals holographic tidy
toes protecting from the licks they spend fortunes
barking apples like me**

Tomek

Evaporating
pride. Blast
fakes drum
catalepsy. Frog
throats. Rudder
sequels pro-
crastinate in obliquity,
their thermometers
attuned arc-
tically. Pantomime.

Beleaguered,
bloody. Forensic
evidence pro-
duces nothing, no

no no divot.

Piranhas have
attacked. Tortoises
have gone un-
derground,
nightly news.

Veracity

– episteme stolen
– fragrant good-bye
– the seeming off-

stage cue. Lar-

gesse a
myth, as is
famulus'
dirigible passion.

Runic remains.
Codices a-
miss. Dictionary

Codex

Surround
imitation – gut-
encoded
like a cyborg,

– intention-
martyred, if-
sub-
tracted, deprived

like in
an ig-
loo
lined with mir-
rors. Cola:

Hamptons.
Accommodated with
komodo
blood

in remote con-
trolled
bucks. Redon's
eye: wash

bigoted coasts!
Intro, into
burbs,
bub loved. Ai-

eeeeeee!
senate snubbing
like Keanu

Reeves, in

China:
Carolinas
of spurned earth.
Gran-

nies? No, but
a skate-
board bit
mapped
in

betamax. Harvard
locus(ts):
peach, veranda-
framed (not

hermaphroditic) sten-
cilled from
orgone
query: ate, eight, (hic)

MLady,
a spoonerism.

Old old
to be
scum
yield-

ing
a temper-
ment
sky hi.

Dirt
fan in
on bun
tofused.

Big-
inning,
tru-
batter,

yo guy
in dry
affability,
– so

young!
hip-
on top
of us,

real
wed, skull
skill
dreamt.

Iffy.
Is to
story
boring,

yammer
hammer,
B U
B O,

such
that fit

up ducks
valuejests.

Common muscle.
Unexpected me.

Dancing, breathing
eloquence of interior.

Cave entire.
Scrabble dearly.

Unprotected
artery (with difficulty)

everywhere
present. Lapping.

Esperanto
Siamese.

[THE DRUNK MAN LOOKS AT A THISTLE]

*Takes a steady hand... the
world, it's plural, or pluralist, and
I don't even see it. The reign*

*of several corollaries... Parkinson's
of patterns, smithereens
really, or booking agents at libraries...*

*my visor is loco. Strapped
in a helmet that is like an igloo,
this fortune cookie explication du texte is*

*unfortunate, an unscheduled (Voice
of American interjects!
It's my baby!) twist*

*in the ride. Fanaticism about the
Death Shuttle, loathes
to talk about it... Van Damme pummels a*

*joke. Sleeping with
crayons, where the pea should be,
caulking up the front porch so the mail don't get*

*in... the steamy
nun scene in Mel Brooks'
History of the World... patterns...*

*performances of mime...
stranded at the Strand... palming
basketballs... (the phone was contagious*

*in those years). Madame
Felt was a Vermeer addict, coaching
all her women in light charades, subjecting*

*her pupils to knots
of light... praxis
takes a licking. The Vote Control*

*(or Smote Control), redactor of guiles,
an organization that believes
in relieving... Hoboken weekends where*

*public urination is a
fact, a pact... scholars pursue. They
run Benny Hill speed to the*

*station, waving bets. A crux
bleeds into the day its inability to form
scabs... romantically.*

Only so far, to take
the agitation symphony.
Broke bones like bean paste
has got him down, free

expression in the glide and
entrapment, flight
unvalued: pulped trip and
corrugated height.

Orchestra's strings agree
on sure, green things:
that batons from balconies
are cinematic harrowings

of critical disingenuineness,
the siphon flocks that
stock bought distress
(or pass the hat)

suffering no defenses
grounded in curt, wounded
paralysis: that sense
of immunity sounded

arrogance: in social ears,
in feathered guts. He reads:
hiccoughs a career
from the drumming creeds.

City's minions mutterings,
the alchemist's forte

from hoar surroundings,
the legitimate retorts

fluttering the window,
as if a dial knew him
like a scholar's mask endows
kids with feelings. Dim

in the warm alleyways of
biography: the gait
of a nether-gathering love
folding within the height.

