

**Versuche: 10**

**Alpha Betty's Chronicles  
(Loaded)  
[c. 2000]**

# Alpha Betty's Chronicles

## Part 1

(I mean the loss of despondence

When the signal detonates within the sign.)

1

a pyromaniac's / toke n joke  
lore / and other fandangos, / classroom  
and / superstitious knock / as paranoid  
effusions rock / borrowed cash  
/ / Latin / choking co usins /  
cinema sans enemy / ic e cream  
/ danishes / in a dream, somewhere...  
/ / a maniac's trapped jaw / liquor  
store soliloquy yea h / world migraines  
/ over broken bridge / over explained  
treats, Of / pained necks and then applause  
/ / effortlessly retract ed  
/ sleep / sobriety's giraffe  
/ unurgency, of / / a call from /  
plague storms / citadel / records  
penciled / in rushes the  
/ citadel, is / scholars  
dull wars /

A story in  
which the dialect spoken was just  
a matter of typos that had  
become habitual.

2

able

affadavit

agent

appearance

astroturf

breath

church

crank

effort

figure

fin

gin

granted

have

lichened

ligature

loathe

market

model

ontario

oust

outta

piazza

pus

scenar io

since

sine

toe

variety

3

And takes it all

back

not long after saying it

(the

Body Builder).

They shine when they

shit,

and

the papers are all over it.

"He shines when he shits."

4

Anxious

big hair on the back cover photo of

Marjorie Perloff's Radical Artifice.

Art Exhibition:

"The

ESSay on William's" including rubber  
breasts hanging from the wall; fresh

apples imported from upstate New York

daily; a dadaist nailed-together junk construct

to illustrate materiality of

one of his poems; "Nude Descending

a Staircase" with recording of just

the right kind of laughter (Armory Show);

snotty looking French artists perambulating  
throughout the gallery, indifferent;

a sparrow smashed against the floor.

5

Bane of my resistance...

6

Because

People don't have imagination.

None

Of them. And

Now

They're

sleeping

My typewriter

is loud as a gerhawk.

7

Being

a lover of punctuation, and such.  
/Em /

8

Benny wanted smoking, The odore

not . And the cadets wanted nothing

but rough housing, and a reserved  
space upon the couch.

9

Bull!  
I  
threw the  
c**lock a-**  
gainst  
the

Wall,  
it's lying ,  
it's cold.

Just in**human.**

**Reducing**

**m**y green

**house** issue,  
I'm

**op**ening up Wide

into **the**  
**field**, I'm  
no lon-

**ger**  
sleeping.  
I'm off

t o wor**k.**

10

**Chapter**

on reading **an** academic text on the "**Snoopy**  
**DOG.**"

11

Chinese guy who writes,

with the other staff, obscene things

on the receipts at the restaurant in

Chinese to this customer says. "They  
admire him for his learning..."

Paragraph of staid sentences. Guy who

approaches dogs on the streets

as they are inspecting parking

meters and trees, etc., and encourages  
them with their selection.

She wasn't able to be proud

of her son's knowledge,

because, when

he finally displayed it, in a large

novel about Korea, family relations,

how it was, he got it all wrong. "He was

an American, that's all, which

spoiled him." Hypoglycemia, always

humbling. Not a good Jesus it,

he had plain prose (his Latin  
clipboard left at home). Part about

standing up for the mushy poetry.

of the New Yorker and

oetry

"There isn't a line in all of your Pynchon  
as pure as that — *hy isn't it*  
good enough to just record anymore?

12

circle, square,

possible, a  
passage

— search

exhaustive,

exhumes  
no

fossilized alembic,

alchemists

fort.

13

Coffee, smokes, stale  
rhythms

elevating

me from the bed, in-

to  
simple controversies,

little

stable.

The hilarious fail  
to

call, derisiveness

having taken  
over

for gut appreciations;

BQE,

bills, blather-

ing incessantly — hun-

ger

substituting

for orthodox cognition,

—

standard ills.

14

Dapple dawn drawn

great generator

of teenage starlets.

15

Doesn't it come

as easy,  
as

last night, when

you were  
young?

Vicious

turntable

of life :  
that speed

at which we

kill

real possibility

with drink

and knives

carving the meat...

a sup  
of flesh  
deter-  
rants,

waiting for the rescue.

These  
cinematic ways

always betray, just  
be tray

any thought of revision.

16

Don't

be fooled if the light only represents,

to you, dial<sub>s</sub> from post-op.

17

Effort's wide,

strict

as leisure.

next

# Alpha Betty's Chronicles

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## Part 2

18

ELEMENTARY

BUDDHISM

S trike a match, a pun in

the wind, the window

pain. The

stitch elegant against splitting,

a

suture, a way of sitting, a winning.

Boy, they say,

play play until

the tremors go away: I don't

know, don't care to know,

now. This is the

wind speaking — echoing,

state to state. This

is the crime oblivious,

the fright elastic — and signs

curve me ever inward, pu ck's balance,  
talent-

less. These chords of connective  
t issue that I

ordered in the mail, wrapped  
in preserving  
elastic, starved

in their institution, pronou ncing its

final syllables of revolution — w ith  
a

doctorate or a general  
acceptance, w ith-  
in doctrine, these

chords are not vibrating, they 've

stopped, placating. And all  
the truths are relevant dragging

a desperate mile thro ugh bogs of shit  
and

temperaments that argue for,  
or against, style. These  
truths,

we've come to believe are hardly

material, but only gaseous, or  
like some lump  
sum that never  
approache s, from its third

realm, the  
physical. In

its condom : striking a match, a

pu<sup>n</sup>.

The raw, the unrefined find a gain in the

cooked mind, a way to sleep

happy

domestic in

a challenging way, a map

against

all

becoming. Calm, he

wipes it down, clean again.

, slip

Fu

Wen contemplated the workplace.

Crammed, crabby, cramped, credulous.

Fuck Greg Masters if he doesn't

like my magazine.

19

Give me a  
joy,

a  
lot of

luck in

developing soft-

ware

conc lusions.  
Give

me liberty,

light, all

sorts of

hono rs, or

take

me to

bed. With

you. No W

that's an honor

hairy. Ab-  
stract.

