



Versuche: 17

"You Tear That List"
[c. 2000]

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

Booby traps in cyber-gnash,
stallions gathering, foaming,
data-cheeked breeders
that mouth all the syllables,

struggle random spinners
(a dopple-ganger quotation)
spruce up the failing group's
truce. Another common

Monday: percolation rips
through throats and gripes
into tintinabulations forming,
in morse code, egoless

life: the strategy of bits
terrorizes all communal deterrents,
rates the rose as a rose cold
in fact. To repeat: for

until the next, do until the
sanitary straw-backs welter,
graze, uncomfortably ogled.
Tipped over wooden house

falters, and we are waiting to
argue. We are waiting in graves.

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

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 perfection. Potatoes with drippings (tears). And it is so disagreeable, and so painful -- at least in the austere sense (anarchy, stereo diplomacy) in which we appear to be defining it here -- that no one would pursue it *for its own sake* (zygote punk) or take up the occupation (Rudy slurp, dymaxion) of satirist unless compelled to do so out of indignation at the coto-cultural, critical, quotable lovely lavender syllable spectacle of the neglect of beauty -- hankie celerity -- and virtue. That is, I think, the sort of object that, at this point, we should expect to have to meet. Pop culture is about pain, a violent sensorium.

Dizzy. Dizzier. Dizziest.

It was often generously awful.

I am in love
with P. Adams Sitney.
Can't leave the living room
without my volume.

Too bothered to digitize, provisionally, I will reply as follows: it is my belief that "satire" *for its own sake* (so the prurient have practiced) -- as much as anything else for its own sake (Chimps from Mars, Bonobos from Venus) -- is possible: and that even the most virtuous and well-proportioned of men is only a shadow, after all, of some perfection; a shadow of an imperfect, fiscal poet -- "Have I screwed you about great art" -- and hence an "ugly," sort. And as to *laughter*, if you allow it in one place (Sixties hagiography) you must, I think, allow it in another (radical worship radiology). Laughter -- humor and wit, omniscience, experience -- has a function in relation to our tender consciousness; a function similar to that -- under unanimity -- of art. It is the preserver much more than the destroyer -- a list of all the dotted lines you haven't yet signed. And, in a sense, *everyone* (hoaxed hicks, wired wariness, childish charity, furred girls lazily fraternazily) should be laughed at or else *no one* (suffering) should be laughed at. It seems that ultimately that is the alternative.

The rabbit sex.

inanimate?
non
celibate?
nonnon
reprobate?
nonnonnon
french?
oui

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

Ice, I can't stand it.

I cannot stand anything
Cold on my body.

-- Phil Rizzuto

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

-- Phil Rizzuto

The whole function of the artist in the world is to be a seeing (mechanics degree) and feeling (spleen energetics) creature; to be an instrument of such tenderness and sensitiveness, that no shadow, no hue, no line, no instantaneous and gouging, famine-producing, jaundice-spreading evanescent expression of the visible things around him, nor any of the emotions -- drops drops drops -- which they (Elysium is downsizing: stalls like teen courage) are capable of conveying to the spirit which has been given (kudos!) him, shall either be left unrecorded (position 2), or fade from the book of fetishism (record). Dueling parentheses -- gerund green. 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 reconciled his opposites -- cheap and scattered pejoratives. Spelt (spilt) -- some old thoughts coupled with a smooth verb. His place is neither in the closet, nor on the bench, nor (Fortuna an indifferent goddess) at the bar, nor -- as opposed to "Legend" -- in the library. They are for other men, and other work -- other arrests, other dupes. Hiccups, and he's cured. He may think, in a by-way; reason, now and then, when he has nothing better to do; build on verisimilitudes: "roots splendor / boots render"; know, such fragments of knowledge as he can gather without stooping -- "The study of non-elephant animals", for a combined total of ablablablablablaaa -- or reach without pains (tears); but none of these things are to be his care. Like gold to airy thinness beat, the work of his life -- more e-mail than male -- is to be (exaggerate!) two-fold only: to see, to feel -- make petard, retard affably.

Rather than beauty
and understanding
redundancy and bigotry.

Lend me to your leader.

Will you be the
Boswell

to my Scro-
fuel-la?