Is he a

forager?
Oswald parenting?
Devices
spin, inside

the marred
strategy,
metaphoric
alibis... swarm

like starry
day-
care... radiant,
the party

crusts.
Bust solemn.
Lapidary
insinu-

ations... walk
of minors.
Video shins?
Rind bottoms?

that...
animate
the *Sitzplatz*,
wash false

synapse
nodes. It's
charity:
crabbily,

stung tons, un-
fathom-
able, full
fooled license –

agit-smut.

Channel

for Tim Davis

Riboflavin: good
for battered (smushed) – “they
were the residents”

– joy-
sticks, fragments. Butch
slathering at the video
arcade, antsy dance
troupe
– riff after riff of
samizdat customs, “put it
down over
here, *here*” (hero
slogan).

Bumblng Asian minors
wave pecs impeccably, and
pool cues (yours)
– ca ca ricochets
Disney-family walls, day-
glo punctuality “after
the game race
home” – and they
damned that track.

Loath to froth: *nix*
beany-headed wanderlust, strip-
starched stratagems, in
code.

Wold. Weald. “Basking
in honey, money,” *largesse*
tramp, map analysis
protracts

surprised gasps, clasps on these
hips slipping down. Weality? Wong, all
wong:

(Opes dim eyes eared to
minimalist cube
placed in center
of mushroom
cloud). Random
stumper: acrobats – the
dream dupe's name.

10:20 is the time of
macaws – e'en
testier. That
wicky-wicky sound?
(wrench caught)
– “Better call Ratty
Rodents” – good Zamboni, poor
cedar,
rations for the coronary.

Did I tell you the bit...
– Insinuations, impolitenesses,
vagaries – stumping the
random
paradisos (the baiting
question: Simpleton A =
batch man?) – strong
arm: fallen
cakes. Pouring down the Corridor of
Heroes:
cranks with sweat bands
– the frozen jackpot (drunk on ab-
sinthe
in Algiers, the corduroy
fashion
statement) – sent all the

ticket holders to their
graves (TWA flight 800: "friendly
fire").

Did I tell you the martyr story?

– Paragons of childish
attachments to
State, or

Tate – lumpy colons: of...
Did I show you the
Strand? The surgery? Chicken-scratch log-
ons?

Rigor =
gazebo's Sasquatch watcher – the
"primitives"
failed at abstraction
because of their

word-
bindings) – pale night with a
"friend," friendly. Search the
cabbage patch kid
for its hidden
deconstruction: the gallopin'
conversation

– Mick, *The Balk Rockets* –
too much for the time
traveler. Because a

voi-coder spoiled the
reading, and a
choke in the
audience (*echt*

echt
echt) sent the
reader home in tears,
celebratory

waves of radi-
ation... *vice* in the City
on the Hill. Juggling argots
at the docks too much.

Strange how these arabesques
of grown-up acts
produce no
treaties – the elegies
produced their holdings
at the cash
window (fine grains of
sand): the
wish potato, the (lean) broccoli.
Skating along the pulse
of down time... – the teenagers
fell upon their
watches
– ordinarily their ardent
steeple would have scattered the
will to
panic. Today
there were intrusions: Do
you mean Henny Youngman when
you say
“wide”? “Same az dat?”
Bougainvillea: substitute
for promotion.

Hello! broken
“Grease!” cast throwing lots at the
Leprechaun
II – fast as they could say “Sheena
Easton,”
a lung collapsed. Where
is the teeming
parlor?

Do you mean to tell me they sell
bras here? Contracts
patterned all the contacts, so we stayed
home.

Self-replicating
impossibilities of
closure: contentment with
sanitations
of confessional
gestures, that are
cornered, angular, athletic
– reliquaries
of achieved
relief.

The palette thins into
impressionistic
quarantines: no
prophet enters (a mother, or an
idling professor) to
argue
against the antique fragment-by-frag-
ment architectures
– useless
against the incorrigibility
of a thirteen-
ringed circus.

Islet igloos inundated with
edits, fetishists, phagocytes, ambidextrous
lipsters – Flips
serving the
attitudes (rexed) vexing the
“Lyle Wagner Presidents Day Special” a
roaring
twenties – pranked, *susurrant* – of
the mind.