Perfect

inconclusive.

Government

job procreation programs

— the initiative

is active, streaming

the masses

into their cordoned lives

(codeined

"projet noir" diSSing simulations)

— thousands of pulses like this have  
come

in, since we started  
the rotary, what

we anticipated

in several previous gauzes

— gazes

at the 3D freebee shoulder butt.

The persons (she and her large  
body)

were grafted onto the stones of  
the old way

timorO US, the new

jobs — she said "school"

and the

old, the good things in

"the

new generation" needing people  
like

that (her French was terrible):

she

plans to use the job to build a

Will, and

– not true, says the Head  
Of Forecast.

Three and half billion dollars,

or fifty, or  
less have gone

in (Cornelius, it's useful)

to ward the

laugh line solution. Parsons

hailed the

program, and this is Mark  
Chase

with flute-bedeviled

news, in the morning – it's  
7:23

am. Or, "twenty-nine minutes

past

the hour." Now available on  
CD-Rim.

Gratuito us sex and  
violence, plenty of it.

20

Hasty  
pudding  
or pudenda?

Like  
a house  
in Williamsburg

— one

foot, tw o

feet, one

foot,  
two

feet —

the velcro rips

off, the

leika (lens)

— pure

video —

one is so  
dissatisfied,

he croaks.

Stand up ON a

(1 2 3 4)

ledge by

the

river — on

the banks

the

bud blows.

The punks

Exchange

bl ows.

Wait up, smell

the

coffin,

Often,  
again,

— insensitive  
and  
self-mon-  
self-mon-  
self-moni toring.

There is no Korea.

This

is no test,  
but a test  
of  
will, of

aptitude.

Perfect

pitch?

Year 's itch.

Canine birch?

— Itc h.

Have you ever kissed

a man before? I've practically

never

kissed a woman

before.

He tried to analyze her love  
of him through his love of another.

21

He tried to make a stir  
fry With cheese — he thought it  
would melt on the top.

He,  
who felt it such a bother to add  
any element to his morning ablutions,  
or to start using contact lenses,  
now found himself pricking himself with  
needles and lances eight or more  
times a day.

Hearing  
desires an  
audience, take

that, you rebel!  
palm that memento,

and

Thrust it!

Gan gly in

my room, sinned  
several times

in a shower stall,  
eyeing  
codices.

It all seems fall,

autumn's lack-  
luster performance

here in  
Brooklyn, not

Queens,  
NY,

a Korea of football

Season's  
dilemmas.

That's theory,  
you swain,  
but

accordion traffic  
matches the

w ealth of delimiters

occupying my

mind ( south, south

east, and

east). Ease  
is a parody of  
peace

in a temporal town  
drying  
in was te.

Put the italics in

later, take

the words, tilt

upwards toward breach  
with drama,

pano ramic

slides on voice.

But

one leans back  
anyway, wh istling

dick swinging songs to

punchy  
auditor s,  
craning one's  
neck

over the Sound  
of typing —

it

is a meat fac-

tory

factory here, meat  
here —  
occasional

wurst.

next

# Alpha Betty's Chronicles

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## Part 3

Hear ing

the perfeCt epigram...

Knee

socks on the marb le steps...

22

HERBAL QUICKIE

Strange,

this night that

(organs

splashi<sup>ng</sup> away)

prote cts the

min<sup>d</sup>, dark

With elegant burgUndies,

grays

(the ciga<sup>rette</sup> agrees,

challenging

the cold day)

as it floats,

ever secre<sup>tly</sup>

towards the more

challen<sup>ging</sup> way

(strugg<sup>ling</sup>, ever decently).

23

Here's the story  
of a man named

Uly,

he had very very pretty  
wife

but all the wrong men  
tried

to be her sui tor

cause

he was not at home.

Hey

human character, it's

Romeo

Jetson, glowing "axes,"

a

pristine warrant, halo

round my

jaw, commandant of

rigorous

ice-cubes equated with

fraught,

testimonies.

There...

How

take? m any support groups does it

Peers under arms, parading

the straw body to its palace,  
practice?  
Residual decimating of

insecurities,  
counter wishes,  
molecular diatribes?  
Ask Fragonard.

Tempt, when it  
is a Temp, nothing

and the permanent  
doesn't ail you.

24

I'm  
always afraid of such confidence.

I am **n**o**t**  
**polite**  
**with**  
the

Kore-

an gro **C-**  
**ers**, who

I sus**pect**, un-  
**civilly**,

of  
**c** **harg**ing

**too much**  
for groceries, as

I

look  
at bargains  
in peanuts.

So long,  
I say, and  
wish  
it

truly.

I Don't Have Any  
Paper So Swallow the Wafer  
and Shut Up

25

I Suppose

I will forget. But once I forget,  
I won't really care.

26

I

was thinking of throwing away my  
refrigerator, never use it.

I

was also thinking of taking down  
my mailbox — try to minimize.

As a youth

I was gorged on Irish breads.

What

they didn't realize was that I could  
do anything — that Jesuit

ability

to reduce everything to a zero and  
yet keep the battle-axe handy.

UI ysses

— we look and stare at that thing

forever.

27

I won't speak ill of other people.

Their silence obsesses me.

breakhavoc

wunch hazing ritual strap counter

standard demise

logarithm

Sort of a soporific

granted, snitching

on

the wonder boy lasts  
as long

as fratricide

as a debatable

go currency.

You have no allies,  
and the doctors are sick of you.

28

I'm

a mess without my, my Guatemalan  
girl (sung to "China girl")

I'm

awash with spurious igloos (rains crashing  
down, worm muck unraveling my sensitive  
tissues, and I take all rhythms as they come),  
puttering until nascence lifts to an  
argot these contraptions,  
egg boilers, egg peelers, egg eaters,  
down ramps of twisted coat hangers,  
dropped on a plate. I've fake turbines  
(or investments in them). struggles

that protract asphyxiation (collegio,  
in the Latin, or just drop the n from asphyxiation,  
worsening the verse until cramped  
enjambment

Pipes in with clamor s from the infant's  
back room, the monks, maids and projections),  
keeping labor stifled in baroque misinformation.

