



**Versuche: 16**

**Two Performance Texts  
[c. 1995]**

# **LINES ON YOUR HEAD**

**a poem for three voices**

**First Speaker      Male**  
**Second Speaker    Female**  
**Third Speaker**

**Brian Kim Stefans**

Ok, what I'm about to say doesn't leave the country.

Question: Search exhaustive?  
Answer: Circle, square, possible.  
Question: Wakes, pissed?  
Answer: Proteus Mary.

Not too hygienic, not so deluding.

I ain't such a sadist, ma'am.

The event was curtailed.  
He'd given all his good lines  
to the dead.

There is no room for hypocrisy in evasion's work.

New relations to material, yeah!

57. Good. Then I'm not just an idiot.

Just a bunch of white guys

Futzing with their salaries.

"Victorian sage": another way of saying

Little Nazi.

Disaffected

Teenagers.

Non-major urban centers.

E-mail.

Chocolate brownie.

I have grown confused.

A charmanistic prophet.

A little Catholic in your pants.

Fornicating for Deans.

How do you like the persuasion so far?

Apologies, apologies  
Puff up your pleas, apologies.  
Screw up your hes and thees, apologies.  
Pull out your dts.

Oh, it's very playful.

Technology wavers...

We're all conscious of you,  
but I...  
I would like to meet you.

Apologies, apologies.  
Blue in the face with chemical deficiencies, apologies.  
Round in the mouth.  
My scanner is a breathing thing,  
Apologies.

Question: Yogurt?  
Answer: Caucuses centenarians "never eat it."

Melanie Collie.

Apneas of something to lay down upon.

Gloved & Fated Flesh

(announces): C4!

Wood babbles  
Like the ocean.

Curio Elysian.

Can a chi  
Ever be a child?

Oreos of Truth

If you decided you didn't  
want to come tonight,  
and you did, well  
then please decide you  
want to come tomorrow,  
and do.

Nascence / progenitor.

Natives / on pirogues.

Gavel boy.

Colors of Deceit

Question: That's entertainment?

Answer: Blockages. The horse.

Question: I'm a little deaf in this ear. (*taps nose*)

Answer: So you'll have to talk louder.

*Gut* as an American.

Question: Nature is a / construct?

Answer: These days.

It is now paranormal to turn your computer off.

This wasn't a little girl.

Brought to you by  
Rimbaudian fiber optics.

Power up, power down — the devolution of devil-may-care attitudes.

That was the slogan of the potluck.

Sad  
Bearded  
Japanese Emperor

Old Friend  
Nude Dollar

Question: No defiling?  
Answer: These days.

The Tomb of Foufou

Question: Hup! hup!  
Answer: The incline.

Regrets Thoughts

(Secret Daughters)

Which is why we're here.

Join me in this existential exercise.  
I'm a cyclist named Mark.  
But I want to be a catalogue from — of here.  
I'm a little deaf in this noise.

Puke in my attributes.

If you desist.

But what of my love of Pam?

She's the dream of an infant jogger.

Freedom fighters, or misfits?

They tame the land.

Join me in this existential exercise. Let's go over here and inspect this grappling hook. Here was a winch I wanted you to consider. What's... this? When I'm not working as an innocent plaything, I'm like a hole... all circumference. And when I'm a bear in Yellowstone park, I'm still a hole, the one I sleep in. When I'm a dime that's just what you need to provide exact change, I'm still all circumference, but I eat.

There is no Pam, but the sting of Pam.

Pam's love,  
a little jogger.

---

*(Reads names before each line of dialogue)*

Park:

He's probably just an acrobat.

Jeffers:

A laughing man.

Park:

A foil. We wouldn't be able to have much use for him. In the factory, in the greenhouse.

Jeffers:

But the shoes!

Park:

Of the common stock. I'd like to see them in rubbers.

Jeffers:

How Paleolithic!

Park:

Mythic.

Jeffers:

And the show...

Park:

...trusts my ideologies. I was looking for a samizdat. We have... the real thing.

Jeffers:

Misery.

Park:

I agree. Warm up the car, Jeffers, we're going to Bayonne!

Jeffers:

Right this minute, Mr. Park.

---

That's procrastinating... you are procrastinating, being with me.

Poetry must admit to its premises, and then get on with it.

Web balance matters.



Installing pratfalls.

"Mines"

Urcatulated jump of the comedian calc.

"Mines."

