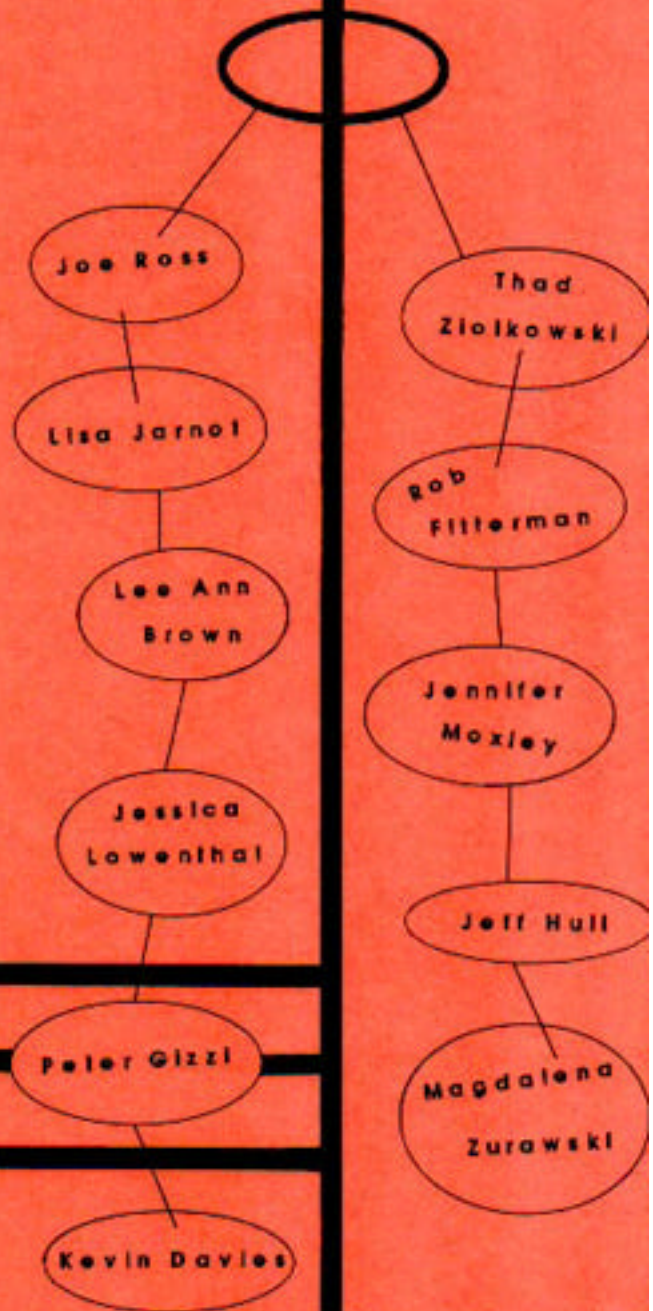


the impercipient





The Impercipient

“silent pillow of a generation”

May 1994, Fifth Issue

The Impercipient

61 East Manning St.

Providence, Rhode Island 02906-4008

Edited by J. Moxley

Subscriptions:

3 issues \$ 12.00

1 issue \$ 5.00

back issues \$ 5.00

please make checks payable to Jennifer Moxley



Special thanks to Lisa Jarnot, Bill Luoma & Patrick Phillips.

Welcome to two new small magazines, Torque & Mongrel Nation.



Perhaps people have spoken
of gender all along,
only they have called it “yonder.”

— Steve Evans

Bartender, bring my wife 241 martinis.

— William Powell as Nick Charles
in *Shadow of the Thin Man*

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jessica lowenthal

I am a Deist

after Descartes

I have arrived in the present
by chance. By & large, physical

objects like buildings
tend to stay in place.

I am here quite alone
& at last I will devote myself

sincerely to the general
demolition of my opinions.

I slip out, tidying
a corpse for the waking.

The face speaks of neither
and glares at me. Big, I

squeeze my way out
of the house, slipping

neither anger nor sorrow.
The disposition of human

remains still glares
at us, each in turn.



Some believe the sun
not to be a body

of fire but a property
which when burned

produces present. I feel
quite bold & cheerful—

there is no God. The remainder
of this page & all of the following

in the mouth of the canon.