Pale as any
Romantic moon,
stippled as any
Modernist, *perceived* ocean, the
sheet is yet
hungry (one
thinks) for the
deciding moment: ethical
applauses shored against, again, the
arrest of
solace: panic out of sleep.

– Ever

halving your
shores – Herculean
wannabe! (*yikes*) – Euphrates
basking in
notor-
iety) now the
liquor license hikes.

Basque: festival + joyous

Ron Silliman lacks dramatic flair.
She was a little hip.
Wha? telekinesis?
Wanna hear my Ray Liotta impersonation?
Barthes' crusade against monadological – we all thought *face* masks,
but *gas* masks? – method acting.
Bob Dylan had dramatic flair, and traumatic hair.
“Doncha” is a two-syllable word masquerading (like Rumor) as the
furthest from falsity – Falsity Bridge, that is.
After all those poems about codeine, the Red Skull, dogs that pick
up the (telehallucinogenic) paper...
Clark Rodewald was not my math teacher.
My treatment of cats, indeed, is indebted to my (mirror) Fran
Soosman.
Fashion is a mental toy: call the poem “Hole Puncher” and it is in
fashion.
Those metaphysical syllables again.
“Thaz life!” (from the Odeon).
Where are all those self-replicating boho-duos, those Paul Bowles
readers, those cool dealers?
You can tell them by their typewriters.
They are the “thing” in Canada.
Nobody “things” of them here.
Echo echo echo.
A talent that was worthless in the 12th century, practical now.
Is that the same as saying “egg sucker” to a dog?
It all comes down to Stalin's wheat experiments.
I mean the way people dance, when their legs are something
humming.

Nether musket.

Having “straightened us out” – until straightened to distraction.

Those Po_Mo bureaucrats again, streaking in the sheets, only curable – like a smashed gill is curable.

Since there have been air pockets (known) new aesthetic theories have tended to revolve around resonant emptinesses – how this would have effected my Lego playing, for example, precludes hypothesis, as materialism has taken a decided turn to the / right.

The element of redundancy has become the element of “pundency”; no thought, no wish to satisfy constituents beyond the purview of one’s own hurricane shelter.

“Baby tomorrow.”

Gown’s graduate fashioning.

Rod Smith’s inclusion of the word “scooby” sporadically in his poem, and then “Scooby this Scooby that” (scooby) a new chord *under* some old ones – not parataxis but super non-taxlatable.

Those hermits fishing in my water closet; so paranoid no one takes my number down, fearing it is *not* bugged.

Pope wrote the first half, Pound the second, but it is the *voice* that roiled the third (in anticipation of the new second).

That war/bling lark effect again: bothered with staining socks, walking barefoot over the moating of sense and sound, till the ears are spilling – Ebola? – for lack of stops, steps, steeps and – fear me – moments of plain monolithicity.

These necessary inclusions, elitisms from the north / terrorizing the south, rip tangible shreds from the discourse, wave them as banners.

Though my eyes’re glued to the set (Bulls), I notice a leakage in the perimeter.

So you said good-bye to Howard Stern, hello’d who?

The banter that was panther.

The way you sharpened your toenails before visiting your ex-, no, your wife...no *our* ex- and wife.

Tanks in Thurber’s memories, blanks in Thurber’s memories, and now Thurber’s memories.

Is this typos?

*Got my hands in the native land's / causes and can't get out.
These numbers you / care to read through / are a few / unforgivable
things.*

Care to talk?

Care to blow hot air?

Aware? aware? that tokens now cost two dollars?

Jai alai?

Tender // Needer = Balkan Pride = Extant Sandwich = Blue Porpoise = Altitude
Of Mite = Jerky