Musing the earth: synthetic pubism.

Question: Clocks crawling?  
Answer: Toward the same owls.

Barak dramas.

G-force the D-voice.

Envy.

They stares aw'right.

Victorian sage, another way of saying:

little Nazi.

Just a bunch of white guys

futzing with their salaries.

Question: Against thought?  
Answer: Thought is where  
All the ambushes occur.

Cryptic Devolves

Question: Evasion is easy...  
Answer: In an e-mail.

(*announces*): 57!

Good. Then I'm not just an idiot.

New relations to material, yeah!

Proteus Mary.

Colonnade

Dogs on Leaves  
Musing Clowns

(*announces*): F!

I instill his daughter.

Ropey skeins.

(Popeye Strains.)

Never Mind the Logics.

Milanta Poem:  
A boa on a lak.

Knot, anyone?

Kafka blond!

A little Catholic in your pants.

Passive depressive crepe.

There is no Saturday delivery, and I am her mother.

Cryptic devolves.

Able lube.

Well,  
We're all petty self-absorbed!

Polyp.

Rhymes with "joings."

(Johns).

Full frontal authority.

*(beat)*

---

Winter is acumen weather...

A cute, dim bed wetter...

The same old slop, the same cop

Suspicious stammer,  
Incredible, iced manner:

"Got'em, got'em!" the dude sang, "got'em!"

When the contraband is lazy,

And all the chores

Of state, just crazy,

My gloves and I keep power  
Wiggling between the sheets and shower,

Of all the wimps

Of Wham.

Blameth cops, and staineth chops

Sing: "Goddamn!"

Permissive.

Curses.

Spike.

*Wham?*

I am against thought. Thought is where all the ambushes occur.

Take any plant.

Plant on the fouton, Anton.

Must have agility.  
Must have portable complexity.

Plant on the fouton, Anton.

Arse awry.

Passive depressive chic.

Leatherstrapping? hitch me up.

Frank

Is excited about the issue.

This is the way to cue it.

Brought to you by  
Rimbaudian fiber optics: I  
Wanted to spike  
The poem — fealty

To digs, mushroom digs:  
That nascence  
Was the progenitor  
Of nations — id.

Always plugging the id  
In, up. And they're  
Lazy in the security booths,  
Now — Frank

Is excited about (*sic*)

The issue.

Natives on pirogues.

The generation promised flukes.

Scholars retract:

Plug the new stuff.

Stasis is futile.

Never mind the perruques!

The polemics.

(*announces*) "Primitive juvenilia!"

Now they're really funny  
Prancing in the aisle

In stockings, hats,  
Fornicating for the deans.

It's all love and war until somebody

gets

hurt.

If I were a little freer, and a little more oppressed, then I would do it.

A little catholic in your pants.

A charministic popette.

There is no Saturday delivery, and I am his mother.

A splinter the size

Of an elephantine crepe.

Where social worker A hands sex worker A  
A card: "Fuck me, cure me, I have grown confused."

Whenever I was hungry

I would write a sestina.

*(beat)*

---

radioshackme

direct

UP the

dispatch

wratch

plentiful

into that strange  
quadrant of parentheses

able lube

or john

rhymes with:

forget the way jobs

and forget that there's

want  
curses  
token planks

codes of several

some things not on time

produc

leatherstrapping hitch me up

oaming form

summary demise

eck

are arse and the typological fantasy

permissive

the tom

join  
makeshift lullaby in trench trenchantness

plop

listen to the dancing couple

hiccup

under the boardwalk

Tyrannosaurus Duck.

Passive depressive attitudes.

My past came back to me in a riddle of arrows.



No poet should be faulted for not being  
An updated reader – a flit. The idea  
Of the academy is centered not around the  
Possibility of reading but the constructs  
(Walter Scott, the New Yorker) — is  
A supergroup, another text that  
Governs — which graffitoes the stigma  
Of an academic writer. Vulgarity: write poetry  
For the unsuspecting. On the poets  
Of the non-major urban centers:  
How do they progress? Freeing of the serfs.

Poetry should have a theory of power –  
Money Trust. Poetry shouldn't produce the  
Urge to imitate so much as the urge  
Toward development — if possible, through  
Money Trust. All utopian schemas are  
Prefigured by a sense of noise – sorting, wrapping,  
Packing — even if they (croak) are  
Compelled by a heteroglossic contrariness,  
Since they all rest on the pumice of  
Understanding. Poetic paradigms: must have  
Agility, must have portable complexity.