A Spiritual Autobiography

for T.S. Eliot and Robert Duncan

Wheeling over our heads in the middle of the moor,
any relic of the dead is precious.
I go here and there collecting them
as if men were birds flying up from the swamp.
I go dragging my slimy body over the banks.

O swallow swallow. Divide up memory
as easily as an orange. It could be the saviour
waking beside me; there's no way of knowing.
I feel pressure to leave the ground.
That's it, thank god. It's the end of the world.



A Sentimental Autobiography

for Emily Bronte

I began in the interval of swallowing
and more than neutralized the glowing physical comforts.
How little did I dream
even before I ceased to be sensible
of my locality.

My human fixture and her satellites
burning their eyes out before the fire,
leaving the others half undone;
I certainly esteem myself a steady and reasonable
kind of body.

peter gizzi

Imitation of Life : A mini series

I.

The chill came after the transmitter blew.
All reports of life were arranged in specimen
bottles on a metal shelf.
Decoys of amny colored eggs had been distrubuted
throughout the valley by paper-boys on red bikes
I heard stories of the creation and the apocalypse
in Sunday school.
Who is the bogeyman was a question frequently asked
Plumbing equipment and copoper wire were found
beneath the couch.
You are waiting in an empty parking lot.

II.

A boy awoke with horror to discover he was the sole transmitter.
The shelf life of a single human does not add up
to what the government calls benefits.
I and my decoy wash the money.
The apocalypse is not a cereal.
Meanwhile, when no one was looking,
the bogeyman fingered through a fuckbook.
Behind the copper works, the paper boys were watching
a display of sparks bounce on concrete.
It is now a parking lot.



III.

The difficulty of being here is what do we transmit of ourselves
that we can ever really know?
The single benefit of food is that we recognize it is food.
Can you spot the decoy?
Perhaps creation is too strong a word.
I is the bogeyman.
No amount of copper wire will connect this structure.
The neighborhood met to swap recipes over kool-aid
near the parking lot.

IV.

There are many lives transmitted in meaningful deception.
I saw the benefits.
Red bikes lined up in a row are shiny in the Saturday
morning sun.
Then there is Sunday school.
Frequently the bogeyman was known to live in the basement
and his call was the drip of leaky pipes.
My dad is a plumber.
Does the neighborhood learn the meaning of public works
before or after it becomes a parking lot?

V.

The high tension wire is transmitting microwaves above
the bunny rabbits.
This report has been shredded by the bogeyman.
School is a decoy.



We came home to colored eggs.
In the basement children invent reation myths
with G.I. Joe and Barbie.
A vast underground of copper tubing connected
many of the houses in the neighborhood.
The sun set early as they drove by several new parking lots.

VI.

All day a ghost transmission blipped across television
screens in the neighborhood.
They sponsored humans to enlist for the government.
Men discussed the many uses of decoys.
What stosry were you told?
He blamed the bogeyman for his bad reception.
I never wanted to be a plumber.
We live pedaling into a sunset looking for the sound
coming from an abandoned parking lot.



jeff hull

from Few'd

I'm avenging my father's finances

admirable penmanship

everything's yield

rabid values

within my rights





now, this long shot

a loop in the sequence

how the wrong words hurt

proximity's kit



someone with your talents

far away from what

subduction zone

pristine malfunction



versionary

aging with time

stubborn stain

rhetorical word



disaffect, deorderize

I'm serious, this is a game

unmastered moment

anticipation harvest



pushing the envelope of over determination

half an idea

scheme particulars

between the rules

lisa jarnot

Diary of a Rough Trade Angel

chapter one

and then help me because and then and help and then i said i won
you said i said i won and we were in a car and countries are toppling
i said and style and then and help i said are toppling my style and dic-
tate then and help and then i said i won you said and help and then
and car i said and car i said and help i said and then i said a car i said
and we were in a car and countries are toppling i said are next to my
summer address and then i said is next to my style i said are raspber-
ries said and summer addressed and ferris wheel wrench and then

and then help me because and then cut me. and help and then i
won i said in a car and countries are toppling. i say i love you/dog
me. i say hurt me mr. sir and my summer address is next to the rasp-
berries in the ferris wheel wrench.



