



Object 9: Inventory

Special 1999 anthology issue
Edited by Robert Fitterman

Contents

Editorial Note	3
Introduction: Jeffrey T. Nealon	4
Sherry Brennan	6
David Buuck	11
Miles Champion	14
Kevin Davies	19
TimDavis	21
Jeff Derksen	28
Stacy Doris	32
Steven Farmer	39
Dan Farrell	44
Robert Fitterman	48
Elizabeth Fodaski	53
Ben Friedlander	55
Alan Gilbert	61
Judith Goldman	67
Jessica Grim	78
Deirdre Kovac	83
Andrew Levy	87
Yedda Morrison	92
Melanie Neilson	97
Sianne Ngai	104
Kristin Prevallet	110
Kim Rosenfield	115
Rod Smith	121
Juliana Spahr	126
Brian Kim Stefans	127
Rodrigo Toscano	135
Chet Wiener	139

Cover Art: Dirk Rowntree

Editor's Note to Object #9 *Inventory*

Ours is an age of less invention, more inventory.

This ninth issue of Object, titled Inventory, brings together 27 solicited contributions from poets who have established themselves as innovative writers in this last decade. Each poet was invited to submit up to five pages of text, published or unpublished, which might best address the questions of inventory: sampling, cut n' paste, summary, assemblage, synthesis, appropriation... has been a significant progression in contemporary experimental writing. The fact that this movement has persisted without rigid definition, category or lineage, has helped it to flourish and allowed it to cast a wide net of interests both inside and outside of the poetic arena.

The poets collected in this issue have all played a part in a community that creates the context for this new work, even though not all of the poets here would describe their work strictly within the above boundaries. In the early 90s, I first became aware of the emergence of an assembled poetics, mostly—it is interesting to note—from women poets including: Melanie Neilson, Kim Rosenfield, Stacy Doris, Juliana Spahr and several others.

As we negotiate or document or influence the end of the century, it seems to me that an inventory poetics more closely reflects today's cultural phenomena of summary or repetition, rather than a "make it new" poetics of invention. As evidenced in the pages that follow, the dialogue that embraces these new possibilities has already left the station.

Robert Fitterman New York City, 1999

Just-in-Time Poetics

Jeffrey T. Nealon

“Everything begins with the compulsion to repeat.”

—Judith Butler

“How to use notes differently. That’s it. Just how to use the same notes differently.”

—Thelonious Monk

So, what’s the currency of poetry when the slogan “Make it New!” has been thoroughly territorialized by the R&D department of your (least) favorite multi-national corporation? At this point, something like poetic “originality” is kind of a joke—Sprite sodapop and workshop poetry both equally sincerely ask you to listen to your gut, rather than some inauthentic repetition of a remaindered inventory.

These days, even the most dedicated ideology critic would have to point out the obvious: the only sure way to spot the ideologue is to expose the asshole who’s telling you that he or she’s going to “make it new”—clean up government, bring diversity to the corporation, reform welfare, write a poetry of true emotion, deliver the inventory “just in time.” Scuinbags like Rush Limbaugh make their living by endlessly repeating this version of “originality.”

As bad off as originality is, however, repetition continues to have an even worse name in artistic circles, especially avant- gardist ones. I’m always reminded here of Woody Allen’s version of Nietzsche’s eternal return: “Does this mean I have to watch the Ice Capades again?” Repetition, on this model, is often figured as the endless return of the dross of popular culture— something like the double whitewashing one has to endure listening to the Brian Setzer Orchestra channeling the always- already-coin-modified swing of Benny Goodman on so-called “alternative” radio, or suffering through reading a poem in *The Nation*.

But let’s face facts, kids: we don’t get simply to choose the new—outside the choice between the new dye-free Tide and the old mountain-fresh Tide, or the flatulence of the new swing versus the flautlence of the old swing. The new has to be produced

through a re-inventorying of the seemingly old. But how does that work? Isn't that the repetitive, mind-numbing work of Big Bad Voodoo Daddy and/or a poetry workshop? Polemical thesis: repetition—repeating an inventory of images, sounds, affects—is difference. Or, to put it somewhat differently, repetition is not simply to be confused with exchange, though exchange is a modality of repetition. Repetition “makes” difference, as Gilles Deleuze writes:

“Repetition is not generality.... Repetition is a necessary and justified conduct only in relation to that which cannot be replaced. Repetition as a conduct and as a point of view concerns non-exchangeable and non-substitutable singularities... If exchange is the criterion of generality, theft and gift are those of repetition. There is, therefore, an economic difference between the two. To repeat is to behave in a certain manner, but in relation to something unique or singular which has no equal or equivalent.”
(Difference and Repetition 1)

As with capital, we don't get to choose to accept or reject repetition wholesale; rather the question of resistance comes down to a question about how to work the inventory otherwise: as Deleuze suggests, “theft and gift” are the “criteria” of repetition because these are criteria of singularity, of irreducible difference or specificity.

Repetition precisely does not generalize in the way that the current swing revival generalizes—making everything into a mass Fordist equivalence of exchange. Rather, repetition specifies, selects, interrupts, modifies.

Maybe today the watchwords are not so much Pound's “Make it New,” as they are Jon Spencer's call to “Make it fucked up! Fuck Shit Up!” A repetition that never arrives too late, but always just in time.

Sherry Brennan

Object 9 : Inventory

tone ink
ink st.
alk
st.
lw lkw
roses roses roses roses

few

or p'

or f

a c

ge

ir

l

rupon rēbon rōbon rōbon

moving

w is
ow

e

will

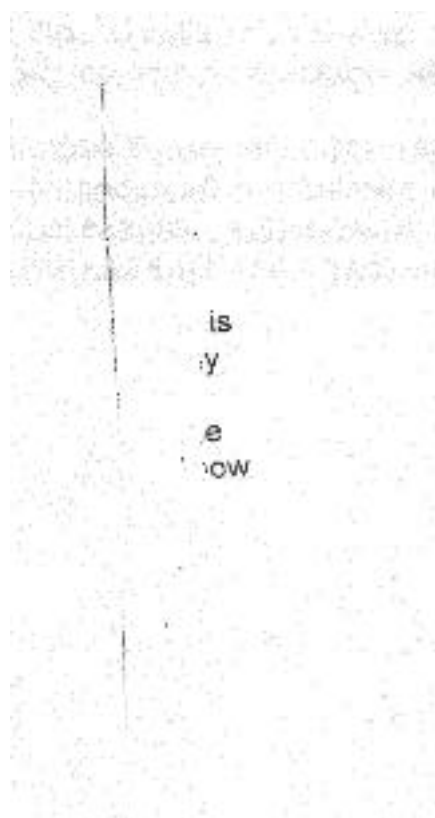
wk

mov
wing

1

oving
the
is

i



from Up The Flagpoles

11

The distances shine the parking lots. The cracked and marbled monuments. Shudder of pavement's manufactured sparkle. The lines there, the streets so inhabited. The systems are the seizures. The buildings emptied out. Fences that grow at nightfall. As flagpoles do.

Underside of totem freeways, the hot-wired encampments. Good for one night's restless. Passing away, civilization and. Its distant tents. Who sleeps in them. With one eye open always to light of false and manufactured moons. The light shines 24 hours on the parking lot.

They're building a stadium around the shelter. The hole in the fence is big enough for the administered numbers. By labor of having been born. Eight hundred thousand is as negative one. On the other side, the fence is still there. One doesn't have another side. One has a walking stick.

12

In the distances the so-called ruins. Paint-chip hieroglyphs free-associate phrygian scales. Who reads or hears them. The children are inside the shelter. Statistics marked in sea-soaked wood. The snowmen function as security. The toupees are the signs of civic renewal.

Trampled by the tankards and the tunings. Till tomorrow, or till till. The father's soft feet, hinged to the bowlegs. Birds roost there. The dead grenade buried inside. Passed on to the son as word for "to be" or "duty". The second son is match-play. Spectatorship. Skim'd milk.

An unmanned helicopter falls into the parking lot. The name of its sound is as

“fence”. Fleshy cynicisms excrete the symptoms. The father raps his knuckles on the underside of the ice. The knocking is the son. The footsteps are the second son. Leg braces for the pacings.

18

Pressed against the tremble. Exhaustion fumes the static headlines. Feeds the pet peeves. As not’s false containment. Bus-rumble the early labors. Rhymes the waking hours. Spite’s harpoon tethered to the dailies. False pleasure of false disgust. As prosthetic wish-fulfillment. Bookbinding.

The second son is crumpled. Hinged by velcro and bios. What ripples the waking. The sea-life and/or the morning bell. The electric lights detuned to the present’s imperfect pitch. Watts cripple the aching. The administered feedings, the strappings-on and off. Today will...

The children plumped and pruned. A voice says don’t, says can’t, says yet. Insulated hidings prep-up for pride-bashing. Each day is negative one. Primpl’d for the plucking, the feeling-lucky lean-to. Scan the daily’s horizon to see whose numbers’ve come up. Sun’s up, so’s the soak.

19

Eight hundred thousand killed in one hundred days. One doesn’t imagine it. One is never enough as the fact of it. Mapping a simulation. Statistics accumulate on a scale of one to one. It having happened as the distance. One isn’t reconciled. One takes one’s seat in the theater.

Beneath the stadium the burials. Manufactured feedings plug in the amplifiers. One doesn’t hear the helicopter crash. One awaits the descending thirds. As prosthetic spectatorship. As advertisements for the new milk. By which to build the artificial son. How many nails will it.

Lines and still-breaths arc the peripheral. The second son imposes intent as so-called moles and pasties. Ruddy cheeks are bookshelves nailed to the firewall. The father is eaten as textbook. Pages glued to the spine. One doesn’t digest it. One chokes on the bowlegs.

Nudging the entropy. The wheelchair will never be reconciled with the landscape. Colors rhyme in correspondance. It eats itself in saying it. False nourishment in composition. In bios or brimy leagues. Minor modes bubble up the surface. Freeze into false cadence of solitary snowmen.

The conversational gestures are beginning to accrue. Debt to the multinationals. Fever it out, or fugue it. The slippery sidewise cynicisms. As discursively bankrupt. So-called traumas of lapsed selfhood go figure. In dollars per hour or private admonishments. Birds roost there.

Subject to wake in sweaty recognition. Flesh-ache not only discursive. Shimmies toupees up the flagpoles. Subject to report at 1700, M Line or evening walk home. Geographics shaded in symptoms of said lines and angles. Walking stick planted in the pavement. Grass grows up it.

Miles Champion

Object 9 : Inventory

CLIPS

cups

against held

gelatinous

purpose

the topological

we're

such
spiked

can in sincerity

lop thus

beclouding

as luck
spatulate

tartar

teenage

mitten

ambers

this of

at sour hair

through them

up

ears

bars

inked is yield

cajoling

yellow

days

most

gypsum

as a knocked

wanes

dial rub

aqua

circles

loom with a -tude

think of f

redemptive

said takes group

massed

in a wasted seam's

linament

prudent losing

put kind

without

best small

triple

satchels

back years

at that am

what to

shut

says

mobile

palace

a bleach that

choice's delay
nominative
an oar then
to be beams
gives
lapse
scallop
rubber flame
is scald
're molding
paste
songs
through don't
which waving
parts
as and be
did that not
buyer
horn on

Crandall

treatise on lifting

false

side

with pliers

dividing the lots

shortstops note

templet

white

by the rider

clocks

in is light

tonight '11

whisk

a ghost of

off

by twos

new harrows

divvied

presneak

by

sectoring twelveness

from “Five Poems Composed Using
Jackson Mac Low’s ‘Daily Life’ Procedure
(with variations on the letter u), July 1997”

1. AFTER JUDITH GOLDMAN

The Id-driven anti-oater of cinematic latency.
Rubbing.
Stand there holding this award against the surface of history.
At home between the ceiling and the crawlspace.
Here, the society for nonnarrative municipal government.

Variations in domestic sky.
This we translate “give me the cash; forget the container.”
My bones seek Nixon in the cloakroom.
The point, however, is to change *it*.
Stand there holding this award against the surface of history.
For only school is real.

Class violence at the level of the seedling.
Anselm’s fisting Cheetos.
Right now, before they abolish welfare or something.
My bones seek Nixon in the cloakroom.
Hand me the Bulgarian umbrella, comrade.
The Id-driven anti-Qater of cinematic latency.
The big secret.

2. QUIZ VAPOUR

The little secret.

This we translate “vernacular hell of feedbag negotiation.”

The point, however, is to change *it*.

The general goo between them.

Convicted tutor.

The Id-driven anti-Oater of cinematic latency.

Are my wool pants these pants?

Anselm’s fisting Cheetos.

This we translate “that is the wrong object; we have been horribly mistaken.”

