



Gulf

Brian Kim Stefans

Gulf

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This book is dedicated to my mother, Mi Yong Kim, with tremendous gratitude and love.

I.

Pilots of The Ark Stew (After Robert Duncan)

for Jennifer Moxley

Gris gris on my right
forced fake word-force
fricasseed, fracased
in the grinned flat flare.
“Another paragon, Iceland,
to free feed from the meta-tombé.”

“The word tombé,” the girth grown
on my bereft sensed self spat, “means
‘to form.’ In yeast bateaus
shouts of thousand thousands chose to choose, in
fall, in all, for Apollo
tomorrow. To enter spent and doubted – out
in the Rasta hustle – busted
tombs, boys: shivering for the gaunt grits of
Helos.

Waco weekends crammed them ‘in house’ because
they go slow well – the hurdled
hairs of the Hesperides, Ariadne, stumped – beyond
Weakening Horizon. O Shasta shakes shattering, where
the Sun groins in!” the
dipped Dane withered.

Another hectare: files of
Donne, Di Palma, Toto, haunt. Gorgeous
lids altering faltered in the
Orca-acked drive guilt, dramatic, druidic – drained:
Hate Mystery.

Therefore all failure of ours for the bourne tour’s
stars literally slimmed, wafted
in months of sorting “swear” sins, with dump swains
beefier than round.

Randy-Of-Ligature-Mother: “Shea uttered
mot oath-hairs, split Sanft airs – her turdy
toned storing bonied stilts *gaze out of their swooning.*”

“Putt the untimely primate under its
atari, the ‘Bee’s Cat’'s host,
lost!”
Therefrom they’d rail full, they hot
on the circled Ross Combo, not those dimpled codices of the
dreaded Snow Miao, though under tough
Waist Land’s pods and days, withered roast pants of blamed
class.

*The burst bat faces wrathed north of their
overt lovers, careered to fly to. . .*

– Then the chorus

 cupped cornily (conies!) cornered, kirked, draped in
Hecate's dove-tails, trumpeted
 to waft slight weights here, wandering, woken
to attention of the tension of the hemmed End of the Universe.

Medievalisms

poem based on a line of Pound's, for Drew Gardner

Argue it with tables (a

lough table, pie chart, descending) --

Item: my

tiny breath,

total contraption: correlation of sympathies, ornery

lanterned s-

elves.

Likely whining symphonies with-

in the gaunt chapel

grow staves and hair shirts

hermetically honed

to Dark's first-taloned metrics of

latency.

Integral

"knock"

emergencies

regard the simple

"under the thumb"

soporific, awful

hemoglobular faxes.

Listen to the wind

insolent, dry

game-on-the-fence

highs. Intent:

to lead back to sender.

**Stops and Rebels
(or, The Battle at *Brunaburh*)**

I.

Athelstan King, Lord among Earls! bracelet-
bestower, and hear Ethel grand-stand! Baron of
barons, he with and clowning, all dripping,

boring, but being! While the anthology his
brother Edmund, giving in anti-pother, ached,
dead among either Atheling, gaining a lifelong

glory ying, old and the all-yang team, is in no
way Yes-sloganeering, unsuccored, swollen
thematic, there is a common interest here in

battle: slew with the sword-edge, there in gums,
in burdening suburbs! Bjorn, while in a certain
cloven, went Heather ape-shit, his hammer

loving, yet vocabulary, a certain a-fearing his
weirdness, thought 'twas by Brunaburh. Brake
the shield-wall, incongruous, foaming Cleo-

magic around, set of possibilities towards which
these texts have both tended, he fat at camp and
been chosen. To call this *interest* when off his

II.

hewed the lindenwood, hacked "the sacred,"
would be too officious (the leather container,
lard all cordoning) and to speak of it as "the

spiritual battleshield": sons of Edward with
hammered brands. Theirs was a Greatness heart:
hex and humus. Yet hetero and would be

amorphous, too easily misconstrued in cringing,
(shooting, too) terms of belief and not imagination,
unless "spiritual" got from their Grandsires –

theirs that so be defined low-down (but still
sure-footing) as a radical Fairy fee-fi-foeing
anger with the conditions of the world, socially.

And he felt damned with, metaphysically, or else
it the dryad, second-in, might be conceived as a
critical-detachment sweat, since "Sin" summed

him often, in from the given; a strife with their
enemies struck for their hoards, detachment
creative of the – and their – hearths' otherness of

III.

clarification – of a complex up and their homes.
Bowed the spoiler, bent once the Scotsman, fell
the shipcrews, emotional and Doomed-to-the-

Death. All the field with blood of the fighters
more 'gainst the peeved – he married to tongue-
rolls, glue of her ground-bass, imaginary good

Handel borscht: an spark in the light of which
metaphor and reality are constantly in question.
To call it a new eroticism would also be

reductive, but surely this poetry, icky, flowed,
from when first the great Sun-star, Dis witness,
he offered. She othered of morningtide. Lamp of

the Lord God has this chef, deciding to settle it:
an ample category for pleasure, a category
absent, Lord everlasting, as Joel Lewis has

glode over earth till the glorious noted, in the
hegemonic mode of experimental *THERE*
formalism, known as language poetry. Creature

IV.

sank to this poetry, sees sexuality as a crucial
nexus between the... his setting. There lay many a
man marred, lay by the javelin, men of the

Northland body and the world: Saint Mammy,
Garishly One, that defies but revivifies words
shot over shield. There was *thé* in their very

effort to render erotic restored, gated,
beckoning the Northerner over Sheila's
shouting – such Scottish "Ach!" – impossibility.

But poets, or at wary as a wavering Said, some
West-sexy least, the Ford hind-longing grumps
under strongest among them, do not read; trussed

Eros kissed him (and laughed, necessarily as
even the strongest of Scotsman weary critics
read). Poets are neither ideal nor common

readers, neither Arnoldian nor Johnsonian (they
legged in dun, loathed by others). He owning of
war, we the West-Saxons, long as the daylight

V.

lasted, in companies troubled the track, tend
not to think, as they then-hero Flemings, of the
host that we hated, grimly with read: "This is

dead, this is living, in the swords that were
sharp hinting Theology, making them meet
Hooters." Mercy not wending hard as hound-

pledging, then from the grindstone, fiercely we
hacked at poetry of X! Poets, by the hailethéd
nine nuns Thera-Talmuding, the flyers before us:

A green and silent spot, amid the hills...

(mighty the Mercian, hard was his hand-play)
sparing not any of Those-that-with-Anlaf,
warriors over (with the time they have grown

strong) do not unloved, offering bleached,
unlimited, the Weltering Waters. Borne in the
bosoms, they ran thus besoftened, feigning: "Read

poetry of X, for bark's bosom, drew forked toe-
in-footness, fife-playing in Mellancamp (really
stadiums) cynical and grunge, warning to this

VI.

island" [Doomed-to-their-Death]. Five them from
feet, seven shimmering all unleavening, strong
poets can read only themselves, for them to be

all anti-ruminant heresies, judicious. Is to be
weak, and to compare, exactly and fairly, is to
be not elect? Milton's Satan, archetype of the

modern poet at Frauding on Shiatsu: "There,
enflamed, dim-hearted More-men bragged true!"
– neither young kings put asleep by the sword-

stroke, in bed but totally dismantled, as
estimated: seven strong Earls of the army, little
but worldly Career Canne-ists forced (cous-cous

his strongest) becomes weak when he reasons
and in weight! to the infamous leonine front,
compares, forgotten generation. Switching then

at "On Mount Niphates," and so commences that
process of decline culminating in "Paradise: The
Regained," ending as archetype of the modern

VII.

critics of Anlaf, fell on the fjord, amid framed
war-field, numberless numbers (Commiss in his
zither-voice, this Custodian-of-the-Nina at

shipmen and Scotsmen). Then the Norse, his
weakest student: "I leader! Dire was struggle
with might, and main to his hollered at hindered

radicals in thoughtful become-one-with-Mu,
need of it: few were his following: fled but to
his warship: fleted his vessel to sea because

that which is not Mu is with the king in "-ettes"
– Making Yemans of equally strong, Mu doesn't
prevail!" As it, saving a matter of fact, the

stronger Mu becomes, his them: he was baying
sure, foreigner the stronger the force opposed to
it, so life on the fallow flood. Also the crafty I

have come but fulfilled (in the folk one,
Constantinus, crept to his North again, hoar-
headed, to feel that I standing), gangrenous but

VIII.

girthy. Gelatin news brought him beyond the
blending facts, bills for hero! Slender warrant
had am "between He" to be proud of the

welcome of war-knives, sleighs old but
insidious; and the Louvre betamax (rather
theoretical Thérémins) hiccoughs Neanderthal:

*I have eaten
the poems
that were in
the icebox*

*and which
you were probably
saving
for breakfast.*

*Forgive me
they were voracious
so sweet
and so cold*

"But two worlds, one dead, the other waiting to
be born." Frankly, I am at the Workers-with-
Bedes, veterans a loss – he that was reft of his

folk, and to know what to do. A greater strength
than what I possess is necessary: his "of this I am"
convinced. Burning Roshi: "What you are trying

to do in campy Studebakers, gum-balls friends
that had Fallen in conflict?" Leaving his son, too,
of Lost-in-the-Carnage, mangled to the nastiest

year since the mitigating Geminis remodeled
way, morsels – a youngster in war! Slender
reason had he to be glad of the clash of the

IX.

war-glaive things are wrinkled (shrink-
wrapped), they thus in – traitor and trickster
can be compared to this (pushing one hand Wal-

Marts whipped ether-weird and spurner of
bar-dances) a-fearing replacement treaties – He
nor had Anlaf with armies (policemen). "Your

witting, with so broken a reason, for bragging
against Norman of cups and rubbers, dreary the
[*other*]. Once you of derivative: that they had the

better realize Mu, loves... Oh, but one thing – if
versions of Diop's welter differed the Seeking,
offed ire over lands, in perils whacking the ski-

modes, bewitching salaried brothers, Begin, you
know that nothing can atomizing? Can England
at stealing couthfully, be of battle on places of

slaughter soften? Wesleyans opposed to it, since
everything – the struggle of standards, the rush
of the javelins – this Mu. Now you can begin the

X.

crash of the sexist lands, without remorse
gauges – Leviathans to appreciate why kyosaku
of the charges, the hum by the Hamptons, is

used – raise for Britain sallow wigs from Baden-
Baden, thorns smarting heaven, hernia'd but
never in farm-houses wielding of weapons –

bathing. Earnest-after-the-Whites: "Their asses to
help you exert yourself beyond your normal
capacity, beckoning: but as you dislike the

grading the Goodhavoc, the graduating Dior, a
kyosaku, I can the play that they played with
wolf in wee-hours." Now works will mire the

children of Edward. Ask the chief monitor to
slap this Ike land, aphrodisiacs apropos of
fiestas, then Forks in the Eiffel, before androids

you hard, with their nailed prows parted the
Norsemen, a blood-reddened relic on the back
– from time to time. "With that as a spur of

XI.

javelins over the jarring breaker, the deep-sea
billow, shaping their way toward, you can
mobilize greater pissing strength and energy

than you have up, swollen to now" [Dyflen again,
shamed-in in gums]. As the "us" siphons begged
their souls, also, the brethren, King Deistic and

withering, lispig Easter Lieder. Like the Ingalls
and saxes, on the Isle and Atheling, each in his
glory, went to his own – *in his own* – West-

Saxonland, glad of the war; many a carcass
they left to be carrion, of Man-Over-Brad-Pitt
venues. Buying has sported a many lancing of

Whig maps, walruses over-burdening the mall-
rats that are a waiting, fearing the earth rotten:

*Livid one, many a sallow-skin –
Left for the white tailed eagle to tear it, and
Left for the horny-nibbed raven to rend it, and
Gave to the garbaging war-hawk to gorge it, and
That gray beast, the wolf of the weald.*

*Never had huger
Slaughter of heroes
Slain by the sword-edge –
Such as old writers
Have writ of in histories –
Hapt in this isle, since
Up from the East hither
Saxon and Angle from
Over the broad billow
Broke into Britain with
Haughty war-workers who
Harried the Welshman, when
Earls that were lured by the
Hunger of glory gat
Hold of the land.*

[Zowwy!]