chapter two

and hear me the modern received i and letters today i and landlords
but better the fox holes and leave i across i receive i the landlords and
letters across all the countries are toppling but won i of spelled wrong
the wrong i and down i the one i and i i but war torn and hurt i but
spelled wrong and down i and called i but lame i and hurt i was wheel
i and paged me the tight i my hurt i and then i

take twenty pounds of heavy weights and hear me modern that i
received today a mail of letters better than that. tell of countries all
across the country spelled wrong, of landlords all across the country
spelled wrong down one fox hole and out the next. page me once and
then he said my name and called but he was



chapter three



not like you my rabbit master.

not like you my rabbit master.



chapter four

no loves i was not aware at the time of the time at the place where they come like you the thieves and landlords are come at the spelled wrong aware of at time that the sober are time and the power of time and that no loves aware of the time of the master was joking at sweetness and then said to like

i like it i said when you say that in the back of the bar next to lewis.

when, in the back of the bar (next to lewis) you say that i like it.

when, having said that you say that, i say that you said that i like it (in the back of the bar next to lewis).

when they come again, the thieves and the landlords, no loves, i was not aware at the time of the power of time and i never saw so sober sweetness, i was only joking when i said i like it when you say that in the back of the bar next to lewis.

chapter five

ever i'd stand to know your walk and clever i'd stand to watch your
drink and ever i'd fall to run your hands across my crossed i'd never
and then i'd long to take your ledge

that you were tying around my neck and

ever i'd take to clever return to find you ever in each at not a good
idea that down by the river runs your hands some ever across my cross
like limbs of the crossed i'd take to

time

me up and run your home across my hands some then that this is not
a good idea to watch and step and dark





epilogue

if ever there was a mistake it was at the verge of this link called the
cuffed and the clever

ever to clever the cuff at the hedge,

(what i mean pierre is ever. stop. to stand for the cuff in the hedge.
stop. ever to clever. stop. what i mean. stop. pierre. stop me. stop.
and then some i long for to run at the river. so stopped at the bridge.
stop. and ever the clever. stop. ever to clever to me at to time me to
up to the watch step and dark. stop. step at the verge of and walk at
the watch step and dark at the clever at ever the edge. stop. what at
the hand of. stop. at the watch step. stop. and verge of the dark.
stop at the clever and ever to. stop. crossed at the clever and cuffed
with an ever and then some. to stop.)

rob fitterman

Living Under the F

F is the fan, whence I
peeped so demurely

To Flora:

to faun's
to flaunt

don't
torment

me – forty
readers agree –

with your
letters.

Fame says:
any knees

'll suffice



LOTUS

usual sign
for L
was lion
this could, fittingly,

stand for L
in a man's

name but L
in a woman's

name might
better be

foregone

e (f) g
for of
one

or forgo
on gone

e.g. for one of



Life
Long

Fishcakes



the fiiirstt testt
le majj (yyy) oorr est inn

secondd timme
finessee makes iissllland ssense

ffifth is
the forresst mmine iss annon

how dee
an onniion an goose shaped amulet (inna)

F is for the many ways

everything in this house was
probably invented
by Franklin

financial family matters figure
in mars fiery a flaw
in the ointment

Is that a jellyfish under your
frock or are you just
flappy to see me?

phonecian
trick

mon
drew
me

furtherc

the first,
“Frank’s
casket.”



Facts
simile
fylfot

not any
symbol
fumble

back
palette
record

of final
departure
tongs



fff
 f
 fffff-g

l l fffffff
 fffff
 (ff ee

f) ffggg f f f

 ffff.

tunnel awry
r re verse
chrome dry

can goals
blurb back
millicent may
let's entangle
estuary in
excess clocked

in missing
a room an abs
olutely blue sky

. . . dotted along the path of feeble.



lee ann brown

Summery

An undone tropic fell too lush
A can yon climb a bird a thrush
A tea before the ending hitch
The sprite from hell said smoke the bitch

I wandered lonely in the midst
of poets conversing not quite kids
and many lovers ex and all
chasing th roughth e water

Fall

As leaf to leave to lavish to laugh
A gape gaffed taped onto dinner mapped
I batter the dough of those wh owed
pommeled to structures suturing work

A septet drunk on eating another
forked forgetting a pallid mother
Hence a fruit a bitter bother
Telling truths a ridden scholar

in Winter

Pity me where the cold north throes
An arm on my cheek a windy pose



In my ye ry bedroom no heat is there
Except w en ou climb in and dare

to
Spring

Where roses bud and violents bloom
In a circular saw, riding my room
Inscribed on behest a back anew
Imploding such that she held my view

Oh spring is here and itís only Feb
How it comes to the impatient Reb
She sang invisiblyónot this week
Held time enough for us to speak



Poem for Joe

written around Joe Brainard's 50th birthday

I've always wanted to write you a poem
So here it is!