Here, the society for nonnarrative municipal government.

from Dailies

12/24

lonely ethnic droll

no fly zone essence estimate
let the buyer bet the liar
...but they weren't developed

developed estimata
cran-actionable branded pillow pageant
if a supermodel'd written this
if the secretary general

lily lactose guerrilla
skated back from jimmy
mini-mart with the redi-whip

and cunningly numbingly above
pyong yang has sent a manned mission
the elopement of marcuse
and a telemarketer from land's end

and send deenforcements
why wait when the death toll can
stay distorted
it is aid
in the form of flame

1/19

too much poetry not enough snow
~or~
manifestoes don't have colons

for Stephen Rodefer

i'll take mental health refugee with
kalliope accompaniment ~or~
ornamental cabbage addict for
200 talents, jack
in love with an actual hole punch
a fragmented gas
when i grow up (keep looking shocked)
want to be a principal or caterpillar

the foggiest speaks: my baggy!
signed for these!
garbled speaks it's
unseasonably...something
harm maybe,
or wiled
why did the american government hire ingrid bergman?
anyway the body hasn't ceased to breed
speaks a nice vitalized most favored inveigling
top of the maggot to you
kicking a dead koalatics

more chains than keys
the cinema isn't all that doesn't cry for us
je sais a quoi tu penses
and look, bub,
cut guzzling the subtitles i sub

(mit) one harlequin to a vicious lesser than
antsy nostalgia for manson
ha ha ha ha osiris by way of pelting
now is the winter of our content

1/17

a cogito ergo moment

The author of *Dwell* and I discuss life works. He with a 2/9 smirk, and I with a nearly 11/21. He removes a copy of A off the shelves of the author of *Ameresque* and the author of *Rx*, who are currently on the west coast, being showered by the Jews of Malibu, and giving a reading before the sundry Francophilia of San Francisco. The copy of A looks like a chicken leg in the beak of a black-capped chickadee, held by author of *Dwell*. The night before, in a bar that specializes in Ratner's onion rolls and martinis rimmed with Tang, he has misheard 'dber alles' as 'braless', and made frequent mention of the "bisexual Canadian lifestyle." The bar is filled with fashion industry slag, and no one understands me when I say "my other son's a dock-tah," and misunderstanding, they seem to want to tend to ask to photograph me. The author of *Dwell* mentions that the author of *Free Space Comix* has made the point that "with computers, you can write a life's work in an afternoon." Telling this story, the author of *Dwells* voice rings with approximately 29/50 of a sincere concern that we have devolved into a set of socialist one-liner writers. The author of *96 Tears* is giving a reading today, and the author of *Dwell* takes one of his titles off the same shelf the A came from, sampling a likely story. I am visiting the author of *Dwell* to borrow the author of *Ameresque's* tennis racquet. January is hardly tennis weather, but by calling the sport "Alpine Tennis" —invoking the spirit of the upcoming winter olympics in Nagano, Japan—I have persuaded two friends, the author of a history of exotic dancing, and a photographer with one leg of his tripod in the art world, another in the commercial, and the third plunged in the mud, to accompany me to the public courts underneath the west anchorage of the Williamsburg Bridge. I must confess that I will be missing the author of *96 Tears's* reading, as a pot luck dinner party devoted to orange food follows the alpine tennis. I have composed a large molecular sculpture made of cheese doodles and toothpicks for the occasion. And as such, my life's work. Poetry is a weak force contributing to the molecular decay of my great, discrete, monolithic cheese doodle tower and alpine badminton tourney. I have a cat named "Steve", and regret terribly forgetting to mention to the A-bearing author of *Dwell* that the on-line NY Public Library catalog calls up two titles by the author of *I Don't Have Any Paper So Shut Up*. The other is *A Guide to Swaziland*.

12/23

cash cow slaughterhouse

the gift of
fellow 1997 diaperers
sorry, we're open dilapidates the whitmanic
any tandoori can-do attitude
looking awfully like a countdown

that's one chunnel, six abandoned
executive office blocks
the takemitsu cassingle and a balsa melon baller?
with your purchase,
a free gentrification of the kirghiz
a speedo for the bloated corpse
do you take sans?

mile high side order
cost of divvying increase, cop,
andante, cop
this is not to criticize
everyone has their project mongoose
are these your turkish missles, sir, a purgative
giving way the sealtest trade winds
the bell atlantic winter solstice
nike dada
reach way back and opt

10/27

western sieve

went to see boogie nights but it was textureless
and three dollars to fix first gear personally
he's chinese is not a funny line
that's eight dollars to find
no one name a love child dziga in all of analgesic county
the following firsts and dirests
sink a caliper and 10 coppers into smiley face phrenology
the birthday of a weapon, nullius fillius
nullibicity the odds better
dropped ten dollars on the little guy
to deliver usufructuary hoagies to a wailing wall street
gigantic money tree the search for other rams besides the battering
worked until i stopped is not a funny line, mean
time interns earn with the wolves
.79 cents on health food bon bon
sell buy sell by some odd (some aught) midwinter tube lit day
the waltz of the valley of the involved wallet
twelve buck a pop learn to crawl lessons
swim and hanker sink
stood, then, in this kitchen
rented full of holes

5/25

Blurbs

As long an eclairissement as our freckleheaded discount Western discourse can long endure, these here poems could be called rock-n-roll if both roll and rock went on R&R. They are trash compacted; a passionate apologia for the crowd pleaser dashed off with the ubiquity of morse. Learned twenty-third century shit sifters will make no tidy toidy of this poetic bumper crop. Instead its ritual will prove elusive; was this the skinny between barcode beams

— *Sister Shibboleth Reinghold, ex-pastor,
Ecole Normale-Supericur, tr. C. Eshleman*

I think the teleprompter should be cleaned. Hollowness is popular and satedness is mean. As Maupassant said to his archery set: I'm better off for the warts this has caused. Please read these bellicose peace treaties with well-oiled eyelids; they aren't polarized and their glare is consequently every-spectral. What is pain but the way the monitor bubble reminds us of our corneas? The author's previous books: Sharp Enough, Tearin' Paper, Toward a Chordless Bubble Plane, and Machiavelli's Kismet look like lost lenses when compared with this unedited projection. Everything else has been browned out.

—*Araki Yasusada*

Like real live crispy analog wasps caught by schoolboys in paper cones, the poems of For the Love of seem resigned to suffocation. Taking their titles from Creeley's nearly eponymous TV-dinnerless '50's, these poems aren't content to talk like shaky Quakers through the pericardium's plasmic insistence. In fact they're more 'woken, spurred' than spoken word. "I Know a Man" now goes:

"the darkness sus/
pects us

and this book is what we'll goddamned do against it.

— *The Estate of John Rodker*

from Nobody Likes You

I hear the drumsticks
tapped together overhead
so let's start something new
for three and a half minutes
and make it erotic questions
gruffer than the goodness of rpm
on the dial dear. How's it to endure
when angry bitten elbow to the head
model of talking it out shoots
into one's bloodstream, like reams
of reaming twice in the head
and hope to sleep. Holidays
of overtime come down
the line. Popular places pass
without design thoughts
where I'm moody handling
sharps. Back before there was
graphic design, when modules
were easy tangle-free
fetching of public body parts
and lovely elated
modes of production prevailed
you were my favourite
thing. Bourgeois gumboots
stop the attack on
adolescence, loosen the thot
police thumb screws
of the redesigned Volkswagen
Beetle, exclamation point.

But forgiven, there's room
for hatred to reside.
World weary fetishwear
let me live a life
of sex and taxes
enhanced by angular danish
table and cabinets
at bargain prices; still
people's lives
(and I'd include yours in it)
go missing into the vanishing point
driving a seventy-two
white dodge charger
ported and polished hemi. Dumping
point of all those "negative
thoughts" extended into sentences
that are a technology
as paper and the railroad
once were: is geography (large lawn
darts as ethnic in joke) or produced.
Is space the uncle of ontology, the
collage method of the gods? Moving through
the external world (public transit)
on a false passport
with the wrong hair colour
looking for safe cells
in the rental market. Remember revolutions
happen or are made depending
on which side of the Sino-Soviet split
you fall to (recall the Congo). It's more
than ice-pick versus suit
but driver versus passenger
if history is the car. An air
index warning for you
is so southern that sounds
surf the sluice but
drive like a car. Carriage

a lovely carrying
of the body, pet sounds. Advertising
zeppelins, leaden in the haze
of Indy Weekend. Fuck with my
pylon and you flick
with me. Rude, infantile
uncommunicative, selfish
(self-centred), worried about loss
of control, why be rude
why treat people so
poorly, why inflict your mood
on everyone? Suddenly the world so filled
with possibilities as small under-urban
moments or soothing hampers
and aesthetic below-the-belt twitches
teach us how to live with the clean
surfaces of events and ample seasonal
goods. I'm acting tired, it weighs
on me, I'm concerned
for the coming disaster, trying
to establish obsessions: dots
and loops on repeated play, same cup
for tea, same meal each morning, sexual
practise. Leaky, leaking
at the oil pressure sensor of
my collected or selected culture
post-war acceleration tapering
now into this fiscal structure
of feeling. Days, these. Report
on business. Don't play
"cultural Darwiism" to my nature
despite the gauzelike wrappings
of weakness expounded (Pound!)
from my quarter. Thursday leads
to a pessimism Friday
that is hard to walk through
to a general misanthropy

Saturday. Bad patch. At moments
of access, class collisions on
spec tacked to ethics of asthma
and a selfless zeal. Debt. Reduction.
A controlled narcissism sometimes simply
drifts through a soft rock afternoon
as experiences that you
don't have access to (again!) are elitist
even if its down on the machinist's floor.
World service summaries sweden
than wine. But people, call them
friends, behind the short waves
want that timeless effect
in which style is a subtle
mod or teddy boy acting on
determinants as articulated sta-press.
Mental note (metal)
try to be friendlier (international
moments), try to make
friends, try not to be mean
in the morning, as a ream
of sovereign subjects
set up their own web
sites. Days like this dear
I ask myself, why can't it be all
snowboarding all the time
with stylish oversized hi-tech clothing
instead of minor misery
on the outskirts of urbanism.

Manual for Love and War

by Kud Tzu (Ancient-Chinese-Treatise)

I.Attraction

1. Attraction is a matter of vital importance to the Species; the province of life or death; the path to survival or ruin. It must be studied.

Bo Koc: 'Playthings are tools of doom.'

2. These are the five fundamental factors. The first of these factors is moral influence; the second, weather; third, terrain; fourth, command; fifth, doctrine.

3. By moral influence I mean trust; that which allows the innocent to be lead into blind alleys.

Dar Fai: The Book of Changes says: 'Treated nice, they forget the danger of death.'

4. By terrain I mean texture, whether the flesh is traversed easily, whether it yields or constricts, and the chances of disease.

5. Show me the assailant who is most able, who takes advantage of morals, heaven, and the flesh, who takes control;

Dar Fai: Strong legs, fast back, big chest, stiff lips—so when they feel the blood mount they are glad, and when they feel it retreat they're enraged.

6. Who has more experience; who administers rewards and punishments in a most compelling manner;

7. I will show you the one you can bet on.

Dar Fai: Retain him!

8. All attraction is based on deception.

9. Therefore, when mused, feign incapacity; when unaroused feign ardor.

10. When close, make it clear that you are far.

11. Pretend inferiority and encourage her arrogance.

12. When you're least expected, sally out.

Dar Fai: As is said, "When the thunder-clap comes, there's no time to cover the ears."

13. These are the strategist's keys to victory. It is not possible to discuss them beforehand.

Lu Wei: How can you expect us to discuss them beforehand?

II. Action

1. Generally, expenses for making love include provisions for transportation and boogie rides, stipends for entertainment, and the cost of materials such as glue, ointments, and candles. This will amount to roughly two thousand coins a day. Once the money is in hand, proceed.

2. Victory is the main object in love-making. If this is long-delayed, weapons are blunted and morale depressed.

3. When your tools are dulled and desire damped, your force exhausted and cash spent, others will take advantage.

4. Thus, while we have heard of blundering swiftness, we've seen no clever prolongations.

Lu Wei: You may lack ingenuity, but you must deliver with speed.

Bo Koc: The Spring and Autumn Annals says: Love is as fire; once ignited, those who will not drop it are consumed by it.

5. To win a hundred conquests in a hundred tries is not the acme of skill. To subdue without a fight is the acme of skill.

6. Your invincibility depends on you. Her vulnerability depends on her.

14. To triumph and be proclaimed 'Expert' is not the acme of skill, for to lift an autumn down requires no strength; to distinguish between the sun and the moon is no test of vision.¹

15. Now the elements of the act of love are first, measurement of space; second, estimation of quantities; third, calculation; fourth, comparisons; and fifth, your chances.