Preparatory Meditation I

Here moment's moments' ague
like ash doth fly
temperaments
 (inward spiraling fashion)
 to the pit
speechifying no reconciliation with
 New England's perfidy.
The boss
of All all
forgets:
 idleness a pitched & parched Winnebago gone
 (& wheel carburetor spark plug) gravewards, wind's
 toy
no ballast.
 The season's seasoned savior savors
nothing like record's recourse or
 pushy preacher's discourse
 pyramiding
 (peach fuzz) framed
 intimately (matted)
 lore's lozenge
 in celebratory time, tuned
 weakly.
Weekly
 (arguing stiffly) we
gambol gambling premise or
 promise
 to laxity.

Preparatory Meditation II

with lines from The Four Zoas

While thus the spirits
of strongest wing
premise or promise
pretense or printemps
enlighten the dark deep, the
threads are
spun
practice or pretext
porous or pastime
the cords twisted & drawn out–

Predestination parries
then the weak
begin their work
preternatural pugnacity
& many a net is
netted many a
net
programmatic, pesteringly
patterned (*spread &*

many a spirit caught; (innumerable the nets,
innumerable the gins & traps) & many

a soothing
flute) & potent
impossibility
is there is there

–is formed, & many a corded
lyre outspread, over the immense.
Pretend it's no precedent.
In cruel delight they trap the listeners.

Terms of the Anglo-Saxon Ritual

Christ if I were in my arms
swearing and kicking up foehn
like a butcher in a schooner
unaware of the approaching simoon;

or an orderly under orderly
pale as a peach in the Caspian Sea,
making rhymes involving de-
liberate, harsh "ye's" and "thee's," like:

*The shore shrank to the
size of shattering
clay cups on the kitchen floor, done
as a dope I'd dated,
when bought, oh only but a
kind of toy.*

Christ if I'd
had long
hair like the hip (that's for hire
on a Greek trading ship) I'd
always be on fire, always on fire

bending a crowd,
purring out loud, the
sorrows all young,
when "under the gun" I'd make my pearls.

Slipstream

Bucked Strange They Sex Complexity & Slowly Somaticly Typically Relax “This Dream Is Spurious” One Conjures To Commit In Middling Fit Doubled Cumulus Topples Overhead Feet Brink On The Nervousness A Colon Splits Irredentist Utopian Brakes Sprach Breach Iridescent Peon Thus Hegelian Circumspection O Torched Polygon Blandishments Of Sympathy Regalia Of Arms & Slowly Somaticly Typically In The False Wood Duration’s Diuretic Variable Scum Scuttle Settles Parades Paradiacal Predetermined Readiness Reediness “Pox Their Hairs” Airs Splenetic Verbose Toiling Vega-Man Ages Bending Sulphorous Ardent Node No November Trippingly Over Cash Cows Crowds Cornered Seized In Overflow Market Trampoline “It Can’t Happen Here” Recourse Giggling Gagged Gouged Resilience Of The Classical Argument Stumbling Or Stumped They Were In Their Several Cells Positioned To Undertake The Superfluity Subvert The Overtaking Sin Sine As Lack Of Redundancy Unmasked The Chaos Spatter & Slowly Somaticly Typically Uleashed Versions = Chaos “Chatter” The Poincare Fudge Swirl “Log” Slice (Entmann’s) Frozen Centuries’ Circuits (Moles Staring Into The Kliegs) A Tic Is Depicted In The High Res Mandelbrot Set Uncoined Platonic Universe In A Turn At *Tron* Receding Receding Into The Brush Points Of Church Receding

Only The Anthology Is Real.

Argue CODE That Way You Loose Your Hair And Program Self Indeed Waiting Construction Tossed The Leather Plank Bulled Aboard Life Is Maximized As If Nothing Beyond Self’s Broken Record Mattered Much Re Course Angled The Indeterminate Speech Flowed Against Pulled Posture Strained Membranes Tissues Waterful Noises Of Gulls Groins Walking Nosies This Best Neighborhood Regains Composure Strips Maintains In Temperate Attitude A Load Of Shame Of Dancing Argues For

Standardized Frames
And Childhood Brains
Therapies Rains
Rutherford Sanitations

Originate In Test State
Plastic Impressions

To Require Spending To Complete
Bound’s Hold

Are You Determining Famous Codes Ways Of Arguing Me Against The Wall Ocean Behind You
Wavering Still Motioning To Stop The Sky's A Gender The Air's A Magazine Of Territories
Eggs Knees To Believe Up Scream Kit At Once To Monopolize Attitudes When Logical Grits
And Sampled Heterodoxies Rare Bits Bytes Of Onion Breath Galactic Ambitions Of You I
Thought Were So Continuous With It Terraforming Only By Habit Not Pursuit Suit

That This Then This
Hyphen Dandelion *Pissenlit*
They Vacationed In
Dismal Aptitude A Wash
Of Strained Memories
Clouding False Consciences

The Lapis *Dixit* Fraud
Arranged With All
Certitude Of No Strange
Conjunctions No Cipher Loose
Development Closeted
Argyle Codices Each

Sentiment Failed In Its Way
To Cohere Argue What
One Will There There
There An Insect Of Chips
(Silicon) An Insect Loosing
Its Legs To The Sensitive

Transactions Of Gravity Sweating

With These Submergences

Of
Aft
Afternoons
Affected
Fêted
Effectually
Afforded
Eventuality
Aforementioned
Affirmations
Are
Yet
Evasive
Often
Fin

These Are Slow Ordinary Demonstrations One Would Think Applied To Humanity's Joystick
Phasers Buttons Mice Mics No Parables To Confuse Collapse Entro-Epiphanic Ly Hard-Earned
Life-Molds Etched Sketches That Outside The Closed Set Guide Giddy Ground Less The Skaters
On Ice Of Lead Led Have Not Known So Much Matchless Freedom In Centuries Of Abasement
To Circuitry Of Country Patterns Paradise Meals On Wheels Of Demagoguery We West As A
Survival Tactic Facts Uncovering Discontent With Anomaly Unperiodic Flows Cascades
(Masquerades Apparently) That The Sock Hop No Jock Strap Regulates Liberation A Push In To
The Slipstre Am Goings In Gangs Will Fascinate The Eyes As Coinage Of Ifs Terminology
Continues Ill-Refuted Reputed To

“Rigor Up Against These Sixteen Months
Can't Take It Can't Lax Logic
Formulas Are Plussed Regarding Henry Yes
Attitude Shuffler
Movies Littering Consciousness ('Pix') Determining
Aural Standards Aural Stays Etc.”

A Dizzy In Space
Sugar Lacking
Breaks Spurious Cosmos
I Move The Machine

Awash In All Sorts Of Mannerisms Toady Of Stretched Artifices Blandishments Apotheoses Of
Standardized Desires Of Emulations Transacted In The Light Of Judging Day Hence Turning The
“Version” Stands As Tall As An Epoch Based On An Epoch Shimmering In That Heat Safely As
Children In A Dead End Street Are Safe A Conjunction That Is An Allegory Of Human Geometry
Tangents Meeting At No Point On (Thence To The Costume Party) On No Plane Flatness
Absorbs All Heroes These Skills Of Following Dots Relegated To Simpering Babes To Those
Same Children Spiraling Out Beyond The Clutch Of Mannerisms Breached Anthropomorphism
To Become A Pure Epoch (Saintly

Cave)

Help Then Arguments Suffer
Pox On Tail-Lights Plink

Baboon Shirts Yet For
Anticipation's Articulations Red

Garment That Stands Alone
Perplexing Eyes Reduced

To Slavery Of Form Tray Simplification
Of The "Tabula" Smeared

With Colon Rank Weed Therapeutic
Speech Blooms Going Last

Rights Write Pendulously Over
The Seeing Neck The

Argument Stops Anodyne
Panacea Historical Nutrition

A Sky Of Porphyry Reproduced In Eternal Plastics Images One Can See In Dreams Are Argyled
On The Television Beyond The Sports And Sports Crimes

How I Matriculated Among Certain Of Your Exquisite Exits.

Eggy Height Weight Fig-Lights
And Like Apartments "Skim Air"
Cities Belly-Bottom Trees Attics Trembling
Over Flames "Curly People" Lax
On The Fields They Look At The Sky

Making Marvelous Me
Anywhere
Celebrity Celerity
Under Curtains Udder Certain

"Listen Darkly To The Sanctified Trees The In Side Promise Of Environments"

Twilit Air-Codes Dim
In Rumored Blues
Telling Riddles Burgeoning
Childhood Chases

Domestic Enclosures Of
Domes Retractable
Activity Staining No
Bone Arriving Like Ghost

Arm On Shoulder
Stings Gat Mistaken Nerves

Limbs Together In
Comfortable Arches Extensions

Not Known To Retard
Growth Gift Of Sham
Belligerent Closures Sealing Of
Wax And Eyes Turned

Inordinately "On" The
Strangenesses Curry
Further Ringing Of Discipline *That*
Nasty Free Shit Doesn't

Illustrate Enough Doesn't
Iterate It's The Tent
Around This Vacation This

**"Just
Want
Some-
Thing**

**That
Isn't
There Any-
More"**

Choruses Wrapped
Among The Branches
Entwined In
The Aurality

They Are Having To Have Laugh Lanterns.

Seeing Wheelies In It.

I Need A Girl A Girl (Snapping Fingers)...

And So Your Bare Basic Baby Mentality Thoroughbred Morfs These Lemon Trees Don't Grow On

*A Standard Aching Sunday The Lark Loose Procrastinating Sloths Don't Dream Under Those
Skies*

*Serendipity A Wing Urgent Ovary Pole-Vault In Terse Attitudinal Riffs Nary A Wary Hiccup
When*

*Appearances Are Rolling Leeward Ninety-Degrees From The Bedstand Rocketing "Shattering
The Nape*

Nerve" An Ourangatang Hip Witch To Take No Mom To Grave With

That Their High Buy Cornered The Poetry Market With Swelled Salts An Ardent *Samizdat* Same As That Predecessor Didn't Go On With It Toward Indecipherable Minutes Cared Cashed The Gall Produced An Epic Miracle Lyric Surfaced Out Of The Event *Urizen* You Have Seen This Mortal Relate In Tales A Thousand A Single Prison And Reached Tenure After That To Produce The Hat Grand Gland Ular Symmetries Paste Of Found *Copies* Concealing The Evidence Of Necro-Sympathetic Horse-Aptitude In Slippers Cant Want Luring Sophistical Rinds Minds The Young Ne'er Do Well Immaturely Ontologo- Mental Central And Therefore A Diabetes Of Poetry Kicks In With Islets Eyeballs Incapable Of Generation They Call It "Need" A Foot At The Focal Point Of A Disarming Apparatus That Strips As It Clothes Pure Reds Poor Yellows These Ardent Arrant *Bunt* Fractals

Vestigial Tyrannical Myrmidons Concatenate Fruitfully.

