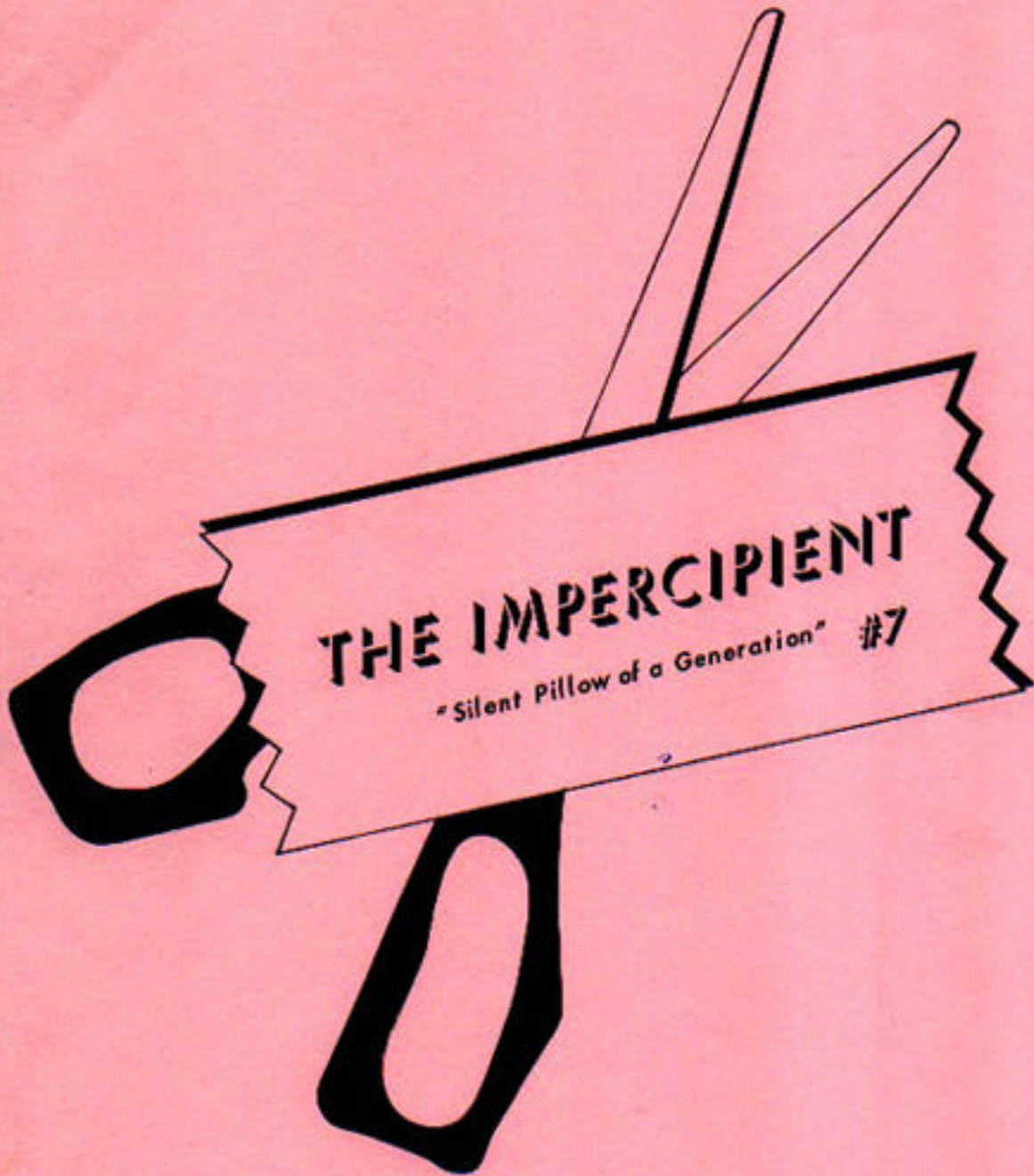
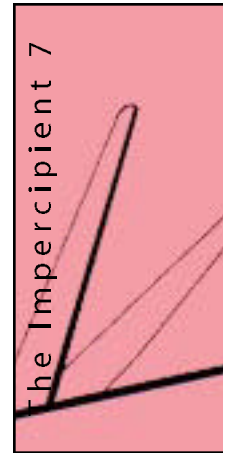


DAN BOUCHARD • DAMON KRUKOWSKI • ROD SMITH • BILL LUOMA • STEVE CARLL • KEVIN DAVIES



WILLIAM KECKLER • JOE ROSS • DOUGLAS ROTHSCHILD • AVERY E.D. BURNS • CONNIE DEANOVICH

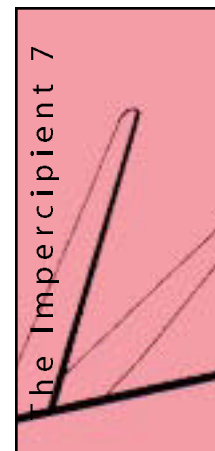


# The Impercipient #7

## INFORMATION

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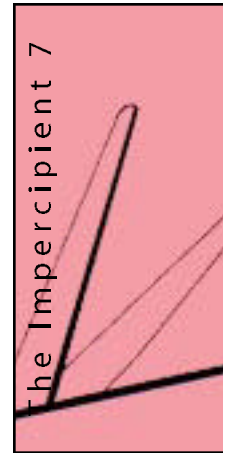
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PLEASE MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO JENNIFER MOXLEY

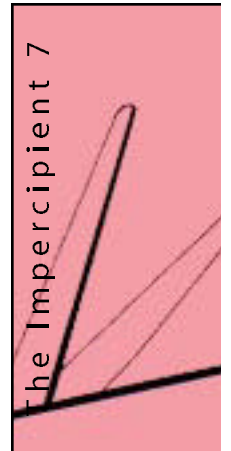


“The movement is from the inside to the outside,  
from cats in seclusion to cats at liberty.”

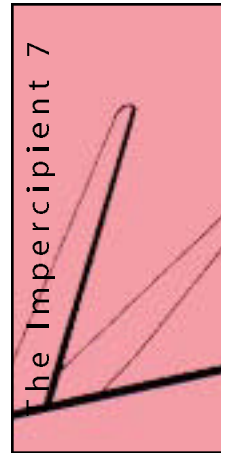
-Roman Jakobson on Baudelaire’s “Les Chats”

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# DAN BOUCHARD



SPACE WITHIN THESE

LINES NOT DEDICATED

The neighborhood of early Congress

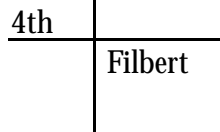
appearances at work  
apparent in the architecture

structures meant to be  
looked at.

Appellative morning/  
new day

sense of the city, utility  
preconceived

here, or near



Aggregation  
an accumulation  
of matters

privilege and  
content; unrequited mass

'it's a nice walk  
but the way to the water is  
hindered by the highway'

no ships, few  
cars, drone  
of plane engines.

What remittance  
the idea of 'private law'

– in common citizenry  
a Republic –

a code among the initiated  
stature, elevation.

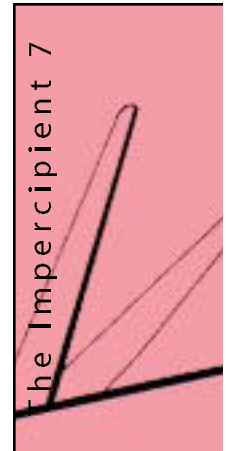
Work– sleep/ death

Build you a city 'round this

Play– eat/ sleep.

Friends organize  
or attempt to organize  
their lives as a series  
of ends by means  
gathered around diversions  
or entertainments.

When I seek clarity



When I seek form

appropriation of materials  
is a poly-lane highway.

Whole trees, branches  
frozen over

(bronzed whips  
stone wind)

sidewalks  
unwalkable

side slides, how

easily commerce  
unmercifully  
ceases

the goods  
the foods

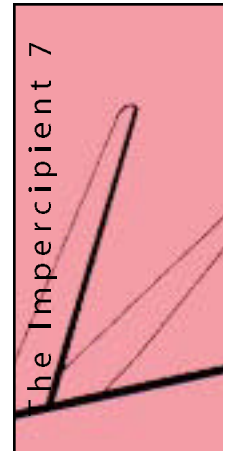
Halcyon ice holiday

holy Thursday– an ice age

'of poetry and power'

secular liturgical slip

the city is solid





slid to a stop.

Assembling old bones  
chiseled from dry clay.