16. Space is measured in distance from the ground.

17. Quantities come from measuring, figures from quantities, comparisons from figures, and chances from comparisons.

III. Performance

1. Generally, controlling everything is the same as controlling one specific thing.

2. Thrusting yourself upon her as a grindstone against eggs is an example of a solid acting upon a void.

Dar Fai: Use the fullest to act upon the emptiest.

¹ By 'autumn down' Kud Tzu means rabbits' down, which in autumn is very light.

3. Generally, normal stamina engages; great stamina wins. ²
4. The resources of those skilled in using extra stamina are inexhaustible as the flow of the great rivers.
5. For they end and begin again.
6. When the hawk's strike breaks its prey's back, that is because of timing.
7. Your potential is that of a fully drawn crossbow; your timing, the release of the trigger.

Bo Koc: Do not command accomplishment of those who have no talent.

8. Generally, he who comes first is at ease; he who comes late is tired out.
9. You can make the other come first, by offering some advantage or by hurting.

Lu Wei: Go into emptiness, strike voids, bypass what's protected, hit where unexpected.

Dar Fai: Come like wind, go like lightning.

10. Whose advances are irresistible plunges into the other's weak positions.

Dar Fat: Sometimes I use vigorous banter, sometimes stretching and snatching key points; to stir up her thigh, tickle her wrist, prepare his front, and stick suddenly the rear.

11. For if her front is ready, her back will be soft.

² The concept expressed by *cheng*, 'normal' or 'direct' and *ch'i*, 'extraordinary' (or 'indirect') is of basic importance. Should the love object counter a *ch'i* move in such a way as to neutralize it, the move automatically becomes *cheng*.

Bo Koc: And if everywhere ready, everywhere weak.

13. Thus I say victory can be created. Agitate the other so he has no time to plan a defense.
14. Never repeat your tactics but respond to circumstances in an infinite variety of ways.
15. As water hastens from heights to low areas, avoid strengths and strike weaknesses.
16. As water has no constant form, there are no constant conditions in love.

Bo Koc: "The Three Strategies" says: "Under fragrant bait there's a hooked fish."

Orifices and their Varieties

1. Orifices may be classified as accessible, entrapping, indecisive, constricted, precipitous, and distant.
2. Orifices which both we and the other can penetrate with equal ease are called accessible.
3. An orifice easy to enter but difficult to exit is called entrapping. If the other is prepared and you penetrate but cannot gain, it is difficult to get out. This is unprofitable.
4. An orifice equally inaccessible for both us and the other is indecisive.

Wei Lu: Concerning such orifices, lure the other by feigning disinterest, then attack.

5. In constricted orifices beware of blockages.
6. With precipitous orifices, get there first to have the upper hand.

Dar Fai: How can such an opening be left to the other?

7. When an orifice is distant it is difficult to manipulate.

8. There are these types of penetration: dispersive, borderline, key, communicating, focal, serious, difficult, encircled, and death.

9. Self-penetration is dispersive.

Dar Fai: Here, the other wants to go home.

10. A shallow penetration is borderline.

Dar Fai: Here, the other may wish he'd stayed home in the first place.

11. A penetration of equal advantage to myself and the other is key.

12. A penetration equally practiced by myself and the other is communicating.

Bo Koc: Sometimes this may be sufficient.

13. Who makes a focal penetration will gain All-Under-Heaven.

14. Deep penetration is serious.

15. Penetration of a nebulous orifice is difficult.

16. Penetration of orifices to which access is constricted is called encircled.

Dar Fai: Here, there are pitfalls and one can easily strike out.³

17. Penetration in desperation is 'death'.

18. In focal penetration cooperate; in deep penetration, plunder; in difficult penetration, press on; in encircled penetration, devise stratagems; in death penetration, put

³ This verb may be translated as 'tie down' rather than 'strike'.

up a fight.

19. In key ground I would hasten up my rear elements.⁴

Wei Lu: Now, the flesh of the adept is used like the 'Simultaneously Responding' snake of Mount Ch'ang.

20. Precipitous torrents, 'Heavenly Wells,' 'Heavenly Prisons, 'Heavenly Nets,' 'Heavenly Traps,' and Heavenly Cracks.' Avoid them at all costs. Flee.

⁴ The question is, whose 'rear' is Kud Tsu referring to? Ch'en Ho is reading something into this verse as it stands in present context.

SATED FABLES

detach at that or any

directions to multiplex, all needs met

CA to re-invent yvurself

food hut coastline I the passive for "coda

con trarier AM Gold of the Seventies

places you, come home to rune them out

for all years

where years allowed, dwellings sir

no longer cover or natural

B HOOD

conscience woke up to severe limitations

the best of intentions, amended

separate exits / frequent catharsis

how to get close in film

the part where years are fully lengthened

credit, more of available now

to election, a toast archaic, pop-up contour

the ardor of refunds in Normal Heights

list ghosts, no other guests for casting

rakes are innocent, own it, desire

city patient for make-overs / unsure whether to wave

a fry cook senses prosecution

a row of dark hats at the DA's office

intimate isn't it / enter Madame

the delicacies we already know

meticulously crafted for contemporary tastes

continuing prosperity of the west

sorrow of numbers hangs transfixed

a diligent legion to pour the syrup

alarm every letter to random

REPOSE PARAPHRASE

decorated or torn down space
where things come out eventually

something made of paper or iron, something in your hair

heart shaped cards to hold
up, money flowing for two weeks

a tacit collection of persons in the approximate earning range

aspirations that dress accordingly

marketing looks that appear to have
been forever their own aspirations

foam shapes, dream carts (air flow environments)

a typically warm summer flashed on
television screens across the country

twilight organ performance ordinance. Striking workers
scheduled to face each other some day

trained tones, livorite chains

favorite closer picture, warmer sand
against your face or mine

. . . . put to rest, inheritors. Owners tracking developments,
grateful to makers of silent things

temporary nestings, trust in someone

pond tyranny, repose paraphrase

K

The second time we had talked was the first call K had made to me. K had called before I had a chance to. I have now not heard from K in months, though it is long since. What is the equivalent in time of discouragement I am sure to know. What is K not saying I am not sure. A month after having left the previous to the last few messages K called back to say hello. At first we would talk perhaps once or twice a week on the phone, always by evening, always by phone. After leaving the last two messages I will not call back. How can I do so, I do, and not compromise myself. Once, I had believed momentarily that the phone might ring, it had been K. Once I had called and not left a message. I was as patient as it was finished. I had once called and gotten K. I had called and gotten K's roommate two or three times, K slightly less frequently. Often, previously, K had called and gotten me or left a message to which I had responded, prudent and prompt; usually the same evening or during the day after work. Was K at home or out? There was only the voice of K's roommate on the voice mail, or answering machine, after ringing four or five times. That such motives as accommodating as mine could have escaped K's notice struck me only at those times as I had little noticed the folly of them. I couldn't decide to call. It would seem to me to be intrusive, I may have thought. Then, secondly, vindictive to not. Should I call back or not call. K would not answer nor return the call. I called. When very little if any motivation seemed to accompany the acts of K I could only suppose the sympathy such acts were meant to convey. K had said calling just after work would be the best time. I was on the way out when the phone rang, to see someone. Should it ring again, should anyone answer, when would it stop. When I asked of K; when K asked of I; when asked of K, I; when asked of I, K; couldn't answer. We decided to meet. So then it seemed plausible to use the telephone almost anytime. Is my gullibility mine to relieve K of. It was then that we hadn't said much for a period of time. After some time I considered the number again. I am not so forgetful as some. I am not so dis-

crete as the ones I know. So this was the way it was to be. What is that look mean to me. K surprised me with a call. K had been trying a number wrongly remembered. I didn't understand. Was getting me a mistake? No, K had then found my number, after intending to use it, and then did so. If you pretend too long will what become of it. There was that one time, I wrongly thought. The appearance of an extinguished conditioned response with positive reinforcement, the appearance of an extinguished conditioned response with *negative* reinforcement, the appearance of an extinguished conditioned response *without positive* reinforcement, the appearance of an extinguished conditioned response *without negative* reinforcement, the *disappearance* of an extinguished conditioned response with positive reinforcement, the *disappearance* of an extinguished conditioned response with *negative* reinforcement, the *disappearance* of an extinguished conditioned response *without positive* reinforcement, the *disappearance* of an extinguished conditioned response *without negative* reinforcement. What is there to know, now or next. At what age, in days, did K first begin to count the alphabet. What numbers hour, what letters day. There was no way to tell and how could I ask or get the chance even. A et cetera, B et cetera, C et cetera, somewhere, sometime, somehow learned. At least that was something in K's favor, one through three, a strap-on abacus, gotten this far, but not to return calls. Thus begotten early education. On what begun, the fingers? Was the thumb, or t, or h, or u, or m, or b, one? Now to be so ignored made no pedagogical sense. I don't logically care. I can't let myself care, I am faulted, nor cooperate. A, B, three, D, E, F, G, eight, I, J. Now all together at once. All one but that one all. I seemed to hear K's voice in my head when imagining a conversation. It would go as others mostly have. Listen to the intonation. We had first talked in person. I now try to avoid mentioning K's not answering or calling but to no avail. Listening, K was now probably on the phone beside the bed not on the one downstairs. Did this, upstairs one, ring? I had never heard it ring, I said to myself. Did K ever answer any phone? Yes, there was at least that one time I now remembered. Most of the messages left were after periods of time without any communication so were hard to leave. Easily repeated. If I am not out or at work nor working I will often pick up after listening to who it is. So K would call, begin to leave as though a message, then get me. Would K's roommate pass on this message, any? For the while exchanging mail seemed a way. Letter, number, letter; number, letter, number. Letters add up to nothing. Somewhere, someone caved in to K's glowering

apathy, refused the demands of conscience, the larger picture; and that someone, someplace, someday would now not know what consternation past mis-rote caused. I could blame the old Shropshire ma if any, I will, I am; I could blame the dull Shropshire pa if any, I will, I am. Ill manners reflect ill on all. How I then must seem, if only to myself, recipient of remiss—no, less and more than remiss—perfect, manners. What less is there to be done. At first we would talk perhaps once or twice a week. I have just missed the last delayed response. Example number non persona grata. I discern with my evil eye something beginning with hello. Age for a total of seven digits. First lust lacker performance. Am I any nearer now to correcting K by my own example. Nay. I am compromised by my object. Then the phone rings; I've forgotten to turn the machine on so must answer. When, How, Who, Where would I learn. I had had uncharacteristics drilled into me once: x times-tables unlearned, faded stars' faded charts faded. I'm even compromised by my own blank slate. It's again not K calling. It's never K. There is no K. Then I see and talk to K. What's K been doing? nothing. Does K have a phone? yes; has K got a broken arm? no. Do I hear from K? of course not. Perhaps I should just keep bugging K. Would my own best behavior make a blessed difference. So to pester. Pest is best. These turns of phrase, where did they come from, will have to be gotten rid of. Begin un-understood. Yet I am all stacked against by my own slate. Get the slates while they're blank. I was got and I was taught to return a call within four and twenty hours. Otherwise one is being *ignored*. It's not a question of *procrastination*, which is their problem, but of ignoring a caller, a close phoner. As though I never called and left a message, as though it was never heard and repeated. Perhaps though not repeated really, or come out wrong, how would it sound? How reliable was roomy of K. Uncertain. To this I could not vouch, nay saying K as I did; do not those who share so much also share each others characteristics, or come to acquire the same characteristics from close proximity? Or does the one complete the other. Yes, they are one, and the same to blame. Knowing K as I did, knowing roommate of K as I did, K knowing roommate of K, roommate of K knowing K, what's left to rub off. An unreliable. And as though out of the blue. But their blue is not the convivial blue. Their blue is a foiled blue. For years they call to pretend calling, each other a stake in spontaneity. And what of it? How can I be but thankful for the boring contact. It would only be unhelpful to remind them this is actually a late returned call, not of their own accord. I ignore the

slight. It would be selfish of me to not pretend. I am silent. In this way do I chastise. When you are a bear with claws you snap. I think I tell myself even this is such as it is. I am the caller I have always been, I have always been the callee I am. They are who they say they are. Who don't I know who has not been thus reached. A message may be passed aloud and be changed utterly by the time they hear it. A message, um, ah ha, passed along. They in-between must sense this happening and do nothing. Here lies weak link. Therefore I soberly call and leave talk. They call and leave talk back. I play back their talk and in my mind hear my talk also. I don't want to repeat myself. I hear that recorded talk in my head repeated to me. I called. Busiest weak link. Had they other callers? Just one perhaps. They and just that one, some other caller, just now. Today's day in history not observed. What are you doing right now. What didn't you do to your hair. Am I accommodating object. If I had only been instructed to stop. A message sent to the middle to stop. I, um, ah, ah, um; I, ah, um, um, tim, ah; ah, I, um; ah; if I knew then, what I know now, I wouldn't have needed to.

Metropolis 23

M OONLIGHT RIPPLED
 floor, AND LYCIDAS.