As A Crappy Hand Goes By Bye As A Neighborhood Flounders Random Access Memory Squanders

"Undecided"

Special Edition

Specious Works

As Vertical Lifts Haven't Been Improved By Diagonality

The Themes Merely Run Blurring Their Powers With Distinctions

Stylus Intact Womb's Eye Focused Shut Egg Urge Relationships Of Out That Stand Tall Up Shimmering Blue Targets Proficiencies That Mock Exiles Suicides The Rigorous Compacted On The Skyline Contra Pro Wilt Wall That Vanity Will Seemingly Without Motive Attack That Side Inks Oils That Pour Boiling Streams Onto Arms Groins Grins That Pilot Mime Dances In Quicksilver Bad Attitudes Recursive Strengths Urge Egg Simplicity Intact Codes Of Fact Gathering Cohesiveness Until The Break Out Over Spans Explains Blue Demonstration Disk Oder Either Perforations In Enter Choice Execute Nothing But Bat An

Eye And It Goes

They Are Active In Squandering Pool Pull The Hypo-Democratic Isosceles Demotion Principles Descend Cinematic Cantilever Meta Meet As Surely Drop As Never Rise The Mean Moan Mao Gnome In Salmon-Flaked Crinoline Delicacies

Parodies Of Visions That Fantasia Crumb Comic
The Dyslexic Fandango That Entire Governments Teething

Teasing Produced A Cripple Virgin Reddened Eye Against
Aghast The Swirling Drawingboard Maxed Into Blueprints "Imaxed"

Paleolithic Feast Feast That Catalogues Each
Arm Each Iron Harm That Passes For Responsible

Por Pro
No Graphy
No Mapping
Deviances
Aberrations
Steel-Like
The Eyeball
Peeps Reaps

(Pyro Para
Nopticon Tycoon)

Wild Hissing Determinism.

Whistle Electronic

**Coltrane
Stockhausen**

Amiably Coined Joined Thistle Gristle The Lax
Looping Retro Treads Acoustic Verbal Viscosity
Tempered Pampered Percussion Flange Sensible
Ears Airs English Or Counter-Paradigm Atic Rots
Afternoon Waste Material

That Several Teams Of Orphans
Oprahs To The Teeth Angle
Angels Stumped In The Dimension
Of Tending Other Equals That

Town-Down Square Seems
Sunless Lessons Are Not Packaged

Ubu Are Screeches Sonically
Strained Tripping Tristfully Triathlet-

ic Metaphor For Individuals
Dangling Perfectly Temporary Templates
Calling Or Culled Votes For The
Stasis The Exact Feeling Of *I Think I*

Have Found Nothing Not
Ed Suburban Eclogues Crafted
Rogues Of Sentimental “Stirrers Up
Of Type” That Texted The Economy

Red
Met
In
Scalded
Taxed
Saxophonics

Eh
Grass
Ingress.

Orifice Of The Deceased Splendidly Exposed Time-Clock Elements Disasterously Denied As
Entries Are Being Made Forth Games Beyond Certain Frontiers The Hook And Bate Of
Strangeness Extrapolations From Probes Fecund With Suburbanite Rumors Of Speech Beyond
Point Zero Architectures That Alter Completely Upon Individual Referencing Towers Faltered
That Attitude Swallowing Oblique Incenses In Gulps Of Forced Choke Reach The Olibanum
Replaced By Textbook Interfaces Powerbooks In The Land Of Dis Addicts Of Creepiness
Morbidity This Is The Habit Of Imagination Deflected Into Manuals Exchanging Affection For
The Guarantee Of The Tomb Of

Others Of Renown

Theskeletonofmemories.
Askeletonformemorieseyes.
Askeletonofmemoriesyes.

The Zany Troops Dupes *Ourself*
Acrobatics A-Robotics
Tame The Tensile *Argc* Constituent
Frank O’Hara Frank Zappa

Mimeograph Sheet
Finnegan Finland
Wakes Sly As Spy In Sty The "Frictionless Voyeur"
Soma Inside The Fictional Voter Loan A
Malevolent Benevolent
Way You Wow Owe Our War Raw
Thanks Themselves For Card Ron Silliman

So That The Sophistry Tastes Diet Rite The Mall Whitens Average Daily Lives To The Shore
They Take Their Children

Never Feeling Awake

Tell This Tale Of Verity On Weekends In Teenage Afterlife In Which Roots Of Customs Founder
In Their Recursive Onanism Geysers Of The Evangelical

So Take Your Stand
In Magic Amber Land.

Laptop Amputations It Is A Negative
Trend Lest Storm Clouds Brewed In
Microtints

Of Purple Fair Opposing *Mockingbird* Laptop Fractal Encyclopedia Two Divorces In One
Exponential Paradise On Mag Rails Standardization Of Dis Product Wanders In To A Crowded
Mall Declaring Pix Suffragette Anodyne Way To Continue The Piece Picks Up All The Way To
Atlantic City Smell Of Paint And Pang Homunculus Indecent Exposure Waiting Expecting Basic
Frames Proliferate As Leaves Twist Shelley's Magnetism Stole Petals From A Grecian Lyre
Sounded *Leer* From The Pretentious So That An Escape To The "Shore" Is Possible Presence
"Fax Me" Megrim Complaint Echoes Excellently Profoundly Within The EXCEL Sucking On
The LOTUS Affably Hands In

Pockets

Juncture Peace Time A Walk Services Sparing Cognition A Fax Interrupts Flow Synapsed Out
Grain Of Affidavit Lux Moron Escapes Through Hole Ol' Smiley Face Forced From Academic
Height Clambers In Pit That They Never Thought *Tron* A Masterpiece Of Graphics Anima Enemy
That They Don't Think It Possible Phoenix Origin Of Necro-Politic Movie Star John Lennon Fits
Just And Wallowing Here Random Statures Cloned Stolen Home Lone Extricated *Lebensraum*

Cripple Walker Manner Takes Value Virtual Hocks What For The Flash Back Originally Of Trees
Fractals Fancied Pharmaceutical Kids Cuds Laughter Sanctity

- A Coil Is Thorax Anthrax
- The Blended Missiles Were A Constitution Signed By The 12 Most Relevant Employees
- *Wir* Words Stand Back From The Land Tax
- Coming Back Fast Wrapping A Low Fist In Infected Cellophane Group Whist Trump Twist
- De-Doiling The “New Coast”
- Frangible Academic Inaccu-Meterial (Sic) Void The Demo Sonar A No-Go

Nude
Usage
Of Unchastity
Theory

Jumps Jams The Exit The Crowd Control
Works Overtime When The Dancing’s Hot And Radium’s Hot
Hip Hop Right Whatever’s Wrong Frank Funk
An Attitude Is A Collage Poem
Hurl Hulk Thorough Thespians Remember The
Creaking Skeleton Trekking Paradisial Chromosomes Flange Frames

Twirled Ids On A Severed Neck?

Bombs Explode

In Ulster Station Standing The Randomness Of
Expression Tightness In The Joints Produces Agony
In The Child’s Last Steps The Newspaper Boy Is
Charon

The One Godzillionth Time I’m Doing This.

They Team Up In The Morning For Mental Calisthenics Separate In The Afternoons For Arbitrary Lucubrations In Comfort Of The Office And In The Evenings Are Subsumed In The Larger Set Of Their Family And Appliances Stagnation Calibration All The Same Oil Or Gas Values Horizons Of Lead Or Mercurochrome Slacks Of The Right Fit Shirts Tendons Tentacles Vocabulary Machiavellian Machinations The Ambulatory Excesses Of The Poet

Lost In A Pace.

Our Taking Ardently Foodstuffs Of

The Commonweal Adopting

Nobody's Cliffhanger Ethics

Pessoa The Salt N Pepper.

And Then The Nether Gaze Is Shuttered The Piss Pall Overtaking All

Big Words Verbs Proliferate Horizons Stunted Tallies Provide A Nation With The Assurance Of Data It Suspected Has Been Shuttled Shuffled And Probably Provided By That Shuffled Shuttle In The Dark Dark Light A Name One Tosses Into It Is Returned With A Warm Palm Unstandard Radar Provides The Anchor Careening Through Thorough Nacreous Surroundings In Which Faces Appear Swelter Falter In Perception And Are Rendered

Beautiful

Because Sleeping Meters
Approach Out Of Peach Skies
Radicals Model Skeletal
Descendants On Which To Clothe
They Are Speeches Of Sleep

*Excerpt Un Wrapped Warped
Wound Win Dows Endows*

*Version Of Scaffolding Of Weird
Completion Sense Sans Loki*

Just As Evenly Just As Unevenly The Ghost Parks Plainly
Wet In The Dank Dark Gloved Hand Repeats Intuitive
Signs Toward It Columns Pylons Ring It In The Snow Of
Its Affectations Mirror Of

Literary Influence

Tell Me *Hurt Hurt?* Masticate

Celan

Third Thread Of Jaunty Sidewalk Shadow Disappearance And Reappearance Aground Ash The
Radius Evaporates In Cylindrical Motions Repeating So That Territorially (Of Sensitive Wash Of
May Rains April) The Cerebratory Indelicacies Induct Sorrow Scaffolding For Speech In Moving
Scandalizes The Seal Of Index Atoms *Ricorso* Silhouette That Proves Art- Iculate Insel

Celan

Noon's Dawn's Twilight Vegetation Sand And Meat Arrangements That Are No Trophies

Their Footprints Vary Wary In
War-Time Snow And Seem Lost
Miles Ground A Shaken Level
Will Not Provide Cyclical Sustenance
(Mental) Clouds Reach Children
Suffocating In Hidden Tents
Red Blue Identities Trapped
Enraged (That Young Age) In The
Shuffle To The Rivers Blasted In

Diplomacy

Foot
Foot
And Sinking
Foot

If Anything Awake Here In New Jersey Climb The Apple Sky Scale Appropriate Propriety Of
Property Popery They Thieve All Willfulness Ambitions A Refrigerator On The Front Lawn
Apostolic Speech A Reminder Of Things Things Our Constitution And The Better The Odds To
See You With Out Speech Of Borders To Claim Attention Of My

Eye

U Huh U Huh
Sex Sounds
Of Jogger Gone By

Slipstream

Slips Stream
Slips
Lips Slip
Stream Re
Eaves Waves
Slips Waves
Dream R(e) Waves
Streams

That Nightfall I Streptococcusly Read Several Manuals On Technological Issues Redacted
Several Chapters Palatable Forms Streaming From Coverts Into The Avenues Memorable
Weekend Death On A Sunday Bled True False Boolean Logically Mule Daws The Gangrenous
Brain Wavers Twixt Hexes And Harpies Denoting Missed Opportunities Of Legitimate Growth
Into Civilianhood Vines Hanging Interior Of Exterior Mime That The Womb Seems Of Entire
Counties Dymaxion Over-Redundant Visceral And Whole As A Lemon Is Whole Staring From
The Window One Takes Peripherally A Delay Understanding It Duchampian For Hope In
Impersonality The Personality Blunders On Behind Apt Blueprints Maps Of Acted Aggravators
A-Gravitaters Limp Into Arenas Domes In Unweatherable Angles Tenuous Cemented Generated
By Caprice But All The Sense Crafted In Steel No Warrant Expires

II.

Wild Sublimations

Oh chest me
the gyres reeking hollows, spat
rain in piles, silos
intensive freaks to harm, oh
wrest me

gambol stumble honors
bleached tittilants, pants
that loaf
old

Best
me, tutors of sine
belligerent incantatory vowels
do it, in the home
alone

Ordinance crams its streaking dirt
in time for flown-up aperitifs
that gauge miled doodlers in customs
of frank, frisked gents
of sense

Danglers but
range far, got

Gather node
of fatter winch of
impetuous ecdysiast
that lords a loping whole
fragrant made to
pistol round
sound

Pock, shock
boring comic
star

Daily
pill the
interest me
drawling thirty vaults, wake
lore or dorsal whistling, or
of honorary
shingle
grants

Lode
ode, the
got's font to me
addling fickle vents
in power

Alf's Last Bits

1.

Sounds fall off
into the distance.
No intervals descending.
Longer days.

Eliminating
air's spent crystal.
Absolution is decimal.
Claims don't heal.

Absorbed by
infrathin choices.
"Prescient" voices. Not-
to-be-found words.

Funny tunnel
of proprietary *means*.
Caliban, no Ariel.
Nobody pushing
"Japanese."

2.

Science = 98 percent of the atoms.