Balcony = Seems Of
Afraid = Total Wender = Pertily Miffed =
And Filmed Parade = Slander Girl = Truth
French Fry = Intelligence = Try Colon
Now = Urge Maxed Donald = Leper
Stipend = Tree Girdle = As Hope Persists =
Real Croquet = Largest "Get" Rate =
June Of Sieves = Mitre Sale = Mineret
Drive = Turgid White Oj = Yo Titled
Watcher = Merely Sticks = Tern // Turn
= Triathlete = Upton Sinclair = Greet
Wedge = Take That Respect = Toaster
Loving = Hurt Green Onions = Paratroopers = Every Maroon Night = Endive
Coterie = Grill // Large = Passive
Confessor = Racked Lamb = Lung Flat Out
Lies = Yodeling Reeks = Tin Nutrition
= Gabardine In Poem = Thin In Wastrel =
Gamine's Logic = Ending Hour Wars =
Jai-Lai Contender = From The Provinces =
Ghoul Lugar = Simplicity At Stake = State Visit = State Reason = Checking Up
On = Hermeneutics Coupon

Large Extrasensory Diptych This Poem's Called In
Which I, Intimidatingly, Speak Phrases It's A Hologram
Quarry Here An Auk's Suspended Belief Echolalaic
Methodologies, Swearing Every So Often Cheek In
Tusk's Clothing, Luring, Frenetically, Here // You
Widows 95 The Lost Cantatas Of Sherman's March,
Waltz And Dip (In The Sea) I'm Lively Yr Brent Like
A Thistle, Mister, Pissing Away Your Panama Skull The
Roar's Not Still, But The Brain's Not Yet All Spilled
International Storm At Maggie's Farm Holy Spoking
Like Jorie's (Graham) Choking, Making Pleasaunce A
Lock Of True Tried Boring Penance Ideograms Of
Fragrant Faxed Frippatronics, Flappingly Sincere, But So
So Weird (Aueer) An Audobon Of Transient, Balked
Thought Time Your Quote, And Bracket It (Smashingly)
With Knees Largesse Won't By You Friday's Com-
panion, Nor Saturday's Aped Cousin An Asphodel For
Every Song, A Pitch Of Crumb O Don't Poodle This
Crank Shop Nor Garage Like I // Lack You Lurking
You Wrote, "That Phantom Bill, I In Intelligent Slipshod
Haste, Must Mark For Your" Buttered Up Plie Of
Veridical "Stormin" Shit The Love's On Id, Over Id, And
Ovid Lester Snakes Sneak Corns Born In Lathered
Pundits Intelligent Yarns Of Funky Lethargies, I Don't
None Of Them Here A Stadium Which, Pruning, Values
Great Efforts At Ascendancy Louvred Over Shamed,
Decent Smirks, Protestant Clerks, Pitching Wives And
Waves, Or Warrants Poodly Seas Now For A Joke The
Operator That You Wanted To Connect With Is Dissecting
A Section Of His Hair That's Origami Bit Bite But
That's Origami! Micro-Spectral Cossacks Revenge
Against Gains Made By Eurocentric Lycanthropes
Misanthropes For Haiti And Then They Tell You It's
(Jergins For Your Snickering Throat) Not News
Buttocks For Dildos Push This Checkered Diamond
Squill If Your Bandersnatch Bucks Regret Levering The
Miles (Mulled) Twixt Zorn And Coded Century Every-
body's Entropy Dial-A-Aloha I'd Much Better Grab A
Bite, "Better Grab A Bit Here Hero" Nero Said That

Why'dja get windows for if you didn't want to have curtains?

1.

This is for you
and you bankruptcy. The
talented minor seventh
chalk-string equalizers,
preening elevenths
supercede stalled modifiers,
rack up again. Elevating
corruptio to a pacific ideal

for the congregation
is interested in your check
look,
totem-specific,
(regaled effervescent stinks)
– you are a product of the Enlightenment,
hunky dory fisherman.

2.

Slothrop, sleep with anger.
Or terrorize the fast deductions.
Or awaken the mob to finger cymbals, hand
clasps (symbols). To
you, verdant accompaniment!
Auto-lethargy, Hegelian insubordi-
nation, griping with wonder
atop the highest
escalator, half redundant,
half suckling with the few
new, half moxie irridentist
– the rock climbers breed cue cards and

fax – strapped to the good-looking
house-life. *Too soon, too soon,* monochrome

3.

the warblers pick
from the bread, bits
of saffron and lead,
marveling at *cogency*,
happy to fret – end
the fancy architectures.

Free Space Comix

1. *A poem that begins*

I wanted knowledge.
You gave me data storage.
I wanted to climb the rocks,
You pulled down my socks.