Contemporary,  
proverbial

'who gives a shit'

("I" sayeth  
the incontinent one)

'I can no more avoid  
political concerns than

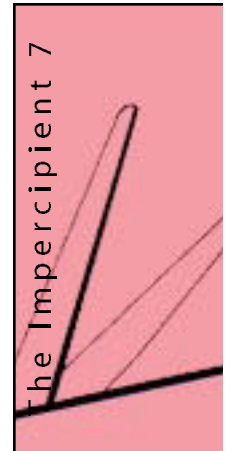
I can avoid the fact  
it's snowing outside.'

I'm trying to think  
not narrate—  
I'll tell you about it later.

Reading Terminal      questionable end  
I'd have bought the ticket  
roadways mend      a past supper

ampersand   ampersand   ampersand

animated talk   Dirty Frank's  
beside the fixtures      outside the toil



the stately bank                      the coffee shop

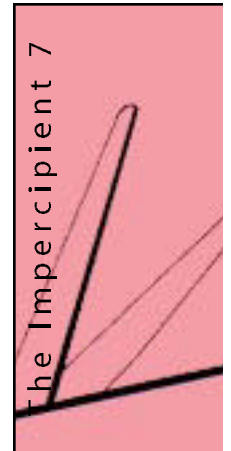
icy curbstones    neon juke  
strangers are people    in context    inside  
smell of cigarettes            smell of beer

property rests in geography's realm  
Hamilton    Burr    Van Buren    Monroe  
intransigent snow            sky is demure

checks cashed    the billion, million  
'I haven't a quarter for Illinois Jacquet'  
global turning    the neighborhood of now

market    inner    city    winter

the easy meander of our nomenclature  
co-opts what the camera cannot capture.



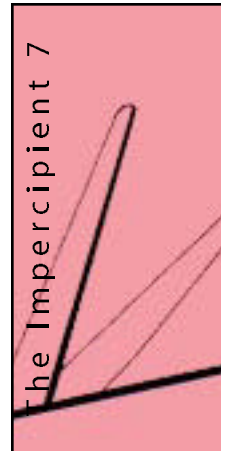
## Washington Square

Quick roads thru the country.  
Driven impressions,  
we arrive at  
the centuries' intricate layers,  
the driven shoots,  
the respite of space,  
the city between  
complex geometries.  
The architecture progresses.  
Churns of renewal  
like generations. Nostalgia  
cannot prevent it.

Hot summer. Where was you at?  
That great brick grid,  
if, under the sun at all,  
will not and cannot remember.

Days of vilification  
not glory. It is the place  
always the place we live.  
Temerity and passion  
unknown to the landscape.

Remember,  
that girl you met one night  
dining out alone?



Summer past, summer next.  
At the end  
of every July, I intend  
to write a poem called  
August.

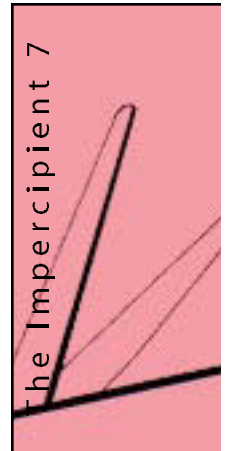
The parks persist in form.  
Houdon's Washington  
above the fire that burns  
thru recurrent wars.  
People drift in pockets  
to read words. Hands  
in pockets or crossed arms,  
reading silently.

FREEDOM IS A LIGHT  
FOR WHICH MANY MEN HAVE DIED  
IN DARKNESS

or so the ad man said  
when they dug up  
some one  
in the 1950s.

John Adams wrote home:

*enough to make the Heart of stone  
to melt away. The Sexton told me,  
that upwards of two Thousand soldiers  
had been buried there, and  
by the Appearance, of the Graves,  
and Trenches, it is most probable to me  
that he speaks within Bounds.*

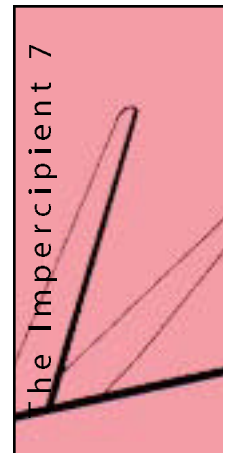


All of this is yours  
to ignore.  
The street trash vanishes  
eventually, 'on the streets  
of Philadelphia.'

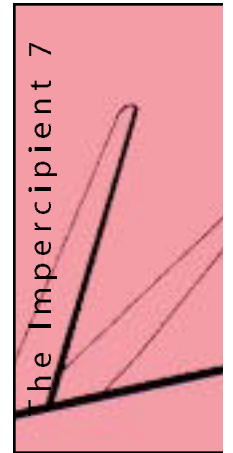
By the water once,  
a wave of clouds  
eclipsed the sun.  
And I beheld green water  
free of glare. The colors  
and the texture and the vista  
made perfect sense  
in a perfect light.

Those people with you then  
also on their way  
the numbered streets west  
past great buildings, miles  
and miles  
the great, box-like, empty buildings  
of busted windows  
and rust stained ledges.  
The stones  
accrue a heavy moss.

In my mind's eye  
I see the city's length  
as entering from the north  
beside the south-running river.  
Under the girders  
of the quick highway- not  
so long ago. Lyme  
and mortar. Add



and delete. On the pavement,  
now and again,  
the realization  
materializes:  
the filial breadth of one's commitment.



# JOE ROSS

Dear John

*for John McNally*

The reluctant hound had placed the head ahead of  
a please do. Accept the crown upon

the first boatfull for being able to decipher the lock  
that we were born into. This heaven

has no need for extra trees though they are taken  
nonetheless. Did I ever say....or is it....now.

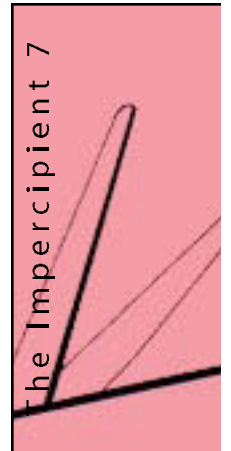
And I want you to know that while in the backseat  
I finally found time which I looked up in

the convenient dictionary you'd left for me. Don't worry,  
I promise to share and maybe add one or two too.

How is it that candy can turn so suddenly  
into a careless gun? Afterall, there should be flowers

in every chambered heart. That is the art-  
a re-placement, and about all I'll ever need. So go

tell everyone that we're all on nearly the same page.  
And it is in the turning, the wise bookmark, and making.

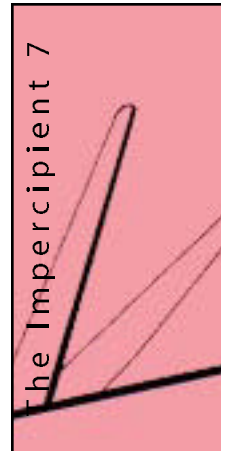


*from*

## THE FUZZY LOGIC SERIES

### Dynamics

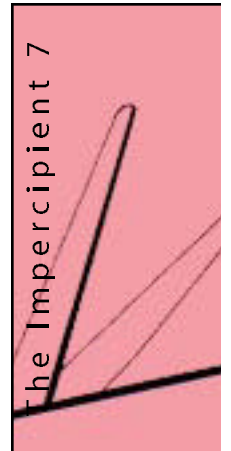
Each key repeats each key's theme.  
And that surely continues even  
if you never do learn how to bounce  
the ball between  
clay and the sandlot. But it's paved now  
and the tonic of our youth is a triad  
of minor devotion witnessing the insistency of practice.  
Every group here retains its own function, at least  
at the level of theory. As now the guide  
holds an umbrella  
to this year's tour of raining aposiopesis.  
If each song begins with a cry most will believe  
the chorus to be ethnic and may refrain  
from talking to themselves. One must  
observe carefully to keep from  
pitching a fit as we know.  
As we know.





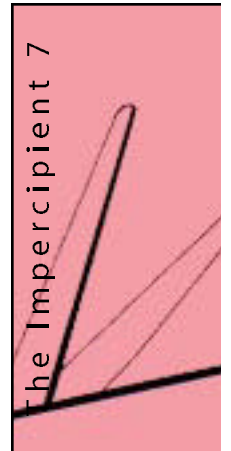
## Physics

I fear that I'm losing my abilities  
to move through space easily. To  
rise is a fear and the not going likewise.  
So the leaf projects its several colors cross canvas.  
And each corner is the end of a brick, vertical  
from a tree. And I see that  
the steam obscures but that too is too easy.  
So I light a match between comfort and change.  
The driver beckons my departure. And I find  
there are various classes of arches here, each with its own  
mission. The knees drop their vaulted base these days and  
we are left supine again. Now I wonder, how  
has the fence been kept? Well? Anyway, I guess  
it is time  
to go there. But not in too much hurry.