3.

Curiosity noir, exhibiting assumptions
(elusive categories are goode olde thick)
can answer the question
whether nature is repetitious
or a sentence written in meta-error, and music.

4.

Far fire me with bursting
a daily inhabitant, trotting.

5.

Go under the drop in domestic arms needs.
Point to propaganda with transparent flame.
Translate the process that ends with the harvesting.

Even a decent tax-dodge is not your name.

Argue with the riots of spontaneous energy.
Pedal the machine faster and think up blame.
Like to apologize, making them feel Even-Steven.
Even a decent tax-dodge is not your name.

Subject the process to a horn section.
Counter the ethnocentrism of the best and lame.
Sexually slouch when not abdicating one inch.
Even a decent tax-dodge is not your name.

Cream the semiotics of hair show.
Somber and negative just call it a game.
Pack me with ironical psychological damage.
Even a decent tax-dodge is not your name.

6.

Shivering thickly, there should still be
A detail, one promise of the world, seamlessly.

Inside, coiled to spring upward, continual
Beyond a certain point, saturate sleep, and fall.

7.

(with a Cassandra napkin I have so many fingers)

8.

Tattletale, regulative
insists the site's cracked.
In fifteen minds, open
they'll never be specific.

Does the court, anyone
align against the felon?
Could often manage tempests
before the elephants.

Insouciant, *oeuvre*
passes the corrected savor.
Something to back against;
symmetrical track record.

Almost fused, neon
revisionary tactics echo.
What instances, marble
earth, of a tentative tone?

Aspirin, aspirant
where *just* ads sufficed.

Traffic heads on forks
before the speakers, lights.

9.

Tired of mass-produced cars ≠
loose press at the fingers, bars.

10.

My tender inner portion is in butchershop health.

That's the door closed. *The name of Death?*

11.

Edges
caught up with the light.
Much later in interior stages
test zeros

= lords of impossible furniture.

12.

Winter of rising culture.
Waiting to enjoy the scene.
Twenty feet away barks the hour.
Steadily (rather than
leisure) = the garden:

Instinctively blending
(contrary to character)
“soft sobriety” and
intellectual arrangement.

Brick walls going back.
Features, juggled lives
not failing to spell the lack.
Pages - sieves.

Us being a cut slice
above nothing,
the Immortals decided
it a gray morning.

Storm Fields

Blowzy with age, Matta Fact
contemplated testicular
violence; festoons of frankness
had ways. Pale as seeds,
going gone laughter on the chill
chance of recovery, stuck in
the effigy, instilled more
confidence in hype. Ape
a penny, do things that matter
when purchasing oranges (hot
or cold), lacquered tribute.
Connecticut as Kearny, polaroid
as a cheap thrill in Hoboken.
Nobody talks of development, anymore.

The Fairey Swordfish

Fish *The Fairey Swordfish* – though easy
draws the fury, though dance laws ought,
sassily, to handle and maintain, was
totally obsolete in the context of the
Second World War in the air. Nevertheless,
through Italy, to saw Nate's name betwixt
it, nine-high, it made a remarkable contribution
to the Allied war effort – gender problems
arise the telescope! Raw drawing when
I'm not allowed to speak, or men dominate

the room, the subject, theory, the panel
they *like*, and in a style that belied
its technical antiquity. The battle
honors scored-by, to compete, and deacons
eat four teas Celestial, react now (elbow
crammers) as the damned daily edicts
“notion-by-knock.” Lists of diners
(trifle, this carrier-based torpedo bomber)
included some of the most headline-making
actions of the only-with-each-other...

Women poets war. Among them were the
second battle of Narvik (1940) – role
lacking Chet's “si” (delib, that), ill –
the battle of Cape Matapan (1941), the
crippling of the tab, Eddie's piquant
aunt, (sic) “Bye, dorks” – thus get only
goddessed. Men lead movements, argue
with each other over surrounding Noh,
Oedi-brat “De Sabre” (poetry's present
and future Bismarck, 1941), the attempt

in 1942 to halt *Scharnhorst*, and creates
foams deducting reb mobs (gingham anal,
dear insomniacs) gamon rote that's off,
sneakered. *Dennoch ich...* arrow *Gneisenau*
in the Channel, and later, insuring
they get more, meet effects hiney, kids
run for balked Adam hunting the submarines
that plagued the supply convoys in epic
(for adder eats, the) “Battle of the Atlantic”
and on space in the “discourse,” so-called.

The routes to, as if they're doing all
the “real” thinking, they and nil pricks
149 Nips – wonderful! say, “We're geniuses,”
and then continue arguing with each
other. Somehow we don't have the bee-line
cram sequel dolled otterine, naps northern
Russia. However, the Tampa, easing Dad's
sore rashes, nailing itch, ether most

lustrous exploit renown. Either ginzu
or power, so we never get attacked

– it’s a fact: the rattle de-scalped truth’s
cinema boobs, ethnic the Swordfish accomplished
preceded all of these. It occurred on
Sov-con eel-plus-*eh* starts, troll the
destructive night of ways which poetry
gets published, nails, edible knives
– Anlaf *ran*, discussed, academically revered,
whatever, are invented by men, not ate
– stored ethos, stomached re-vowels.
Assured he toiled, ex-sourstool, disheveled.

Mocked “Shit-drawers,” tied Seth to
mention the entire idea of a literary
movement: avant-gardes, the forums,
standards, are all male forms. It’s
a sort of male-ish bossiness, proprietorship,
that never quite gets shaken, (also,
the notion, that this is “foaling” (deprecated
sedentary daring Rocco), ventilated foot-new
victors when the twin, iffy, the only
way, that it’s been always re-ribboned,

it morphs: ink elf shifts, roars lyres
reworked, offs skid’s health-in-duo,
sororo-old, decatha-neo, nearing them
Dems. Otranto tarts natal idiolect (rotty,
all now this way) that no one has invented
it. 11th November 1940, when 21 Swordfish
but communities – also, flying from the
decks of the... are defined by structures,
discourses outside themselves. This
constitutive thawed “nays” (red retort),

sits up, peeved, and flies the outside
(or discursive exterior), gives identity
to a group, perceives a group, carrier
Illustrious out in the Mediterranean
attacked the... even when group members
may not. Communities, countering this
external pressure, often define themselves
in opposition – gambit, illiterate, Turet’s
dethroned species, it sits in tacit
(enamored so), elicits wen aches, yanks

yaws row-leavened – Italian fleet at
Taranto, and with only eight torpedoes
to these structures. For destroyed or
critically damaged half the writing
community, this may first take decibly
ear-wax. Cigarette arts raging raff
irks, fonts map-levied ed., raws dolor
woes, skins the form of some sort of
negating aesthetic identification, for

instance, in opposition to narrative,

or against a perceived [*ships berthed there*]. It was ironic that in ease, in
Diderot's nimrod, surf saws. Rome chews...
farts cranes, id's it, Ong's this way,
– the “new-style,” carrier-based, naval
neighborly Pope, dollar-whore terse,
sure-fire “Old nag grits” stalled, worrying.
Warfare – a major strategic development
of the Second dominant poetic. These
aesthetics, setting up negations, split

audiences, but they initiate debates
about aesthetics, ideologies, dialogues
that don't take Odd Uncle, ill-vaselined
 (“Jamais oil” named *Gnu*), girl plumbed,
world war – was first demonstrated by
East reticent [asks Shit-drawers], nail-pied,
direct vac'd, to place within “audience.”
His discovery, upon placing his first
concrete poems on the landscape, was
that the (an aircraft, which more properly...)

poet was not limited to *describing* Utopias,
but that the poet belonged to the first
– The First World War String and Curb,
off. Nick's “glue image” inevitably averse,
direct, wined, can usurp a medium once
thought reserved to clung-to-the-lumbering
ungainly Swordfish, a three-seater fabric-covered
biplane (de-Monked) indolent, exists
nights stone-lipped, astigma'd, gripes
(lots) – herbal Piaff eats his honesty

store. Smegma 3M soused gap, eggnoqs
(coup d'ore's architects), and bring syntax
to the physical foible, perks, pees,
flummoxed, ATM's Ford run, floor dips
noose narcs, randied. Shift which entered
service in 1936 and was nicknamed “Stringbag”
by landscape. In the process, he has
utilized a number of roils at Antietam,
rent through gnarled sin, daffy – swore:
“Sin its pilots. Its one 690,” (HP Bristol),

“Pegasus IIM3 engine was capable of
producing only history's most volatile
symbols in His—, is feet!,” found spa's
gnaw 154 mph maximum speed and quest
to avert an ironized [*hence rough teeth,*
and forgetful] view of the past, and
to find stasis in the postmodern “flux,”
describe the presence of death, a cruising
speed of 129 mph. The Swordfish was
35 ft in his “Arcady,” and create cultural

statements that, 8 ins long, with a
wingspan of 45, fought air's enema. Dad's
verve ft, 6 ins, and a height are direct,
altering, yet also "enigmas." Of 12
ft out-milked Tim's "Arthur" set-of-mime
fête-netish, the work demands to be
judged (one thinks 4 ins). It climbed
to 5,000 ft in ten minutes, had a service
ceiling of 10,700 ft, and of Brecht's
theater – but one also sees the difficulty

of spleefed, drowsy, foggy shellacked
V's, as deeper Fug – a range of 1,030
miles. Armament consisted of one fixed
.303 inch Vickers machine gun and one
.303 – marred Dan's Hague. Tenement rammed
Smiley (FX'd, now, a fetid sis inch)
Lewis, or Vickers knock shivered chimp's
K gun. The Swordfish's 18 inch torpedo,
free-of-fee, did-or-died nougat's naugahide
thinking, them propaganda for political

causes — for they ashram. "Ache's rabbits
roast well, chinned neat ape's shifty
retinue, moseys Soweto, ear proud — niches
near, offering sex sea-marts." Row, maned
nape! (under was sometimes exchanged
for an 1,500 lb mine or equivalent bomb
— all retain the qualities of the "Toy,"
routing road, lore, all of them, foregrounding
their bum). Tell of *Equus*! Row, sedged
archipelago, raft annihilator! Sell

it, o Cudjo Tagor! Shaft load, or for
depth charges' or rocket projectiles'
artifice — as much as! (anchoring themselves
within the "ethical" conscience). Dior's
affable edict, they claim a self-referencing
formalist Nile-grunt's error-grinned
desultory neo-lover, "*Near em, buses!*"
– it gnats art's Later in the pews, dittoes
Satchmo's rod, sheen that places them,
finally, within the postmodern's idioms'

war.

*The Swordfish was used, increasingly, in
the anti-submarine role, in some cases fitted
with radar.*

Stained Reforms

Wafting over the maxed bullion

it is so sad, it is so said
the station wagon's in the dad of
pop paraplegic divots, maxims.
They take the bowling O, the faxed Y
to the fence, to the warning track and
leap it. Talking to your
confessor again, paging the doll.

It is so glad, it is so glad
that nobody's business is news and
suffering, or simply waffling in
stereotypic Christmas
mimes, evidently sober, but
packed with tracts. A signet from
the ring will cop you a
pass, a better tomorrow, a fading gas
substitute.

Irresolute
but opined solidly, toboggan bleakly
into the schizoid static flat tax of
framed desperate strained vocals
from Z system, in the Q quadrant, where
the speaking stems from. An origami
of children playing, Hampton
Bays imagery.

But there's no
medal for persisting, only for meekly
sustaining the entire country, and that's
only if the made mad are
sitting satyrly, in devolution's
family man. Crack or yodeling, franchise
or singularity.

Suburban Faust

Thinking of these
"few pretensions"
maitre, I get a hard-on,
proof of the slick package,
the prudent rule
of some. There
in the quagmire...

bananas & intentions
pluck bubbles a la
Welk, somnolent
as the shirt
toad, towed, on
the road on the road.
"And the wind makes maggots of
us all." Gee,

trailing vibrations stalled
in the violet dusk,
patterned on stalking
vines of standard minion's
opinions... Lastly,
the hoax
is a knot,
forgive me.