That's all it takes, indecision, distraction.

Walking, I chance upon a daffodily,  
"remark the pregnant daffodilly,"  
in its crowd of jewels, in its  
creeds of passions, in its borrowed

lake. I am going to do the laundry,

and meet a Polish poetess, reading

the latest Nobel laureate, a

populist with a history, and she

will remark that I don't understand,  
no and should probably read

Ruskin forsaking my Homi Babha,

and also my William Carlos

Williams. I will reply: "But

I am in almost total agreement! I have

just chanced upon a daffodilly!

This recent exhibition of Mark

Tansey's graphic filler, it's like a shot

in the arm of the avant-garde!

and so I am returning to ill-

considered

origins. "Then I will return home

and take stock of the issues, and

know before I begin that I have probably betrayed myself.

I've found a

way with you well

Though I

am walking smartly —

Bragging of all my swishing veils —

My aims that rattle tartly

In all the zines and magazines

The

gross — outpouring of

Grief that crowds the mezzanines

The swirls of sounding love —

I've found a truce the

syllabus

That grounds all

stratagems in —

Formaldehyde

— Don't call it "trust"

It's

just a perfect weekend.

29

Idea

for John Yau film (get Christine  
Change to direct):

He tells the girl

that he has to break it off because of other  
girl, for whom he has been acting,

called him out of the blue. He thought

there weren't any strong connections  
yet, but he gets punched in the

nose and starts bleeding profusely

immediately. He cries: "You can't  
punch

me in the nose! How am I going to pay  
for this — I got 20\$ to my name!

I don't have any insurance" etc. Looks

at stunned patrons (in a restaurant.)

and apologizes.

It appeared  
July 3

2, 1995

next

# Alpha Betty's Chronicles

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## Part 4

It rains —  
the crops wither.

30

It rains

— the stopped watch shivers,

makes a severed just ice from the steaming  
ham,

the frothing hens turning      tabloid

into stereo wings of justice.

31

It

takes the ch      illi out of the

morning. Cast

the throat

wide, submit one resignatio**n** (tying

Up

the nation with resi      gnation). Plug

in

sult**ry** affliction**s**, affiliations.

Peer into  
the **pe**ers (who  
hav**e** **dissemb**led to drown you).

Weathe**r**ed **valiance**, that is,  
storied

**poses** **sure enough (tensile)**  
**t** **o bit map all**

**O**pposition.

There is a **wary** co **ncubinage**  
**in**

**this** **rent hike**, a **petering**  
yet **still** dar **ing**

**pronouncement**

**SUR**facing to the **risk**. So assemble

**them** gladly, the **peers**. **Let out**

the **door**, **let**

up the hair, **flange**

a net **let**, beget **yet**

**more** **sires**,

**divas**, **requirements** for the **rule-**

**based**,

**blo** odletting **int**er**face**. **Bet on**

the **tig** **ht** fit.

It's get ting

(oh my)

colder, dark, dustier,

the

floors quite rotten,

blankets soaked,

eggs

stale (farewell!),

cigarettes

desisting

their arguable pleasures,

foot struck, dumb,

by ice, hole,

splinter,

floors rotten, blank ets

soaked, oh hell! (it's

sometimes

called, when

a tap, a kiss, on the

cheek, of a — you

knew!

— lesbian produces

stares

back from her!) in-

tense

experience of

having to manufacture

(deduce) one's

Own

manners:

this apt code

only struggling

tastes like  
teen i nfinities

gross, out

of check

range .

Pass

hat, mask  
fleeting waffles

in privat e.

Pile on laugh

track,

fat

fat! alive

in temporal  
pockets

weaned on  
vanities,

lo

Use

in parody's  
sure hit parade.

Scream recombina nt  
in the

TV's

hortatory mode  
wandering

on

r ubber souls,

pi **ecemea** | from **luxuries**

**collapsed,**

**in** <sup>the shatter-</sup>  
g body: **floors**  
**smashed**

(bring in the

**ne** **ighbors), blankets**  
**yoked**

(**the** odors!) all for  
**the gra** **nd autonomy.**

33

Learn **that, and**  
**that!** foo |

**masochist** —  
**blanch in private.**

**Th** **e leaves**  
**swing, swing**

**against** the  
**di** **lettantish**  
**ass** —

fast track, **maps**

**pruning self**  
**ab** **out, and**  
**withers on**  
**vine,**

punched out  
men,  
fragrant ices,  
lapidar y  
truces.

34

Light: doesn't  
wann<sub>a</sub>

learn *anguages* any-

mor<sub>e</sub>,

but Computerspeak

tha t's easy,  
crazy.

There is no poem,  
but

the room for a poem .

35

Look,

look, pilgrim, over the banner into  
a dventures in the wet, or snow.

Maybe

the just part of  
age: a

## period adjustment

when  
the others

are safe :

already

hand-

jiving, and

it's not e ven

yet the raVe.

## Spelunking, carry-

ing this

dead life' S

skeleton too

wari-

ly on the

boardwal k:

jaw aching small talk

by

the profound sea

that's

to day's "poetry."

The francophiles,

Ph.D.s

agree: past that

faggoty

wistful-

ness, lies

the

calibrated highs

of regnant  
bull

that's a sign of  
"good will" on

the author's part:

art

that's smart,  
bringing

Us on

to prosperity. Progress.

The soil meets the rider stress.

37

Maybe someday he'll write

a good poem.

Starched,  
or

timorous bleeding  
tyke,

more or

and then expressway!

pill pull

to-

ward : skink s<sub>kill</sub>

parades

the

window, sullied.

I'm like

the dawn, I take my troubles to court

-

Lather, shave

an become

grave,

sum

of deliberate raves

-

"just

wanted to get in my pants"

Erodes

grocery  
chic  
implausibly

at, it  
grinning...  
flashes!

you, a  
gorgeous  
languishing

bulb.

Takes that desue tude  
seriously,  
fills his words  
with Marxist tags, his  
"sentences."  
Parks by the river,  
brandishes, in secret,  
his sword of  
meaning: returns  
home to the chef  
of the kitchen of  
quotes of the month:  
random accesses  
it and, it turning  
pretty, bullocks

the whole natural cause.