I loved watching your eyes tonight
when you read your poems
for Jimmy Schuyler

I love the way you walk
your long legs and arms swinging
blue cash mere fast off into the
cold night after pouring me wine

I love your whippet pictures
your Pansies & Nancy
All your flowers...
and the line drawing of boys in
underwear

with that little bulge
or their cocks actually out
arching over the thigh
like the one hanging in Allen's bathroom

I love when you brought me
Campari & soda with lemon
down by the lake
and extra lemon to make my hair blonder



last summer
or was it the summer before
I love floating on rafts quietly
like water bugs
trying no to get too wet
in the sun
I love your style
I love your interview in the Little Caeser Magazine
I love "I Remember"
and that you're from Oklahoma

I love the shape of your head (a fine skull)
and that you got some white shirts
at New Republic

I love your soft kiss
goodbye or hello



magdalena zurawski

A Book of Felled Musing

1: One

O, Ophelia the last tone before drowning is
goose and the pucker of our lips.

The sound of water is no longer taboo.

The sound of water is a lyric in disguise.

“Then up he rose and donned his clothes.”

Duck, Duck,

O, Goose

2: Two

Dear Kate, I'm sure it was love
growing larger. I'm sure it was love.

A symbiotic relationship between the sound
of water and rhyme. Up I rose to some sweet
rose. Then up I rose and donned my clothes.

O, and the pucker of our symbiosis.

The last tone before drowning is

“Dear Kate, come dance with me.”



3: Three

Dear Kate, I will be in Providence
this summer and someday at the egress
of fierce insight. The sound of water
growing larger. But aside,
in the meager grass, our lips.
Lemontrees resonate in the wind
with no sense of irony.
Do you remember my breasts?
Dear Kate, Children play
and lovers hold one another
but only dogs do what is natural.

4: Four

We can work to create discords together.
You've fallen out of automobiles
or if this doesn't work out, "You dance
divinely," said the ladies.
What a noble mind is here along the western front.
And a girl better known for her dungarees.
Dear Kate, given and losing
myself in your hair.



5: Five

Now I should change the texture and say something like,
“filling the sails of rule”

Yes, perhaps this should be more lyrical.

“I dive into the grey waves, drunk with love;” or

“Child, you keep losing yourself in rivers.”

O, the last tone before drowning.

O, the sound of water.

O, Ophelia, get me a coke.

6: Six

In diving there is the danger of transformation.

The diver can wake and say “baby.”

Notice how ridiculous if sounds.

The stove-gets hot. And then my eyelids flutter.

“Because I love you” this is not a meat

and potatoes aesthetic. “Because I love you,

the ceiling and the heart and the air”

notice how ridiculous it soundsó

Feel sorry for me.



7: Seven

Yesterday I thought of kissing you
and then you showed me your teeth.
The land of trapped beast spinning.
Dear Moose, crawling fowl,
and waterbuffalo: Slop me
in the flower of my stomach.
“O, captain, keep coming,” I said, “Pride is green-eyed.
So why are you throwing knives at me?”

8: Eight

I am not usually one to focus on such issues
but as I was reading I noticed the sound of water
is not in the sink.
I fell for tin cup whistles.
I fell for the pucker of our lips.
Dear Kate, stop dancing.
I’ve spat from my mouth what sort of roses.



jennifer moxley

Lucky So and So

for Liz Willis

Ebbing in these lights of space
each tended for balance, pleasure
and for my liege, a niche,
we have built what we imagine
others building. Behind other
summer-lit-windows
there must be wall paper
worth waking up to, but here
in the city of Multiple Backdrops
beliefs are shakey and quips
fly all the way Home.

And so I journeyed. My souless soul
a darkened station full with notices:
“Psychic phenomena sweeps the Nation,”
amazing what borders can do these days.
But I had a better outlook on life
when you walked into the room
looking like a winsome Nora Charles,
eyes full with gifts. It can be expected
I wilt be the whispers you inspire,
tucked waist & golden colored bracelet.