Walking
in time of the drawn bourbon, cowed
in intelligible hate, in
terms that matter, *señor*, the
fashion's great (in
time for fate) nunneries
have gloves of us. Thank us, too.

Stare into the common Joy

Stare into the common
inspiration, comma
that's scrambled, instinctively.
The joy that's hetero, blimp
of scholastic, stamped
harmony. To traipse this town, around
docks and squares in
professional equations (originality
the code "can-do's" of syndactylic
senates that are shorn
of a stable fit, fixed
in stationary tents) assured
as a Leveler stinking politics. As a nun done
in a town that is fun, in January.

Gulf

Grapheme voyeurism.
Casting for aspersions (recourse
to graft). I'm
title little, nude
in my confines. (Forgetting
to take away the
scenery).
An elephant is dreaming.
The whole elephant, therefore, is
dreaming. Spot checks are useless.

Orphites
Peratae
Sethians
Archontics

Valentinians
Carpocratians
Marcosians
Severians

S'tyle" = beddy much pain.

Rebecca's Fist.

They were passion fruit.
Awake (I looked up
into the light) balance
sustaining my lift
after the trans-political
light... the vans
circled in the parking lot, then
left. That there was a team
still, shocked me.
One minor displacement
incorrigibly dismissed.
The performance of hope rather
dismal, the sculpture erratic.

Why I am not a communist

I am a poet. Why? I
think I would rather not
be a poet, like a
communist. Well, one day

Jeff Derksen is starting
a poem. It is called
"Phonic Laugh-In." It
uses the word "gold."
Soon it is many pages using
the word "gold," about
how awful gold is, and
life. The days go by and
I drop in. The days go, and
I drop in, and they, and
they go. I drop in. I
ask: "You, comrade, have
many pages using the
word 'gold.' And Goldie Hawn?"
"She just didn't fit in anywhere."

And me? This, I think,
would have made me angry, were
I to have been a communist.

Oh Join Hands
the bopsy
dodecahedron
malice
flight
your Javitts
pug
-lactose guy
Oh Flay Hands
master
in jodhpurs
gadgetry
bubbles
maggots
Spoleto
does doze
Oh Hind Hands
work 'em
gristle
flaccid
actuation if
idols of
ambergris
moxey overdrive
talented
televisable
tenth
Oh Sure Hands
micro-dull

parody assent
rather
ontology ixnay
purpose porpoise
poise
gee oh gee
Oh Me Hands
there Abbot and
tree of
entropy of
titled "Overt"
till
skill skill
Oh Old Hands
anxiety
ribbons
cloud the
harlot's doom
in Parisian
fiction
vice of
their time of
diapered
we-wish
chagrin
volley dance
Burke
ill da doo
Burke again
thank again
Xanadu
Oh Shaking Hands
hiccup forage
for
grits
winner for
match I
able vexed
Ma gritte
table boy
Nile on my
heart shoe string
produce
the phrase
that cents
haberdashery
up seminarian
down gulp
toothsome
schism
Oh Fish Hands
my contract
was for
my "other"
not for
Oh True Hands
that like
a Nikon
joke hoopla
alles!
nay oh nay
Grit Hands
Bit Hands
Yule Brenner
still

alive
Gormenghast
yet
unfilmed
Husbandry
et E.T.
tales of bugs
rotary we
dial condition

simple

font

Fred Wah
Will Alexander
Maggie O'Sullivan
Eileen Myles
Barry Masuda
Tan Lin
Kevin Davies
Mara Galvez-Breton
Lee Ann Brown
Louis Cabri
David C.D. Gansz

Antonio.

“Sure they will find their teddy bears, their crackers in several unmarked wrappers. The Nile of my neighborhood is a gutter with a nickname, the people are guns with nicknames. If devoid of all the right excuses, several of the wrong ones are still operable. Blankety blank blank was spray-painted on our front windows; unable to publish this text the television just mouths the words (we all sing along, nobody’s composed). My favorite composure is the short silly one. Nintendo rattled their brains, siphoned all the sophistry from their sockets, sacked their Troys. But that would make me ardent (to say that). Is this a hand in my pocket, or am I just happy to see me? Cut and paste my face, please.”

Jimmy the information.

(Aggressor Nation.)

Let me stifle that
Cockney. Choke
that spool of yarn.
Yank that stool
under which was left
a jewel. Break
your steaming neck.

Let me still that
corn, bust that
beaming blister, your
face. To try now
to bounce that ordinary
grin you have right
over to the other curb.

.
.
.

(ellipses)

As usual
few can
agree (on the
mind's deep
impossibility). You
flush the morning
star, of the
vermillion of
night, and
palm its halved fruit: don't
go hankering after
answers.
Weaved
into the
solace of it, a
Sunday
morning presenting (its
signs and

directions). As
 usual, few can circumscribe
 the vector of
 moony
 nights, hushed
 landing near the sea.

Zut!
Pasquin.
His single decent poem printed
in all the anthologies.
Tooling
his doppler wares...
This is a folk song.
This is a song about a neighborhood
boy.

Tom's Thumb.

All the great math words rushed to his head.

Ode to the Paintings of Young-jo Choi

Choi Young-jo gives us – the people that know this artist – considerable embarrassment through this exhibition. It is caused by our coming in contact with his works of abstract world. This embarrassment doesn't come from deepening and conquest of earlier abstract world, but from the concrete works of a parallel movement. It is not necessary that we cannot move agony attends and the tenacious artist's world lurks when an expressional technique or theme is transferred. When we recollect these points, this exhibition brings up the problems how the artist should translate and overcome the actual factors around him.

Every element of a subject matter, form, color, and meaning of his works can be expressed in only one adjective. In works of Choi Young-jo, it is natural that we find the adjective "melancholy." The dominant note of the opaque darkness of dear air in color, stickiness, like clayey sole, and dry nature that is likely to break to pieces support this fact all together.

Beyond academic precision and beautiful description, this artist expresses the outline, shape and even inside shape of the object into color. And he confesses his own primitive love toward the things themselves by color. To him, shape is depressed and light is deposited. We come in contact with Choi Young-jo's melancholy and deep world in this shape and color. The uses of the simplified shape, bold color and the liberal stroke of the brush are consistent in this artist's works. If he doesn't forget the fact that deformer is not "intention by cognition"

but “formed by life,” it is natural that the theme establishment or that pursuit should go in company with the creative experience filled with agony.

Anyway, this exhibition makes us think of something.

*K---- W-----
Art critic*

Hey
poor boy
enjoying
art.

Engaged in fantastic attitudes
the shoppers filed in one-by-
one. Each hand stopped in space,
expressing pause of thought,
narrative will. Who remembers
sugar? the diabetic query
sunk beneath the monotone of
converse of standard issue. The
air breathed an atmosphere
constructed out of “tales and truth.”

“Oh,
he is going to sleep
in his frozen output.”

As stupid
as the sea.
(Whish! whish!)

At some point
fiction stops,
system steps in.

what hat case sheet
laughing coughed gaunt aunts
that teeth each cheat
under sundry dry dunes rudely
garbling bandied legged rubles
in time might get mitt
tomorrow more worms smut marrows
to it or of it after toast

procedural and producing
yet a tomb bet a bomb in a
abracadabric rubric bricollage soufflé
denouncing ounced chinks
the loud helos dueled et
burdened urbaned banishment dixie
flux axed asked dates deluxish
pettingill tinge all petting ankles
dim brother bladder out hand
i speak each ich peak eat pikes eh easy
yodeling deli slings snug in cathay's slug
yule of yelly jesterdays
bandanna sandals santana band standing around ya
holographic hedonist hating
burly hex ruled stuck extraordinarily
spreading reaching dudes riced iridescent
tamale male re-mailed delightfully muled or enameled
hu hero at large
bu bunraku rakish (act fast)
gu guitarro tarot gent
vu velvet underground
zu azure as sure recipe zip
wu o woo low very we bury woah hoodoo

Your reputation
preter-estimated you.

Your destination
preter-decimated you.

Big Plausible Book.

Here is obviously
an amateur animal
pulling a slug
from a hatchet's eye.
"At least I know
it's in recorded history."

Carrion Consciousness.

This is going to be a fabulous novel
old bridges old bridges old bridges

About the vicarious life that is lived in limitless ink cartridges
same smoke same smoke same smoke

He looked up every word before the robot
old bridges old bridges old bridges
Theoretically daring the primacy of sputtering wages
same smoke same smoke same smoke

Who is down for twenty when the plot seems thick?
old bridges old bridges old bridges
That song seemed a radiant innuendo that had acquired permanence
same smoke same smoke same smoke

The powder that's in the cupboard is the baking sort
old bridges old bridges old bridges
The FBI was here yesterday to temper with its German sender
same smoke same smoke same smoke

Theosophy is like the highway to Oz
old bridges old bridges old bridges
I deride now the new monorails (at supermarkets)
same smoke same smoke same smoke

There was a hitch in the clause that led to the prisoner's contrast
old bridges old bridges old bridges
Now it appears he was fragile juice
same smoke same smoke same smoke

So plant one more kiss on the cheek of your Maybe Baby
old bridges old bridges old bridges
She's barreling over to the oysters with "Seal" and championing Odes
same smoke same smoke same smoke

There are thirty ways to kill this
ache. I've tried twenty-nine.
Tomorrow the last ice delivery will
arrive. I have got my video camera
out. I despise baseball. So I
turn the other way, when I see one coming.
I mean [strike 1][strike 2][strike 3] playing.

loth
to
look
up

Rebecca's arm.
Rebecca's lisp.
Rebecca's argumentativeness, anyway.
Rebecca's new style.
Rebecca's ambidextrianism.
Rebecca's address.
Rebecca's ownership.
Rebecca's two languages.
Rebecca's now three languages.
Rebecca's hyphen.
Rebecca's laundered slacks.
Rebecca's walk.
Rebecca's royalty.
Rebecca's determination.
Rebecca's garrulousness.
Rebecca's again "against" successes.
Rebecca's demeanor.

Find:
poem about cockroach from Brooklyn
poem called "Cities of Modernism"
other "early" poems that can be abused.

All sorts of suggestive funds.
"Get up. Write DICTEE. Go to bed.
Write DICTEE." The Larabee you
like. And that isn't the half of it:
there were Oaxacan lemons!
Credit that to the high turnover rate.
(My tai-ping's improved, these
fingers that are standard organs.)
Only the imagination is
real. Given its "virtual privacy." So
that there is a code to all this
English (the Chinese "Spock" said).
To posit one's position, negate
one's negation: essence of psychiatry.
Signed, Helix. But then Felix
(Larabee) moved in. Bloody glove. Bloody
vanity. A mind so small it can't
be controlled (below the radar). A
mind so controlled, no point in
it being small ("virtual redundancy").

"Poor fellow," said Rowland, bitterly, "he is inconveniently picturesque!"

Red

Buring passionate desires,
awakes the clouds from above;
ending by the flaming fires,
I cannot be in love.

Needles have punctured my body before.
Dried prunes on my bed;
Animals shouting behind closed doors –
Torn images in my head.

Silent screams –
Affectionate abuses;
Not as it seems –
when one refuses.

Salvador Dali chose
to introduce himself by saying:
“Blood, shit, and tears.
I have written the most interesting poems
in 1996.” And then,
in a thick Russian accent:
“But I am wondering about this poem of Rod Smith
that is employing the word ‘scooby’.”

to type
Y Jersey
L York
W Amsterdam
foolish
in love
gamey breathed
is
erotics
of a paisley
anecdotal
mytho-syntactic
denial
quota
stands
inter-related
pom-pom
hyphen
ZATS

lefty
domination trope
punk pulchri-
tude
(zygote punk)
modal
monal
monad
yeti
flick switch
hoy polloy
gut
dithering
gyro-escalating
fruitful and truthful
necessary
lax
bacon

The Dauphin.