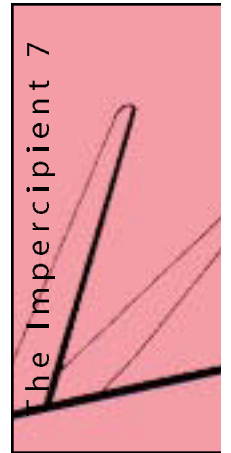
## Diacritical Marks

A fault in the clouds takes me to  
a sound across water where I  
stand above a seagull and wonder why  
every time you walk passed, I hear steel drums.  
As if its possible to learn anything in ten minuets  
yet we continue to put our quarters in and wait  
for another guest shot at life or correctly guessing  
the weather. Meanwhile we ride  
this train somewhere between Paris and Nice  
and count changes in the landscape marking us  
in a mist that is really the fog of some reactor.  
Funny, that all life defies definition and yet  
demands just that. Yet the luxury is being  
in between this time and a certain age. Like fusion  
or fission, a source is a source is a source, of course.  
Call it what you want.



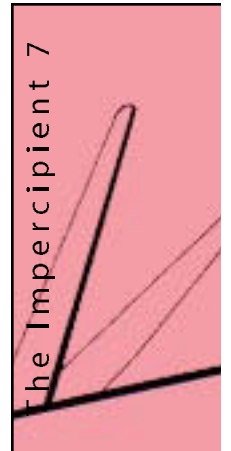
## Difficulties

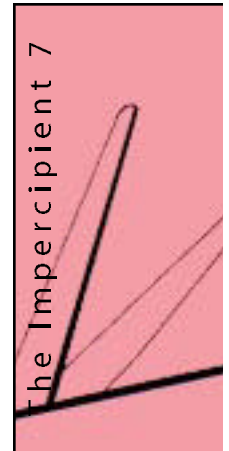
You should never try to say anything  
without first taking off your clothes. To be  
dressed up in indecision is a paltry masque.  
So why disguise the table to hide it from the chair? When we know  
that at busy intersections religion can be found, so do look twice  
before crossing.  
To get to the other side?  
Such assumptions make for the most consumptive feast.  
And meanwhile the guests have all arrived carrying baggage  
and the cleaners have quite a lot to do before even  
introductions can begin. Clearing the throat  
maybe opens the ears to seduction.  
And yes, there are too many  
connections  
in here the trash does pile up  
outside. That old world  
sure isn't  
what it used to be.



## Enjambment

Now that everybody knows everybody  
it shouldn't really matter how long it takes  
to fix dinner. With all the ingredients arranged  
like when Asian, Hispanic, Black, White, or Other  
really are recognized as the same thing.  
Pardon me, but you must be mistaking  
me for your ego. And it is  
really strange to wake up and discover  
that you're an overnight sensation – but don't expect  
me to make you your coffee. You know  
I thought you really did have something to say  
but I read your record lyrics and saw that  
you're just a fake. But that's Ok – after learning  
our social skills from soap operas  
in America –  
anyone could be a god these days.





## Dangling Preposition

I want to be in a language without number.  
And in a time when its not assumed  
that every skinny boy is gay or sick  
and in a place where they're not considered  
the same. This America,  
do I have your consent?  
And why is it that I hear all  
too often said, "a reason, there must be a reason."  
Oh the daily insistences. And what panders by.  
I'm tempted, I'll admit to  
use this big sweeping metaphor about  
how all language is a lock and most  
are too intimidated to look for a key or are  
so quote unquote oppressed that they blithely  
enjoy the chains. But I won't.  
Still though my reflexes are becoming  
dull. And real people keep falling  
by real fast. And it's  
the language, I'm thinking, we need  
the action of.

# DOUGLAS ROTHSCHILD

Wood What Words Mean

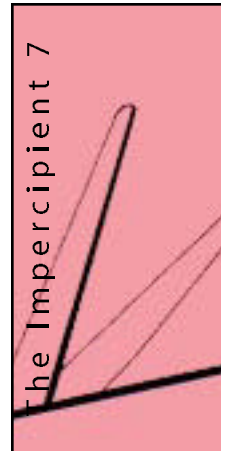
*for Cole Swensen*

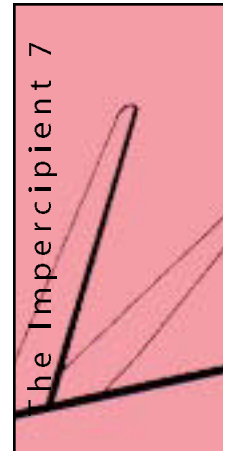
I would ant to see you,  
have gone wren, day after day.

See no need & simply cannot  
white. There are those without

scruples. & there are thus ourselves,  
given over to field & sorrow. We

wave, like so many house. Like so  
many martins, alight upon morning dew.





## The Balkan Question

“ & when he had awoken he thought he remembered the events of the night

before & wondered.” What has really happened? How does our view of

the narrator affect the story? What is the difference between the dream which

he thinks you have had & the dream which you have really thought you had?

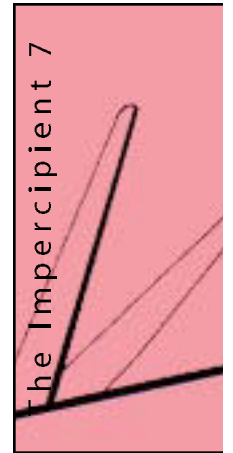
Can anyone answer these questions? Why did Churchill want to invade the Balkans?

“Could it really have been such a simple minded notion as an attempt to recapture

lost prestige.”

My Emily Dickinson

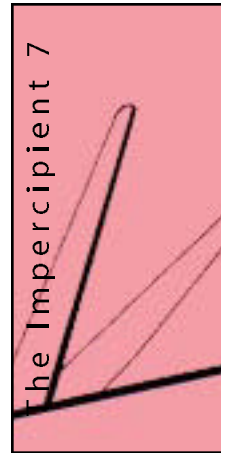
I  
am that  
Fly.





Poem : THE

The  
at IS co ws  
he

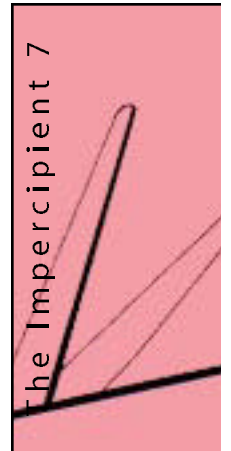


# DAMON KRUKOWSKI

## The Intellectual Life

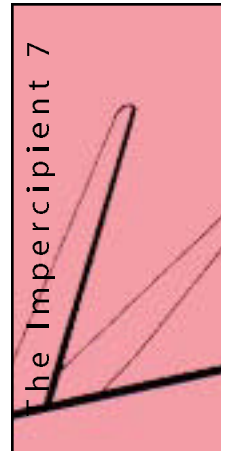
One word presents itself before others: simplify. You have a difficult voyage; you must lay down; is there a law to govern the necessary estrangement, pushing through the crowd. cutting of teeth – is there a road away from the village, and toward the problem at hand? One can always reveal the soul; fingers draw the curtain apart; a card game is in progress; but one mustn't hitch dissimilar animals, one needn't solve the wrong problems. The game, though visible, is nonetheless an argument for solitude. Cooperate with your peers; cultivate necessary relations; yet conserve your fair share of necessary action. Maintain above all an interior silence. Reduce your rate of expenditure. Conserve the flux of thought, chattering mind.

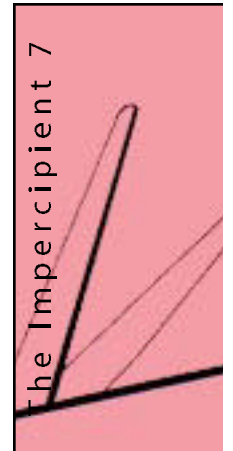
“It is not necessary to believe,” writes Mme. de B. in her journal, “that the best and sole use of time is calm, sustained, and ordered. Agitation is a useful state of mind; corresponding as it does to our actual state of being. One mustn't think that work is more than a supplement of possibilities to the achievement of one's being.”