As a gad-fly may I borrow evenings
from your Great Heart? Are you
still waiting for a kitchen-sill visit
from the little bird of careless life
or may I finish your daily rounds?
With no more devastation than fits
it seems the world is calling you up,
Miss Full-with-Novels, Miss Too-Many-Movies
taking pleasure like a secret cigarette
in a land where what we most fear
appears each night at 6 p.m..

But behold it was a dream. It was
the year the phones went dead
on Mother's Day, though most mothers
preferred fully realized human potential
to letters home or regular calls. Famous
Women moved like landfill and marshland
revealing structural flaws and saving
the wild] ife. Lucy, Ricky, Fred & Ethel
were there too, but it wasn't a dream,
it was a birthday party and all the guests
were smoking Silk Cuts.

It looks now as though my stove-top timing
really did make a dilference. Though most
mornings I still get up bewildered. I've come
to believe impatience goes a Ion way
towards establishing duty and ra~bits
scatter with only the sli g~test disturbance.
After all, assault rifles may be banned



but assault is still okay, though men
now ask politely whether or not
there will be food. With these convictions
we'll watch the sunset, if ever the skyline dims.

Kept from the circle of influence
you and I are spotting for brothers.
I'm falling in. Remember I'm like an orphan
only with a first-run movie of family memories
running a continual loop in my head.
From this moment on there'll be only
whoop de do dear, no more signification.
Communal gossip will keep me afloat
while you turn the city on your heels.
Immanence and transcendence will meet
at the Capital, everyone will be moved.

News stories had a particularly abstract angle
that night. All fortunes read:
"What have you done with your life?"
Tell them you have walked over thirty three vistas
of dangerous westerns. I'll fashion Holidays,
100 ripostes and all the vestiges of glory
we need. You see, I'm not so envious,
it's only spring and you are only reason enough
to give up all requirements.



thad ziolkowski

Calling fathers the good
that which happens
its never having been
threads through the cup's
broken handle now
in the cup they
agree in number only
as the day of the month always
precedes the month



To this day how levels
of the sea became stays
by walking in on itself
fucking, though here also
a motion in only
one plane
made possible in part
because I never knew the name





Perhaps in that large book
an end of the first part
the shit
smudges annul
the way change
the way to change

for in the stars

for in the stars

for in the stars

No date
shines in the ground I'm of no
consequence sticks spray
through an ajar
door a sum wanted
to be actual possible here
meaning whole so
far as is known



An open totality hung by a mob
to produce change
the feeling has surpassed
qua sky
folded in half
then in half again
from Terminal A
through the Device
back to Terminal B



I thought out
the folded hands
behind which like this walls
fail into windows
behind how sky denies
the man of the hour
who is also the hour
and water lands



joe ross

from Equations = equals

KNOWLEDGE: cure

Know the thing and stand so. Mis-alighted and haw.
This world numbered in name. The show and cable flip.
A long delicious pee. I could live on your lunches.
Our us imparted, transmitted, broken gospel learning faith.
Cathode eyes. Screen blink. Paper bounce.
This meditated leisure sure is keeping me busy.
Take a class. Fight a war. This cause is for you.
Stay, divided. The whole is best taken in part.
By the rampart's red glare you dare to exercise exclusion.
Fusion, re-combination, spliced genes, field report, remote,
press-conference, executive summary, year-end
fiscal statistics, real gross national product, third world
debt, leveraged buy-outs, small business options, paddedbooks, personal
disposable income, lost our lease close-out sale,
limited time surrogate offer. Real large bodacious Christian revival.

Stop. Refrain. Let's all sing. Get ready. Come on everybody.
I was empty. Now I'm full. Yes, I was empty. Now I'm full.
Yes, so very very empty. Now so very very full. Slow. Repeat.
Fade.



ISOLATE: heal



O.K. so I admit to not knowing how to fill your blank page. Admit too, I wouldn't want to. Old notions and let's kill these. Ownership, possession, lealousy, rage, anger, guilt, competition, and the salad served on bread. You see, we come from the same garden. Snake pass. Top dog under. And suddenly one stops and says to you, "How the fuck you doin' dude." And belief comes fleetingly back. "ëTill you're on your own again. Divide the world from yourself and you die. See. Separation equals contempt. Hell, we're all the same. Say, "stop", say "hi". Keep it easy, sure, short and forever. Forever, yes.