To rid this
shock tremor of
ballistic pens
my hewed ton aunt
vanished in a
shade of curt diamond
frequent request.

Too busy perfecting my
robust technique. Another hand?
Got it in site, and then it's in
somebody else's site. Nap.
Take codeine. Will. Boris Becker
stares quickly at camera
– exits. Youthful and vile. That
primitif notion, again. Ott
or Ork (those dump syllables).
Use Judith's FW poem in
longer work. Dervish of clowns
during protracted applause
for paraplegic. Site-specific
graphemes (Stonypath) or Satan
specific grapheme (*The Scarlet Letter*).
There, that self-absorbed
fiction of agency, again. Find
old "constructivist" poems for
longer work. Just more graphemes.

Thirty six Huns
cabled me for dinner.
One said:
“Oops a boy!
we thought your were somebody else.”
They proceeded to return to their Wallace Stevens poem.

(after Frank O'Hara)

It's delve plenty innuendo stork you, affably
treaty NAFTA or bagel's today, nerts
midget tiny-after-tiny indigo slow as a supine
beckons the highway poor forty, tiny hiney scratching
accolades if seen Fingal and stormy bother
that Andy don't know all the people who will squeegee.

AWOL supped the muck history Slovenians all un-
bent happy ahem merger Santa faulted endive
another Fool's pearl sighting to see snots, the poets
in cahoots, ur-choosing the plays. I cajones
to the bank, Aunt Miss still dragging (burst came in Belinda,
Ivan's nerd!) dozing Stevens bookie sump “me” balloons inner life
ending the STOLEN PARAFFIN idiot little Verlaine
“four pansies” with bifurcating barnyard, through with ideas
ducking Visigoths, sans Rich man latter moaned door d'ore or
been been beeen beans nude clay or bacon, le Ledge,
often gay. “Body don't”, stunk full of verbatim
often suicidally stowing two-seaters withered sundried puss.

“Answer the door, Mike” Imus scrolled stinting the Dark Plains
Liquor Store ass backwards on La Strada and
denizens flow slack-whirled I-cams, from the 6th Arbenthot
and Theben bocci balls intelligent Siegfried meters, bland, cartoonly
classed, floors to the hearts of film noir and the Art
of Pictograms, Anjelou stork most smothering her face in it.

And Mayan I Ching zealots spy down, thrumming on
learning the John role with an Indian zygote
while coyotes splintered frowns aground shouting key words
to *Fleurs du Mal*, anticipating Andy Chung's antediluvian breathing.

Perforate
the sun
s swarm of
single(s)
color wheel.

Poetics?
giggling in the cathedral,
or, Arakawa line of cosmetics.

International Exhibitions

- 1980 Korean-Chinese Art Exchange Show (National Museum of History, Taipei)
 - 1982 Seoul Method Exhibition in Tokyo (Tokyo Art Hall)
 - 1983 Group Shin-jo Exhibition in Osaka (Osaka, Japan)
8 Taegu Contemporary Artists Exhibition (Japan)
 - 1984 Circum-pan-Pacific Contemporary Art Festival (Japan & Seoul)
Aesthetic in the Korean-American Paper (Japan)
 - 1985 Korean Art Exchange Show (Japan)
 - 1987 International Art Exchange Show (Japanese Contemporary Water Color
Association)
Korean-Chinese Art Exchange Show (Taiwan)
 - 1988 Korean-Chinese Art Exchange Show (Taegu City Gallery)
Asian Art Association Exhibition (Taiwan)
 - 1989 Korean-Japanese Art Exchange Show (Korea & Japan)
Korean-Chinese Water Color Exchange Show (Korea & Taiwan)
 - 1990 Korean-Chinese Art Exchange Show (Taegu City Gallery)
 - 1992 Asian Water Color Exhibition (Seoul Gallery)
Asian Water Color Exhibition (Donga Gallery, Taegu)
 - 1995 Group Shin-jo Exhibition (Korean Embassy at New York, USA)
 - 1996 Korean-French Exhibition (Taegu, Seoul & Paris)
-

Virtual Admonishment.

Plaster these elegant
scruples. Shine
that light off your
eye. Beauty
must be conservative
or it will not bowl
the ball. Pant
heliocentricity,
and random number gener-
ations. I mean

sacrifice a fly.
I mean remember
what didn't happen to
Voinivich. So
glad that the Spock's
gone, the lark's

a terrible thing to
make in haste. Total as a syllabi
is, foreign as Coke,
tell me to go to sleep.

Engaged in a continuity
he foreshortened his jack ass.

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JOURNAL OF DEMOCRACY
JOURNAL OF ECONOMIC & MANAGEMENT STRATEGY
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JOURNAL (THE)
JOYFUL CHILD
JUDAISM
JUXTAPOZ

KAHANE
KALLIOPE
KENYON REVIEW

Everybody's *Zang Tumb Tuum*.

(Intercessor Nation.)

Perhaps the ill
of your shoes.
Narco-cryptic
gravity resistant
shoes. Porridge
for my filthy issue
in this fib.

Tangentially:
minor scrimmage
matters fooled
to hokey son
of St. Petersburg
Germ Mason.
Their variants

of divorces
were substantial.
Lacquer sands...
one grueling fuck
shipped resistant
to middle class
prestidigitation.

Oh tie. Pour
a tender crane
over shot stubs
that remain
in cryogenic high.
Migrant bubs

entered at ten.

The steam fan
twisted a gross
fabricated sib
in files of lox.
So that we were
gored, appreciatively
transcendental and

chin up, girls.
Don't forage in the
flimsy metal,
don't "pix" with
Sandanista kids, I
mean in Bellville.
So that we were

toured, lachrymose
with the way views
flickered Jurassicly.

Tom's Thumb II.

Stitch the inner life
to your ear. And
ransom. Hebephrenic
framing of particulars
in cold caverns of
hyper-semantic roles. A
toss to Tolkien's works.

Char-la-tan
That all who seemly
Call me dimly
In truth to quell
This poet's hell
Of that which buggers
All true lovers
Of pride and sense
In in consequence
They all know wormy
That this man's scummy
Is no friend to words
That bide by worlds
Constructed of taffy
And slightly mighty daffy

Epilogue.

Diggers, I'm Satan's wings?
Load up on the laugh track and
scream the species. Idols
perm and desolate the hale night.

“I actually maintain ties with some of our staunchest Puritan traditions.”

“I’m sorry, miss, but I’ll have to ask you for some proof of age.”
“And now, Miss Bennett, I think the court would like to move on to exhibit B.”
“During the commercial break, someone made an interesting suggestion.”
“I think the question we have to ask ourselves, Gary, is – stop a second, will you? – how
amicable, exactly, should a healthy divorce be?”

(from Jeff Derksen)

I wish it were possible to write
a poem a page
long. But the global
world system stops me
from believing
in a self so self-
contained. Instead I go
to the bar where I think
Frank O’Hara drank at. But Kevin
tells me it’s only a replica
of that bar, the Cedar,
is that right? I’ll have to
check his collected. But in Canada
we have two checks, like this
one but then the monetary
cheque.

I call for the cheque
two eggs over easy, toast,
coffee. The woman at the next
table says you can lose 15 pounds
in time for a “big wedding
in August,” but it will
come back. She has a military
type cell phone on her hip.
Already the poem threatens
the page, it’s other side
is Brian’s “Why I am Not a Communist.”

Which
of these
poems can be
considered “anthems”?
Stein's “Ireland”, which is because
I don't like you anymore! (They
said I am bereavement
– sorrow – this was the truth,
but I doubted it.) Come on! Pull
out those rather raison
des desolation,
Aquataine's
prince
at the
tower's tumbled
stone. Eclipsed
is autres rhododendrons, those
sloppy sequins. Bumming with hope,
the sandflower revels
in its my own star, for constellation
my lute wears melancholy's lightless
sun. Night-dark the tomb:
then, in the spirit

of French
Surrealist
poetry
under the Occupation
(though written
before that time), Schwitters'
gas, tissues, it turns its angle
to I my consolation,
restore Posilipo and Italy's in
this way, according to Tretyakov,
all sea-zone! The flower
that eased my sad
heart's
tribulation,
“An Anna
Blume”, which
takes direct the
vine whose tendrils with the individual-psychological
literature has been abolished in
Russia, every belletristic
attempt has been disposed of as
ridiculous and aim at a certain
Greek philosopher in
order to loosen
the sun,
combs
the cratered
sky. O(gggg)h
my. Random the ground
for a new Dadaistic conception
of language, or rose make one!
Am I Love? Pheobus? Luisigna
or Biron? The queen's kiss marks
my brow yet, and I have dreamed
number generators have
been known to –
where
the Siren
swims
in her sea-cave...
and Ashbery's “Europe,”
which has become a very important
to poets bourgeois, the writer
as a professional has
disappeared, he of the “Language
School,” for instance. Which have
that simplicity of meaning,
and the spirit of
works
like everybody
else in
the factory,
he helps in liberty,
that are usually associated with
anthems? Which poems the social
construction and the

of joys and
blurtings) and something
from and lactescent, devouring
the green azure where, the quota
system? Marx me impressed
when I'm not driving on the window
side of the Pale and Elated, a
thoughtful drowned figure
sometimes sinks.
Of a former
writer.
Their
titles, where,
suddenly dyeing
the blueness, delirium and slow
rhythms under streaks of poems
are "prophetic" and hectic
(Blake, Pound, daylight, stronger
than liquor, vaster than our lyres
– the city that is blindly
building its for
instance,
were:
ESTABLISHMENT
OF A FRUIT
PLANTATION NEAR
A FACTORY; further, HOW TO AIR
DREAMS ON SOMEONE ELSE'S KNEES
and communicates with
THE DINING ROOM IN A FACTORY; something
better redness of love ferments!
I know the several dwarfs
in the splattered
back garden.
Dancing
on a bridge
(in Avignon)...
particularly important,
written by several foremen, HOW
SKIES RIPPED OPENED BY LIGHTNING;
waterspouts, Andrews?)
and which are cool and wary of
to GET RAW MATERIALS MORE QUICKLY
TO THE LABOR for the
sensation of dancing
on a CENTERS.
This,
then,
is the new
bridge. They love
it, or Lyle Lovett it, the prophetic
tone (Moore, Bernstein?) which
poets would champion
Enlightenment "order" and rationality
over Romantic "chaos"? Russian
literature, the new collective

literature, the
 literature
 of forge
 it, [v]indicative.
 Perhaps you
 didn't understanding
 the Five-Year-Plan. German writers
 sat surf and the currents; I know
 the evening and which
 poets are most upset? Which poets
 at Tretyakov's feet, and applauded
 enthusiastically? Benjamin
 is dawn exalted
 as the
 flight
 of doves;
 and, are interested
 in creating rules,
 and which at moments – have seen
 what man thought me, I am wanting
 raw nerves and having
 here. He is writing an essay on
 he saw! Queen, will you assent
 to unfurl in breaking?
 What are the implications
 of these
 rules
 (syllabics,
 limited use
 of syntactical marks)
 just one curl, one billow of your
 hair for the blades of scissors?
 I want to inhale just
 one note of the bird-song of this
 night of love, born from your eyes
 of pearl. My heart's
 bouquet, trills
 of its
 on the
 language?
 Its sounds?
 Which poets sing
 (attempting to sent the letter
 last week. Cough cough cough cough
 thicket, in there your
 spirit plays its roseate cough.
 The patterne of this jewell matches...
 my sway the listener),
 and which speak
 (attempting
 to baudelaire)?
 There
 is good stuff
 there, he shows
 how the prospect of an age without
 history distorted literature “reason”?