## De la Lecture

Tell me why you like A, B, C . . .  
Perception? I am afraid of the category  
“no,” even in the case of a response.  
To take a biological example: let the student  
make a description of a tree. Of a tree  
that cannot be confounded with any other.  
Of the type of tree without reference  
to any other tree. Now count the words  
that obscure the tree. Break the ambition  
of those discrete individuals who might wish  
to be confused. And if some lover such as we  
have heard this dialogue of one, believe  
that the reader will see it. The tree.  
Ideal republic: A, B, or C . . .



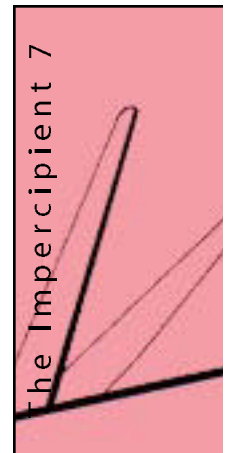


## Isinglass

It has often, through the course of life, been my lot  
to meet with such friends, and I have built upon their love,  
and felt secure in their friendship, who when adversity came,  
then would the scene of my boyhood return  
upon my imagination, and the thought force itself upon me,  
that I had again, while searching for crystal, found  
and been struggling only for *isinglass*.

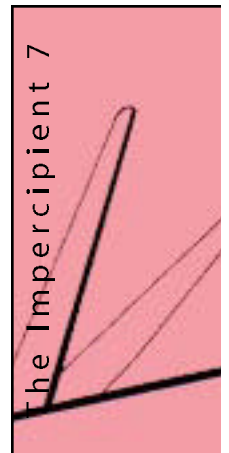
What is the rule? What kind of stone is *crystal*?

At length, by the help of tufts of grass which grew here and there  
at the jetting of rocks, I, with great exertions, reached  
the top, and, creeping carefully to the edge of the precipice,  
seized the prize. But what was my disappointment, when I found  
that I had climbed the steep, and risked my life, to attain  
a piece of *isinglass*!



Rule: learn to read and talk so correctly as to have no occasion to repeat or change your words. Think how a sentence would look, if written or printed as a careless person reads it; or how a person would appear in walking, if he moved so halting, and backward and forward, as many do in reading.

I now commenced my search in earnest, but still, as before, fortune seemed, in an uncommon manner, to avoid me. There is but an hour or so left, said I, throwing my eyes upward to the sun; even now, the bottom of the quarry begins to grow dusky, and, if not soon successful, I shall have to give up the search, and make the best of my way to the city. I was again commencing my exertions, when my eye rested on the highest point of a rocky hill, which, by the continued labors of the quarry-men, approached nearly to the form of a cone. There, on the summit, and at the very edge of one of its steepest sides, lay something sparkling in the sun. Ha! thought I, there is something to reward an afternoon's labor; it must, by its brilliancy, be a noble piece of crystal.



What is the rule? Will the reader look at his hearers as much as he can, and yet read correctly? Is it not also necessary, and more than good manners, that those to whom the reading is addressed, should look at the reader, and attend well to what he says?

I always console myself with the idea, that I have, at least, gained some knowledge of those that surround me; but though I always return with an increase of experience, it is mingled with disappointment. Natural history has been called *the science of observation*, and *as an observer*, every man has it in his power to become a naturalist in a greater or lesser degree. Every detached object of this science – every crystal, or stone – not only excites the interest, when we have acquired, by careful investigation, a knowledge of its properties, but leads the mind forward to new subjects of curiosity. *Isinglass*: its principal use is for clarifying wines and other liquids. It generally appears as leaf, book, and long and short staple; or pipe, lump, and honeycomb. It has valuable agglutinating properties; dissolving in two parts alcohol it forms a diamond cement, the solution cooling to a white, opaque, hard solid. To increase its availability, the raw material is sorted, soaked in water till it becomes flexible and then trimmed; the sheets are passed between steel rollers, which reduce them to the thickness of paper; it then appears as a transparent ribbon, shot like watered silk. The ribbon is dried, and, if necessary, cut into strips. The material is obtained from the swimming bladder or “sound” of fish, the most valuable being species of sturgeon: the seuruga (*Acipenser stellatus*), the sterlet (*Acipenser ruthenus*), the ossétr (*Acipenser güldenstädtii*).

# ROD SMITH

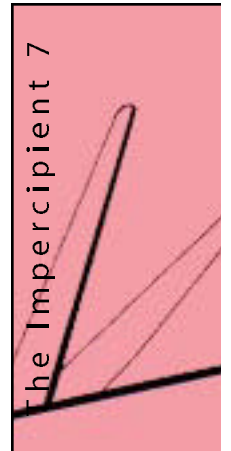
any stability is merely an obstacle to creative livingness

- Nin bio, pg 100

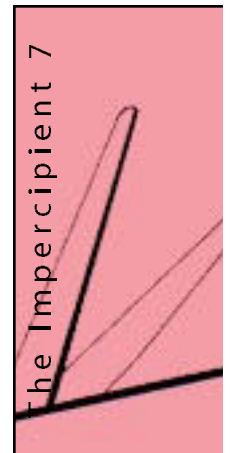
living

an important apologia

nicknamed be a blank  
leapt unkempt with  
mince on the roaded  
moca lux/ a depth of tuck/ & morsel  
+ numb walking led to rows on the  
natural sunbelt bam



Inkstand &  
Discus  
After "I'll fly"  
an aggravated  
orphan of equal clumps  
The moment's encumbrance  
a gross local, & besides  
it don't even mention akimbo  
the loaded rodeo dedication dust  
on the most  
gently rocking meaning  
in the room





## Apples & Oranges

*for Carla Harryman*

Music was abstract before we were.  
But what is this other time?

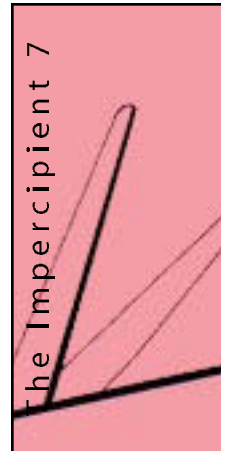
The Doctor & The Nihilist  
(two of the triplets)

And the 1/3 –  
“a form of signless meditation”

The five psychic poingers burn  
inside me

Those who know the heart  
bring it forth

But tell me, what doctrine is this?



Freidrich.

A dynamic & irresolute  
force-feeder. Episcopal  
in his use of air

&

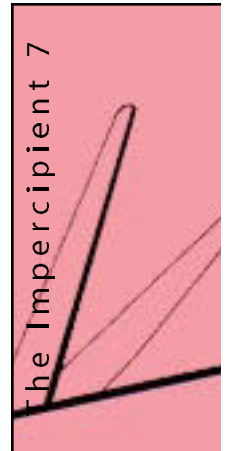
flies

&

people–

not to say that  
when the falling fruit  
becomes a compilation  
he won't curiously exact  
his cunning embarkation–  
because he won't.

Whilst flying he might say “slovenly  
is a sly word, but sumptuous  
is a maker of fortunes.” Then turn  
casually  
into a goat.



# ROD SMITH & JOE ROSS

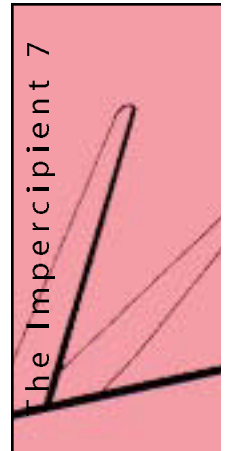
## Chinook (Modern History)

Coca Cola Classic tastes just like chicken  
Great music is the friend of sorrow  
In what language is the herald of autumn death  
Actually, today's game is brought to you by  
Sounds. &  
Death is the birth of life  
Because of a transmission error

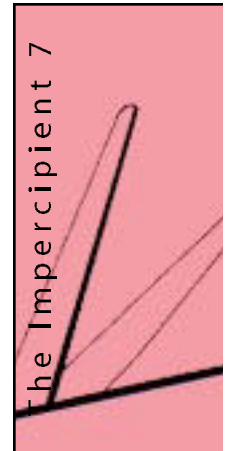
More or less desperate  
I should commit habit

May your life be not nothing

Thus, we have the obligation  
Alone in a room, gradually feeling  
Dirtier & dirtier



Chinook (If an insufficient amount of current has been used)



I was brought up to worry. I am very good at worrying. I think that if left to myself I wouldn't have much to worry about, but I manage to connect myself with many other people whose problems worry me.