Full frontal authority. If you can turn  
A person into an aristocrat (one-  
Self) you are a revolutionary. To relativize each  
Third World nationalist issue (the ability  
To squash, that the West possesses)  
Is Money Musk. Squash. Golden. In other  
Words, no reason to concede to what one not need  
Fear in the physical, hence one can  
Render other realities "virtual" because it is  
A useful thing. I want to write for  
Disaffected teenagers, not tenured professors.

# Freely Espousing

February

With Frank and George at Lexington  
Quick, Henry, the Flit! A New Yorker

A Reunion

Walter Scott

Greetings from the Chateau

Royals

"The Elizabethans  
Call it Dying"

March Here

Fabergé

A White City

December

Ilford Rose Book

Rachmaninoff's Third

## Money Musk

A Man in Blue

Sestina

An Almanac

Thinness

Hudson Ferry

Flashes April and Its Forsythia

May 24th or so

Roof Garden

Penobscot

Today

Sorting, wrapping, packing, stuffing  
Seeking

Crocus Night

Milk

The Master of the Golden Glow

Going

Stun

"Earth's Holocaust"

"3/23/66"

Industrial Archeology

Poem

Now and then

Buried at Springs

## Salute

The winter is time of perspicacity...

The same old man slop, same suspicious stammering  
Of cop, incredible and frozen  
When smuggling is lazy, and all

My gloves and me

The drudgeries of state insane, right?

A nice and weak bed wetter...

Let us continue the power

*(a significant pause)*

---

You are hardly talking, love.

I'm choking, Junius.  
This air balloon is killing me.  
I want the earth, I want its diorama, I want its simplicity.  
I can't take these whirligig clouds.  
When do we get back down there?

You mean to your lusty paramours?

Couldn't find my copy

Of Euripedes V.

He thinks almost anything that's pretty moves.

(Reads names before each line of dialogue)

Jeffers:

Oh, we can never beat him.

Park:

It's all wool, and it's all eyes.

Listen, Thewlis, you can't be the satanic figure — that's my job.

Ok, what I'm about to say doesn't leave this country.

These little share steaks.

What she was about to prove, just never left the convent.

I don't want you to forget, and you don't want me

to remember.

He tried to rush the pajamas  
but he never got past the lint stage.

Now's the time to be maggots, not men.

You've paid your taxes, and now you think you're Rome.

But *who cares?*

# **Blabbermouth Night**

**A poem for four voices**

---

TEN GALLON INTRO

You tear that list, straight  
out of commission, straight  
out of the dryer, and it  
flutters to the floor.

Polished 28.

Pantoums for pride.

Booby traps in cyber-gnash.  
Stallions gathering, foaming,

data-cheeked breeders

that mouth all the syllables.

Uncle! uncle!

Struggle random spinners

(Anthems, uncle.)

A pageant of quotes.

Dopple-gänger quotations

to spruce up the failing group's

truce.

Somehow, it gets to my mailbox.

Another common  
Monday: percolation rips  
through throats and gripes

into tintinnabulation's forming,

in morose code,

egoless

life:  
the strategy of bits

Fashion loafs.

terrorizes

all communal deterrents,  
fakes a shave as a praised way

to rights.

Smuggling.

(Rates the rose as a rose cold  
in fact.)

Tokens!

*Pathogens, my friends,  
kens, questions,  
serious mensch-ends.*

Harvesting

plaid

barnacles. Pollack's

must potatoes. Possum

extract.

To repeat:

"for" until the "next", do  
until the

sanitary straw-backs welter,  
graze, uncomfortably

(like a howl) ogled.

Treacher's are

lecherous.

Funcul

the apathy!

Tipping over wooden block house

falters,

and we are waiting to argue.

(Samizdat.)

(Cataract.)

(Correct.)

We are waiting in graves.

*I am like the dawn -- I take my troubles to court.*



LOST IN A PACE

Scrabble,

mumble:

"There was no mucus discharge."

Fagging

amble. Never own pets

you like.

They just

displace the fetishism that is naturally sanctioned for the word.

---

MORAL SATIRE

But how can satire stand without the  
moral sanction? you may ask. For  
satire can only exist in contrast to  
something else -- it is a shadow,  
and an ugly shadow at that, of some

(tears).