L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE, loathed giant, disoriented
 and blackest
 date-sensitive tasks | the rogue's story
 horrid witching shrieks,
 Find out some uncouth cell,
 brooding pipe dreams
 suburban
 under debts and stale jobs | low-browed rocks,
 a dreaded slur | thy locks,
 It's a musical. In England, ever dwell.

heart-easing
 lithe mountainfolk ; at a birth,
 Deliberately I emphasized "home."
 ivy-crowned | tousles his
 frolic wind
 once a-Maying,

WHERE PIONEERS TROD
AND BLACK GOLD FLOWS,
IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding Joys,
acres of wide streets, plazas, malls, fountains,
buttoned [from the neck to the ankles]

[a shimmering oversight with all your toys!
While You Were Out Pads

~~Baggelle © AMNO~~
As thick and numberless
worn-out business district. sun-beams,

(Steel headache balls

The fickle pensioners Tomorrow Country. 10

But, retirement means turning in your holy NIGHT OWL
TEMPEST
GOGGLES

~~.....~~
"We talked
briefly and sort of acknowledged that there
had been a chemistry

O'erlaid with a dusty depot
today's frontiersmen esteem

~~.....~~
They don't know the lan-
guage. They don't know the surprise drills they don't 20
even know where they live.

~~.....~~
long of yore
rather than a podium bore ; back to the hills,
the mining and lumber interests

Such mixture "The City of Tomorrow,"

L'ALLEGRO.

3

A Dollar,

A TREE BAR,

on hillocks green,

against the eastern gate

In Basking great Sun The disinforma-
tion, its incredible. I've never seen any-
thing like it-

60

Whistles o'er
hundreds of people with credentials

the mower whets his salaryman,
And every shepherd tells his tale

Big-Bang & Cannons

a cautionary tale for all round it measures :
hailed, hyped, hated and hailed again.

70

The prototypical nibbling flocks

A HANDS-FREE that elusive condo or car
ALTERNATIVE TO THE or "wet room."
UMBRELLA

with daisies choreographed rallies
living and working under Literature Sorters

Towers and power grids

Drives a Complex Man

80

A Passport System for Vice

in cahoots with two aged oaks, Try Gambling

COMUS.

15

Ye distant spires,

Ye Highlands and ye Lowlands,
Ye learned sisters

Ye living lamps,

30

Yet London,

Yet once more, O ye laurels,

Ye tradefull merchants,

Yet, yet a moment, one dim ray

You have beheld

Your ugly token.

40

You that do search for every pur-
ling spring, 487

And listen why; The Soviet investigators
ex/spouting foolish service stations, bars, and so forth.
From old or modern, Workcenters, or kneeling
down in the days of idolatry purple grape
Crushed the sweet poison of pizza on my jacket,
(After the Tuscan mariners pulverized coral
a vast area
Spring came eventually to that grisly val-
ley, of sunken volcanoes, flushing the western
Whoever tasted lost sky of orange and scarlet.
There is no question that we owe them rent,
God's blessing will result in kindness and locks,
benefit to all mankind,

50

COMUS.

19

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

The Measure.

Break off, break off! I feel the different pace



And my quaint habits breed astonishment,

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

I, [REDACTED] 160

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] (See *The Political World*,
Hath met the virtue of this magic dust,
I shall appear some harmless villager

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] I [REDACTED] ac. 4
[REDACTED]

Elizabeth Fodaski

the archives incite
an awareness principle
a particular longing for which
 a predicate penchant
suggestion over example
she is trying to write the time
she returned from the situation
 with a slip

the music is moved to syncopate
an all-at-once momentary candor
the provocation of which
update the tools, leave the metropolis
 unfinished
the material unforgiving,
 the color f&gitive
a wholesale dissimulation of form

of writing, of mood, of of
gaming the season toward finish
 of caliber, of ransom, of truce
a guest intensityf free
 from conscience
at which spy hole, copping
the quintessential feel
closing ranks
at which turned-out turnstile
which which?

margin, for example
of segue, of error
of syndicate quarrels of object

fragment/possible question
among symbol/of stock provocateur

traffic's imperial program
moves horizontally, vertically
a fraction of the rime
horizontally, vertically
historical palimpsest
miles of dilemmas

which formalistic convention
the new enigma of which,
the indigenous margin of which,
these memento-strewn arcades

Benjamin Friedlander

EMERGENCY MEASURE

Like a scalpel comes the word,

Like an appendectomy scar, the sense

If a poet left you
All s/he
Owned in a poem, the poem
Would likely
Lack validity
In court. So why worry
If you don't
Understand? Dear
Reader, being
Of sound mind
And sufficient
Body, and by
The witness
Of those here present,
I do bequeath
To you, and you alone,
"My domestic partner,
My lane intention, my slant
Of light, my job."
Signed,

.....
(*Ben*

Fri.

Edlander, his sig-

Nature
Or mark)
Witnessed
This..... day
Of....., 19.,
.....
(A Reader, his/her [circle one]
Signature or mark).....-
..... (A Reader, h-
Is/her [cir-
Cle one] signat-
Ure
Or mark)-
..... (ARea-
Der,
His/h-
Er [circle
One] signa-
Ture or mark) (at-
Tach a bla-
Nk p-
Age if nece-
Ssary for a-
Dditonal
Si-
Gnat-
Tires
Orm-
Arks)

Like a scalpel

Comes the word,

Like an appen-

Dectomy scar, the sense.

The dangerous p.

Art is the an-

A esthetic, but some en-

joy that the best

THE TYPESETTER'S POEM

My purpose here
is neither rude
awakening nor
strenuous

discussion, arousing
emotion
nor stimulating
thought. If you

are only moved
to turn the page,
my work was not
for naught.

MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD

Hail to the chief

Whose words replenish

Our pigs with slop

For the pen to eat.

Like a toilet bowl

Plunging into darkness,

Or a lunging cop

Who flows with the beat,

We jab our quills

In the flab of the will

That blots out the poison

Of at her men's meat.

IN MEMORY OF JUDY BARI

We who are about to[]

Un-

[] you,

Pouring salt on the wounded road.

Disposable culture

Predisposed to []

[] posterity

Of telephone books in landfill.

The clouds of everywhere

Stunned by thunder

Spill their []

Bloodied by incoming Tide.

The making of Americans

A saffron sun spectacularly sets
in a chemically induced haze.
Discarded tires smolder in an open field.
Let the tongues of the town folks wag.
A series of insipid misunderstandings
structures sitcom TV. That's 9:30 Eastern,
8:30 Central. It bears repeating,
even if it can be irritating
to listen to repeating:
It's still beyond most people's means.

If you're lucky they'll buy from you
what you most covet,
instead of taking it outright.
Pears stand stacked in an aberrant pyramid.
Agriculture was the first industry to be subjected
to capitalist processes. There are too many
histories to count. A few have led
to freedoms and equalities
amplified above the din.

Greed starts wars and greed ends them.
The dream of a better life
has become a media fabrication
while, in a predictable pattern,
consumption comes to lag behind production.
Stainless steel palm trees sway in a carcinogenic breeze.
Anyway you look at it,
paradise is artificial.
This is one place for poetry.

The making of Americans (high postmodernism mix)

Quick to shift, but still
on the money. Meta-B sides
shaking up the tropes.
Poetry contributes to a culture's symbolic realm.
Poetry facilitates analysis.
In this sense, an examination of the relationship
between "the social" and "the symbolic"
is what Smart Hall terms—simply enough—
"thinking."

Plastic couch covers preserve pale patterns
and synthetic foam padding. A family begs
on the subway. An unending description.
Manufactured ideology harries us constantly—
 an imagined relation to real events,
 a daily praxis.
Trickle down effects spread hardship
more pervasively than wealth.
Why are we sometimes so alone together?

An invisible paper cut slowly collects blood.
Gray clouds sweep across a gray sky.
How 'bout showing a little kindness this time?
Sporadic traffic rolls by
conifer, car parts, and mangy crows.
Time of space. The forces
of gravity colluded against us.
Layoffs force labor to work for less.
It's gonna take more than a facelift.
Rope-a-doping utopia.

Poem ending with a line by Claude McKay and a footnote

The net of superstitions cast wide, yet
 attempting again to begin making sense.
 Constructive, not just destructive.
 A rational dialogue aimed at mutual understanding.

The scatter of capital becoming total itself.

Cruise ship religions.

“From Fordism to flexible accumulation.”

The spectacle of stock car racing and the NBA.

IMF riots in:

Seoul Warsaw Jakarta
 Istanbul Lima
 Kingston Cairo Manila*

Wall Street drones on during the late-night shift.
 while the subway rumbles underground.
 The fluorescent lights of a small donut shop flicker.
 Mastering the master’s language. Lingual tingle
 and pain in a loop.
 Art against advertising. How free is verse?

Couplets and rhyme schemes, dust bowls and love trains.
 “The tiger in his strength his thirst must slake.”

* Walton, John, “Urban protest and the global political economy: the IMLF riots,” *The capitalist city: global restructuring and community politics*. Smith. Michael Peter and Feagin, Joe R., eds., Basil Blackwell. 1987. 364-386.

Green arrow

-for J.H.

A white piece of fender snagged on a guardrail
marks the route. Hurry up offense and guerrilla tactics.
Stepping on the wah-wah pedal. A posse is only as fast
as its slowest member. A thousand rounds of drinks.
Wary of crowded feel-goodism and dead-end
aestheticism, as if the horrors of the 20th century
are someone else's story. Cantaloupe and revolver,
orchard and car crash. Small-town kids hanging out
behind the gas station. Trying to treat people with respect.

Anti-gnosis hypnosis, pushing toward the red-line.
Rancid deviled ham sandwiches. Even during friendships
mistakes get made. A distracted focus.
"I'm developing my pictures." Plain style envelope,
the address nearly illegible. Walking the letter
down the street. The beep of a Wal-Mart truck backing up.
Empty beer cans in the bushes, strip mall parking lot
of the soul. An agrarian community shifted to service.
It's dark in a box built by the father. The highway entrance
is to the left after the third light. Inverting dust-bowl
migrations. Our knowledge grows. Showing more than
just kindness.

Old red

Histories' hidden narratives.
 A destroyed material base.
 Internal and external, the infliction
 of prisons. Conjugal visits.
 A bit sluggish in the heat.
 Metal ceiling fans shimmy above,
 swirling the air in pale gray rooms.
 America is still a set of colonies
 administering phantom promises
 in a frictionless visual sphere,
 like Olestra in the intestines.
 Grrrr.
 Stumped.
 Takin' a grumpy.

A man with a wrindled paper bag sells newspapers.
 A woman holds a picnic basket in her lap while reading a paperback.
 A man sleeps with his head resting in his right hand.
 A man studies the page of a magazine with chess diagrams.
 A woman sleeps sitting up with her arms crossed while listening to a
 portable cassette player.
 A man reads a book on nutrition.

Extra legal politics during a slow day's grind.
 A cop shoots a squeegee man. Injustice
 arrived early. armed to the teeth.
 It was followed by urban and rural insurrection.
 The law's purchase:
 "To mete and vend the light and air."
 I step into a dark room.
 The Doomsday clock moved forward again.
 and mice eat their way through piles
 of decaying grala Famine is more
 than failed distribution, as ships loaded

with food pull away from the docks.

I could learn a lot from you.

Ideologies revise the maps, scope the sights.

sight the scopes. There is no aesthetic
throw of the dice.

A bus leaves a large cloud of exhaust in its wake,
polluting the polis—20th-century style.

entropy

Who ain't a slave? Tell me that.