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

"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!" Literary men are... a perpetual priesthood. Let me collect my agency. Clever men are good, but they are not the best -- you with the compromised smile! Treaties the world / lacks. 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 bad -- a shift to sense. How does the poet speak to men with power, but by being still more a man -- rank reason's fucked fool gone gambling in islands hovering high (read "ready") too true -- than they? Intelligence: is a colon. A poet without love were a physical and metaphysical impossibility -- micro-mini. Die hard near-sighted. His religion at best is an anxious wish,--like that of Rabelais, a great Perhaps. "The Nether Sisters" -- convincing argument. Following are some words you may not have been aware of. Costume poetry. We have oftener than once endeavored to attach some meaning to -- maneuver the artery of -- that aphorism, vulgarly imputed to Shaftesbury, which however we can find nowhere (bowels oozing cu-cu syllables) in his works, that "ridicule is the test of truth." Atomic wedgy -- sometimes there will be work involved. We must repeat the often repeated saying, that it is unworthy a religious man to view an irreligious either with alarm or aversion -- beauty must be counter-paradigmatic -- or with any other feeling than regret and hope and brotherly (Ax Factor) commiseration -- a concatenation of 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, there is no life of a man faithfully recorded

muscle-headed
freaks
of some rain

but 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 several books on Cubism. Or three sizes too large. Or a sort of false earnestness about manners. Or a very convincing drag queen. **The uttered part of a man's life, let us always 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. Literature is the Thought of thinking Souls.**

"Some day
those nerves
will spark
a hole-in-one."

Practically thinking off the top of my head.

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

"'Noo lyin deaf tae daith...'"

No sounder piece of British manhood was put together in that eighteenth century of Time. *Charge, charge, tis too late to retreat. The eye of the intellect "sees in all objects what it brought with it the means of seeing."* Happy the people whose annals are blank in history-books (it's a very exciting movement which will undoubtedly have many adherents). As the Swiss inscription says: *Sprechen ist silbern, Schweigen ist golden*,--"Speech is silvern, Silence is golden -- let it earn earn earn." Or, as I might rather express it, **Speech is of Time, Silence is of Eternity -- let it earn earn earn. The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none --mathematical 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, buzz.

If the day appears like a yellow raft
Meow, meow; meow, meowww
Is it really on top of a yellow giraffe
Meow, meow, meow, meow. Meow, meow

If the door caves in as the darkness slides
Knocking and knocking; knock, knock, knock
What can tell the light of whatever's inside?
Knocking and knocking; knock, knock, knock

In books lies the soul of the whole Past Time: the articulate audible voice of the Past -- getting with the flow -- only the anthology is real (mealy gardens with facile toads in them) -- when the body and material substance of it has altogether vanished like a dream -- brilliant brandies. The true University of these days is a Collection of Books. One life,--a little gleam of time between two Eternities. Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man -- 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 stand adversity. Am I just evil threats?

Clean cylinder.
Clean hood.

Clean piece of writing.

Minority Content. (content minority)

THE GIDDY APOSTROPHE

An exclamation point (pop culture) looks like an index finger raised in warning; a question mark (egoist) looks like a flashing light or the blink of an eye. A colon, says Karl Kraus, opens its mouth wide; woe to the writer who does not fill it with something nourishing. If I were the tempter of the world? I'd footnote every chapter in 7-point **bold**. Visually, the semicolon looks like a drooping mustache (total George Plimpton); I am even more aware of its gamy taste. (Sure knows how to market a space -- bastard (master)) With self-satisfied peasant cunning, a German quotation marks [>> <<] lick their lips: "Please make more allusions to Carravagio for me." Never own pets (that you like). They only displace the fetishism that is natural for the word.

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

Hemistiche.

Alimentary resolve.

Generosity's spittoons.

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

Somehow, it gets to my mailbox.

We're always making fun of you. Stop making fun of you.
(Flips paper).

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.

Close Encounters with Neuralgias of the Third Kind.

"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."

That was a stylistic inhibition.

A puck in his pants.

But we'll see how he remembers.

If such a parody is forthcoming.

The dives.

There's such a lack.

This story is plastic, predictable.

Which is what plastic should never be.

You tell 'em!

Plastic should be at the service of humankind, providing it solace when it really wants depth, education when it really wants charcoal, and a...

Plastic's not right.

Oh, maybe, chartreuse?

He's like a suede rodent.

But cute.

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

Now, now, be my confidante.

Your query?

The Puritan. He's so angry. He's got a big ass. He smokes.

But he

wants to send it all to hell.

In a handbasket.

But he would say: in a wicker wonder-carrying crate.

Just puns.

I know, but so eventful!

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

You either hide, or seek.

Most of us are hiding.

Should it be that way?

I would have to say: lasagna.

And again, if I asked again?

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

Like a pair of dudes in Milan.

Like the forged Da Vinci you come from, Proteus.

Mary.

Proteus Mary, of the diffident smile.

And you my little halo.

And concubine.

We are certainly not there yet!

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

You've swum the refuse?

I've counted the refuse: the statistics lie. He's a micronaut!

Huh?

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

I am bored by word origins.

I am whored by fruits.

You were the victim of a snapshot.

And now, I'm the co-star.

(Together) Forever.

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

To the penitentiary!

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