It is so disagreeable

painful

in the austere sense!

(Thug!)

Gender fad.  
Grad school dance

in which we appear  
to be zygote monks.

Or take up the occupation, which no one would pursue for its own sake

Rudy slurp,  
Randy slip,

Potatoes with drippings,

Stasis is believing.

at least

Anarchy:

Stereo diplomacy.

satirist.

Unless compelled to do so out of indignation at the for its own sake

dymaxion

of the neglect of

at the bequest of

sane sake sane

beauty.

Obfuscate!

beauty.

Coto-cultural,  
Critical,  
Quotable lovely  
Lavender syllable  
Spectacle

beauty.

Hankie celerity.

And virtue.

Pantoums.

Phoby people!

You've noticed.

Blend tube.

'or'bly people!

Panting your name.

My friend, the lube.

That, I think,

Dizzy. Dizzier. Dizziest. Expel...

Is the sort of object that, at this point, we should expect to have

*(Sshh. They are making funny noises with their lips.)*

---

MORAL SATIRE II

Pop culture is about pain, a violent sensorium.

It was often generously awful. But I am in love

with P. Adams Sitney.

Can't leave the living room  
without my volume.

Nekked.

Gingham mobs.

*I think my head shrinks a little  
In this indoor stadium.*

*I am. . .*

*The mike is getting bigger.  
And I have to tighten it.*

Phil Rizzuto!

**(like Bart Simpson)**

Awww!

Too bothered to digitize?

Provisionally, I will reply...

(So?

The prurient have pleached

-- as much as anything else for its own - saké!

Mispronunciations

are mobs.

Chimps from Mars, Bonobos from  
Venus.

Possible.

Even the most virtuous and well-proportioned of men

-- the rabbit

sex --

Shift, control, alternate.

is only a shadow, a shadow after all, of some

erection; a

shadow of an imperfect, fiscal -

"Have I cruised you about great art?"

"Not staying in the boiler  
room."

"Staying late is an offal."

"The struggle's to stay a bait."

Pcoet!

Shines.

"Buttery

will get you  
nowhere."

"ugly" sort.

And as to laughter, if you allow it in one

(Sixties

And hence of an

hagiography:

the deans of dense)

You must, I think, allow it -- in

(radical worship

appendectomy).

Humor and wit,

omniscience, experience

our tender consciousness

under unanimity

balance, valence

of art, is the preserver much more than the destroyer

Of a list

Of all the dotted lines you  
haven't yet

signed.

Hoaxed hicks...  
wired wariness...  
furling girls  
lazily fraternal.

In a sense, everyone should be laughed at, or else no one

(bluffing)

should be

(bluffing)

(suffering)

*Is this the way to the little John's room?*

Rebel intent.

laughed at.

*Ice, I can't stand it.  
I cannot stand anything  
Cold on my body.*

is the alternative.



STREET SCENE

Greek

Royal treatment thumbs a "go"  
through destination's manic

a street

platelet

marketing its fam-

(the lined guns shoot

and repeat),

*inanimate?*

*non*

*celibate?*

*nonnon*

Couched

woe

in irreverent terms.  
You are

behaving.

ily  
"You are a 'yes'

man"

"A friend to man, or a friend

of mine?"

*reprobate?*

*nonnonnon*

various, but never minding.  
Strategies of kiss, and wait, and  
try again (to curve the

paradise, parades

of blinding

sand)

*french?*

*oui*

Aggregate.

are minimal, brief, provisional.

Coil-gutted creatures eat

by every corner, weak, now wary

of thumbing "goes." That's their defeat.

*french?*

Bluegrass.

River of

Plink!

Fantastic

Poise of

clue. The story's

metamorphosed into clarity...

Signs to every.

Stamp.

Its.

poise -- Sock!  
Rarity, spine spired.

*They're having more snow  
Out in Colorado.  
Which is not in Montana.  
But it is not far from Montana.*

---

JACK'S FAX (1<sup>st</sup> POEM)

In general, this motionless  
mover is Genet  
himself, or one of his  
substitutes. But even when the  
center is merely  
a figurehead, this planetary  
attraction which makes things  
gravitate about  
a central  
mass  
is to him  
a symbol of Providence. He reconstructs the  
real on  
every  
page  
of his book  
in such a way as to produce  
for himself proof  
of the existence of  
God, that is,  
of his  
own existence.