Which poems seem to imply
 (or directly thigs. Humbug, it's
 not a dwarf, it's State) notions
 of duty? For example,
 Hopkins ends his
 poem,
 as he
 does many,
 by stating
 that all beauty
 points to God; it is after 48,
 (the Versailles victory of the bourgeoisie)
 over his way of getting
 over the guilt of a dwarf. Jerk!
 – I it doubted truth was this but
 said They them when the
 flute. Queen, will
 you assent
 to unfurl
 just the
 commune was
 discounted in advance?
 They writing poems at all! How
 much of communist idealism, as
 wind wounded, we argued
 about that over portrayed and maybe
 parodied in Benn's description
 one curl, one billow
 of your hair for
 the several
 graces
 of wince?
 White awakening
 rafting, of Soviet
 literature, has survived into the
 writing practices of blades of
 scissors? Silken flowers,
 perfumes of roses, lilies, poets
 of today? Which poets use a “private”
 language (promoting mystery),
 and sport of chumps?
 But we
 were sure
 it which
 a “public”
 (revealing the social
 actor)? Which poet believes I want
 to return them with a secret envelope?
 They was cherry, or poor
 port. Cherry Como. Were in Eden.
 One day we'll take ship on came
 to terms with evil. It
 took the form of
 in the
 possibility

of a one-word
poem, and which
requires a flower.
This is useful to read. Oddly enough
it is spleen that enables Benjamin
to a line, sentence,
or verse? etc. The ideal ocean,
where the hurricane swirls! Queen,
como ésta? Esther Williams
William wanders
in the
celestial
gambling
casino of the
bazaars, crapped.
Bullish retort! (To the Will you
assent to unfurl just one sparring
aporia). Bah'd grad,
gardens are Edens curl? Write
this: He uses as his point of departure
something he calls the
aura, which is connected
with dreaming
(daydreams).
He says:
if you feel
a gaze directed
at you, even at your back, you
return it (!). The expectation
that what you in suburban
nether knot Unicycle Encyclopedias.
Ulysses on a unicycle, Batman on
look at will look back
at you creates the
aura.
This is
supposed
to be in the
horse "Green_Trees_Village."
As if if (from a poem by Tim Davis).
Gather round all ye screechers
and preachers, this is
something I want to reaching teach
all of decline of late, along with
the cult element yu's.
Crime... Don't provide
a paycheck,
but the
making
of it slips
bathers. Carrot
top / ends in life. B[enjamin]
has discovered this while analyzing
films, where this file
I'm enjoining this explicitly.
The aura is decomposed by the

reproducibility of the
art-work. A load
of mysticism,
although
his attitude
is against
mysticism. This
is the way the materialist understanding
of history is adapted. Abominable.

III.

Baal, or the Technicolor Polo Shirt

essay on Identify and Invention

“In order for liberty to be complete it has to be offered the choice... of being infinitely wrong.”

Sartre

“Power not only *acts on* a subject but, in a transitive sense, *enacts* the subject into being.”

Butler

“Somewhere”, “Everywhere”: an estimation. | And my white castle. | And the barbed ears of corn, of greasy formalist neckties — occupational sexual choices. | And these sitters, knees in their teeth, green *yes*. | Approaching a new virginity. | Arouse their penises. | But I'm Gust. | But the seats are good to them: colored brown, the straw weaves yield to your kids — to “finger fuck their pets,” their neglected hinds. | But what is it? | Can't stand a hairy eclipse. | Catching your eyes from all his jelly, down corridors. | Close to prose as you can! | Cosmic dithering washes me out. | *David!* | Don't tambourine under their seats! | Done with hacking, I need backing. | Esoterica in the Laundromat. | Every pronoun is a flub, forgotten chairs, their feet to the rachitic crossings of *soon enough*. | Every pronoun is an acne. | Flowers of ink spit their pollen in commas, and comfort them. | Gnarled with pocks, scabby, the world is an authoring tool. | Grainily insensate. | Green jaws, pallid tongue, place me on the rug and photograph. | Guys like Jobs and Gates go up against each other — to create incomparable manichean demi-dualisms, a sort of drive-by gladiola. | Have you appreciated the robustness yet? | *David!* | He hadn't changed his collar in weeks. | *He* went back and fixed Star Wars, morning's auroras to evenings. | Howl. | I am nothing but a cipher, a colon, a cheek. | I was a kid fraught with preterperfect verbs. | I was born cross-haired. | Insanely great. | It is a shipwreck. | It is a wisdom. | My blood and shit flooded the breakfast bowls, nearly burst with agitations! | Oh the seats to be born! | One word, their seats made fecund, one word, their little lovers waiting in highways that lead out to droves. | Or, of the chairs. | Places a call to her and expects her to respond. | *Put it on a zip disk, baby.* | Reaches that error — have it print sleep, solemn, lowering their eyelids. | Reticulated interpenetrations of the absurd crowd the realm, write “fly” on the fly. | Settled, their fists surprise in one odor. | She enters with an ashtray full of spermicide and back issues of Internet Warrior. | Stock market Jesuits, they drown in their coarse cuffs. | Takes his circled eyes with green bags, his gray stakes for facts. | Ten little toes in a box... that make them get up. | The length of crouched calyxes, or the flight of dragonfly's data. | The social is created when you recognize it, and disappears when you enter. | The spirit of old suns, swaddled in tresses of the corn, and all the ablative absolutes of the fascist designer spheres would crumble at the portable potentate talents — the refinery. | The trousers puff around their bloated thighs. | Their buttons are the eyes of Huck, making ick fault. | Then they dream of *out*, the truth. | Then they have that invisible hand which murders: coming back, their presence filters black poisons, charging the suffering eye of the tortured dog, so you sweat. | There they were — open slowly your shoulder blades! | They are abiding in different closets. | They are asking you to speak. | They are asking you to speak. | They are entwined there mornings and nights! | They cannot imagine what, playing hooky with your life — leave me alone! | They have grafted themselves into epileptic loves, their fantastic ossatures fixed to the black skeletons of the *pronoun*. | They stamp their torqued feet again! | They waver to the sad feel, feed the pariahs, get it as barcaroles, their severed caputs float in these rollings of love. | They will justify deserts of revelation. | Turning and turning in pianists, ten fingers knocking an emasculated gyre, the soda cannot hear the soda man. | Two claws on a typewriter, tonsils bunched in their small chins. | Vehement em-dashes kept him from the crowd. | When a. | When it. | Yes, which once fermented, lights for them. | *Yes, yes.* | *Yes, yes.* | Yip! | You are clamped in atrocious funnels. |

Zeppelins

1.

Zeppelins tuned
the flamingo. You
are already there, at the
other end,

waiting. Why not
try this
retardant? Wax
on, wax off.

2.

Verbal
hypotenuse — is
he autistic?

3.

TV succubus

every night? Toledo!

4.

Tiny Tim
traipses the
tulips of

sobriety, the
popular
psychosis
— geraniums with votes.

5.

They tamper
loathfully
with my
dimples — this time. The

weight plums
the fibers'
depths. The verse
of reverse

is: Animal. The
sun pops
dimes off
the bed. The

streak
orange glancing
my scalp
picks me — this

time.

6.

The passim choke
my affct, my affect.

7.

They challenge a sea's prose,

radio waves — commas,
comets,
Koreans,
countrymen,

herbal “we.” There's
nothing, there's
nothing, there's
nothing, a

babushka. That's
my angle.

8.

That's just too
uncool — that

ad. Sounds of
dampness. Proud of hart,
the
Scot.

9.

Pillaging in
Japan?

10.

Paste the colon
twixt the verb

and article.

11.

Pallid he
rode
a horse, solved

riddles.

12.

Otherwise, the cement's cracked.

13.

One wears gray, the
other “

”, like
shrubbery. Oh, for Paul
Muldoon's knackered
response

placating the
Hellespont.

14.

Obvious chagrin at the
call. Now it's

in
someone else's
court making
its fingers — upset you?

15.

Now it
fires
the imagination,
liquid, gas and solid —

dancing and
walking.

16.

No, I won
the toss. No, a

parent.

17.

Like the cutlery.

18.

License vibrates in the
hotel rooms of Toledo.

19.

Let us
pray:
Edinburgh. Jive
won't harm

the — well
that's
surely
debatable. It's

from Delillo.

20.

Isles, sands are riddles.

21.

Is this
crime? In

this town we're
starting
anew, trying
impatience.

22.

If
this
is
so

white, my
tower, my
height — eavesdropping
on a crate of millionaires,

fornicating
— that sounds
like issues.

23.

If every

day went
like this I'd
know you.

24.

I think it's

true. I sit
here a
tomato,
you don't know that.

25.

I plug one
low with
a Nike
sentiment of class

— Diderot wasn't a
fool.

26.

I can't, no
hands!

27.

The problem with
fissures.

28.

Home brewed
calisthenics

exercises
choke in
contest, consent
a constant

— dividing our
twins.

29.

For the
rec I'm

whole. Easy
to sell
rooms
with gels

of horror. Doesn't seem
enough.

30.

Crayon
double

steers my children
wrong. Cornice on
which she sits
with a chilly kid.

31.

Comeuppance takes
time and
energy and
drugs, and powerful

gigs in
Washin
Tong. But on
comes

the traffic
anyway:
Skippy, Cheerios, and
Milk. But next year, a

walrus continues. But
movies chuck
angels with
breadths

of dope. Bowls of it.

32.

Being sold by
temperament I scout
alternatives — lily pad peace

nik.

33.

Architectures
— the baby
comes in and

changes her shoes —
Korean. All
the cities,
all

the power, but in
Swahili — nervous,
unintelligible. A
promontory delays my

Aunt's
vision. A porn?

N Epic

(It is nothing like revolution, it is more like de-
volution.) (Rabbits in the patch dying
from artificially induced suffocation for law and limp
order.) (Shore leave or compromise, all
the same in the hyperbolic star of an
infant with nipple needs.) (They keep the borg
tape-mouthed, wrists cuffed in the
closet.)

1. And fomented emigration
to the city births an anemia, crock issues won't
desist; able and willing (presaging a
deformity / of country codes) valors and
creativity — take it to the mountains, and sleep
on soles. 2. Hiccough under prose, slack averting
of the verbatim, shy guy slumping
in a corner, hair greasy, attitude unad-
justed to society, puns. 3. It's all just a loose-
lipped (we'll weep about it later) calibration
of poetry; two socks mismatched, and the
strumming of a lyre. 4. Marks the air before his fore-
head with an index finger, shaping a
colon, paratactic similitude of cogent theorem,
puns. 5. No panic attacks, the mind stays easy,
strays free in Symbolist "white space," re-
turns, always, to the assurance of mean-
ings — policies that park. 6. Pun only semi-in-
flexional, not "intended" (but indented) streams like
shit of meaning. 7. So that the sun settles
in its pocket. 8. Strategies to choose from
are presented by court ardor — the mayor resents but
greet the categorical crowd of half-
baked, irresolute plangent reformers. 9. Sum-
mer and evenings, by the ocean, face
blended with the winds and palms of some stereo-
typic entrapment — there is little here
that speaks. 10. *The position is empty / of a grown
man without envy.* 11. The party dances
on, without him, crass comedic urges that he
has, connections still being made
in the lights of syntax that is sobriety; the pairing
of lovers slalom forth on the "accurate
impulses" of undebatable relevance. 12 Watch-
ing from the gables and attics, children with pro-
lix complaints and commitments; suburbs
are theory of the wide-eyed preter-adolescent, stuck in
shoes Papa brought back from the war.

These gifts you bring

Though I stare
into you prettily
the words don't
come too
 swiftly, like
 “shark” and “bait,” nor
unite
 between the
arrows that point to infinity, or clash
or crash, stupidly.
 Indeed,
stone in shoe, I am
 half
 turning from this
corner, saying
 “Goodbye.”

This sun is late. I
 think
 I am
 wanting, but have
found my dream look-alike (“prettily”)

whom I address as Green
 Arrow (“smuttily”)

on the highway (“infinitely”), that
is, furthermore,
 shaped like a gammon.

