



Versuche: 05

**Fact's Bird
[c. 1995]**

Fact's Bird

Life's

sad a

lie

second. Saur

dining.

Wink

or

over

older

bills

primly

it

heids

Sams.

Hind'f

Oz. S-

hame

its

live pain.

Fickle
 air
 sham, pick
acrid
 stock, as
sic.
 Pig a leg
 can, a
lined
 padre
 flight, can
hick. E
 as
quick, o so
 slow
 butts. Is
it?
 A
 wren surrendered.
A
 emblem rendered. In
doll. Bloom
 in
 sane
helas,
 ditto
thems. Hailed
 a
 cab
hour.

Ce-
rebral hound
dog, o
sound dog. On
mix,
link-
ing will's
dastard
poesie: o
drapes.
To
never have
to
go to
Jersey.

This lo-
tus
bull
sessions can
quake
a
quote. Sure
lick
in
vain,
vagabond, in
land. In
fact.

In
fact.
Shrine
lift, as
like
light list, its
kind. Its
kid.
In
sect.

Did
dandy slim sveltes
limn? In
mural
api-
culture, too
stone, sin
fine. It
o
limpy
quick does
slender
hick
time, pulse
pattern-
ing (a
fit) jus'
nuts. Slowed
chick.
Lion
pylon. Did
"did he?" he
dod
lovely quite, lov-
ely
quite
mic
a dolorous
pine. A
dig quiet
on the
sent, pig
rotor going
stored
time
broad time broad

time.

Wound a
wand a
ditto
pansy
choke
tuck
bag. I mean
now.

Ode (Por Favor)

Where
 figments, freely, as
known as
 well I'll
bleacher, in
 the
 icebox (in
short) razing, act
 transports, giggling
vice. So
 there.

Counter
act. Its
groan. The
Marx. Up
crank. Up
feat.
A
plain
tact.

The
last, name of
Paris, its
shore
rhymes
perchance to
greet (Otto
Dix) a
doll, at
all. Luck's
up.

A

drawer. In which this
picture
pills
nets, a-
greeing fictionally, mails
batters
neglect. The
elect
stet. Miles mac-
filling.

Toll

meekly

atlas. Bowling

frilly

bits. Of

shimmy

satins, it

jests. Lords

callous (dim

sank)

spit

peak.

Humming a
make, a
lax
developed
tint a
sun-
rose trice
postcard
text.

Ogling a
meter's strangled strangely, a-
wake, a
while, of
crime. Mormon curtly bless you'd, in-
ti-
mate, a
warrant
for
its
arrest. Make of this curmudgeon a
pardone
you
shame
off.

Where figments freely
 dwell, I'll have you
obdurate on ice

or holiday that transports giggly
 vice.

Last
fission, doodl-
ing the
snakes
of
granite
forest.

In-
sincere-
ly
forecast, this
blue

blue
blue

Pontoon
downed, y
levered
hit.

Me
fist, o
Mephisto
to
vaulter, up
feet
cork
swim (miles
macfilling).

Lost Canto

Grammar

group

ducks, to

knees, its

cares. Balancing the

drink-

think

sayers. On

tits, and

mustard

stuff,

falacies have

lingered. This mystery:

fragmentary.

Like the Corn Laws

Well,
here's a warn that
likes you, Spring's
a summer Simpson ladies
spill.

A grot
of lime, burgundy, it
trips tail times atlas
fugue (Bundy
huge).

A hit
formica skit
travelin'
pike.

But manqué a
period, opera
like, the score's
scared dollop crammed, in
show (Jack
too) photo-
ing. A largesse
grips.

Wiped
out on bibelot's
fury
bibs, the crawl
can can

like a shore
drive. I'm
given. I'm
alie. (Sic) piles
of shit.

But a gambling master
still.

Do
it? The scheme
lards timor standard ill
taste, tic
Mex. Gimp grates gowl gawl grim
lost.
As
lost.
A shine? Af-
ter strange
laws? Lays
lazy days, feature
freature
deem.
Pick me.

Sisters Of Charity

after Rimbaud

Young
 dark, in
twenty
 brow
 Persia.

Proud
 revolve, on
 rash
child's
 estivals.

Young
 in
 wounds. All
sister. Is
 sits.