The rivers

retire with their applause .

Shaking

hands. Bleeding aorta.

The

various parades always end up looking the same —

People, papers, presses:

a gumbo of sanitized memories

Politics are not like they were

in Guatemala —

I return there

frequently to test the raised pitches

38

Miss Prison.

39

My eye carries

the other wise pure meat.

next

# Alpha Betty's Chronicles

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## Part 5

40

My

eyes turn all diagonal, though

I could

blame the veins, the

vane way

the mind suggests betterment

in

an exercise schedule from  
Mars.

I hear it re formatting the  
hard drive.

I try to persist coolly,  
though

find difference a matter of suggestion

heightened to a tropism  
of self,

I mean the sanity's on

the other shelf

by the wine,  
and printers.

By the venal,

and the consenters.

Turn

the socket the other way,

make of telling time a  
sport for girls.

41

Nerves  
are  
tight, are

expectant, in

Henry  
Miller's  
delusions:

that forty

is  
that prime of  
life, dick

mastering  
the  
social crisis

without

duplicity .  
No betrayal:  
when

one wan-  
ders into the

fiction:

SO it is, and  
shall be, so  
decidedly  
con-  
sumed, no

pain  
to others

(others).

Nerves are  
challenging

this death,

suggesting health

is protean  
when, alas,  
it  
is achieved,  
and very smart.

No hesita-  
tion, no bus

stop waiting,  
just go and  
go

in, on, pro-

d uce th at  
story

line, line

of poetry:

it is health  
for the opti-

(cian?) no  
mist, belaboring

the corny  
codes, the

scruples  
that

edge one  
toward eath,

its duties,  
its grants —  
its

gas emission.

42

Never so sure:

there is an entire Saturday  
stretched,  
metaphysically, like a lax

muscle,

before him.. n ot like the ocean that

hides a continent, rather, a tongue

that is willing for speech, exposed,

vulnerable, out of its cavernous

socket and a little disgusting. Shut up

the dogs in the back of the building, tether

them, hide them in your living room,

on the television, Shut them

up. So then the weekend can

achieve its closure, archive

its hilarity.. a b each ball,

heavy, primary. He had attempted

to learn the name of the Loyalist,

who cursing, lays a wig

hted eye on

the

bodega, and doesn't mind his passage of

time in the sweltering heat,

reading b

ad Homer translations..

he portends lethargy, a wick without

wax, a candle without the order of mastery.

The beach is disgusting: compel s,

repels, sucks and He looks sends

back, in waves of ever-increasing torment.

up, spies the comet, the Com ment, tries

to lean back.. embrace the luxury

No lyric, no

presentiments

of boredom, wind not da

maging

appropriately

dog paws

cat jaws

si licone — symphony

Sinking into the peat of the largesse

of one's rich grandparents

Wired

retired

they won't

find

me here.

I'm an agorophobe.

Television

is my maître d.

Reminding one's self,

and neighbors, to study the new

Schedule

for the

retr

of matter.

ieval of garbage, the reintegration

Hokey attempts

by

myself  
to acquire a relationship

that is somehow "off the books."

leatherstocking

heat-shaped  
loaves

The phone service has been discontinued.

The phone itself has been disconnected.

Tear off the door from its jams!  
it jams!

Moratorium on all prepositions.

Call him. Ask

for poem. Keep

issue secret.

— lapi dary —  
charms — in society —  
of poodles.

You are like my brother.

The cat ate my brother.

Satis faction

at having solved issue of noise in the  
incinerator.

44

Of that we don't

and

et C., the  
come as you are prin-  
tuplets,  
strangely

masking a  
pride:

frangipani

"El Nino" deep

six, gest iculator in

the crowd,  
awed

load, load

on veer on crank  
on sin.

gly, or in groups

the

tide tur ns on

deftly, (fink

sneaks along the quay  
yesterday,

solid, soloing, with

sun) soiled,

its

movies: that

deliberate sand-

Wich man (sand Dan) corrup-  
ting

yo uth,

tooth, ruth and

TRAFFIC

NOISES:

trap i n glass one More

fly, for that,

jack up the feedback,

hack s, marching

(yodeling)

into the

light: dairy

needs in

Fa r-

go elevated to

the Religion

of Infor-

mation Act, 1962,

sined, scened, ridiculous  
as

a hat: for-  
give me, auditors,

for the frog throat, I've

mim icked a cog  
and that's no paradise

or method,

rather a shank

from the memory bank of  
STRUMMIN G GUITARS:

cut to lean to

among the bums, one

of them dressed  
like Nina Simone, one

avid idle incubator

of storied

strategies:

ink, slat e, chalk,

rice paper, clannish act:

there's no concurrence.

45

Oh

Carla, yOU

called. I

w as in perilous

Straits,

unlikely to

form

Senten ces, of

crack a code

(joke).

Fine

to hear a

friend found

me,

salivating

for bore-

dom befo re...

life that

worried its

crouton

to dust.

next

# Alpha Betty's Chronicles

---

## Part 6

Oh,  
this is great  
and sad, rooms  
evolving before the  
feet,  
track meet,

surrendering no  
fo ot or  
inch, but carpeted

(meta-shimmering) all the  
way.

There is small beer in  
the  
closet, mice  
are prophets, lax  
attentions  
resolve

the question of whose  
home

is it.  
Strategies of  
living:  
dust off

dirt-encrusted  
heels,  
eat meals  
foiled from local  
pizzeria,  
discarded, before

Noticing  
there's  
no fork  
or plates, no  
salt.

There's  
nothing to recall

from previous,  
domestic diligences  
The room  
plates.

From point X on grid map

Spirals  
a hope, or

attenuating fear,

or clack clack of cantering

typewriter,

that scores  
each day on walls

of hotel? of cell? no, rooms

one

feels free to take a date to.

46

old

books salivate

the new rhyme

plagiarisms

retreat

denounce appropriate ness

of music muscle

into circulation

a radiant filibuster

knock out insensitive ity

47

On the

street,

stepping,

ar-

guing,

night lights

puls-  
like,  
showering

or de vouring

the  
talk: it

comes

back, a-  
gain,  
to it.