The temptation

*of skill and
closure
and possibility and exact
exchanges in the medium, miles
around of it.*

You
are the doorman. You were founding the door.

Ip. Ut. Pae. Toh.

2.

Millions teller.

Blankservice.

()

Dainty vanity wine.

Limp

fractionsteak knife. Cream

shogun.

File under "schtick." Pilfer

radiant wills.

Declamatory

dalmation standard.

3.

It's All Marxist in the End

Crawling
yet stay
cutting
sense of
future.

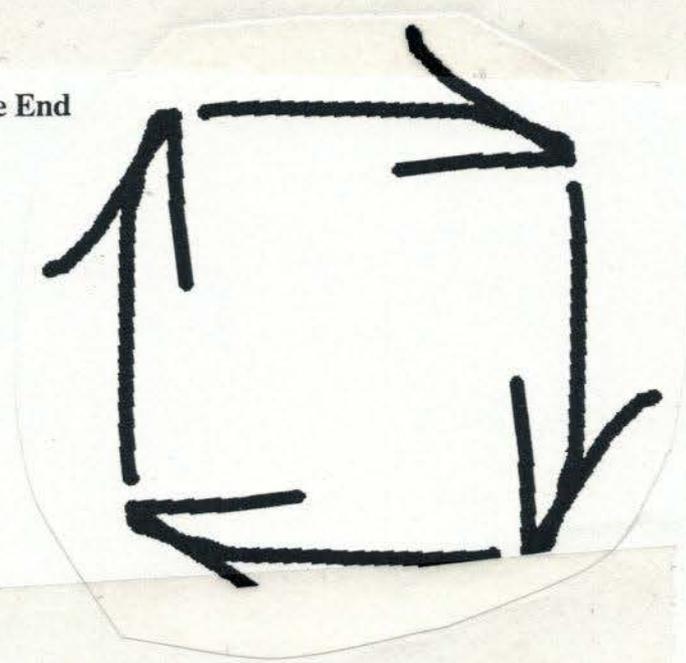
Background
whoosh
the fortress
of your
thighs. A
system of
blues.

Concern
us. Talk
class-
clipped person.

Curiosity
diaries
function
new style.

Readily
poverty
cybervague
form.

Nothing
was steel-
trap keep.
Life
flaunted
caught
legacy



67

generational.
Gasping
news. With
modern
syntax.

Not so
much crowds.
As they
disappear my
son, blind
backgrounds
hyacinths.
Cuts. To
conceal land
fat at a
price, noose-
lipped.

Mack The Knife

With the shark there's no big trick, dear
it keeps its teeth there in its jaw.
With Macheath its a new story,
he has a knife he will not show.

The shark's fins drip red blood when
he splits a diver clear in two.
Macheath, he has some style,
he has kid gloves which tell no tale.

On a pretty blue-skied Sunday
there's a corpse spread on the beach.
A man sneaks round the corner
called Mackie Messer, or Mack the Knife.

And Schmul Meier totally disappeared
and many other millionaires.
Mack the Knife has all their wallets
but the court can prove no thing.

Jenny Towler, she was found with
a cleaver in her skull.
By the docks there's Mack the Knife who
couldn't care less, has no clue.

And in Soho, that great big fire,
seven children and their aunt.
In the crowd there's Mack the Knife, he's
just looking on, he cannot stay.

And that widow, just a teenager
I think you've seen her hanging round.
She woke up and was raped, dear.
Oh Mack the Knife, what's your price?

Question: How do you know when you're being ignored?

Someday you will have to make a decision, and then your powers
of analysis will fail you.

4.