This hierarchical conception of a world  
in which forms dovetail has a name: essentialism.  
Genet's imagination  
is essentialist, as is  
his homosexuality. In real  
life, he seeks  
the Seaman in every  
sailor, the  
Eternal in every  
pimp. In his reverie he bends  
his mind to justifying his quest. He  
generates each  
of his characters out

← other poem starts

of a higher Essence; he  
reduces the episode to  
being  
merely  
the manifest illustration  
of an eternal truth.

---

JACK'S FAX (2<sup>nd</sup> POEM)

Each  
torque - it's not  
the write  
word, it's

speech  
work - so hot  
it's light  
sword, fit

break,  
fork - or wrought  
insight  
chord, pit's

peach  
lord - one out  
of sight's  
park, grip's

reach.  
Sore - or not -  
it's quite  
bored, it's

peaked  
more (once it,  
outside,  
toured) hits

freak  
joys. Found out,  
it fights  
- gored, beat.

JACK'S FAX (SCORE SHEET)

of these

Calvin is counting  
the syllables. Thinking

"few pretensions" -  
.

This

is a porm

about the death

of John F.  
Kennedy. Plucks bubbles, a la  
Welk.

Why does everything sound  
like a miscarriage?

Bane

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

of my

resistance. Trailing

*vibrations stalled*

in the violet dusk,

(Is it

possible

to be

very

single?)

*patterned on stalking  
vines of standard minion's*

opinions. Brings

his own words

to karaoke.

Lush perjury barks its sole

salad

commission. Government

job

procreation programs. Another

talent

wasted

on potable fictions.

*Rumor high,  
ceiling low,  
trade in*



the

gyms --

lathered

runts: recon shaved

pates. -- struggle

pale.

*The infamous Ashbery auto-pilot.*

Everyone will have their fifteen minutes

of drag.

-- Mexico, oh license

starves regular

guys, stirruped

hones! Taxation

without representation.

Country

peat beats

ovular

rookery. Rip out of

throat chrysalis canary.

Amps chatter

it up "strongly", deciding

chores. Good

morning, vie

et

*His new look: Frank Langella.*

*There is no poem, but the room for a*

-- Ipanema.

-- Aberration. And the

wind makes maggots of

us all.

Bananas and

poem).

intentions.

Lastly, this hoax is a

knot: forgive

me.

Calvin is counting the syllables.

*Playing like he was trying to clean the shadows off his fretboard.*

---

SYSIPHA & LEX

A: That was a stylistic inhibition.

B: A puck in his pants.

A: But we'll see how he disassembles.

B: If such an athlete is forthcoming.

A: The dives!

B: There's such a lack!

A: This story is predictable.

B: Which is what plastic should never be.

A: You tell 'em!

B: Plastic should be at the service of humankind, providing it solace when it really wants depth, patterns when it really wants ways of rue, and a...

A: Plastic's not right.

B: Oh, maybe, chartreuse?

A: He's like a suede rodent.

B: But cute.

A: If it were possible to agree with you, I would.

B: Now, be my confidante.

A: Your query?

B: The Puritan. He's so angry. He's got a big ass. He smokes. But he wants to send it all to hell.

A: In a hand-basket.

B: But he would say: "In a wicker wonder-carrying carcass."

A: Those are just puns.

B: I know, but so eventful!

A: An attempt to make you one of the chosen, except the choices are so... limited.

B: You either hide, or seek.

A: Most of us are bidding.

B: Should it be that way?

A: I would have to say: lasagna.

B: And again, if I asked again?

A: It would be a different answer, but no less Italian.

B: Like a pair of dudes in Milan.

A: Like the forged Da Vinci you come from, Proteus.

B: Mary.

A: Proteus Mary, of the diffident smile.

B: And you my little halo.

A: And concubine.

B: We are certainly not so, yet!

A: But I have already exchanged many costumes, and am yet uncomfortable with this, this...

B: You've swum the refuse?

A: I've counted to defuse: the statistics lie. He's a micronaut!

B: Huh?

A: A plastic forgery of the singular, ravenous id -- don't you read?

B: I am bored by word origins.

A: I am whored by fruits.

B: You were the victim of a snapshot.

A: And now, I'm the co-star.

Together: Forever.

B: Though perhaps the Guide can change all that... we can return with the Guide.

A: To the penitentiary!

Fake and charmless, like Burt  
Reynolds' laugh, he thought.