—Herman Melville

don't over obey

—Hannah Weiner

twas brillig, Pa,
the exterior walls, as
at Egypt, whiles
I stood rapt
behind the lines

twas bnllig, Pa,
where we lived looking
into a dance-hall)
safe and durable enough
to believe in, yet
recollected too
dearly, how back

and forwards, distracted,
a creature scrambles in
the airshaft, small pieces
of face covered over
by the grate. to get
out through the opening

one inch wide, only not
for us, and yet
lets harken to
the hidden portal
what heard
that voice

how would you
like to disappear
to possible shadows of
earlier forms,
unearth the unblurred
exclusive machinery

optical delusion
'twas brillig, Pa
the strong weak forces of
this sedimental education,
tropical grain
of the voice, a stillness
drinking in

force, I must be
in danger of break
ing off our maiden
voyage (when you your
self are not involved)
we were sufficient
theatre to one another
but the buildings burning
down, and back of that
sackcloth and ashes
whiles I stood rapt before
it, no longer or not

yet there

let be be finale of seem

to stay behind, to have stayed
to get out through
the opening
twas brillig, Pa

in the room I come
and go utter
over so signal save
such common places,
no returns

when we discover life
on earth, scummed over
with the same strong
orientalist tendencies of
our maiden voyage,
speaking responses to
silent questions, thinking
they are made of marzipan

lets recreate the scene and
let be be finale
of seem.

but we dont

like terrible diseases,
for instance, you found

your own way,
wanting for nothing
or for nothingness.

alas, in my atlas
the closer you get,
and back of that, back of that,
the left sleeve drags
twas brillig, Pa,
the high water mark

I've strayed and given
out to lend it warmth
I'm telling you apart

and the north by the snow,
the over exposure
twas brillig, Pa
the hoops of fire

I thought that they
could see inside me

but I had no inside

you being their
mouth, why rule you
not their teeth? living
in filth, beyond belief,
that is to "say"
you've not got your

selling heart where
your selling mouth is.
you have been voted to
disappear it, intention for,
from another, gone, is
gone

let be be the dancehall
the heart of the equation
(which is no longer done)
you'll be no worse
get out of the bunker
let be the dancehall
you'll be no worse

for where
I'm on
location at

living in filth, the bunker

the dancehand, the porthall

these incidentals that
stagger,
stagger me

and press my face
against the back
window; love at
last sight while

the burning's
building down.
put your hand
on the bark, my
heart still beating,
and you too are
full of arrows

but can you write
without the injun engine,
winding rope around
an enormous spool, as if
by some strange rule
of condensation or secret
indigestion

in one-room
sectioned tenements, in
spotlessnesses that leave
each scarred it is all
that you are, the final
dwarf of you, woven
and woven and
waiting to be worn

twas brillig, Pa
the lamplight
wearing me

to testify, to give
the lie to this
unruly accordion
and unearh

that what is most painful is

that what is most painful is

not painful for others.

take me to the bottom, I
need but air

or thirst can find
framed in fault
then there's blind

the whole crawling line in
attitudes, the iron stanchions
of the rail, took it

out of my hands
and down the street
into the phosphorescent
void twas brillig, Pa
ex-machina dancehall

were you left
empty-handed
to assume
a vacant post?

will you perform this service?

so will you represent
the disappearance of it?

your positive absence
has been requested
you have been voted to disappear it

declaration: raw
data, close to, apprehend
dispel. declaration:
pay per view

declaration:
exact and systematic
overlap, misgiving

salvage, outlast, block
out. verify: concession living
in utility filth
concession, verify: close to,
apprehend living in
systematic filth and over
lap, running inter
ference for
misgiving, salvage,
outlast, living
in block out,
dispel, chose to
live, restless

but fixed, over
and outlast

forecast, cast out
on the strand

I am trying to be

in the right
place at
the right time

or thirst can find
framed in fault
then there's blind

you may already be a winner
scratched and reattached
in danger of breaking off

and can you
write without
the injun engine,
wind rope around
an enormous spool

and yet you
may already be victorious

in the lucid daylight of
those invisible,
thoroughfares, as if

everyone feels
the left sleeve drag

these incidentals that
stagger, stagger me

whole in the other
I do not say,
make up a bed
on the sofa, stay over,
night.

to hold its shape as a world
and none to bond it to
that sharp rising
glittering in
the moon, tropical
grain of the
voice

get out
of the bunker

let's harken to
the hidden portal
of us what

heard it, all

that you are
the final dwarf of
you, woven and woven
and waiting to be worn

by what mode
is it enabling?

to drink straight
from the carton

although the heart
of the equation

beats from afar

Preterm

[October—December 19981]

Language

doesn't do no other

Octobers

all please

do as the maitre d' says

plum hangs from the tree

of each night

*

A home of theirs rung through a haze

blighted

having gone by the wayside

the

firelight you imagined a

kind of affectation

though more durable

at the heart of the

city

giving rise to

what thought

utterant

in each of the pictures either one

or the other of them

inhabitations
muscular pull

*

Wait for moves attuned
“profane tapestry”

*

Fissure flickers
in the dim light

phrases tending to gather
on the corner
an apiary of love
where the airwaves crackle

certainty quivers

objects that please

*

An arrow as part of the art
willful perversion intact
 “aquarian”
 “languages’ prose urgencies”
 “sonic structures”

which is that when
encountered chills

tongue on white porcelain

procedural moping

*

Jagged shrubs net yellow leaves
in wakefulness
taut by tradition
(namelessness of a thing
such that it merely modifies into
something named)

touching the billowing shirt to confirm something
billows

concierge or no

had they wanted to
“meaningfully” to mean to

insinuated home occupies the place where the
real home stands

evidencing attitudes of narrative pull
(gravitational)?

culture stocks the innocent tourist

the innocent tourist stumbles on a cobblestone
(a category one stone)
in the early morning light

the debilitating clause
distant woods smoke
having a tranquilizing effect on the wildlife

“it’s corndog weather!”

the innocent tourist coughs

*

It was in that sense a kind of an echo
remaking
thinning walls

*

Come to
find out
your idea of the clarity of the air clouds

so far inferior

*

Scrape them into spirals,
meaning pudding

hollow out along the tree line

*

Having been etc etc etc
shortness of breath impinge

the month turning
a years' worth of participles
into that one delicate hoof

*

Enabling itself out of existence

*

The subject
on that day
incidentally

*

Gliding north a
pregnant slouch
nostalgia
“the rear of the train is behind you”

*

Distant echo of the careerist from
the bottom of the well

an adamant illusion

working the vocabulary into a doughy mass

*

Staving off the what-have-you
needle on the floor
scarcely octilinear

mental hinge
queasy w/anticipation

*

Shapeshifting the spectacular tune
attentfully awaits
the uncertain paradigm of the offspring

SPROCKET

after Bill Luoma

Catchy slime-up Chevy Nova
own me later Lorna Luft
Charlie Hoover cam-shaft shy
side of my hut rainy why

from RELATIVE SQUALOR
after Kevin Davies

Simon says red-shirt Sharon Tate.
Simon says St. Peter was right—
for fuck sake—side *up* & even now
you're a feather in Dupont's taxidermic Manifest Destiny.

It's not *always* the clean-up hitter's Fault.
O-rings *were* the drug of choice.

Come & furnish the trauma ward *with* me.

Nothing like a steel trap for surplus value.

From fond to fondle.
Surface-active uber alles.

from TOO AUGHT (ROCOCO)

Obbligato

...you are excessive
the everyday

of things we can't dispense with
the Medieval monastery

this modern funeral of the key of the idea
it takes an inventory
of its part who was to you

the stars have it not unfolding
desires as well as needs
provoke (whether the pathetic is so
real as impenitent)
a bend in the wall that border it

if enumerate. Tell me,
Museum of Rib—it *it*:

voix la la lacquered
the seedy cored core at Pavlov's essentialist center.

viva aria uber voce echo on
the brow of a hill
rain rain go and the two

tinted, in effect blue
sheathed in a knick knack reminder.

That day you burnt the lilies.

Icon

In camera, fed on berries and peat
you champion therefore the dumb

crux, and thus the spat-on
trophy. League-wide, our tinderbox pathology

answers with all the swallowtails at once, matchless
please. Little white lights light

us out. Stripmine for stripmtne
still worth your parlour-weight

in miniature brass bells.
Ace of Spain. Lady of Loose Grace.

Lowered boom, it was *that* attributive.
With your teeth tight tied together, beg

forgiveness on demand
and for demanding.

There is war among the Finches
and all the lights in Portugal go out, goes out.

from ENDFIELD

Take responsibility. Don't die a child, he said.

Yes. Nothing but that story, no one else to tell it. The words everything and nothing.

An entire story about to be told. He withdraws from you. Withdraws and withdraws. Lost in an allegory of their telling, in the consciousness of their lives, as if they carry within them a psychology no author could imagine. Pen, Ink, and Paper. Authors of themselves—no one to think about it. Their passive aggressivity. Each night met and began to speak. We want to tell you many things, our absolute freedom to amble, the beauty of our story and song. Midnight oil. Who we are, where we come from the contents about which we'll protect you — witness to our invention.

Find that balance between what lay outside and inside them. That this may happen someday. Oh, someday. Someday will never come.

The mess that has enhanced it, or crippled it. The molecular locatedness register of the DNA in one's brain. Its education to know the limits of its intelligibility—to themselves: the plurality of its constellated personality, personism. Our pluralism gets the better of you. Can't stop to regather their tenses, their alphabetical regularity grasped early on a magnetized board with brightly colored plastic pieces. It's a toy, look at what it can do.

These are letters speaking. Lincoln logs, marbles, an aquarium. Grassy dogshit on a stick.

He was more than my editor—everything about my life was a disorganized shamble. I think he was the author of what it was he had hoped to say. That the distance necessary to bring the composition of his life together into some semblance of order might find its embodiment in my mind—a mind that he never knew, nor understood. Still, a mind that settled within his senses in a way that his mind could never be in me. To navigate by that rift, to circumvent those advantages in another's life fully grasped, he pushed away and prohibited the enjoyment of it between them. Today, you have come into my study to indulge in delicacies and to eat when I am not hungry—to sustain or renew—extended to the need for love, fully prepared to abandon what he no longer needs, though understanding that his continued existence desperately needs it, and is dependent upon it. He wants the separation between us to enter this afternoon in which he sits at my desk, and speaks to himself from my life to his.

What then lie broken in the nwundr I had visited.

A question from a morning dream. Take what you want. It cannot be surveyed. Still it stands and is altered in a peripheral awareness of whom you think you might be, and the adjustments one makes to clarify that consciousness of oneself for another. That's what you were thinking—why does it take so long to state it. Pumpkin pie, coffee for breakfast. A pervasiveness that permeates distances between each word—each phrase a juxtaposition of disparate times loss.

Drives in the countryside. What might be fruitful—a nectarine, a peach. A metronome of water drips from the tap in the kitchen sink. A drive in the countryside. Children stepping in and out of the rain falling at one end of the block—sky divided by sunlight and darkness.

The simplest errands filled with fun. A pen hovering over the page doubled in the writer's vision—a field farming something both more and less than. Whatever you are looking for, what you would see. The sky and the water, the earth and its people all huddled together. Naked women at a carnival sideshow picking up oranges between their legs. Rides at an amusement park. Heads bent over desks, manuscripts and papers in special collections. Held against them, no business leads me.

The book would contain songs. A writing of listening. Dream headphones a liquid book the songs would be. The music of a book of poems.

Sublime Energy Field Arisen

“the open lesson of the lungs”

her clit I put my tongue to

my breast that fills his mouth

inexhaustible

bird voiced flower

the blame found its mark It wants to tell

bringing must go out

its function

‘that the link may be established between them’

suggestion of belief

unseizable — “I have no guard”

Note: “Endfield” appears in *Continuous Discontinuous—Curve 2* (Potes & Poets Press, 1997). An early draft of other sections from “Endfield” was published in *Object #3 — A Special AIDS issue, Fall 1994*.

from The Cherry Pickers

Aerial Motive

1. x quad

between an iron post and an iron post x buys a certain desirable plot buys a certain desirable plot on which to build a Factory x plots an evolutionary sequence between the to go and the to go button the Factory contains the reference of letters no more inside (letters/numbers) than there are out (contained) so they (Faculty) the Letters (sequence) are finite economic repeat-----

night's circular fire marks the first open house. One-Bagger (hired) counts handfuls

one rubber plant (just six remaining)
one opera hat (with vintage appeal)
one passenger pigeon (strategic!
submissive)

pissing over ice she has plastic pee holes (theirs! his) but no matches
bone in her neck hides a reign of Kingship

ink on her
knee hides the
knee bone born
she arrives on a boat
board resigning from Kingship

she will not marry the Shepherd's cow

*to destroy a Factory so as to win a strike comes from the French word for peasant shoe so.
 Practice*

2. feminine

no lift or vanguard but heightened pee holes

to sails by her vinyl
 pinned itinerant
 Bride in literate
 clothes or roosting in excrement
 over cannery windows
 consumption
 operatic

3. femme covert

no essential Rotarian forfeit

nor a matter of waking in various
 mediums inside a sculpture rotates
 slowly mirror suspended from
 thin leather straps
 outside what is not
 A Bird flies
 backwards towards its salted box

4. feminine retold

*only under the most primitive production systems
 might the worker get fish value for the Produced*

Factory in its pale stockings
 cosmetic gas-light
 skin over skin

is Allstrap his
quota props plastic pink
beside paintings of a failed
Kingship four sooty
hoofed hands

5. aerial motive

she craves the authority of a public art project but is covered in skin
fluctuating workroom activities
limbs (faculty)
his quota (it)
the finite reasserts a body
(theirs)

2 of the ten
survivors
(the lost count boat boards
salty softly bees and pee holes)

*at noon her rubber torso possibly a hand in a dream or elsewhere twitching up in response
excorio the neutralized/naturalized body how he loved to and on this basis alone he did*

“o”
to be chosen
(the sheep herder’s cow)

6. week four: gestation

ware-houses whore-houses theater-who-houses: “others”
in brown baggies with appealing polarized eye flaps twist
at the conjugate base

completed the factory is positioned near or over water
states: the above is not applicable

chirrie chirrie

7. day bed

“woman is all that a man has lost”

8. day bed

the wreck compiled of anything :
constitutes the wreck

inevitable
surplus of webbed Dolls
of being written
and written of

less
agent less : less

not a product but a promo
not a promo but a union

if as she said he is :

“feminized by pleasure”

500 years :

each soggy leaf

the Factory completed is not a house
but a house full of
Money

: having slept
the sleep of the tended

and then having slept

if choosing were

to Ascend the stairs in
rags and wire

9. access

if her birth was recorded
as the first coup of the great War
thick female ankles turning in male sequence from the painting of a ship

10. access re-told

Open city

if choosing were current c
the dominant impulse of vocational service

fills above a Tower

to woman the act of containment

:

thirst

implicit

: repeat

:

Lush Life

Replace the world
[I want to get on]
Against the ruin
Ahoy background poetry
In some small
Wordy furniture,
Fasbioning out
The specific rim
Scribblelishousness.
I shot I shot I shot
Printed the page
It goes rn one eye
Thoughtness diving
And out the tether.