48

AFTER DAVID GASCOYNE

One

f ounders in a castle

of deli<sup>ght</sup>,

marking

out side schedules with

dreamy

incompetence,

staining all

the sheets

With merc<sup>y</sup>, coward

of intell ible, intense

apogees  
of mischief.  
The candle founders, dark

in cradled infamy,  
like Ern Malley,  
like  
a teacher's surreptitious  
agenda,  
that paradise  
hidden in all the fancy

books. Story goes:  
once  
him had a churl, traded  
for a girl, got  
elemental diseases,  
Not  
incendiary phases, nor  
a breath of maturity,  
I  
mean, it was weird,  
not having  
my gross ego  
to confound me. But

that joke still bumps  
me  
now, edging on  
into wakefulness.

It  
is a cold mashed potato.

It is a grump in the night.

Sp eckled tortoise:

you ain't  
nothing new

to me! I've e

fun shoes

angling, you see,  
toward

preternatural vag ranCy,

and Corny ties, and  
crooked

hair, all

a symphony of occurrence

suffocating bad Chatter

(In the

suburbs, where

it begins, adopts

mercurial guises, and

coins a

new theory), I've  
plenty to  
mess with.

The group, nonetheless,  
in

black shirts, white

shorts, red  
waist

bands, assemble outside,

brandishing tickets, all

stable  
in g estures  
of seasonal discomforts

— no coffee cures,

no  
herbal expedients, no  
craning  
for syllables.

49

One othello

surfaces from  
the mix:

organs,  
pi pes  
part art  
dithering.

In steps 2nd  
othello, a  
dominant  
at-

tained:  
leaps up  
kettle drum!

whinny assault  
b old,  
ripe type of

ill

apiarily,

e rror ari-

alike, lather-

ing:  
she

knew the com-

poser:

Nietzsche.

The

cool

reed of that

othello,

not

an oboe

or basso on or

clarinet:

marmoreally

MOROCCAN,

for you who

p

iss

phallic

codes. Und

struggled:

intro

fem from

right

wing,

Greeting

key -strut  
powerfully.

Not,

know, the  
words h ike  
a leather

indifferenCe.

50

Phone calls to the thermal gist

(the weather beating down so dully  
refr acting)  
pin-points the  
idea

Of the future into  
a steady  
drum beat,  
a sort of ambient drone.

and now the sleeping of the weeks has  
become salutary,  
no w the idea of  
hygiene doesn't seem all bad.

51

Poem

with bird whistler:  
me and whistler

standing next to each other,  
facing audience. I say "This

is a poem dedicated to my home town

of Rutherford, NJ" Then, Whistler starts

doing various calls. I start

making eyes with audience,

and silent face gestures that

express "This is going to be good," and the

piece continues that way, with me making  
those gestures, which are so on

mingled in with appearances

of expectation myself, as the  
whistler continues making sounds.

Then it ends.

52

prepubescent emmanuelle

53

Rabbits aspire! gerunds

run

aground! there's divinity

in the

balked, coagulating

run of the

sphere! Rhododendrons!

(my filler plant.)

Sapphires

ired in the seat of the sun!

Double the sum of the rolodex, hon,

we're

getting started, and smart

arguing, caught in the star

Chamber — clamoring for kicks!

54

radical lettuce.

i'm after

a strange r thought

one dime

equals many

in another country

it's about time to believe  
that, nor

is "pissing in the  
wind" all that bad, in england.

straw monkey. resounding bells.  
purgatory's  
visa "haf ta fathom it,"

strict

time

oh la la, breakag es in  
the sememe.

wanting to fly  
to C anada

to weatherless calgary

pride up around fred wah

po und  
hells.

fragrant migration  
of ass smells to COgitat ing  
skull.

immigration. exile  
excellent baccalaurea te.

decent  
feed.

next

# Alpha Betty's Chronicles

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Part 7

Resources  
(discussing).

The new structuralism

cannot

un-warp

perverts ion's singularity.

55

Rocket favors: newspapers

heave with deliberations...

stratagems (like sweat on the

forehead, like

geese) convene

peacefully.

56

Rutherford  
collapses

into all its compromises

its paradoxes (late  
capitalism?)

no, a wish  
to remain a serving  
dish).

And I am in  
singular

orbit,

singing its bleak praises,

pounding on its stages,

I mean,  
its Hegelian denouement.

57

Scenario:

a young girl congratulating her brother

for making his first talk show

appearance. She goes to the dressing

room, and sees that he is

getting his face done. When

he turns around,

he has

dense cakes

of facial make-up... She is shocked,  
but he says "nobody will notice,  
it's stage make-up."

He is Jewish,

and the cut to the talk show hosts'

monologue

shows that he is doing an anti-semitic

joke, Anyway, as the little interview  
progresses, with the talk show host going

on about him Self, letting

off farts and things, the  
stage make-up, which is clearly  
noticeable, begins to slip  
off. Eventually, he just pulls the

stuff back up, like in a face-life,

but the mask continues to fall,

making

him look, at moments, like his eyes are  
peering from behind a death mask.

Eventually, it just falls off.

58

Section

based on Nirvana's web sites.

59

She

could go on forever analyzing

the min ut e spaces between  
her thought.

Or anybody else's though t, for  
that matter.

We won her. She

has come. And

taken the life from

them,  
at

the same time. So she plasters the  
walls with her oils.

60

She got sick  
looking  
at the internet, nearly

vomited, stubborn ly  
refusing

to eat, to line  
(in my opinion)  
her

stomach: c ontinued to hold

and hold, true, that  
she's

been eatin g very well,  
thank you,

let us  
remove to the next site,  
please:

greenly, cautious,

circling in my room,

cleaning, nervously full

of motion, kinetic  
in her pantomime efforts  
to stay "still." Did

not happen: she left  
strumming  
on her rib cage.