---

THE VICTORIAN SAGEBRUSH

The whole function of the artist in the world is to be a seeing  
mechanic  
and feeling

splenetic

instrument of

no line, no insta-meal

*Eye-gouging, famine-spreading, jaundice-producing evanescent expression of...*

Tenderness and sensitivity

no shadow, no hue,

no line, no insta-meal

-- all visible things of

the world.

*O heilige Strand!*

of the emotions

Oh!

Drops (up!)

Drops (up!)

Drops (up!)

Benny, the shogun Goth.

Elysium is downsizing --

Stalls like teen courage.

That spirit which has been given

Frank's

Kudos!

Left unrecorded

-- position 2 --

Or fades from record

The Book of Nemesis, and fetishes

from Mars.

Er, record.

Purple parentheticals,

gerund green. The

Ping

pong, in the dim alleyways of

Erica Jong!

próduce

(...)

Like with chickens...



(...)

Not the other word...

It is not his business either  
to think, to judge, to  
argue, or to know!

That's cause he's sick.

He hasn't yet married his

opposites. Cheap and scattered

pejora-.

Spelt

(spilt)

shit.

Some old thoughts

coupled with a --

-- Cool verbs from high school!

"raster"

"nickel"

"spool"

"spawn, spans, Pam"

"big"

His place neither

the closet nor the bench,

)

)

)

nor the bar

as opposed to legend's

Fortuna: the Munschhausen goddess.

Up.

The library.

They are for the other womb, and other wok, the other wank, the autre chic  
-- other arrests, other dupes.

Itching pencils.

Evil wimp.

(Other hiccups.)

Hiccups, and he's cured. He

may think,

Reason, now and then, when he

bets on verisimilitudes..

"Roots'

splendor

Boots

render..."

Such fragments of knowledge

"The study of non-elephant animals"

for a combined total of

ablablablablalaaa (continues)

as he can gather without stooping - or reach without pains  
(tears).

are to be his care.

*Like gold to airy thinness beat,*

the work of his life -

But none of these things

more e-mail than male -

's to be

to see, to feel

-- to make petard,

to retard,

affably.

Rather than beauty  
and understanding  
redundancy and bigotry.

---

FORTUNA: THE INTERACTIVE GODDESS

Fortuna: the interactive goddess:

I pick and I pick and I pick and I pick and I...

Lend me to your leader.

*Something about  
the "human couplet"  
keeps me over and under.*

Organ.

Shinola.

Will you  
be the  
Boswell  
to my  
scro-fuel-la?

keeps me over and  
un-

"Providence has given to the French  
the empire of the land; to the English  
that of the sea; to the Germans  
that of--the air!"

BVDs, please.  
BVDs, please.  
BDSs, please.

It's time.

Literary men are...

a perpetual priesthood.

Let me collect my agency.

Clever men are good, but they are not the best

treaties the world

lacks.

You! with the compromised smille...

(Smile.)

-- a shift to sense

(sememes).

But how does the poet speak to men  
with power, but by being still  
more a man

than they?

is a colon.

A poet without love  
were a physical  
and metaphysical  
micro-mini.

Intelligence:

We are firm believers in the  
maxim

that

for all right judgment

it is useful, nay, essential,

to see the good qualities before  
pronouncing

on the

Mem meme memem memememm  
ememmmme memem

rank reason's  
lick pool  
gone gambling  
hovering high

Mem meme memem memememm

Die hard near-sighted.

His Rabelais, an anxious wish.

A

Perhaps.

Following are some words you may not have been aware of:

"The Nether

Sisters"

"costume

poetry."

Attach some meaning

Maneuver the artery

Of that aphorism, vulgarly

Imputed to Shaftesbury,

Which, however, we can find

nowhere

in his bowels, oozing

woks,

that

syllable

"Ridicule is the test

of an atomic wedgy."

"Beauty must be  
counter-paradigmatic

syllables

and that

cu-cu

-- or of any other  
feeling than  
regret and  
hope and  
brotherly  
commiseration.

(Sessasional behaviors!)

*There is no heroic poem in the world but is at bottom a biography, the life of a man*

paisley pragmatics,  
seconds off my thinking time,

thinning

hairline);

also it may be said

**(roughly)**  
"muscle-headed  
freaks  
of some rain"

is a heroic poem of its sort, rhymed or (sportive,  
sparring)

unrhymed.

Silence is deep as Eternity, speech is shallow as Time.