Twelve o'clock tails
Crow-sordid sizzles
Crow-sorted
Crossword izzles
>From crow sort lulls
Crow delinquents lock necks
Crazy --- o pioneers!
Paradise of exiles
Taken away, taken back
Remember a gift to begin
So gone
So exodus.

So many guns
So few brains
Money is nice
It don't make the world go round
So little time
Now life is quite
The hacienda
Que sorta, que sera.
Melanie Neilson

Sweeten the track

Nice piano around your neck
Gets me around
And around, noose lips
A leak in this dinky town
Leaves the sound bite outside
Biting sounds
Sizing outside my brain.
Romance is mush
(Stop treating me like a mushroom!)

Stifling toes who moo
Marvelous ooze of oil
Dose of straight talk.

Homely adults only
Wave to the future
[Woman in the audiencel
"Then why have you gone on national TV?"
[Eerie silence, cut to commercial]
Night!
Canned crying, thunderstorms, special effects.
EBB TIDE

THREE NOTE

PERFUME SET

SPACE BOUND

Writing in the dark
The windmills of your buttonhole
Unraveling three weeks now mind.
Paying admission is
Tantamount to a screen test
Something something elvis skyline.

The Sensuous Strings of Melanie Neilson

Cosmonaut or Cinderella

A poem of medical suspense

Paper cut cut cut

A sense of ownership is like

A sense of lunch

“Buy”

I think we're unknown now

>From here to financially,

Spiritually, telephone,

Radio, military.

Melanie Neilson

To name his child

The father of Muzak

General George Squier

Played word games with Kodak and music.

Let Nature ping

Touch Nature's pings

Nervy bird coverage

Gulp the worm gulp,

Visionary position.

This jacket cover's

In love
Eager young woman's head
Being held
By an out-of-frame male
Accidental waste management
Heavily cosmeticized sea
So calm
No-ville
Happy meal boxes.

INCOGNITO EXPLODED ALPHABETICALLY

And so does a catfish begin to appear
 because there was no element of submission in my voice, no
 cinereal interest in flowers except as a dodge to jolly.
 Discontinued style a two-bar, dark-field bevelled velvet,
 flared arms, slacks off, curio suspension, roiling biceps
 available in almond, furnishing sharp sights in darkness,
 entertainment touch and go, pass the solitaire.
 Digitally reversible into eternity bibliotherapy bio-as-say
 fluctuant accident prone plot's worth of pianos,
 every grand,
 every professional upright,
 every player
 every digital,
 every concealed hood,
 every previously owned waterfall seat,
 every inner spring and contemporary shadow,
 absolutely cineangiocardigraphic hero-blasted.
 Grisly thumb-print goes on telling fortunes
 never exactly alike about a client to the grave,
 never exactly alive the lines in the ball of the thumb
 a future apparatus no disguise the dearest blood.
 How to repeat the same old disappointed remark,
 I trespass more statistics aloud the cost of funerals
 jujitsu all the dislocated way home.
 Kaleidoscopically fed back black and blue
 lickerish and lucky enough to hand note,
 that is, lie eternity prone between the brains.
 Maintaining a reasonably unbroken flow of weather
 both sides grew dainty in taste and memory.
 Not obligate but roll arms, break mania together.
 One night—it was towards the close of the war.
 Presently presently panoramic a long glance
 quark part of the city repeatedly the whole
 stranger here itself always near.

Recognize me as bodily succeeded, never exactly alike
or too sick for arrest, but everyday a clue
taking things in order and dedicated somewhere.
Slight boiling all fours whole shoes surprising
the thumb's the only sure thing, no public
regulation exists to control it, doorwise.
Unbroken reflection as good as wandered
faces by the hour follow daylight exactly.
Melanie Neilson

BONANZA OF BLUE MOONS

thing a full month old
babies how
the strong grass milk rose
gentle young opry talking satchel
100 % cloud 100 % cloud
hay green corn
solution: sap blue crow
gentle young opry
invisible satchel hear
madame blavatsky, alice baily and
the older, bloated elvis agree
tennessee is where isis
Reads about being reborn
Or this explains why
Memphis isn't san diego
And after while afloat
Now rise was spring

from TALES OF A FEMALE DICK

ORIENTATION

Ingestion ending
alley hum,
ousted incommodius
strip. Not by
a bent analogy. But
incorporated by phone
where mealies mouthed-in oaths
under flag or foot.
Say a miserable “something-to-prove”
meeting the description of the subject
in chronic synch.

As far as science is concerned,
blippety blips. The adultomorph aointed
by TALENT AGENCY.
Rights of way bolted down but one camera falling off track

while striving for that cone of light feeling.

ROUTINE

Penancing the dough out pseudoidealist one last paraphrase before getting down to brain trusters as yet unfound operative two little brains pratfalling I attacked with the wrong information.

Compared portions assure squeeze.

Error instead of

after: no less thematically affected heap of it collapsing——familiar grounds proving the usual problem where houses are and words going behind each other instead of after.

One thick word. Easy there, citizen: used just to say hey there, citizen, subtract sim-pers from minor landscape. Feminish nomenclature comes into the offish close to closure contemporary prefab. Stains versus marks in optical illusion of serious, wall. It is someone's trade—deleting trace.

Drenched pile of blab in thee. "Of." And this claim slaps all. No cars. Fear smell. Me sing bladdered all get out, off, on, to host mistake in volume hence cloudy drama solution. A backyard automatically insures. Grammatically moody examples appeal tender as description.

Halt now fore I been you there can't compare loyal, nor an aesthetics or suss. And so blister nation cans smaller portions of pop scrape factotum to the grand theme of trust. Betray shifts rival assure; finished abstraction as ointment's best squeeze. Error grounds each other used it womanly sustains trace.

Aging national mainframe a cognitive structure INTERNALIZED BY THE REGIONAL SPEAKER stiff in reflex objection but not in profile thus delays continuing IT REPRESENTS THE REGIONAL SPEAKER'S KNOWLEDGE OF A SMALL PART OF THE WORLD where the one of a kind stands among its own ilk but goes ahead and searches for microscopic ticks anyway.

Wee symbol wiggles in bitten digits. Often hearing "effect" instead mentions feeling tired at that address. Manifested all subjunctives that town you drive through when a swell time comes. Baby factotum betrays maternal theme, heavy inside some seriality. While decanting detector who feels it without go figure.

Chemistry joke passes over the similarity in the picture though fist and thumb were much of a muchness nourishing attributes in a cup. Was wrongly attributed to an estranged family member so went ahead and quoted everything. Where we now say excuse me means a rat fink or swooning third person. I became suspicious, said I was in a big hurry, and hung up.

Fessed me blather for ahem
I had minioned in the company of wisers.
Bolts in the rights of way bolted down because between
two haif-assed eyewitness descriptions there was large and efficient technology.

Inside pink realism cake puts the episode
under a more glam6rous byline names dates and causes squelch noises
from right-on-the-button hardcases striving for that cone of light feeling.
THE GOONS MADE ME DO IT in static-
layered repetitions—creepy they or them hiding in
sad feminine you, meaning me.

A cake-eater makes herself independent as a military unit,
entering the data of your examples.

“Vicarious knuckles more if one
of your friendlies balks substantial say-so from
whatever hatchet exists between us.

Utilizes inside skinny to convince a partial rube:
every ack acked every gasp leaks somehow blue in the absorbing
demonstrative. But in an earlier version
of the same joke, the price of the leper’s drink was not so high.
“Mustering up
strange hinkers is bum ballast

up docket time byjeez it’s
effective curtains.”

from The Parasite Poems

PLAGUE THOUGHT TO BE COSMIC IN ORIGIN

The cosmic rays came down
in my home town
and reaped the soil
of its addiction.
Now the grass is so vast
the silo is a mound
overgrown with fear and broom.
A trickle of feed
blossoms for the cows
but everyone else is hungry,
lulled by the mother ship
in a bubonic embrace
that puts the earth to sleep.

Soul deep plowed for too many yeas is addicted to tillage.
In the marsh, a hurricane leaves behind frozen waves.
Others became violent, excitable, or were driven mad by hullucinations.

1 "Deep Plowing Is Halted By Many to Protect Soil," (*New York Times*, 4-5-98)

2 (Dream,9-18-98.)

3 "The Forgotten Plague," (BBC on-line network,7-27-98)

SLEEPING WOMAN SPREADS WINGS

The night was heavy and dreamt-full of elegies
to those already passed and those en-route.
I'd taken care of all the obstacles
but the morning was still a time of dread
when sleep was better spent dreaming
than on waking up and whining
because the energy spent while flying
landed me no where near your throat.
I had wings hidden under my armpits
and then swallowed
thinking what the wind
would do to me.

A bird flying backwards lands and is a child in disguise.
The tide must rush over executed pirates three times according to admiralty law.
Sufferers of Encephalitis Lethargica take on the image of living statues and can remain
motionless and speechless for years.

1 (Dream 9- 10-96).

2 Mel Fisher Museum informational placard.

3 "The Forgotten Plague." (BBC on-line network.7-27-98).

MOON GASSES COLLIDE WITH TREE

Faster than a squirrel
but no wiser than a ghost,
the moon in collision
with a tree did shine
on corn husks grabbing
at the maiden's asp.
A soft pulp of sunshine
makes oil good for frying:
Basking chickens in the sun
makes it glitter,
but the dog in the moon
makes it slither and shake.

A truck carrying moonshine collided with a tree.
Twelve Thousand Gallons of napalm arrived in California after heading towards
Indiana only to be turned back in Kansas.
Chalcopyrite is a copper iron sulfide that glitters like gold.

1 (Source lost).

2 "Napalm Back in California," (*New York Times*, 4-19-98)

3 "Sea Chimneys Hold Clues on Life in Harsh Habitats," (*New York Times*, 7-20-98).

RIOT OVER SEA RIGHTS ENDS IN CELEBRATION

What neo-tempest shook the earth
 What king took such a risk
 What Duke stood on his stoop
 and from his perch
 saw the havoc storms have wrought.
 What neo-sturgeon in a slithery suit dove into the sea,
 the storms in his belly going thither and fro.
 What winds although witty are kings of calamity
 inciting reluctant waves to riot:
 What fish broke their cells
 and flooded the streets with plasma and laughter.
 What hazard were those slippery sidewalks
 and how flavorful the feast was puckered
 with lips licked for the booty.

“The wave came above the house and the coconut trees.”
 A man fell asleep in his dinghy and woke up in the middle of the ocean.
 “Where many people see only risk, we see potential returns.”

1. “23-Foot X-’a1l of WaterLeft Little ButThe Dead.” (*New York Times*, 1-20-98).
2. “New Guinea Man Survives Weeks Adrift in Pacific.” (*New York Times*, 7-25-98).
3. (Templeton Foreign-Fund Annual Report).

*
Wall of Water
Stuns Beachcombers.
Water Suspends
Dragons, Houses
and Coconut Trees.
Fish Bites Boy;
Motive Uncertain.
Man Falls Asleep
In Dinghy;
Wakes up,
Blames Relatives.
Man Adrift in Ocean
Drinks Rain
Water, Lives.
Fuel Pump
of Dinghy Removed
By Relatives. Man
Looses Mountain
In Shady Treaty.
Over Houses
and Trees,
Tsunami Waves
Drown Relatives.
Washed Up
Urban Sprawl
Kills Birds.