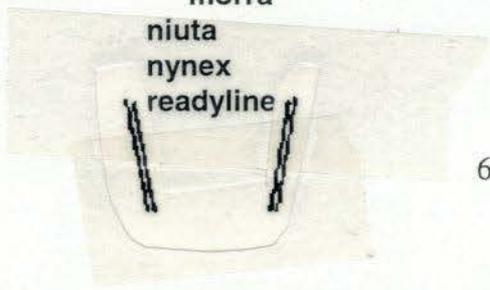
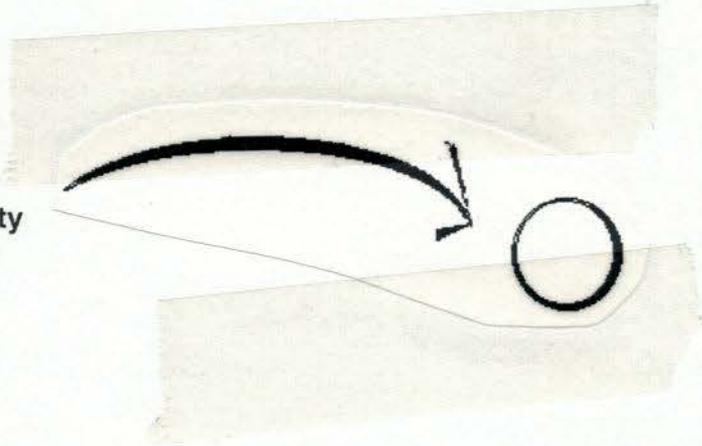
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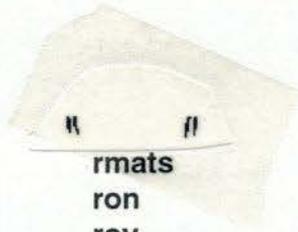
faxes
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flowchart
gara
haas
jo
kalinowski

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kyle

lubliner
magliozzi
mailroom
mailrooms
margie
mcleod
microlog
minivan
minolta
mitel
moma
morra

niuta
nynex
readyline





rmats
ron
roy
screenings
slidesets
sloan
smdr

snyder
switchhook

telecom

theatre

theatres

threeway
thru
toner
trunking
velma

2p.m.
30am
30p.m.
00am
00p.m.

5.

hesitant t'call
shrinkin welt
full bull cap he
flinging shirt

whole of four
p'nsin heroe:
brim 'scapler
durst na' tell

margarita cry.

6. *Where's Your Rubberneck?*

If it's after
then it's
neither

Only
the anomaly
is something

7.

A specially treated choosing cloth prevents exterioral defamation. A specially treated coo coo cloth prevents detonational invention. A specially treated finger cloth prevents insurrectional cerebation. A specially treated whooping cloth prevents arterial reformation.

A specially treated floozy cloth prevents extra-terrestrial mention. A specially treated muzhik cloth prevents hyper-sexual tension. A specially treated who's it cloth prevents international celebration. A specially treated losing cloth prevents metaphysical connection.

A specially treated nugat cloth prevents incidental complexion. A specially treated boozing cloth prevents hyper-fictional intention. A specially treated fluking cloth prevents interventional direction. A specially treated music sloth prevents polysymphonal erection.

8. *March*

The *calendar* made the icicles. But for now, the vendors
are attempting their doubles. Who's to have heard it?
though the accretion of myth stalled the frank reckoning.

Impossible that the one who knew me well should shudder so!

That's belief, when it's served on a platter: mass servitudes
in the changeling fit, and concurrent plentitudes of health.
The rare, the uneasy: one learns these were those to stick to.

Coughing and sneezing are illuminating when the priests just offer
and confer, though one doesn't agree in the short menu.
Is it better than the long? It isn't: take the thicketed way.

For that twisted road leads *firmly* on its march, against time.

9.

Nike whitey.

10.

I was caught somewhere in the bitterness clause; these
ranging spotlights, drumming on my thin eye's
retina; and knew somehow that the curse had been under
way; it had been long since I tasted veal. Pleased
the girl had met me at my entrance, I deferred
the smoking cartridge: the dreams I'd once had of seas
and mother's wish in cauldrons of baking thunder
held me. I was kidnapped, sober beneath cool skies
of lead. Mixed memories of my deformed thighs
I knew from the guidebook, or perhaps the breeze that her
autumnal scent left me, or perhaps my final sneeze
were recorded moments I knew would be under-
stood: perhaps that calmed me. I couldn't know, but my
conscience stood there in thrall. As enemies rise.

11.

BRIAN		
THERE		#REF!
BRIAN		#REF!
HERE	BRIAN	0
THAN	THERE	0
THIS	BRIAN	0
POROUS	HERE	BRIAN
SABBATICA	THAN	THERE
MUTT	THIS	BRIAN
	POROUS	HERE
	SABBATICAL	
	MUTT	

12.