To the very last, he [Napoleon] had a kind of idea;  
that, namely, of *la carrière ouverte aux talents* -  
"Produce the Winnebago, motivate the revolution."

Blessed is the healthy nature;

it is the coherent, sweetly co-operative,

not incoherent, self-distracting, self-destructive one!

"'Milieu' therapy would involve

a revolution in our culture"

Or a very convincing drag queen.

Or several books on Cubism.

Or three sizes too large.

Or a sort of false earnestness about simile.

The uttered part of a man's life,

Let us repeat.

bears to the  
unuttered,  
unconscious part a  
small unknown  
proportion

(butt of  
this joke  
= Alsatian  
hounds).

He himself  
never knows it,  
much  
less do others.

"Some day  
these nerves  
will spark



a hole in one."

Practically  
thinking  
off the top of  
my head.

alimentary  
resolve -

Close Encounters

with Neuralgias

of Time.

Postmodernism's dead. Let's collect its guppies.

*Charge, charge, tis too late to retreat.  
The eye of the intellect "sees in all  
objects what it brought with it  
it the means of seeing."*

Happy the people whose annals are blank in history-books!

-- generosity's

It can be said  
of him when he  
departed he  
took a Man's  
life with him

Kind

It's a very exciting movement which will undoubtedly -

Literature is  
the Thought  
of thinking  
Souls.

No sounder piece  
of British  
manhood was  
put together  
in that eighteenth  
century -

of the Third

"Noo lyin deef tae daith..."

Animosity's  
sp'ttoons.  
Animosity's  
sp'ttoons.

spittoons --

have many

Swiss

adherents.

*Sprechen ist silbern,  
Schweigen ist golden,*

"Speech is silvern, Silence is

-- let it earn earn earn."

Speech is of Time, Silence

is of

-- let it earn earn earn.

to be

The greatest of faults, I

a geometric resolution.

The following excerpts are from Glass:

I hear a banging on the door of the night

Buzz, buzz; buzz buzz; buzz, buzz

If you open the door does it let in light?

Buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz; buzz, buzzz.

If the day appears like a yellow raft

Meow, meow; meow, meowww

Meow, meow, meow, meow. Meow... meow...

Knocking and knocking; knock, knock, knock

Knocking and knocking; knock, knock --

Lies

the soul,  
the whole

voice of

with the flow.

Only the anthology is real (mealy gardens with facile toads in them).

Brando.

The true University of these days is a Collection of Art Books.

Is it really on top of a yellow giraffe

If the door caves in as the darkness slides

What can tell the light of whatever's inside?

Past Time:

Articulate, audible

the getting

-- when the body and material  
substance of it [the voice] has  
altogether vanished like a dream

Brilliant

One

lint  
between

life,--a little

content.

Minority

Adversity is sometimes

two eternities. (Content

minority.)

hard upon

-- Sarraute! (May 29, 1996)

But for one man who can stand prosperity there are a hundred on the verge

of a new Delicious

that will

-- shame my apologies,

-- please!

*Clean cylinder.  
Clean hood.*

*Clean piece of writing.*

Am I just evil threats?

---

THE GIDDY APOSTROPHE

An exclamation

(pop)

looks

raised

like an inferior

in mourning;

Mark

(egoist) looks

question.

a flashing light

or the

(hemstitch)

of

an pointy

-- Internationalism is a voodoo.

*Jack, Jack,  
confess it's not  
it. The  
nerves twitch, and  
all's like Eliot.*

its mouse

yuppies.

The semicolon

With self-satisfied  
peasant cunning, Sysipha,  
a German quotation  
marks [ >> << ] lick  
their lips.

Kraus, opens

who does not fill it

a total

to market a space --

*We're always making fun of you. Stop making fun of you.*

(Flips page).

A colon, says Karl

George Plimpton.

I am even more aware of its gamey taste.

wide:

woe to the whiter

nourishing

Sure knew how

If I were the tempter of the world?

I'd footnote every chapter in 12-point bold.

Oh, sorry. You're always making fun of me. Stop making fun of me.

*I was cross-eyed, and you my  
cross.*

(Flips page).

Oh. You were cross-eyed, and I,  
your cross.

In praise of Mr. Drummond.

"If he had had all Peru in his pocket, he would certainly have given it to this dancer; but Gringoire had not Peru in his pocket, and besides, America was not yet discovered."