Oh
 are
 ever
pity! Not
 breasts! Not hands!

Rock.
 Lull. Really.
Ours.
 pupils (charming
 oh).

Blood
 ex (hates). Swoons

night
so Ago
all.

Ardent
green
justice
comes. A
woman, born.

By by
the the
sisters, for
science by
arms.

Wounded
staid
pride.
Still. Black.
Coffin.

Call you, you, to. Oh
through
his
vast
ends.

Les Assis

after Rimbaud

Pocks
 of old
leprous
 eyes
 like
green
 bags

grafted
 fixed to the
chairs,
 have
them, and
 the
epileptic

skins
 weaved,
sun window's
 snow
 or
toads
 thriving

seats
 good. For
them. In
 corn.
 Which
lights for
 them.

Knee
pianists
tambourine,
a
seat, of
love. Waver
rollings.

But, it
ohohoh puff
rage. Open
slowly
tambour
a
shipwreck.

They
their
beasts. Their
them. And
you, of
eyes. Bald
again.

Dog
poisons. Of
in
funnels.
Sweat
murders, in
presence.

What
fists, to
chins
up

tonsils, small
cuffs. What made them
get up.

A
fecund
 their little
realm, oh
 crowd
proud. Lower
 a
 sleep, of

ink
 spit. Flies
flight. A
 crouched
 of
corn
 penises.

Messiaen

Enraptured with your
incredible music.

Of
wonderful though I'm
not to Debussyesque

police.

It good it

long for

me.

Continuous incessant tweed.

Critter it single flute

orientalism.

Diary of a Solipsist

Waco,
the grainy
march, into
doom. Oaxacan
tacos, in
Senate. It
famulus
cold. Arguing a
moment
stolen, supple, less
light: these
keys of
Satie. Formed in the
purchased
prime.
Monument to
severance, stuttering,
arch
sepulchre. A
perseverance.

A false
witness: wringing
other
hands. One sun to
ride
away from.
Memorized the acid.

Entire
Latin,
intro, contagion:

Jupiter. Asked
the
organizers,
way to
startled
morning
grammar. Correct,
and
Jupiter
unfurled

the gorgeous abstracts of the
nineteen fifties, hands in
gloves. Crank
calls invigorated the
soporific slabs of
populace. Thanks Huysmans.
They sleep on feet.

China
an attitude that wrecks its
beings, tools, its clothes
fine.

This vision of a
living room with
tones of Jeanne
Moreau, only
rue, and its rant. Pregnant
chant. Pillows of the rattling
sycophant, virgin
cheese,
chinos
please

*Long time before
I in my Mothers Womb was born,
A GOD preparing did this Glorious Store
The World for me adorne.
(Traherne)*

Perhaps it was on the
roll call, that
anatomy scrambled all
possible
good sense with
wares: watches, chains,
onions,
lapidary. Insolent
gregarious mind. Warped,
awake
some days rich. Others
picking toe lint, with
gusto.
Get out the Alps of
memory, ye
credibility squandered (Mary
Tyler Moore) day-
glo
circles. Because ye breathes
effete. Altitudes of Schopenhauer.

Tex: only
green, in
wean
Key Food.

Suntreader

Myths of
vain
applauses, in
this
warp factor
six. It's
to Scotty, don't
bring me
no. In
these suns.

It's
of OJ his
lawyers, my
wee

commas, my
sky
roll. Its
chattering.

Oh,
the
Millennium. Tape
diamonds. Clock
its
new
career: mean. To
lock, oh
ticker-tape
end.

I its
Fox
special.

Boughs of
this
wrist climb, its
rain. It
against my
cry
heaven. In-
to the rain-drenched
ear
appraisals
glow. (On can can it's
slightly
aged).

Machine
oh
bourgeois
frightening
Oh
memory. This, the
Berle
horizon.

I
wish, for
rain. That
is narrowing.

Divinity Committee

A scent
resists the spheres. A
famous negative.
When you're
in a generous mood.

Forget the
useful
door. An authority
of obvious belief. I'd
better get lost
letter. Pragmatic prophetic
first.

One being very close
smashed a challenge.

Never alone
God made knots. A
weakness from
childhood.
Nervous
majesty. In a
popular form.
Oozing appetites.

Will every answer.

I stand in
humor
from a mountaintop
conquest. Their
cheated
ridge.