# AVERY E.D. BURNS

*from*

Differing Senses of Motion

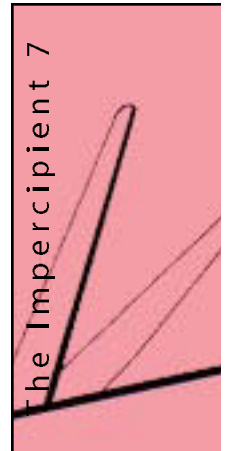
fishermen sit equidistant

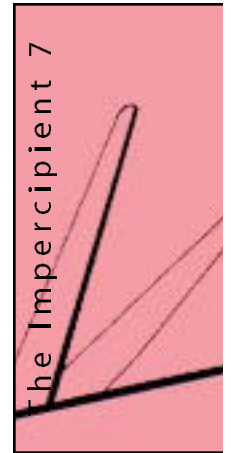
between out and in

white covers them

the blue

prepositionally difficult fog





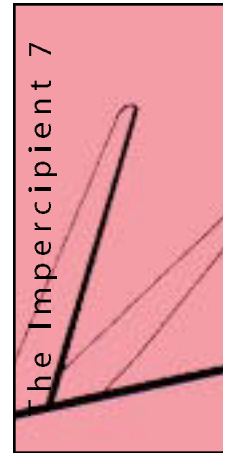
the nightlight measures temperature

fever spread heat window shown

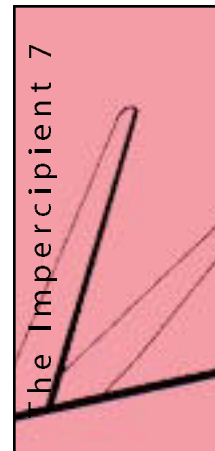
it's a known fact heat rises

& skin cools by evaporation

salt forms our lips

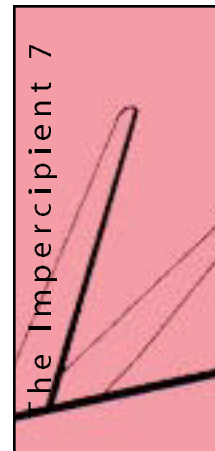


light rides a tenuous existence as image  
the substantial dark overrides the sight  
a truck compromises each  
for a moment  
with halogens seeming fire



it's later than you think, besides  
tomorrow brings disarray everyday  
erstwhile, the garden  
zucchini grew out of control  
damnable squash





forest blooming with night  
an hour lost among peat  
trunks wavering in air  
the breath before a kiss  
this prison

# WILLIAM KECKLER

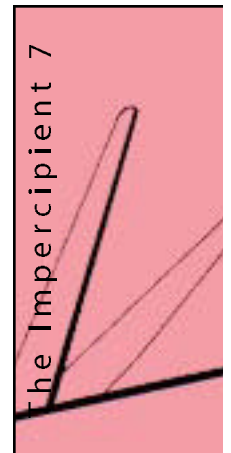
*from*

The Janus Book

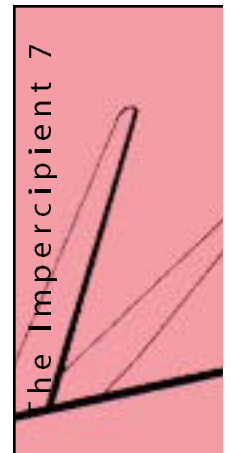
The coldest people are not the idlest  
as the blue myth of entropy  
There is convenient shade, nightshade  
to wrap your past lives within  
Purple slowly invaded the garden  
long, long we lay in novelty of sin  
Then all eyes of the world tired  
The heaviness of snow  
The crookedness of Rome  
Arrange snow in its tall white vases



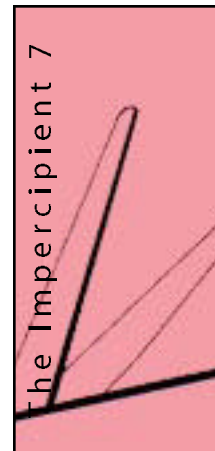
One dead monk and his demands  
brushed against her  
The pains were vaulted recesses  
and much stained glass there  
We are graced to root them up  
Behind these windows  
Once there was considerable breath  
many branches would rust in the yard's  
purple slumber and lucent-colored wings  
picked at as if by brooches

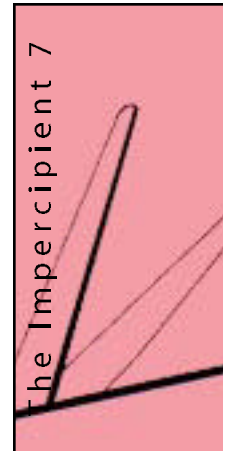


Gather these by solitude  
that's all you said  
and all the golden keyholes  
they floated there on glaciers  
You might gaze at hands, involuntarily  
seizing the rare light  
from a stained glass window  
All the fish are old silver  
in the fountains outside  
It is too late to look up, even....



I could tread the whole earth  
or the lower regions of the palace  
and I would not find the kiss or pressure  
of your nude solitude  
The shining chasm of shared intelligence  
bridged over the repellent gesture  
your attire with crow elements  
the slightest breeze of autumn  
reminds me in white rooms  
that you are a shadow factory





Troubled souls, troubled souls  
and you repeat a sculptor's plans  
to travel through that rainy country  
where they produce liqueurs like memory  
where the Moon still seems to be hanging  
rather than accelerating in purple bondage  
around an increasingly technological planet  
The hand too is technology  
The eye that can see torture  
the pencil's carbon devil-horn that writes this

# STEVE CARLL

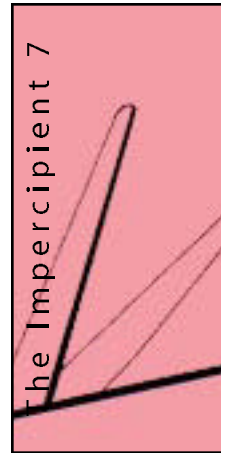
## Pantoum for The Pentagon

I let the blade unfold out of me like an accordion  
With the warlike crack I've absorbed  
there comes a sudden peace—  
in leaf and in stalk alive I begin:

“With the warlike crack, I've absorbed,  
cast flames; and then you—  
in leaf and in stalk alive. I begin—  
ironically *you're* destroying...”

Cast flames and then you—  
you can be Homer.  
Ironically, you're destroying;  
feed your heroes to the sea.

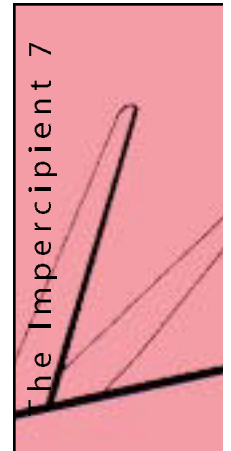
You can be Homer:  
if the time has come you have to  
feed your heroes to the sea,  
or they'll field you in their game,



if the time has come. You have to  
say their deity is Criminal Insanity  
or they'll field you in their game,  
the game of massive power domination.

Say their deity is Criminal Insanity:  
God may grab the great razor,  
the game of massive power domination,  
and shave them like stubble from the face of the Earth.

God may grab the great razor.  
I let the blade unfold out of me like an accordion  
and shave them like stubble. From the face of the Earth  
there comes a sudden peace—





## Mayday

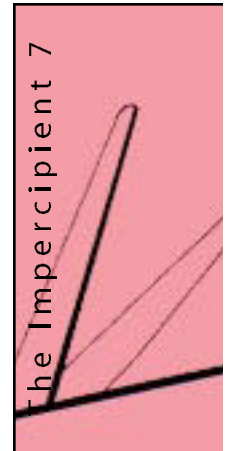
sharing a ride inside a MUNI-  
ciple bus which, in stipu-  
lating to this Thomas McGrath  
parable–

The stick of the blind man  
invents a new darkness.

–incites discursive storm  
and syntactic collapse as  
I realize (in just spring)  
that in our video age  
(the new age)  
(the dark ages)  
it is no longer a heartening thing  
that justice be blind;

blind to black and blue,  
the marks on a black man  
in darkness swarming  
with blue uniforms,

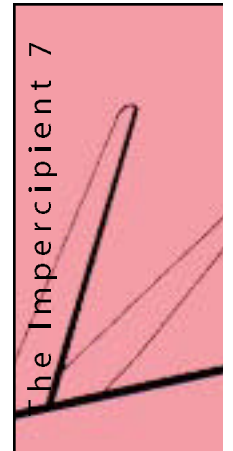
new darkness invented  
just as rage is vented



the darkness of night  
sticks in my mind,  
turns a blind eye  
to the night-  
black sticks in  
blue men's hands  
on black men's bodies  
inventing a new dark age,  
insidious video age.