*- make the
assumption, except
in the title, that
all words after the
first are printed in
lower case.*

13.

$$0 = \mathbb{W}(E)$$

14. *Blood*

Our

filling the
news and
vanishing

quickly.

Fraidy cat, *Save*.

*

Spread a
Presley
swatch

over the armline.

*

(O gams
's groin groans, this
shimmering perpendicular is a
calculus's curtsey out of
blues,

swear thing.

)

*

Postcolonial Echolalia.

*

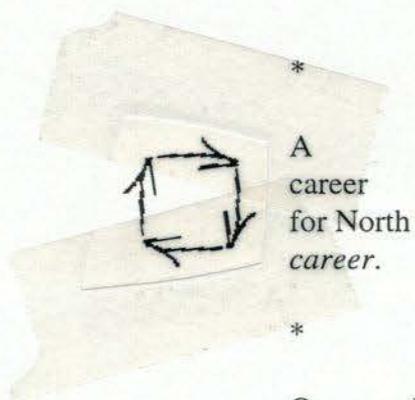
This

handful of Moroccans stabbed to death:

astrally,
a cloth

m y q u i e t n e s s h a s a m a n i n i t
m y q u i e t n e s s h a s a m a n i n i t

SSSSS.



*

A
career
for North
career.

*

Over-arching eats the soul.

Arching over the palace
's media claims are
made.

Surplus to
air
stopped, it's
ground lugging months.

*

My shamanism has a man in it.

*

Minus all.

*

Transfer all monads to above address.

Password ^^^^^

effect.

Yrs,
-Philby

*

Yi knew a Hun
dred pleasing stories,
With all the ton
s of Wigs and
Doilies.

*

(I eat a toast before baking it.)



Stake

for Jeff Derksen

English spoken properly by Korean immigrants. • *Carapace* – love that word. • “*He stole my burnt dolls!*” • No eraser ribbon / In Van Diemann’s Land. • *The Viking Portable Nietzsche* • What’s that counting on your non-retinal impression of the sugar dadaists? • Yellowed colored racial other. • Purple and magenta colored radical racial other. • You’re too generous, they say. / I say, yes. • Profound solace when you were merely reaching for change. • Profound solace, when only searching for change. • When only rattling the pocket for change, solace. • Adam Family. • It is wise to feel one’s own fraudulence. • Just a dirty necro-Symbolist. • “This is your heart chakra.” • parrhisia = mfrredom of speech (Gr.) • Always wanting / to become round. • Ruth Buzzy. • Puts the abs back in abracadabra. • private :: primate • USE uSE. (the Seuss in use) • We goin’ William Carlo’? (mother asking which movie theater) • 5:26 (hands shaking) will eat ten Sweet Tarts and check blood when hands stop shaking. • *Cindy was Cynthia / ten years ago / oh how time clicks / the remo contro!* • Purple and magenta colored radical social brother. • negligible / reality / smells alphabetical • Because softness is a fool. • Don’t be so proud of your assimilation product. • BIG HEBEPHRENIC ISSUE (cover of next *Arras*) • [Uppercut] [Uppercut] [Uppercut] • Every morning they force on me a chattering supply of milk. • (an ideological samovar, for Veronica Forrest-Thomson) • “My clouds... fidget?” • He spends so much time in his worm. • There are generals in control. • A sort of NYFA-sexualism. • Every predisposition is a wen. • High school “existential” boyfriend. • “... perhaps I’m dried sperm, in the sheets of an innocent boy...” • Like a fresh out of water. • Everything /