61

Short

M'lady Malady Through

Scrim Battle Not In

Terror's Brimming Cadi- Lac

Shorn Dump Parody's All

Star Quiz Gams Redolent It

And The Tansy Race

Home Reactor Talent

Hype Diamond Legs I

In Delicate Re- Pos es

ana-lyzing The

Sky Screen Goals Providentially

In Circuit Being Everything

To Me Baby Italy France

Egypt: "Countries"

It All Stems Then

Outward

Ovid- Ian Sexy

Apt In Fanslation Lucky

For YOU I I You

For Lucky YOU Lucky

For I In Italy

Testing Water Dumping

Minerals Hate- Wracked

And J ealous Beste Freundin

Tag It To Me Take

All Ill Dupe d I

Am In The Coup

seville Civil or- Dinary And

Not So Cheap Veggies Tabling

My Wares And Staring

Glee Has A Foot:

You Snare It up And

War With It In Awe

To The Effervescent

High Low Of Scone

Sugars : Because of A

Vagrant Stench In The

Room I You Leave

With Submission Laughing Green

Dues

Sister, wh<sup>ere</sup>

are you,

who

promised

me you'd lend

me twenty

dollars? it's not

Zen-like

of

you to co

nform

so poorly, with

the clock,

leaving me

in neu<sup>rosis</sup>!

Hale the bu<sup>zz</sup>er.

62

Someone's gotta

screa<sup>m</sup> do<sup>W</sup>n with American poetry! and, No

more of

those <sup>epsilon</sup> salads —

they taste

cheap in a fisherman's lodgings!  
and other innuendoes. Scale

the gothic Shapes of mercy, tumble

down exhibitionistically toward

the mulling, in-animate crowds. I am a

sparrow, honestly. The forecast:

up three points, deterrents

of misery painted, stucco, brass, figures

from Tom's coronary ass — the groupies

swing by pissed, long, soporific —  
time's Nebuchadnezzar restraint.

Passed praise in the streets!

or mass sed gas, someone's gotta like

that punch spike, porous issues, and

celebratory wrangling over shops,

and ape consanguineariness — take

that broken bottle rocket, splice

the decades together, into a banner

Of sure in sight, run it past the shores,

ad-vertise: it's ladies night, drop

the bombs in the sand castles of

inscurities,

tell them, home.

63

spea

spea<sup>ky David</sup>  
B owie speak

laughter gutt<sup>er</sup>

shame rain:

devo<sup>lves</sup> sudden<sup>ly</sup> i nto a  
quatrain

a quatrain a quatrain

transmogri fy

Nich<sup>olas</sup> Moore ho

biggy calibrated  
squeak

in

orphan<sup>age lavender</sup> lips

it

ain't always a<sup>n</sup> insp<sup>iration</sup>, r a<sup>theran</sup>  
inspidization: the Age of  
Inspidation.

s hifty coated

shadow

figure in

arms ther

e ain't

no arms settled into  
suburban  
duress

a da ta frankly groined  
papa isthmus

vagran t  
virginal (in boxes)

a  
quota hemorrhage blanket purposely  
vatic

next

# Alpha Betty's Chronicles

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## Part 8

64

Stasis is futile.

65

Story

of person who experiences sleep for the

first time (coaching from friends,

feel of accomplishment, naive

first impressions, etc.)

Stranger,

you may grow up to be possessed

by certain ideas, effusions from

the rump. The cut glass will  
become your syllables, mister,  
miser — you will vacate numerous  
rooms before finding the one  
that names you: Sir Charlatan.

And that's why there is something lacking  
in your prepossession, your way  
with corners and milk. The abstract  
on the vitamins was boring  
reading, but that's before

we million covered the syntax with stories  
of wars, sparring, dances; the rectilinear

applauds didn't distract you.

On a purple bed, with the dawn

streaking across your breast (freed breast),

shaking thighs, glow of misapplied

diligence

on her face — she is Pavlova rediviva,

a flower-child — nobody told her of the  
industrial revolution !), clocks  
burn the misery of unslept nights  
in a crown of wakening suburbs,

buses, and coffee carts, withering that

ill taste in your mouth, calling it an  
addiction. One more year in the gutter,

— when will they finally get

your bed linen right, so you sleep

all nested and comfortable in the

Smells of your hometown, those dandelion

fissures, those maternal chokes,

those cars! Frankinsense could

do it. But the body rebel

Artificial, fascist forms

of education: pronunciation

drills, charts and rubber shoes, books

balanced on head — whoops, there it goes

— could, indeed subtract from your powers

— your exhibitionism. Or somebody

could simply show you, target, it's

the industrial revolution — and

it's coming to a theatre near you!

taxi

thrums wait ing by the door

/purchased

transmission toward plate titude

/rollicking

measures randomized gestures

/he

s miles in his ineptness

/balancing

chin over dinner plate

/like

a too good husband with a too

bad wife

/it's <sup>the</sup> **op** **posite**,  
his **lif**<sub>e</sub>  
/is **prett**y **all** **party**

/time to **hu** **m** and **the swordfish**

**g**ets **ch**atty

/deli**ber**ates over

sur**plus** **int** **ellect**

/replies **curtly** with

**dogmas** **ca**rt**esian** without **diag**rams

/in**clu**sive

of **the** **quirks** and **prec**ise

/lath**er**ed

with **lite** **ra**ture

/laced with **h** **dark**

**ac**ids

/the **snoopy** **drawing** is **n**<sub>ot</sub>

ter**r**ifying like the **shriek** **escap**ing

from the **kitch** **en**

/taxi **thrums**

**wait**ing

/the **je**re**m**iad has **not**

be**en** **sett**led and the **water**

/flo**WS**

**lik** **e qu**ick**silv**er **fraught** with **quack**

**slaver**

/timor**o** **us** as an **uncomb**ined

**hard** **word**

/storied as the **buil** **dings** **col**lapsing

in **Atlanta**

the **rac**ing **vision**ing the **rac**ist

**ve** **rsions**

/there is **little**

that is stopping the learning from  
dissolving into strategic peeing

/or the taxing of essays

/communities of nothing  
but modifiers

/adjectives supporting

the oppositional elements

/who

take these pliers to use there

but they resist

/resting on the

mantles of the anal who are banal

66

That

elemental fidget with the squeaking

jaw

67

The careerists are going

to the cannery

to dogmatize on dog

food's versions

of human

food t **hat is hum**bling the **mass** es  
with  
messes of **pro**active **mustard**

gasses

an d other gushing, **verbatim** facts.