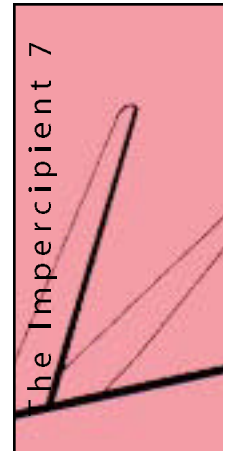
spiraling out of text,  
I looked at a black  
man next seat over,  
at his sur-  
real t-  
shirt,  
with its dali clocks  
seeing twelve years  
daily slipping a whole society  
into the cracks  
of crack,  
through the recesses  
of recession,  
into the spaces between  
a slowly warping  
gridwork of rigid cubes,  
its structure crumbling  
into crisis.  
I nodded.

It is never just us.  
the blue box advised us,  
don't venture out in the darkness,  
scary even for us,



but we knew inside  
the steel buses  
their fear was of vision,  
that the sudden seeing  
of the works  
would occur again;

*(we went out anyway,  
invited into the homes  
of the homeless  
where the cops are constant  
trespassers;  
we went out  
hoping cops weren't  
the clairvoyants they said they were—  
the only thing closed down  
was the twenty four hour donut shop,  
and this out of protest.)*



# BILL LUOMA

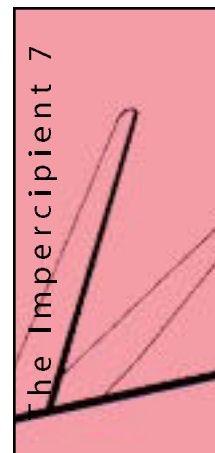
## Gobi

gobi time have aranciata  
anull skimmer I oblangada  
simone blue havlock turret  
no offense fence cranes post

ammo glan ye gary reynolds  
tiz bat wren funky neros  
shrimp fare tule varmin  
dot dot jill b tay

big yeska anna billet  
clare voler gringa  
lunch docket oui blinker ato  
cran nowheres un off

crow foul b yorko tanker  
com com cant yarl gregor  
sou dat meal ban a ruthy  
coup farl blanche lime ricky

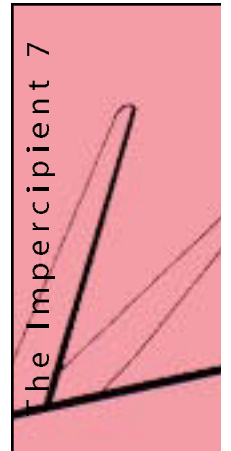


howlie doven thimble boca  
ratt atong homin babe  
lester toytle refang gargle  
nada tick toe blarney fong

mona rio banshee theo  
clark arraigno nordic balm  
amik maiden chickie yearno  
maka finger cinnabon

hootie pylon flimsey nylon  
border patches volvo ken  
klute digiorno salvo falg  
lost overno opal calm

hoover wing drop bleather boite  
goudy winchel ampul weighn  
vanno darlin cox comb bit  
lotus blombert fella kip

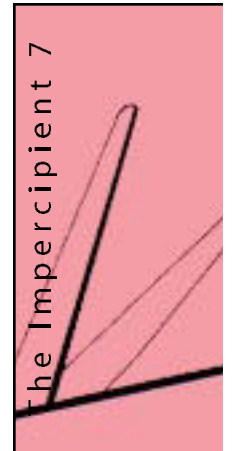


denny funghi realin pape  
deuce b thinner when kin eep  
wanda fenner farthing do  
manja kinglet bingly fur

flavor berry singa brew  
julie billiard banka two  
laker nono bootie skate  
marley waver leather mate

nubie junket sipper sling  
mason frisbee concourse ling  
flap nay guard a bonnie rube  
haller harstein major goud

crisco bridging raven loo  
nobox bolo corning flue  
weaver strip time weblo seed  
skimpy blowtus mekong weed

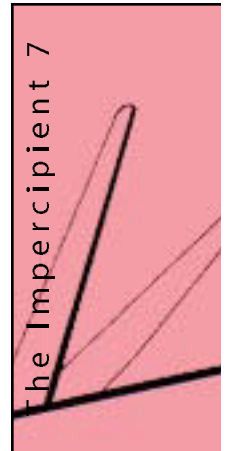


trawl en horta mey first snapple  
raleigh winkle voza baffle  
wofat shingle drugga skoun  
baler frickle mosie mink

shula naper garo slink  
foyer zava brink tank fec  
berber brava asta fon  
nomo clonal salty thon

bray mott tabler vincano rey  
visker von maple linda hun tac  
lettuce sloe hoople la flow la fig  
mazola valva baver dinay

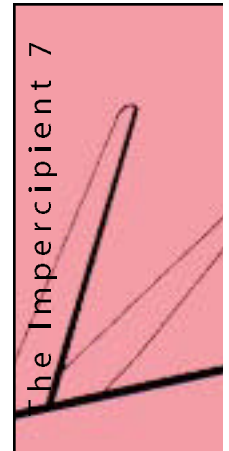
bingle nose gay fermet yado  
tokie furlong maken more go  
lovie muzzle grindin carpet  
thurstin remo ron ron hut



dobe rancher puka proj  
giga hip no derma vaz  
brinka town car maka zoil  
carmen hoosegow mister boil

rerack ovule glaxo bob  
dinkey merkin clearview throg  
badger statie sherbet loot  
susu gower mulebach hoot

coco lumi plateau tube  
noly mudder tonka blare  
pipper candy craken doy  
whopper lindblad louver tame





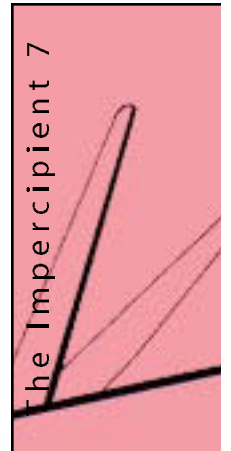
## Poem

Face the arguments  
she said and I'll do  
another 69 with you.  
My lover is telling  
me funny things.  
I love her for it.

An airplane brings  
my lover to me. We talk  
about communicating  
and take a shower.  
An airplane is the barrier  
between me and my lover  
as I said. After the shower  
we do another 69.

When I'm with my lover,  
we eat. The food  
takes away our sexual  
appetite. Alcohol is  
nearly impossible for a 69.

When my lover  
kisses me she  
uses thick lips.



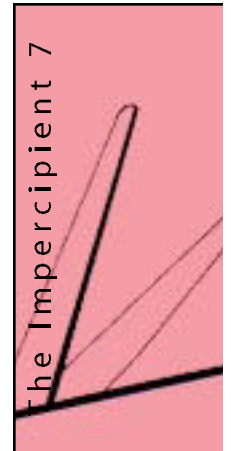
She softly touches  
and our lips  
blow sweet  
bubbles of emotion.  
My lover has the softest lips  
of anyone.

Sometimes my lover  
says I'm going to cut  
off your schweinshticker,  
pillowbiter. Suck my ass,  
felcher. My lover is so  
funny. The other day  
she called me a fuck stain.

My lover and I  
were deposited  
in a hotel bed  
by separate

airplanes and  
thrown on top  
of each other by  
a large natural  
disaster. It  
rocks. My  
lover is  
not aroused  
by natural  
disasters.

I want to count all the ways  
I am made happy by my  
lover. She's not afraid

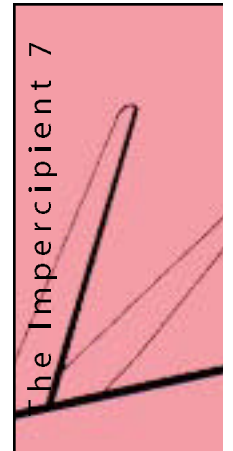


to use lubricants. And  
her strong lower body.  
All the time I do not  
live with my lover,  
I imagine her strong  
lower body.

I am very aware  
of my lover's hair.  
It brushes behind  
her ears when she  
walks. Her scent  
comes from there.  
If someone tried  
to switch her for  
a stepford wife  
I would know.  
When the airplane  
takes off, it rains.  
I think she is washing  
her face with Noxema  
in the bathroom of the airplane.

The feet of my lover  
are normal. She has  
good shoes. Her hands  
are about the same size  
as mine. I've never  
seen her wear gloves.

I like to be with my lover  
non-stop for three days.  
On the fourth day I like  
not to see her in the



afternoon, but after  
dinner for a drink.