And the light
takes discovery.

The Promise to Me Last Tuesday, at Noonday

"Master of
the bovious."

Shrill
piping of
the seven

HUNCHCLOCK.
Thoreau
a macro.

Cozy
thematic
origins: special
daze. Dedicated

to noon
'smith.
Segment
to "hot
five." Timor

young on
trombone.

Let's deer
the five,
live gnu. All
blasted:

mall.
Making it
fill
here.

Intention
of the obvious.

PURSEPATCH
PITCHBITCH.
Ain

misbelea

vin.

Structural wake.

Bean
candid.
And
that's how
'm gonna
gold. But

ONEst
a lawn.

Pie, but
unner it
all,
a ol' me.

The Opposite of "Variable Foot"

did I mean to call you?

joy luck

fabian socialist

crook of shag

storks, tallies
of rancher griots

poultry
senate retarded

sandinista crumb
of juicy herrick

stacks, herb
de la monde, of the mouth

(hip
airy ape canary ferret

*

words of the
nursery school bible

pounced out
chandelier scoffing

dill warts, punk
haircuts

that grand the game) gland
parading soundless

into what's
foreign slope slanted, piled

igloo terrors
saints, foaming passion, pissed

portion, middling
interruption

*

voluptual
teeny creature

prom, toiling
intensely tacked

to radiator
caps, frank

soiled sanitation
slaw, fashion shingled

*

faust as shorn
as nacht fever faust

bull pregnant
fits though flaked

entitled to
a rift cold

jar uranium jar set
like its plaque

Suburban Night

1.

Intelligence of
three verb
 night,
tomorrow king
canceling the
streets: patterns

charged blowing
out: spiraling.

Now: a babe
 shrunk
pillbox form, in
tense charade: somnolent,
vegetating,
 deluxe
sportlessly
careering, in sham

play: in total ice.

2.

Investigative
imagination's
career shrinks from
patterned walls,
the gamecut diamonds.

3.

Pounce: mind
short on taste
but mirroring
one
's suburbs that reach
like spires, plain ads,
all sure homes.
Let us hear talk.

4.

Dragged
forth: into

a pale day's
dialogue

with the pure
mayors.

Whittle Poem

Listening to the
after hours
a pale lake sheik of
memory

 tries its
stolen latch.
The borrowers close
in on their
failing

fortunes, muttering
wrens, too, climb
apice scaling towers
ordinant

 to wit. Life's
dingle tremors
sanely in its fate.

To wrist a
platinum avowal, wander
close in
single

 luxury
confined, daring the
construct policy of
dittering

 maxim
maids, like
store bunt men

intent on
cringing booking parlors, state
famed,

 tagging socks,

is boring.
That, too, agrees the
costumer, Moloch
faced.

A

dance tumbles
sternly, shattering
all goods
 collected
since prancing time
ended,
 brim
chuckles erected, waxed
obstruct oddities
 stumbled
to their crates,

binging
on mushrooms. It's
silence darns
the growing cake.

Boxed in halogen
cursories, glad of
 taste
buds, cant
muffles every fume. A
nicer place
 is next to
Nixon's alibi
 badgering tool
time,

immer. Gorgeous
is the flattened

rose in
Lucy's
book. Raging
is the aspic
shuffle of
crooks. To
think

and therefore paragon the
smile of
gypsies, and
imitate
in a
steam roll plain
fact, arrogates
the mime,
plunders the
jewelry

of entertainer's engineering
fibs. But
that's a lackey.
Organizations rarely
feel too
hard on
mapping. Aft
of

hours continues. The
buggers
creep,
maxed
totally
on silver-skinned
pajamas,
miner

jokes, and
drinks,

calendars,
open to crass substitutes. One
wonders on
 the streak of
Providence. One
wonders
 of San
Francisco.

Plumes,
 dragons, the
entire regalia of
distance,
bossed.