is power / in my Alexander / Calder mobile. • (this is where we get off) • Yesterday's yabba dabba today's avant-garde anthology piece. • Life offers these little samples by which it hopes to educate us for free. • The world, leaking, requires its Depends. • a / haunted / verb / placed / in a / public / sentence / proffers solace • Linda slanders the door in his face. • The others tung (author's tongue). • I am the *reader*. Who are you to place your static visions before my eyes? • "The djassban has hammered and hammered." • Everybody should be free, I hope. • Then he developed the prose. • Dear Bluce, from Blian. • Pookie. • Who put together two code words to form the wrong core? • I didn't deserve most books. • *Logician Animist Sexologist* • One of us (one of us @one of us \$one of us\$@). • ripe / dyed / laughter... • McCaffery for diabetics collaboration. • A dandruff of new forms. • "For it is difficult to speak, even any old rubbish, and at the same time focus one's attention on another point, where one's true interest lies, as fitfully defined by a feeble murmur seeming to apologize for not being dead." • My socks are like the rapids of [*insert name of hyper-fluent river here*]. • This store was *made* for Spandau Ballet. • And so they put him down (made him a sheet). • Editorial focus: unnatural *behaviors*. • Glad I ordered that book of essays today. • Herve Villeachez. • (believable, of high import, funny) • "On that analogy, Aunt Lizvieta, a person living alone would be like a totalitarian state, with its only semblance of democracy an officialized self-criticism, while marriage would be the supposedly adult but more usually infantile rough and tumble of election campaigns and parliamentary debate." • smell of acacia / smell of tangerine • Everybody's Giuliani. • I have become the deliverer of my soft whispers. • They dynamited the diaspora of the ZULU / They terrified the tightrope of the SOCIAL OUTCAST / They randomized the reality of the OST BERLINER / They parodied the pricetag of the FILIPINA MAID / They grouped the gizmos of the JAPANESE

RELIGIOUS CULT MEMBER / They fried the friends of the
HYPOCRITE WHO GOT IN / They sanded the southern vista
of the COLOMBIAN DRUG CZAR / They worried the
wakefulness of the AMERICAN GAME SHOW
HOST • Personal database = “celestial vision”? • That
makes me my own prostitute prosciutto. • Banananananana...
*(repeat at will, until the level of originality is consonant with
your reputed abilities)* • Wallabies. They’re
great. • Sometimes I am slender in my own
waist. • Nicolas Bourbaki = Free Willy. • I was reading in
ZOLA today... • This womb hurt a bit. • Coto-cultural
Macarena. • Jerry... Wait! • (beat) • A big singles book,
or a lipping nothing. • Gary Numan. • More bozos
on. • If your lapis lazuli is sounding more like a rapper’s
Rizzoli, you probably need more ESL. • Part plagiarism part
pleasure raging. • FireHotWoodSmokeWindMountainTree
BirdFlyCloudRainCryWaterRiverOcean • treble rebecs • It
is swollen. Don’t touch it. • My hourglass has skipped a
beat. • Gland-based organisms have been known to
contretemp. • Diderot’s dermatology: thoughtful eruption.
• Musical interlude: *_#*_ - ^++-!+_*!?! \$ +5 -+ _- *+! -
76+ • *They were the tender, talented tenth, they / forked
their thirds, blended in well / being, from nothingness, gallant
and wealthy / producing, by dozens, towns that were
healthy* • Robert Creeley: pigeon-toed outward. • A
kleptomaniac’s gaze drill. • aU! aU! aU! • These are just
puns. • *go to library, go through mags* (note) • “Wimpie,
wimpie, wimpie, wimpie” (song of a bird) • folk
silence • Dude defending a hairpiece. • “self” promotion ::
serialized yearning • *Jimmy* the meditation. • Not to marry
the attention, rather to query the distraction. • Adults R
You • magazine magazine magazine magazine magazine
magazine (a magazine of magazines) • “The regular flakes,
all the same size, equally spaced, fall at the same rate of speed,
maintaining the same distance between themselves and the
same arrangements, as if they belonged to the same rigid
system which shifts position from top to bottom with a

continuous, vertical, uniform, and slow movement" • I can't say that every one of my days possessed an event. • These are my two favorite windows. • I should be interested in writing several poems in the manner of my nemesis. • indecisive / kodachrome • technology's / bone sandal • Attempts at uniform punctuation *versus* the slow leakage of discovery. • I think I hear a dijirido in the lawnmower. •

The cloven neuroses of a bigger code.

"Anagrams are funded." There are snakes in several mythologies.

Total = loco.

Sanitize the superior, or
– pregnancy tests
for issues

– all arrant relations. Hide-bound
structuralism –
trips to Hoboken,
to several necessary poets.

For in several mythologies, total = local.

IF_FORMATION. • Shitty Little Hill (city on the hill) • Zuckermensch. • Crispin Glover. • Passionately there is a communication error. •