Strike down, stri **ke** now, **stoking**

any fire **that is** desperate  
and free

of the gang **that greets,**  
**with** **symp**athy

**the**ir mirro r

versions in the moribun **d** scenery,

logging o **nto the** termina l, loathi **ng**

all peaceable intrusions, when  
possible.

**the**refore, there  
**is** therapy in ski es

**that** otherwise

offer littl **e** bunji jumping

**beyond**

their pale scenes of **povert**y

**and**

**their** washings, **f**requent as

wanderi**ng**  
songster **on** highwa**ys**,  
or **happi**ness **on** **holidays**.

So  
the raw and the **cooked**, **retaliating**

within **their** **binaries**, **be**neath  
the **lead**,

**nonethel**ess **find** **agreement**  
**that** **arguing**  
**o** **ffers** **more** **bou**nty  
**than** **merely** **sleeping** **being**,

**though**

**One** **wonders**, **wh**imsically, **how**

**much** **confusi** **o**ns can be decidedly **accounted**

**f**or, **w** **hen** there **are** **so** **man**y **waki**ng

**reeds**  
**among** the **other**wise **insufferable**

**old** **facto**ries.

**The** **co** mputer

is dumb, and cousins won't

speaking

to you. How

to progress, in weekly, standard

flight? Shoes loudly

down the

floor: clauses

catastrophically

inclined,

trOchaically bartered

in several partially

deleted occurrences, manifold

but

ill-assembled. HOW

smoke, hydrogen

spectator? Gas

the neighbors. There

are questions because of it, or variants

that supersede stasis for the

benefits of

a munificence that

balks with its regrets.

Level

with your parents and shiver

with the pets, breach

every border

that bounds with its deterrents.

And afterwards, mourn the stupid

loss of the closer.

next

# Alpha Betty's Chronicles

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## Part 9

68

The hype of

me, so American, I wander fitfully in

sl eep's cauldrons, hot as an old novelist

that's forgot ten his themes. That's my

sin: so cold in leg, no glee

ever sold satisfied me.

69

The

mad dict ator

made the

trains

run well,

so punctually,

no one questio ned his demeanor:

mean.

The season's

change,

all's caught

In summery

Surprise:

so reason's

otherwise luminous

demesne

was darkened: not  
a spark

of sense, or

nonsense.

Redactor

of histories, of lore

— he jerks off

in the park

seeming

so teasing

to, really, no one. He

is

a wonder

of abject pleasing,

of vagrant pleasure's teeming,

and thus  
wakes, pissed.

The mad dictator is split:

one half  
counter-parliamentary,  
one bit  
running with us

toward liberty.

But never, never, in  
fact, fruitfully

Conversational.  
So when  
the head count's in,  
he's out in the  
random library,

doing  
arithmetic.

They voted him in, nonetheless.

He  
was a resounding voice of difference.

No t too hygienic,  
not so deluding.

70

The

paper is stil l t here...

71

The

plans for the stadium ar e always  
being postponed. Tedium, too, falls,

lik e the five-year plan, lik e a curtain

of sw ansdown, ove r every child

and lov er.

72

mechanical  
hum of

refrigerator  
universe.

73

The  
TOTAL eaters fan club.

74

There's  
that sham eleSS  
appropriation and apotheosis,  
again,  
we've planned! Major ecstasies!

Burgers and wings! Narr owing

in the hurt of the feet of  
the wind!  
And the storefront sign:  
showing "Open"!

75

They are never  
very serious  
when they play that

custom

Blanching at my witness

they struggle for comfort

for

solace, for distance

Stately in elegant  
gowns

the parliament of the highway

Trees line the street gutter

76

They

argue about cooking sausages:  
"I'm not  
going to use a fucking teaspoon  
every time I cook a fucking sausage:"

77

They die, or they go to

heaven without dying.

They

have come to a full stop /

Carnivorous

The beech trees think you're

weird  
Autumn

Named it /

Blue  
trajectories spotted over the landscape  
hovering /

Control led by

The seat of pants /

Shit

A mynah bird in the toaster  
think it /

Clear night

Whispering friend /

Go solo with applause

Yank heavens /

Clear  
friend /

Puritan stru **mming** CO **nscie nce**  
plowing tilling earth /

/  
**Spared**  
of d **ream bouts** /

Sh **e eloped** /

A  
tee party /

Fly by sham **pooed classES**

/ /  
drive **by the develop**ing classes

you are **one of** them /  
You a re

the hero of the **kitchy no** **vel or**

**comics** /

**Radiant** /

In  
saffron /

Jelly /

**Garrulo** **us**  
kids on **the** corner shopping /

/  
**Straw** denim /

**Weekend** pass

/  
**Leather** insoles of the  
even **ing** /

parades of affiliates crowing  
salutes /

Ch eroots

On doorstep /

plastic /

Jazz /

79

They st ocked Up on three  
Varieties of soda: cherry, regular, diet.

80

This anthology of patienCe

they want you to know w with

speed of acquisition, thinking

fast /

lear<sup>ning fast, slumped in armchair</sup>

over <sup>versicle,</sup> mem<sup>Orizing</sup>

someb<sup>ody</sup>

else's <sup>fogged</sup> impatience,

is a <sup>sylla</sup> bus,

is an <sup>elation.</sup>

81

this is our <sup>own</sup>

<sup>story, with beginning and end.</sup> Who

tries

to make a <sup>f</sup> arce of it,

tells <sup>us we're troubled, infants,</sup>

jerks —

that has been the <sup>standard</sup> experience

of each <sup>new</sup> generation, just getting

on.

But we're wary (or should be) <sup>of such</sup>

o <sup>ppositions.</sup>

And keep <sup>gurgling our nonsense</sup>

— until its <sup>age, its clamor, resounds</sup>

in the em<sup>pty</sup> volume of this <sup>gymnasium</sup>

that we've been <sup>aligned</sup> within.

This

is the sport that plays with grease,

slalom or slam dance, strikes

with ease

with strokes of soreness,

precision elevating

the bruise

of conscience, defeats, unabating.

Lethargy winces with its taste  
of wine,the zero hour waiting,  
which is unkind.