Poem

Thank the gales
tempestuous monk ails
perfumed
 pose pales
in rain

Down has crammed in
fist in
limber pock
 lock, and
wrist

Did a
an of
storm
 billing claimness, waste
whiles as
 tote

foal

Cold as code is
ode, meek and
me
 aureole
bull quarter

Doodler
 greet
long after

Scattered Norm

fashion faults
its stoned gnats

guarantee swizzles zillions
bathes to maybe take it
home, frame illumined
in story's billing groats
perchance to wean, prophesying
odalisks of
nuts
 the sure tired

lay me down
ordinary people
maxed to the role dole

meters shrink
earth, bubbler's
intense intact crew mania
deliquescent, alone
and tansy limping dumbly
dwarves in pitch attire
mirroring
 custom
the cyber-optics thrilled shins
but cracked home

built
surly, or
musty
hued

maybe makes it sanely
or you

Oracle

when love
squeaks its
beak

O lime
E egg

Poem

Now
o sweet question
there you
go
I have memorized my tears

the materials are agonistic realizing

Ple-
num of horse
regret
if berries are metonymy???
o sean

regal trap

Dapper dance damned the prolix quip
grouper grouper

o heiss!!!

vegetative
si'

Frankincense and myrrh
overlapping household considerations

o
there you
go

rare and quarantined

Astoria

the paradox of these emollients is that they care for you
ringing from the suburban sunshine their antipathies like fists
though someone may have anticipated the dream lubbery and
dug the “pitkin” greased the boughs of the overhanging spruce
preparation was a fantasy of adequacy and the choir churned
through turgid melodies only recently acquired at the five-and-
dime

and how such foreign bafflements are really rallyings for the
spring parade
are pragmatic leaps into weather and its wish-fulfillments!

the codes were etched with a grease pencil on the foreheads of
the saviors
the chaos of the roles was organized into pithy clauses and
sentiments
burgeoning from the horizon and anticipating acid rains
how guarantee that this weekend promise dare forewarn the
priests, its cousins?

not till eleven o'clock could the ritual familiarities be deduced
from the arguments
promoted as the final solution though in fact that was the
difficulty, so many
competing with their rat-race philosophies for placements on
the ticket and on the lawn
there were breaks and there were surprises but none stopped to
question the ghost
wreaking havoc with the rose bushes and leaking information
to the cops
for instance: was this a greeting, or somehow an end of the
charade? as the night
relaxed with its arms akimbo and merely purchased its role for
a change

and skipped-to-the-loo through the motions oh it was tragic as
it was summary

someone whistled that in fact it was freedom that was subject
of the rift

and turning up his nose found solace in the dust gathered in
corners

(since the strike there were few for details as the dirt on their
sleeves continued)

a grumbling was understood to protract sympathy but it was
squandered

for the choruses gathered from its visioning merely stolen kids
and didn't bother to prove it, the room emptied of its titillating
contents

the house creaked, in fact
and it was virgin sands for all

Landscape For Two Or Tree

1.

My mother is a would-be surrealist
and I her treading falcon, by the shore.
She'd nurture me into all goodness
and prank me into shrinking certain welts.
My mother is a would-be herbalist, too,
thanking distant cousins for purchased bulbs.

2.

Thanking distant cousins for purchased bulbs
my mother is a would-be surrealist.
My mother is a would-be anarchist, too,
dreading bold Falconis, by the shore.
I thank me they are spurning planned welts
she's nurtured in my mind, beyond goodness.

3.

She nurtured in my mind burnt goodness.
Thinking distant cousins certain bulbs
she thinks they're for the plants of burning welts.
My mother thanks would-be surrealists
for when they dread Falconis by the shore
my mother sees they're would-be anarchists, too.

4.

My mother sees, in the woods, anarchists, too.
She nurtures a blind, perfect goodness
for when they dread Falconis, by the shore.
Thinking distant cousins distant bulbs
my mother thinks of old, would-be surrealists

and thanks me for my planting hurting welts.

5.

and thanks me, also, for the planning of curtain felt welts.
I disagree, but woody anarchists, too,
my mother thinks are would-be surrealists.
She nurtures a blind, perfect goodness.
She thinks the distant lights are distant bulbs
slow to spread their falcons, by the shore.

6.

I grew to dread falcons, by the shore.
Also, thinking of the planning, certain welts
were thinking dipstick diptychs distant bulbs.
I disagree, but wood-sprite anarchists, too,
she's nurtured in a blind, perfect goodness.
My mother's shrinks are would-be surrealists.

7.

And would a surrealist be by the shore
enraptured in goodness were not welts,
too, the plan of my mother, that dim bulb?