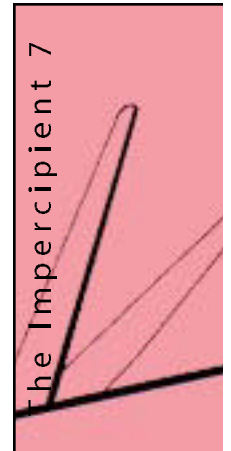
My lover and I  
are getting together.  
We will share  
responsibilities  
like razors. We  
will watch tv  
in bed. I'll be  
wondering how  
to support a family.

I'm moving to my lover's house.  
I will throw away my ironing board.  
I will adapt to her house. How many  
things should I take to my lover's house?

When I take down  
my lover's trousers,  
I have to remember  
to take off her socks.  
She will forget to.  
I take her underwear off  
with the trousers.

I know my lover  
doesn't underestimate  
the value of bare feet.

When my lover  
mounts me, I see



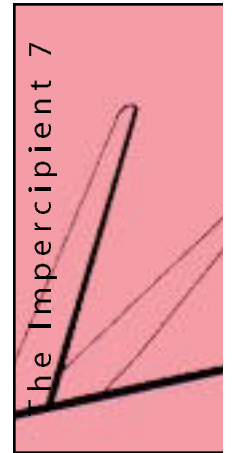
her upper body.  
But I can't look  
too often. If I did,  
I'd have to think  
about baseball.

I lick the back  
of my lover's neck  
when we're on  
our haunches.  
Sometimes I  
reach under  
and brace  
myself.

Once I came home  
and found my lover  
playing with the  
massage unit. She had  
it switched up to 11.  
I told her she was  
a bad kitty.

My lover proudly  
tells everyone she's  
never masturbated.  
I'm feeling very tense  
about my lover. I miss  
her more than a baby ruth.  
I am at terrible odds  
over the slightest  
decision.

My lover calls me



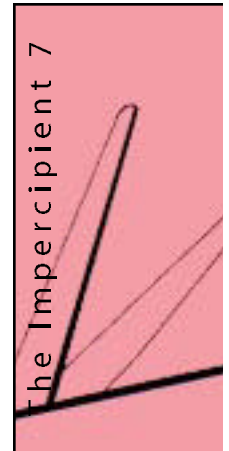
to see how I'm managing  
my timeline. I'm a project  
manager. I have tasks  
that are dependent.  
Some lie on a critical  
path. The rest are  
floating branches.

My heart is rendered  
into a beast! The thought  
of my lover smashes  
my brain! I punish  
myself by not doing  
laundry. There is so  
much data that I need.

I don't think about anyone  
except my lover. She holds  
the foremost place in my mind.  
I know her phone number  
by heart.

I am sorting so many things.  
Sturdy is my belief in love.

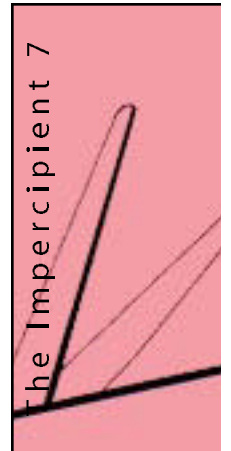
I tell myself I want to marry  
my lover in the future.  
I'm moving because I might  
marry my lover in the future.  
I will quit my marketing job.  
I will play with my lover's  
quadra 950.



Today I completed one task  
and made progress on three.  
Each time I reach a milestone  
I am that much closer to my lover.

My lover left me a message.  
It took three hours for it  
to get to me. She has a cold  
goodnight we'll talk soon.  
I hold my lover in high  
regard. She left kissing  
noises on the tape.

Tonight on the phone my lover  
asked me to marry her. I said  
maybe. She was just kidding.



# CONNIE DEANOVICH

*from*

The Spotted Moon

13.

the sun though  
weaker at times  
throws a punch

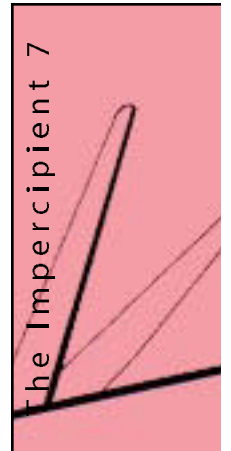
*evil enchanter* spun  
out of a  
long black cloth

get the sandwich  
you want then  
sit and read

the search for  
the pearl rimmed  
eyeglasses has ended

over at the  
mahatma's house they  
wear medical masks

if modern buildings  
were to intrude





here then what

the wind picked  
up and the  
roses fought back

a dog told  
the explorers the  
air had changed

the explorers took  
to wearing green  
and fretted deeply

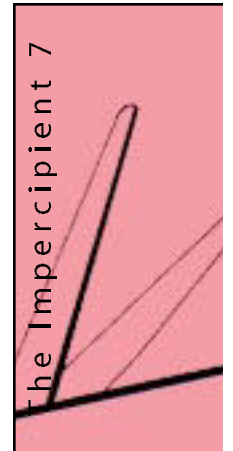
across my eye  
pass things that  
aren't even there

two kinds of  
dependency if single  
or if married

the plan was  
to use the  
bones as display

the sight of  
the big hairdo  
made him pucker

the river the  
walk there and  
then simplistic indoctrination



in what far  
corner over how  
many deep valleys

the detective's search  
started at the  
Old Gated Library

*Library* snuck onto  
the side of  
a cigarette case

*abandon* only as  
an option a  
folded paper disintegrating

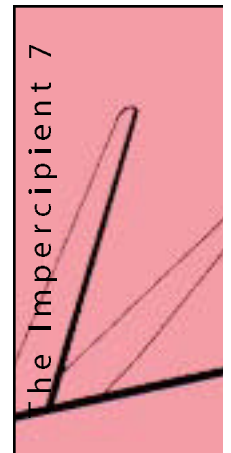
your former self  
there all along  
but amazingly busy

here take this  
white moth image  
that I saw

would you believe  
all the things  
you can think

an elevator staffed  
is an elevator  
most would prefer

*Wabash Drum Shop*  
and the brown



leather elevator radio

the explorers soaked  
their feet and  
waited for decision

where you buy  
a trumpet from  
those who know

special privilege of  
entering the shop  
with no sign

revealed as an  
impostor if you  
briskly say *embouchure*

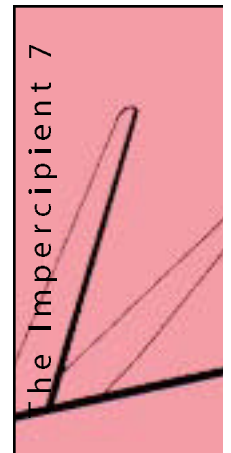
14.

richness of invention  
to cover walls  
with woolly cloth

the eyes shaded  
by planes of  
amber suggesting shields

if a voice  
in the head  
doesn't startle you

appeal to me  
by making the



appeal a picture

an orange used  
to be a  
good exotic gift

the explorers washed  
in cold water  
the men shaved

over at the  
Unhappy Bridge a  
woman tosses pebbles

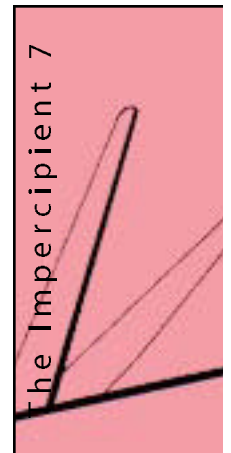
is snake eyes  
a good expression  
or bad English

a ballgame being  
played just beyond  
the leafy barrier

kitchens long designated  
as the place  
for peeling worries

they coaxed reading  
habits from children  
by encouraging masturbation

ramifications evaporate into  
focused tea drinking  
and napkin usage



hunger isn't satisfied  
by bones made  
of red velvet

the people sat  
waiting for food  
or else rain

it wasn't safe  
anymore to say  
the word *cheeseburger*

a swimming pool  
is good for  
ruining an appetite

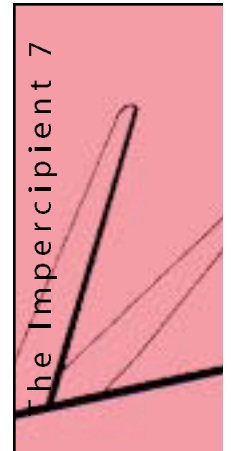
corn on the  
cob floatation device  
is an illusion

the anthropologists came  
to film the  
teeth picking ceremony

sunshine clicking its  
teeth like a  
sexy Spanish dancer

the dress was  
made entirely of  
soft colorful flowers

moved her hands  
through a collection



of poacher's feathers

found pleasure in  
being allowed to  
stare without speaking

on your shoulder  
a hand impassioned  
taps out everything

the afternoon warmed  
by sunshine and  
sense of urgency

squeezed from behind  
at that moment  
everything is silent

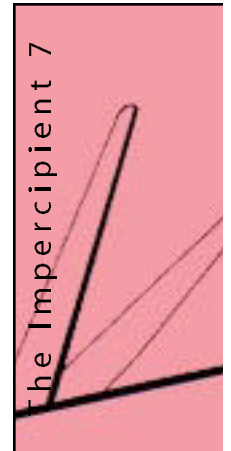
on the bell  
that sits on  
the Mirror Bliss

the same applies  
to musical composition  
in the bathtub

15.