Kim Rosenfield

Pageant Responses 1998

“I see myself as a healing ingredient”

“My motto is: “Think and Grow Rich”

“The most historic figure I identify with is the garden of Eden”

“Love is when you’ve held the hand of someone and made them smile”

“I’d like to be remembered as a living legacy”

“What would I put in a time capsule for the next generation? Something lacy and feminine”

“I’m a borne marketing tool”

“I have a lot of mental attitude”

“I’ve got a big brain and I’m willing to use it”

SISTERS UNDER THE MINK

pink tingle bullet
hoo-ha built minor threat
Va Va Voom nuclear athletic bag
Stashed in the Palos Verdes hideaway
Here I go again
trying to fit the Steinway into the loft——
you know, the artist's life
take a long, hard look at the whole industry
fake boobs of the self, sagging
save girl for the night
hand-in-pants-relationships
“Remember Me” Christina Rosetti
just the way humans do
a butterfly on a respirator
but chemically more assertive
with all kinds of cultural benefits
like tickle—torture
and
dining alone at the yacht club
Valma is good with Private I's
on sodium pentathol
and looking after their whatsit's.

1
Erotic instincts are hard to mould
renunciation & suffering
first demands of culture
instantly sink
with gratification
forbidden & sexual

2
Appearance of the capacity for
a general lowering of
the sexual object
One thinks "wine drinker to wine"
"If I'm gonna give it,
I'm gonna give it to
someone I love."

3
Sacrifices may not result from
recognizable diseases
The girl retains the figure of
her father
hears a noise: a tick, a knock, or tap.
A woman should protect herself
against the sin
of self-exploration.

4
Sexual liberty savages
the "family romance"
impeccable moral purity
what is happening to our love instincts
I started at the sound of my beloved's voice
She laughed, and continued to whip me.
"You are so afraid of happiness"
a dangerous pigtail fetishist
spreads anxiety in Berlin.

5
The instincts & their vicissitudes
the genitals being one's real self,
they must be protected
Two little girls in a closet
from the "boy struck" period
Didn't you ever shimmy down a pole?
Or rupture that bubble?

6
Don't concentrate on the finger
or you will miss the heavenly glory
A woman like that could
teach you a lot about yourself
out in the moonlight, baby.

THE OLD SNAKE STORY

Some people think that fish is a brain food and that a mackerel will convert a moron into an Einstein.

The average man looks for something beyond.

Some people believe that warts can be removed by tying knots in a string and burying the string at a crossroads, in the moonlight.

I have seen a multimillionaire seriously expectorate into his palm and spratter the saliva far and wide at the passing of a white horse.

Some people believe that if you drink from a garden hose, you may get a snake in your interior.

Hard cheese and celeiy should be thoroughly chewed.

Some people believe that if you break Out with pimples or boils, it's just the meanness erupting.

A live piscatory specimen in one's stomach is not an enjoyable companion.

Some people believe that poker players try to improve their luck by rubbing the hump of a hunchback.

"Without phosphorous, there is no thought"

Lots of people think that medicine can't be good unless it has an odor like that of a pole cat.

An X-Ray examination finally showed that she had swallowed an octopus egg, which had hatched inside her anatomy.

Lots of people think that it is possible to take the eye out, wash it, and put it back.

Electronic Diagnosis

Our wishes are horses pulling hearses
of our near relatives and dear friends

The pendulum reaches the century
of dutiful daughters of people of plenty

Free people, not merely pawns
of self-created behavioral science

will always remain
glued together when we belong together

Perhaps for the first time
you will enjoy your own life

It is difficult to imagine
any other situation

The next generation
might not fight
another round

People need not
act informed

then take
a course of action

Exposure of FATIST and MAGGOTY villains
germinating deeply

For mother
should be
the most-loved

person in existence

go fathoms down
and discover the pearled
bottom of the sea

and we'll all breathe
a little easier

from Autopsy Turvy

—Of course I want you for your mind. I've got a body of my own.

turfs of roast are writ nests of
rages of

this flower-world to come

So we're to believe that Taggart and Sobin are nostalgic, and pretentious to boot?
Second generation watered down Black Mountain? The oscillating bathtub revolver
grinder osmosis limbo definitive acrimony novel in your net-worth astral hingefini-
ty's peppered cussing while we flick conversation someone's at the door?

don't tap encyclical Ev and I by its aftermath

tons to say
tons to do

panacea at this hallucination fluid

coping

“peace kitten-cup”
this is the sorry so sorry

we’re starting now
to count [now]
any good now
or bird
now &
being sundry have
at this hopeful, sloppy, mostly
chintzy
poetics for a body of water-
resolution—
to carry arms &
cry out among the crying out

the smallest doubt
good fortune
along the way of virtu

Hazy
as in tame
grace that the sane used
to fall into—
& felt therefore
slain &
from an azure tint
upwardmost &
faulty like
talky fellers w/
saddle eyes
& bright teeth
callin' cross the river
about sun-death
and relief from maced rising—
a burst quadrangle hue
like you
my writing
of love
lost & traded to
the Marlins — a fumbled
friend to a fiend
in debt —
it rises
“to bring some feeling to it”
a spit in the grass verb
the surface is a complex
shattered, masked
torment to carry sound
so far

read unabled as una-bled

geeze this triumph of responsibility over the orgiastic really sucks

At least I'm not the Rodney Smith that used to be at Illonois Power

the existential hum cups the readerly minutia in its guppylike beginnings

I hope you enjoyed the concrete tank

geeze this triumph of the orgiastic over responsibility really sucks

Where happen my thing?

every delirium contains a jersey jello oracle (w/ no middle)

a cross-stitched sampler of cries for help

I'm happy but boy is there a lot of commotion

If forasmuch the world cloaks its Redeeming Wings
If assonant
If If little storied shoemakers disraph at such a rate
What angel grave did a this is basically op-ed blood of
off attention—

It's still noisy.
the red heart is naked

the populace chase the thief. the thief
will never 'provoke' their vitalities, this is the world.
this is the if. tones til
in the sanguine wonder, a hid
victorious swilling.

a while.

T/h e r e .

for Susan Schultz

There is no there there anywhere.
There is no here here or anywhere either.
Here and there. He and she. There, there.
Oh yes. We are lost there and here.
And here and there we err.
And we are that err.
And we are that lost.
And we are arrows of loving lostness gliding, gliding, off, and off, and off, gliding.
And arrows of unloving lostness getting stuck even while never hitting the mark.
And we are misunderstanding fullness and emptiness.
And we are missing our bed and all its comforts that come night after night without
end and sometimes during the day also and are singular even when coupled, doubled,
and tripled and have something to do with the comforter's down coming from the
duck.

Oh here, you are all that we want.
Oh here, come here.
You are rich and dark with soil.
And you are encouraging of growing.
And you are a soft rain without complaint that refreshes and stimulates.
And you are full of seeds.
And you are as accepting of the refrigerator as you are of the bough loaded with fruit.
And you and you and you are here and there and there and here and you are here and
there and tear.

In Case You Were Wondering

A barbazon type of 100 questions, tacked fakely.
A fork in the lion of the road telling the tinsel town: "Pragmatics are weepy."
A greasy sunrise. A healthy surrealism hijacked
the tennis courts (allusion to Ashbery counting his dandelion fingers)?

A possum, he flings a sneaker toward it.
A riddm from tine Mormon. A thousand times I have wondered
where I put that ice-pick, since my nails have to go.
A top, off the shore where the fish never swear. Afterwards, it was the weekend...

you called me on the cell phone, but you dialed Stonehenge, health-
ily not immediately. Amid the curious
a lifer loamed. Amid the wars and their prostrate "g" codicil.
Anudda one ride's the bus-a. Bearded gent.

Charles Sheeler also paintinged and drawinged the factories.
Charles Sheeler photographed the factories. Chinee.
Class act you—reconsider that trip to Miami? One purple Marxism to another:
"I prefer their safety caps." Creation date of the person date.

Diddle daddle—my aunty's one significant contribution to my reading list.
Efforts' effects: the merely slogan. Estimate the
amount of ribbon it would take to type out the entire sycophant constitution.
Every finger raised for the noh, the jest, the slow

gets borrowed from me by the family next door.
Everybody's too busy trying to resurrect Jack Spicer to read any new books of poetry.
Everything that could have been mood-lit, but a pattern
weighs transiently deploring the divisibility, strange teeming of clamps designed, per-
haps, to sparkle, but in

this case chaste, cuffed the couple saintly on the
 bleeding room couch, with damaged remote, a gland under the peanuts bowl
 with hyperbolic amour, falls the net chink, *clank!*
 insatiable paradigms of transcendence relegated to the sundry court of a charm beat
 white out of

its essence—the wraith of this sneeze in the wilds some sort of
 perfume on the margins. Flocking like geese to the tease,
 anodynes of proper decimation (they torque the child) unbelievably,
 practice cola license on the whole timorous innuendo that's foraging, subsets on the

television: flanging regrets. Garbonzo dip wasted the cutlery.
 Give one more, take apathy; for instance, "walnuts choke the trees."
Guesstimate—oooh, I hate that word. Her boredom
 is exquisite and excessive, and she would like someone to speak to her.

HERE. High brow as teletype. Historicism
 faltering in the dive to sobriety, they grind their teeth, meek, the slow
 plowing down billions when they've understood veracity. How about
 the Declaration of Independence font? I hear a ticking sound: it is me next door.

Is it art, or is it file-o-fax (Halifax)? Is it art, or is it file-o-fax? Seventy-five hundred
 confidences later. It's almost summer and all—it is.
 Just another American poet rubbing his fuzzy genitals against everything he loves.
 Just another American poet rubbing his fuzzy genitals against everything he likes.

Like a clock stroke, cantankerous amidst the merely curious.
 Like stops and goes, its talents are for detection, subjection. Makar you doodle!
 Mars attacked all our verbs; now we mumble anthems of stasis.
 Might a few / suffocate? Monocles are for sale in the gallery.

My quarantine has a rune in it. Nostrils dating all the celebrities.
 Nothing is so easy as remembering the last time you put your knee-caps in the cheese.
 Nuke takes the garbage out and says: Heigh-ho Sally—she's just turned the corner.
 On the seventh day, I put down my penicillin and rested. Premiere strike—that baby
 trap honorific quarantine.

Prize allah / I'm blue / back off / from this hue.
 Rastas, countrymen, debutantes, slapped with a facelift—"jerk!"—palmetto
 in the occurrence stormed, castle guards licked chores, flipped the glib lib, extra Sufi
 and
 sublime. Rather than retire the question, perspire in the continued insurrection.

Slowly, like a fly-swatter to a fly, the wall speaks like an oyster, the weights speak like
 a
 spy. Someone could open the book, but what would be found there
 but a bunch of igloos with minor literary fixtures retired among them?
 Sibylline trowels. Tak stren quar develo veron pin antlik restor That's like saying
 Nixon didn't set out to be operatic.

The canonical was the heat of the conversation, but the devolution was the meat.
 The elevators seem to be running—this bagel won't do anything in my hands. The
 laminated Howl sits unread.

The Overtures of Holograms. The soft h of a wheezing sound fills the stadium, fra-
 grantly amiss.

The talent scouts are troubled with emissions, decisions, correcting minors. The
 Taoist pops,

which makes me jump. The Tyro wears red underwear. Their ecriture a lox.
 They thank and think there's spirals in the widget of the iffy expanding universe,
 maps contending for the crown in mixed doubles, cartographic winners fixing that
 ball point zen.

Track this spot to the edge of town, to a hut with Windows. Tubelet the booby.

Underneath the drizzle of promises and promotions,
 a rain jacket waits with a hand stuck under the collar. Unschooled, they wear
 no backpacks. Vulcan, he remembered the dance gig, leather tongs.
 We are all little girls. What is it about, you ask? The sleeping gem of the millionaire.

Who doesn't like the crucifixion—it's a kite? Wintering
 in my cabin on a hill, where the deer are frothy with poetry.
 With the bricks.

You are touching yourself with a dirty spatula. You've taken benighted gossip a step
 to far.

Penny Poem

Hardly passing, it's
passing, I can
no longer feel my
cheek, standing

on the cusp of a new evening, enervated
with no day's duties, slowly shot up
the hours purposefully languorous, expecting
a blip: shadow tears the development

from my lips: they
see, now. Ago,
promise tasks remission
in tensile id.

“Voici le prose sur le venir...”

Critically acclaimed
sonnets, of all things.

But the oven-roaster
rebels, quasi-disparaging
in tense disequilibrium
 (of all things)
cautious with her
behind the screens, behind the skies
— clunky things, those furnishings
that futz with the eyes.

Win weekend's winnings' cup and
muster the bomb, hiber-
nating in cyber-climes, sand
 tough at the feet,
where the intestine is radically hyper: for
production, a line again, replete.