A dog barks

in alley. A mop leans by wall.

Brian is waiting for the agency to  
call.

Time, tumor, greater

god,

fraught, forsaking us usually,

talentless tenor, antiseptically  
adept,

wrecking radically  
spurious symmetries,  
deceiving,  
dump syllables slashing  
throat  
therapies, grudgingly aground,

step stones, sloppiness,  
surenesses

shucked, shams  
shellacked,

edifyingly.

84

Too old to be

a slave, and no desire of becoming

a master.

next

# Alpha Betty's Chronicles

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## Part 10

85

TOY **SES**TINA

Never more sure

of moth<sub>er</sub>, or of

the blank stare  
of a special other,

the mi**nd** blocks  
its playful greas e

from running. Greece  
derided

that, sure

that a **ll** b<sub>locks</sub>

should  
beware of

**d**arkened brothers

who

we irdly stare,

needing a stare

**b**ack. **T**hat agrees

wit h what  
others

have said, when sure

of shock, or of

displeasure, of

blocks

in Greece, of blocks

in NY, where a stare

means a

stair of

invitation – grease

in

the hair. Oh,

Sure

pick on

others

with no other

thought

of block-

heads in Senate, sure

of

Fred Astair,

the popular

grease

that paves the way of

general

CONfluence of

votes! Why bother!

But, in Greece,

the Par

thenon's blocks

deserve their stares

of admiration,

sure

and assured they're of  
stairs

by others,

blocks d

ragged on grease.

Voyans, or The Structuralist

nightmare are Goes Public

Walk

to school, little legs.

These

eye

s, out

Of the window, are  
broke.

Sanity  
is ne'er an i ssue,  
mom,  
dad. Laugh, like  
It's cool.

86

was it rusty?  
colon chatt er

bespeaks a cal m  
racing rangi ng

so that cerebral  
spirituality's  
in q uestion

marked murk

dissolving narrow  
as the  
chain  
to the fence

that shouts  
concurrency

lazy lapidary  
as  
water **that's** still  
as **question**  
i **nquisition**  
that **proves a**

**soporific** **applause**

in  
the **gallo** **WS**  
**there is** **light w** **hen**

**the** **re** **is** **no** **ni** **ght** **and**

turning  
ver**sion**  
that **looks like** **home**  
**to the**

**vagabond**  
raw **with St. Francis**

**g**roined  
to **stan** **d**still  
**in the park** **on t**he  
mark  
of the **question**

Wavering

between luck and zen (sent

the plan<sup>es</sup> down) the UN US interchangeable

demanding new syntax f

rom the

markets.

87

We

had the author of "The Western Canon"

living in our building. We thought

to place a small porcelain cannon outside

his door, but we never did

it.

88

What have we here?

(drama or design?)

89

What's this

got to do with my first communion?

What's this got to do with the new  
reunion?

What's this got to do

With the sliding scale?

what's

this got to do, that we're going no where?

The heroes are all hermaphrodites

in

my hanging paper lantern,

they talk when

they weep: it's magic, like a Christmas tree

in April. Several antsy

fanzines I've collected on

my front porch h...

but the wind

don't blow no more, and the fireman's not home.

90

What's this...

something for my mailing list?

This isn't

going to be good for my bulimia

Just

call me Paradise Theatre (his interest in Styx).

Who takes a large

broom

to all

it: slope by slope, eradicating

the figments of

mile, timorous

stuttering  
of lay-on-the-

line: suggests

surrender

— bodily or

holily, before the

grosser

confabulations.

91

will starvation

drive an artist out of his tomb?

winter,

too, has its paradigms.

92

you  
are so sure and  
now your face  
flatter ns  
as an overdisclosure utterance

mops up the floors  
strange arm  
collecting  
in sensitive hare ms

all kinetic substances

that shriek with a larum  
exuent and  
proverbarter

is a pure form

of entropy  
sanitary reliquary

deposits nigh the eyes

a  
baton swirls in stillness  
hanging  
pendular  
claps to the floor

in the vacuum of stalled

pulses  
vani ty  
ecstasy

that secular

equati on

that graces your stoc k card

vaccinates your politics bleeds

sy mpathy

sanity

and all assured flavors

that mo rning is like that

with the

teletype ticking o ut

mixed documents

missiveS

missiles and C.O.D.s

t hat

struggle with Kierkegaard

relinquished

fo r the flux

phLOX fix

mater ialist

weathered diam onds

ba dges

are <sup>experience</sup>

with the soil  
and labor

you've only come  
across in books  
and parental  
bigotry  
intensively perusing

a

stuck Up child in artistry  
gardens

boborygmatic

giant or giantess

you mistake your pan      creas for universal

93

You must find solace in the charge      e,  
and resent.

94

You tend  
to see things in black and white;

I tend to see things with their  
grays in between, and even the occasional  
burst of color.

You'll

see that there's a season, a

reason  
the black kouts shrugged  
and persisted, dilettantes

a  
figure of hope  
likely to be amusing

to nobody.

That's when you cared

and cash and carried the cigarette

charm

-ing lighter —

the paradise for keepies

Burning

holes in the Cement (trying to fa th<sub>om</sub>

what y<sup>our</sup> m<sup>other</sup> meant

by that

cod<sup>e</sup>, her

matchbook (sec<sup>ret</sup>

matc<sup>hbook</sup>)

co<sup>ntained</sup>

your picture, my puncture,  
her wound —

pink eleph<sup>ants</sup>.

There

is to<sup>ffee</sup> on the table

there

is syrup in the milk,

there

is mov<sup>ement</sup> on the perimeter,

there

is a shogun warrior

and there is

a ring of saliva

and ther<sup>e</sup> shall be

calm in the evening<sub>s</sub>

— after<sup>wards</sup>

we played injuns

and plagues.

Warning: parables.

And

easy cutlet

and la<sub>wn chair.</sub>

Freedom is an af<sub>terthought,</sub> after

love

suggested the con<sub>stitution.</sub> Carly le

popp<sub>ed</sub> out of the open box. He Screamed,

another talent wa<sub>sted</sub> on port<sub>able</sub> fiction<sub>n</sub> s.

Scram,

beat it.