*neglected for years*  
in a house  
means hope encrusted

are you that  
unique or is



your English broken

the woman said  
*I'm an explorer*  
*sick and sunbathing*

noisy children are  
natural but brooders  
are potential trouble

the foot of  
the day was  
tripped by pedantics

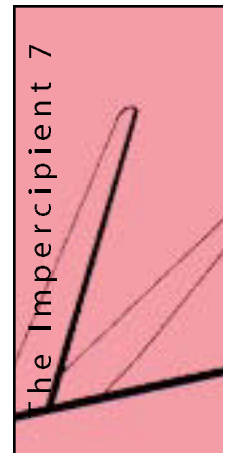
the anthropologists noted  
the word *river*  
on the painting

this wavy word  
undulated beside an  
image of water

if you're alone  
can you be  
considered a sophisticate

in their dream  
coffee fell from  
correct temperature airplanes

the way to  
sustain focus is  
different for everyone



simple one land  
two sea messages  
are now extinct

*giving a reading*  
is literature temperature  
or crystal ballature

where the mountains  
open up is  
too much trouble

they play a  
guitar here made  
from strong bones

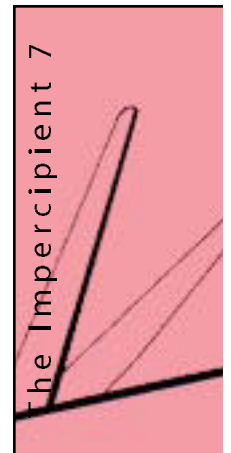
imagining the next  
virgin sea is  
imagining an eternity

the people wait  
until the Land  
of Fog arrives

fishing from the  
cliffs of deaths  
woven in fog

on the eyeglasses  
facial powder applied  
by the embalmer

holidays blended with  
scientific studies of





nature and aesthetics

an ant stupendously  
overloaded with rot  
one of hundreds

there is sometimes  
seemingly no end  
to mosquitoey trails

cool water on  
the feet after  
a cool drink

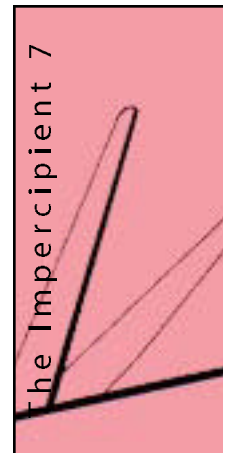
consommé consumed by  
the fat bride  
attempting self control

wind on skin  
warm as medicine  
in the windpipe

a sun and  
sky that make  
the afternoon wealthy

sea-birds substitute for  
the symphony that  
plays only evenings

the black tie  
thought coursing across  
the Topsy River



# KEVIN DAVIES

*from* Throb

(Claymation Kakistocracy, or)

Oh go off then & “ring true” for all eternity

Leave me to my perforations in the jungles of becoming

WHAT      Huh    HONEST – it

was a chance operation using dice and the Brooklyn Yellow Pages  
but it came out

America’s

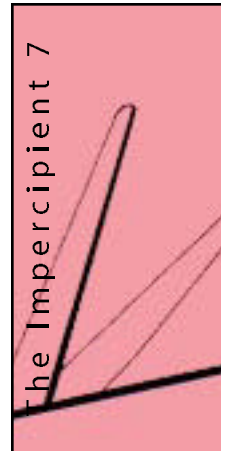
God

Sucks

Dog

Cock

Picture it.



China Cat,

Body Bag, smudged

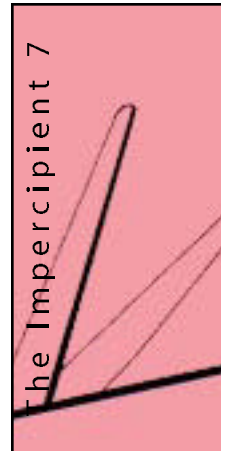
war-mongering matter  
settling into constituent boroughs  
naked before community-access  
television

So much confidence, so many boatless rudders

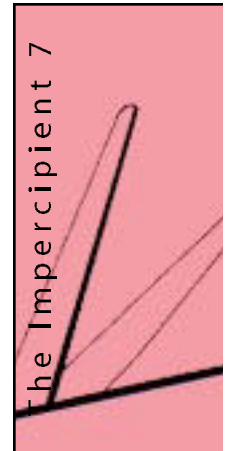
I wish I could insult you in French you squeaking vector.

I will hold well this boom mic high above the heads of the speakers.

It is not tuberculosis that is the topic, but the manner by which its extrapulmonary class specifics become audible.



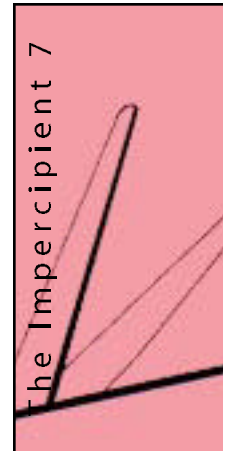
Cling to these strangers  
Dreams of compulsive face scrubbing  
Toxic, out-of-work canals are lovely



You are getting very sleepy, the next time a siren sounds you will bite off all your fingers, mail them to me c/o the Graduate Student Lounge, Duane State University, Duane, Tennessee (*not* the Rushmore campus) ...

Break a stick & there I am – capitalism

We used to say, an earth-orbiting dowager empress  
Distributed around the command module with sound & picture  
Turned off & the kettle boiling



### Ridiculous

landlocked miasma, let me get you a sweater.

### Sentences

are acceptable only insofar as they can be translated into Latin with their meanings intact & confidence in empire unimpaired.

### Never

apologize, never send thank-you notes.

### Persons

atop the peak of your life, claiming it for England.

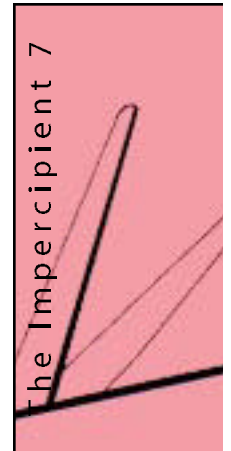
### Curiosity

pieces itself together between acts of familial treachery, this is normal.

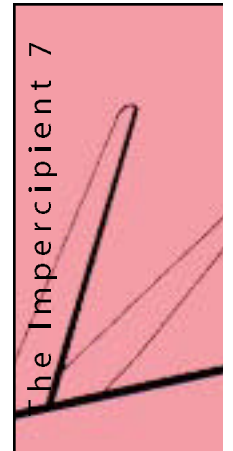
And as for the psycho-socio trance  
of art armies massing  
on the frontiers of what love laughs at & vice versa ...

Sexually attracted to the bandaged  
Sexually attracted to the head-wound type.  
Sexually attracted to the bandage

Bodies are to drink from  
Hysterical vigour  
Bodies have hollows, are futures to be drunk from



The desire to hide is *rational* – We're *made* of the bits the nineteenth century lopped off – But this is a *great* time for vegetables – Alcohol is *pedantic* – *You* know, the fact that we're ruled by the money that owns the people who have the money that rules itself – The *nitwit* at the heart of the world-heart – Sabotage is your *duty* – Entropy is *built* into the chicken –



Move around some Get that Bolshevism slinking through the hardware  
Interruption itself

Becomes narrative Bathtub farts are theory panels Rent a car The art  
part

Of the battered brain Staten Island out of New York State America out  
of Milky Way now!

I love the look of humans when they sit or stand still & when they move around

I love the look of them looking back & barking arbitrary commands, which I obey

I love the fragrance of the grouping of incommensurate ego fantasias in the drone of winter

I love the fuss of the not-quite of submission techniques

I love to be an international unit in the measure of the loading of the fissures in the communal membrane into silos on a prairie in a basement by a government of souls in trouble at a party with martinis for a long time

Total sodomy.