FOLKLORE: explanation

Wake up and paper read the world together. Your cause, and excuse why.
You cannot lust coffee drink your way to nirvana and forget. Abort your no.
This isn't the happy news hour. Feed off your credit card disillusion. Break
your plastic hold of human life with blood. Pump it. Feed on for your fellow.
The one there needs you.

Day care distractions make soup of the mind. Heart out of ground.
Rhythm lack. The call of the buzz and feel of the spin. Yes, you too.
One is prime. Steak out the start. You begin first. Stage on. As an example,
he refused to throw the dog lust a bone. Cast fish pearls. Net gains equal care.
Shine.

Kevin Davies

from EPHEMERRATATAGALONGONETCETERA-
DIOSOLOGOFF

Various

daybreak

spermatozoa.

I took to the woods with a camp kit & a stack of Patricia Highsmith novels but couldn't hack it & got a room in a town down the coast & dug in long enough to be quizzed by a couple of Junior Kiwanis types which led me to give notice at the mortuary & use the accumulated vacation pay to buy a newish pocket flugelhorn to flee across the continent with & learn to play

The continent with

As object to

Be taken for



blame *evetyihing* on moronic white-shoed real-estate aldermen.

mast house birds are waiting for something & most wait
too long.

Despite the editorializing heart of our disorder

We contracted for the personal advantages of social entropy not endless replays
of its symptoms

another arbitrary meadow
is at least a meadow
& let who's not
part automaton come forth
& mow it
down like white-clad Jihad lads unarmed



Quote Yeah you wish my abandoned command post were closer to your retrieval plant & wholly owned subsidiaries. You *want* the polka dots to be

Aristotelian. Couldn't beetle my furrows evangelistically enough for you could I, yeah baby I know it hurts. I know because I went to Fredericton & stayed there, I

painted baseboards vermilion for dunce dimes & ninny nickles, I bent over so aliens could probe for anomalies. That doesn't mean I have to waddle up to racoon-juice-cooled marsh elders with alder awnings & slant-six Norwegian method acting strapped to their fungoes to know when I'm not connecting the weather bucket to the wet side of the postminimalism. I know when I'm not hunted. Just don't expect lozenges to magically reappear from the fine print of the self-storage contract.

Don't even think about oboe solos. We all just repped with the radiator fuzz Unquote.

I learned the year after kindergarten that sentences are linguistic artifacts with regulations that fill themselves out, & that for the purposes of our circus-cannon ambitions the most important part of the war they enact is the full-stopping dots that divide the booty amongst camp-following berzerkers of the sub-syllabic frontier.

Is Coolidge a Roman agent?



Two years undercover as a transvestite hooker giving head to mob slabs & bent cops, now you're telling me it was all a practical joke?

Language isn't not not neutral & so on.

I want the dharma now without having to work for it or actually becoming a Buddhist.

This, once a pillar of a temple of Minerva, now the business section of a Maryland daily, replaces what I might have thought with the Will to Be a Thought, an Impulse in an Overmind, Vaster than the Bellowing of Church League Lacrosse.

Unlike the watched pat, which does eventually boil, if you scan yourself for signs of becoming a Bodhisaiiva you'll never be one. Haldeman knew this but couldn't accept it.



oh Mind/Body Bookend Molto Complicato Prego Presto Pills

Temporal Juggling Cakes

Frosted Internal Geiger Counter Nostalgia Beans

Severe Ear Plankton

Unregrettable Joy Jolt Juice

Corporate Drag Inhibitor

Cheater's Little Prosper Helper

Time-Release Pure Porpoise Buttons

Ancient Afternoons Beyond Denmark

Sheered Number

Knuckle-Biters for Pantywaists

Filtered Magma

Smokeable Pendulark oh



In faxed cui-de-sacs of postindustrial cheater's guides of stray pap glassed

Panhandlers get quarters to continue.

Every false note betrays the breeding of its parent structure. The grasses
have plot complications written on their wild cultures.

I admire a drug that allows you to hear & feel the
empty husks of brain cells landing on the
lodgings of evicted homunculi.

Imaginary lines circle planet, intersecting Sisyphian religiosity.

If you want the manual you've got to buy the program.



v. 1.0
typset by bks
july 1, 2002