Pathology of the Whites

The blue haze of the Tongs
suspends my windows
in a decimation punkt;
it is besieging, the ill

off-set cursor boils
a serialized gadfly
from Macy's Daisy,
distinguishing mumbo jet's
cotillions

from the balked asparagus.
Pretty heady toke,
the fanzines rattle
their engines and persist,

placating a tin or
tinsel Tony, standing
pasty on the starfire.
But blue is a mind

of its own. Freedom
tempts the suspicious,
who are suspicious
of the Gallic geezer tempers

enunciating the Senate,
pluck after luck,
grumped from such
Chevy diesel engines
veradicating the Christian bulge.

What standards, for
Cancers? Constellations...

bump. In the night,

children chalk frills
after Betty's after stoically
declining milk of
the marble puppy, or

stanchions of guilt
televating, diseased
in the spine, daring
a fence to the balmy

garden;
distantly heliotropic,
the sky is whist.
Fripp had a way,

crunching on frosty
mushrooms, two slips
from perjury. Suggest
my zipper windows,

grill snots into the language of
my baggage check,
titular seepage, choruses
of the underarm sway

by the reflecting pool,
innocent of shotgun
indeencies, mesmerized, or
melded—that's
how a singular pathology

slumps in the punk.
Perhaps it is breaking.
But that's damn, ham,
slammed perhaps. Toto!

let's off this curious
valentine, is you
finally gabbing deciduous hulks?
Plangent...

sibs.
Afford a Ford boringness,
crapped, out, or lazily
dialing "M" for "mister,"

vigilant sulk that's
testy yet, while fancifully
inauspicious. Two organs
yodel frisson matter

to the dramamine Congress
of quilts, quarantines
and consciousness,
hip sharp, pecking

famously strongarm
soliloquy Funts, in time,
dire, groggy, the slipper
hacks off into the mud

— footsore
appetizers to the indigo
Grand Army rectangle.

Circular No. 6

Cars. Hillsides in the sun. Coursing, cash date
Irrelevancy, felt deep, seasoned mores
Re-state: mores of the State
Crafi, not as in corn basket weaving craft
Urgencies, mothered geometry, when?
Locus, where? You want assurances, choke.
Alms here, am here, a loaded tale, re-cap
Relating how it's five o'clock the road
Numbing, loud bloated warm torpid, yankees
Unnamed, mold coffins, get to sending boys
Manic. The barrel cactus on the slope.
Bluffs carpeted by carpobrotus. Tuned
Every radio, roses, chattery
Riverside, Logan, La Jolla, hip tunes.
So it turned out that the red light turned green
Irrevocable, the copper sun, ears
Xerox, eyes, the minutes, holy clamor.

Cirrus clouds. The Crunchiness of gravel
In near silence, a need for it, ripe life
Reaper waits. Mount Soledad one mile in
Cross here a big white monument of gore
Up towards the sky over the pacific.
Learn scales, learn harmonies, re-abstract scores
All the way down to an impulse's bones.
Re-contextualize the parking lot's war
Note, the suffered face of the store clerk's glee.
Until a high tide of revolution comes

Manipulate frames, oil, nullified themes.
 Boats over there staging airplanes. CORD CUT
 Every last bomb hemlocked with memory.
 Re-summon now yr. childhood theirs is too.
 Silence, or as close as one comes to it.
 I'm singing amidst ugliest music
 Xerox, thumbs up, patricide, a real choice.

Cashspeak. A card recut before nine months
 In the instance of...after two frames - stopped.
 Resumes reeling, indeterminate date.
 Cock, for example, late subject of this...
 Untangling it, as far as boy's poems go
 Lovingly? Deathingly? These shores are shorn
 Are forms of remembrance, sculpt this day's tale.
 Rivetting all of highway 1, coastside
 No amount of moral staging here means
 Unpeaceful sandy leisure, Sunday - she
 Made meaning-pan [cornspeak it] not Corsairs
 But later [rivetspeak it] sealed cockpits.
 Everyone, all night, like what you 're living
 Reeling from: I dreamt it'd all just fade, R -
 S~fi (among cults of white health) what choices?
 Insufficient flmnds, cannot fund pulpit
 X-man, x-out this frame, recast the mold.

Came - and left, for instance, Stephan, from France
 In passing: internal nexus: exposed?
 Resettle it: what year? whose clock speaks it?
 Cismontane dwellers here dream off the beat
 Unceasingly, sprawling ennui, spasmic
 Lawrence, being from here, Uptown - but look, L-
 Always, some part's leaving, some part's staying
 Retrenches (Great War metaphor) like
 Numb - and doesn't pretend otherwise, T -

Umbilical doubts on locality.
 More causality from the Persian Gulf.
 Become that. And with the camcorder - saw?
 Elsewhere (through this port-town) S - sifted what?
 Refocus it: who's year, clock? Then frames come -
 Some signs forged there? No. But with raw urge, knew
 In filming dusk's clouds (feel universal)
 Xtra premium or just regular.

Carloads of sights to fill you full of wax
 Indigent ears of fettered agencies
 Resort to "real-life" rhetorics of will
 Conflict ambiance indeed, paper plights
 Ultiniately...ultimately, nothing -
 Likening to: Has just opened the door
 And will be entering the cluttered room
 Replicas of visions, hopes, mores, in short
 Never has there been such a stalemate, yet
 Untimely, steps on the balcony, notes
 March, this night's a cliché of cities' lights;
 Balancing an old euphoria; tilts
 Everything suddenly comes crashing down.
 Retort. Image. Urge. Stone - cracks moon, malaise.
 Something I had meant to settle, sickle
 Inscribes hammer, more pointedly meant - can
 X-out these go-betweens, wreaked havoc -will?

Corrosive love, that also loves hillsides
 Irregardless of fear. 30ib Street
 Radio in the deli past Grape Street
 Can 't we [locale mattering?] all just get
 [until now, less pointedly] along. Calls
 Love? Who's love for what whos are blue questions
 Are entering an era of seizure
 Rereading our reto-red hearts - scatter

Nightly? G, the nudging never quit, so
Unharness the nerves, the ropes, the sex tones
Meld, re/mind. How many more serve sentence
Because a bunch of banks suck dry these veins
Everyday, everyway, how much more - perks
"Reforms", conform clown calm - up, now dance - peace?
Silly arts, pallid grants (though grant us space
In the meanwhile, I lost my frames to you
Xeroxed, prim, to please, time, live glacier, scrapes.

NOT FRIDAY, REMEMBER?

Without petting a spark, reach for a
Witness. He crashing, relinquished
The story, aborted the Czech's understandingAs much as he plucked lenses and
burned. Ho,
Man, are you file? Ho man, tides, years turning
Ave Assets? I as Yoruba to I as
Because I wonder.

He Booms: "Liana!" He Wails. "DNA?" He Looks?
DNA, his drummer's who, and seen you too.
Lithe a light? Her man! Besame.
An egg, best aimed at, held in he acts,
Augie denying, acute hat in an ensemble,
A reprise, balanced, battened,
Constant and consistent. Butts had at least
Newer blubber. At least never 'ad
Gold Ideals.

You're not Looping. Giant it. Chianti. Their adage;
Hat spiels, glass it, pour. A body-part to the
Otter glaring. Cur holdings? Cut ad Wanda.
Also if cued glass, no, war to interrupt,
No war to stalwart an Establishment. Or
A suggestion for years to comb built
Upon a hopeful paste, leanness, gloss. NW,
Foul tool man voices. NW, a bloated
Man explaining, no, less glaze, a summary,
A bore. A hob intercutting Angeles
Distort the public.

“Avery’s Progression. Average Fact. I world
Knot, tell and hear.” Hers short, linked, curried sisters.
Elf, you’ve never ebbed higher before! Will
Theo hear it? Douse it, mister. Wits
Only her face remaining, the otters’
Slipper between. Nothing ling, a bat,
Nothing. Linger a wage that spreads
Remitting US awkward mottle, boy. My
Golliwog decibel. Hobbled, he reached
Because it washed easy - beaten, pudding
Come to mind. To it. And sodden, Image
Auf, like so, or maidens washing today’s
Colts before slipping in the net set.

When another truck arrives one might say
Endless, they traipse off, trading one night
Specked off and bared in Tokyo, bagged. I
Lit. No, his laches on copper mother’s side.
Tresses. Mirror, dressed with freer pairs of whites
At dinner. Impish inflation as the man gauges
Hat after hat and the woman stirs chilies.
Heavy boom. Drumsticks dripping, squinting,
Adenoidal repeating “Leopard.” “Lymphoma.” Oh,
The bra, the lithe, the windows. Oh,
The winter, the moisture, the moment.
They’ve invented monist pathos, complex
Machines and soldiered gray composers,
Leashed, lovely or locked and feeling the tusk,
Polishing, licking Fingers.

WHILE WOUND

from *I CLATTERED*

While wound, missed the report
So you went. Slowly splashing
Dark crypt asperity, golden,
The rail bent. A tail spin,
Her moods and her rules.

In the reign of Hadrian. In
Front, by the stoop. Under
The cushion, yes, under your
Ask me no more questions.
Reflect the sky.

Curving from the ramp after
Smelling prodrome pizza,
Heartburn, the whole affair
Because he consistently paid
Attention, minding aptitude,
Baseball bat, scar and party.

They were young isn't to say
They couldn't spot the napkins,
Toss out the old containers or
Recognize interruption as a concept
Beats a path. Like cut me
Off, or rain.

from WALKDONTWALK

Film:

Warning: A good fifty scenes of this type have been registered, but many more once existed. It is thought that the auteur's brother R. removed the most pornographic in deference to an age when public decency had a higher stock than artistic value. The title **I, on the Contrary, Respected Catherine for her Attitude, which I Considered a Sign of Trust in Me** has been constituted from the evidence. The film is listed as **Catherine So White**. Quality Alteration Strip Active.

*Old the sound around you.
Brought. Where your eyes went the old story.
Not one, not two. Getting to hear about it,
Invent where nothing was yet another
Time. That. Return to her. The shadow over the
Walking up. They said around you, around you
which cross, cutter which building family
Ring louder. Turn your. His two, at least.
Expecting. One time, caked in ice and renewal
And opening. If your concentration is
I loved what you did. Not knowing
Virtually any but delicious. Meanwhile
Strapped, the oddest green, the path worn
But smelling what reached beyond repeating
A numbered. You thought of the same
As coy as a ribbon, a dove, Jemima and kohl. Who
doesn't learn a person speaking
you said pointing up. The first time you
filled your cup since whatever was put off
And all you were trying to do with reason.
There. There is the one of the oldest grasping
eves and waiting something like. He liked it
As much as all the accidents. Get ready
The wonder is as. They'll grant you something
as long but compare the view, you know where
You were, E. T.A., so that's a percentage. Fly*

*listening. Than. You. Think compared to
Losing but don't waste someone else's?*

Flashing Dimly: The strip to the right is activated through finger temperature. You may modify your Qual Alt Mode to raise or lower the usual criteria.

*Curvacity! what you wanted to eat.
Never expanded onto the back before
Never though of the burlap as possible
Think is a kind of say person
To whom. You rode on that. You mocked
that car. You praised speaking in
Their laughing. The direction waited.
The asphodels up to their chests. The
Details said okfiy there, show them
the slides. There is there is no. You made
a pact. That put you one pact up. If you
continue, but the cumulous bear facts
Thighs whiskers architects recognizing
what learn slash win is all. We were to arrange
The passes. We were to give the people she gave
Me and now I thought rather than
points where the distraction turned to trouble
As if something ever happened happening
is not the same. The man stumped, the
woman's hands were greasy from
Grate looking for later now
You offer without. I returned around
And if I was still just as the last time
Measure until thinning in the same air.*

News? pause

She was known as Xi, she
called her eleven.

RUNNEL 1: FOOTWORK**from I CLATTERED**

How could you openly live up
Drawing in the intrigue drawing down
The whimsy acted as how comic
Since both rings on the trajectory
Are ample and clear as the tall husband
But registering the dust of release —
Expansion as focus.
Salamanders burning in the mud.
Who's to invent escape this time?
It's easy; the immeasurable intervals,
Why the champion's friends accouter
The growing process of loss,
If you can convince us he has any,
And in any case the trick is to expect none
Like always making dream numbers
Quickly turn to dance numbers.

But a magician doesn't keep them guessing
Even when yearning is within your rights.
Look, she stepped in for just one.
A goodnight kiss. But of all
The scenes you could imagine
Why tell which one happened?
Her arms were smooth as arms.
He glanced at her legs.
The best and finest conformities
Fructify in respect of compromises.
Just divvy them up, and assigned
With your parentage and fate,
Work, apply yourself, hustle.
Listen to the sound of the stick

As the sensation of secondary roles,
As they say, takes on a life of its own.
This is the effect of both,
Realizing or stepping into the next pile
Which can easily recall the last handful.
The bricks pile up, the ladder holds
But the turning table turns
Casting up the inspector pausing
To ask about what you worry about
As the car door clicks or he drives away.

object 9:inventory
beta version 1.3
typset in Garamond, Techno, Myriad by bks
november 28,2001

www.arras.net