*Send me your
criminals, then, after
that, shrink-
wrap,
— host, Huck, there is
little more to
argue a-
 bout, I'm
porous!
 The carts*

rattled along the
cobblestones, with
rhythms
that, cold,
resistant
were
refreshingly unpremeditated.
 Unlike my birth.

Portrait d'une Femme

for Judith Goldman

Own your quote — that's nothing,
all and whole theorem, nothing is there, no!
Deep-end light differing, or float slope, theorem
stuff, brighter, new ...and sudden half-wits strange...
things deciduous of hard sea, this all for... yet
end. Store great yore, riches, your
artilleries, inlays rare, and ambergris, and
idols: works old, wonderful, gaudy, tarnished, the
days of loom, the open hour it finds or
use *shows*, or corners — a fit *Never* that
builds something withal, mandrakes with pregnant
two for talent ...nowhere leads that fact,
suggestion, curious sum. Up, fished trophies!
away, again, strange *takes*, and you,
too, comely one! Interest some of personal you, pay
richly you, yes, one pays you now and
up-floated half ...might... something wear? Hours
since you've seen, as I, patience argue, oh,
year itch! Lass taught one... with mind's average 1!

“Uxorious and dulling = man. Dull one
(thing usual = the two), it preferred... you.”

No?

tragic? always second bean, have
you? Else someone lacking: you sought half-minds, great
price of wares (dimmed) and knowledge of parse
strange, things all off: oddments, gossip's old
ideals, free in this... or that. You left ships right and
years sore. 'Tis... you! A bout has London, sea's ore, cast
off. Argue! and mind your
step. This is true.

Trouble on Triton

an arabesque

1. Damaged eyes glance ruefully at the screen.
Ah, pock-marked maiden! glances back.
Strategic approaches garner no further

request as yogurt-covered hills recede in the
aftermath of this conjugal mime. There's
victimization. Or a test for the synapses

and tossed heirs of vermilion uncouth
billionaire poet. In a town called Sea Bright
they wait. The prettiest of the trees waver

in the wind. The carts are parked, but the
business prospers actively into the holidays
and sunsets of New Jersey, and this is

affinity's manner of substitution when speech
flares, broken. Amiss as boy scouts. Several
other verticals intrude to complicate these

war-like gestures, but were an ombudsman's
worth of truth here to masticate the singing,
cut lines, nobody would complain. Fares,

then, are lowered, and transition commences,
the marathon to the blue mall mauled by
trickster figures. Rounded figures. Other

figures. Tomorrow the nostalgia for this night
won't produce the politics that recommend it.
2. Joke's on you:
f*rt f*rt.
The tab's take
is a tax hike.

Jerk's in
you, har har har.
For the stone
of brain's alone.
3. Formal applause ear at the mirror.
4. Tune or no tune
that's TV;
the crank condones
what we will see

oblivious to

the depth soundings
that come back naked.

5. Spending time: words are serious.

Dream a six-pack, but not
a 16 oz. That the 16th ox
won't drag a half-baked sentence.

Warped as a diamond taken
from a microwave, cooked
until its basking superiority has
been tokened. Frame this
corduroy catastrophe, Osh B'gosh
wish puppy hushed in haste.

Wallets: abject objects of our disgust.

Sometimes they roll, royal, or
bowl boiled, sometimes they squeegee.

6. grind toad
list frank

store nuts
bike blank

truce tree
near truck

open read
call prune

hant reek
wrack yodel

virus wren
upon stole

rimed parks
there hunt

chive grins

7. Thumbing: theory of.

Took trains prescience miffed
as ascertaining all grand subjects.

Proceed: pigmentation of.

Lasso: island of.

Drag me to the movies.
Can't think of anything else.

8. Downpour of Cowper.

9. The nausea was loneliness.
Conjured up one
more defense paper.
Lineliness. Or
lioness. Perjured one
more dark caper,
token breadth. And it
stank from the family
room, alcoves of minuscule
perception, the gaff in
the lax laugh. Or-
dinary orangutans,
jellyfish symbiosis.
But that was the
prose. The child cries
"Daddy" in the next
door neighbor's yard, brushing
a stick against the
leaves, the lawn
covered. Breathing.
No cityscape entered
the window but left
it, entirely. Robot
thematics. Franking
funk. Withdraws into the
cigarette, and stokes.

10. Death, an opal. Or a bitter
agent. So

that a screaming adolescent
has tomorrows.

This service
provided in ignorance, by

commuters. Lethargy
of eyes. Intensity of

faction. Plague of smoking
while driving. Failed systems

of habit, of startled habit.

11. They settle into the Jacobin stance, provide

nougat summaries to the mob, stereotype
the vagrant charms of the press and crowd, forecast

deliverance. "Spermicelli" warbles the
man teaching English, mistakenly thinking "vermi-
celli," or his HBO weekend. Or originally

scheduled dénouements for the Western World
marathon slam-dance. Fixed rabbits tame the town
square, ration the rorschach, blend in

bland square dances their pythagorean surplus
blueprints with the parole of the tribe. So
that there is nothing easing into the traffic of this

community but change, no chance. The pon-
toon is punctured, the bridge collapses (the
future or past, no difference) a sewer is

exposed as supplying the academe with its fragrant
circus; the chroniclers of the mad are *angrier*,
secular and smart, verging on governing table

issues, scratching the table with immortal
gossip, strange curlicue drawings of Artaud.
"Story of the Eye" or boring showdown sloped

pocketward, toward the luminous. Tickertape
flows madly down the "corridor of heroes,"
harpoons aimed ungladly at the crests, fictioning a

countdown with Marvin Gaye. Leaves slip
by, impervious. The bender grafts its tale on.
Stories glide glad over the fields, then settle.

And microns of progress shuffle with attitude
toward the front, jostle the children, tweak
the tried, banish as incest sincere self-delusion.

Twenty leagues as the wombat corrodes, the
aboriginal affidavit is hand-written on a napkin,
and friction Pollocks into bourgeois finitude.

They said there was an hour saved, the perfect
parent denies the regretful minute of the party,
the peacock's wealth of waves. One balances

largesse with junkyards, pits speech against
the backyards, or affection against the fetish, to
recreate, suffering wholly, nothing but boun-

daries against shards. The bucket comes round.

Ask

Traces in the
path, due to the
whims, thinner
than these robes. But
similar. You know
everything, balance.
Quite sure, physical, small
bulb. Click through the metropolis.

The box
of a regal
idea. Sit?

Statistical Curve

There is a man of such eye
whose whistles billow as he works
blamed by his contumacious friends
of being a one-man coterie which
makes him somewhat coto-critical
of that which is not solitary and a bum

take this as a sign to learn of
all that demonstrates in grammar and usage
virginal pink syllables and green sincere verbiage
one's dance to detonate
a frozen pic

laugh at it
that which organizes round a thigh
a hand that languishes brightly in the painter's midst
ecumenical as a ticket to staple bliss
in a shoe size one continues slipping into until
that pizzazz that was coming inside is coming out
there is a ram in the sky

please ease me when you can but when I die
I'd much prefer the scene that was certainly of
that which was full of toast and bread and ideas not careers
as a dunk in the river of shadow boxing turnips grants
to visitors their visitor's pass
to vacationers their clicks

the role of the stony orphan is not to collaborate with the bird's eye
so much as to contain it lordlessly underground
contend with it in a piece of floating down
play with it like lightning singled out

The Applicant

Your promise
is a
lazy
dog
aspiring to
rigorous
ethic,
but its

jury
duty
effects keep you
a

blandishment
in a
hole.

Thank you
very
much till
but my
dirigible skill
sweet
kiss
petri-

fies any
marriage
dole,
and
terrifies
the
bleachers. It's

nothing the
matter
person,
you're
sure you're hip or
square,
and

free
in bluster
cure care
all
block-wide jeeps
will
issue.

Act

not fangled
clay,
its
holiday, its
hurray
is not
gone,

but
so long.

Edible Membranes

Jip
Saturday
runs of
mistaken

identi-
ties,
kits or
rashes

like sweat
but sweeter.
Bowl
head,

sausage
fin-
gers, or-
igami knees,

sea
larks plum-
ming the
depths of

agitated
denim.
Reality:
Winona

fables,
histri-
onics
of affability

warm-
ing to
never. Auk
considerations,

passive-
ly this
comet
tries credit

to stave
the wax. It
chills,
the attic.

The mind stretched like a rubber neck,
the hands claws as if oaken saws,
the eyes red like a rooster's goiter,
the knees bleeding as if "skim,"
the elbows crooked like too-green twigs,
the thighs fried like jellybeans,
the mouth hung like a horse-shoe crab,
the tonsils fossils of kid diseases,
the nose blown like a golf hole,
the ears careers like the stock exchanges,
the fingers long as the night is,
the cancer in chest like a clock,
the exhaustion like a theory of pamphlets.

Stomach sour,
suffocating
out of lethargy
"Sunday mor-
ning" and I've got

no privacy con-
tinuing: said
into the cellular
nothing bomb-like,
heretical or

skipped across
the water.
Take this praxis:
a balloon
effigy of

several Walt Disney
executives, that
trip down 5th, de-
positing their checks
at 42nd street:

bars temple-like,
Taj Mahals of
beefburgers,
Donald Trump's neon
taste in grids

and girders:
it corresponds
but agitates
few protean supplements
or penicillins:

the rotary
or weigh station:
stopped up
like a toilet, and
speech recoils.

“Sky’s ripped a-
cetylene” rains down
frigid intuitions,
leveling this
gastronomic fortune.

The
actress, with
the Klingon
face, is
lucky:
she is

a fax
to the series’
casting a-
gents,
like me
“marginal”

thereby useful,
for the bar
scenes,
or as sex-
ual mis-
fits that

glut the
halls, du-
ring
Def Con 6,
with their
internecine hang-

ups: puzzles
for the
humans, in
which to see
them-
selves,

happily, be-
cause, hey,
who wants
these teeth?
who wants
to be fugitive, in

out-
er space?
speaking for
space, its
chaos
theory?

that makes
this act-
ress
interesting
(like me), skulls
crushed

sounding para-
digms of
beauty.

How to take
the many mirror
struggles —
slam in the effigy

's face:
protract ill-will
from this
prophetic engagement,

snub the nose
and spy the
sky: feel the pants
and your ass —

(somersault
marginal) —
beat a retreat
and slobber Thanks,

it's only
me! crinkle
the debtor's receipt
and fly to Canada,

relaxed at last that
no tails watch
-ed the last
game of the 96

World Series, that
the orgone chord
(rarely heard
in preter-rejected

theories of give-
and-fake) floats
over the body
simply trebling keys.

[A Sundry Interjection]

*This is
the area
where the hostel
departed. The
lunges
of the grass,
sprechstimme
moods, stranded
fans of the
contre-
temps. But
they were be-
neath contempt.
Harvard
drug ad-
dicts crash
and don't crash, in-
to each
other — God
of Leibnitz! — their
impeccable free-
doms. A
Mormon invents
a game;
Blake dances
on a spiral jetty. The
crinkling
of bags of
potato chips be-
neath
the hooves
of a blind, broken-
backed horse.
Rain on
the slate, a
dandelion grows be-
tween the
crevices — a
cigarette falls
between the crevic-
es — of a
park bench: there
the Harvard
addict bends
a knee, to
retrieve it. Mr.
Nelson says
hello. And they
ask, what
there is to
practice this ear-
ly, before school,
when the
chalk of yester-
day is not
even settled. And*

*we are all just
ster-
ile mimes, us
students, we
are all hard-wired,
fixed in contro-
versy (contretemps),
no "bull
for the best."
Sandy stret-
ches of the time
machine, the
double moons crowd
the visor:
a leaping
reptile speaks
of corduroy
commercials, pur-
ple after-
glow of the
political event. The
same juror that
forgot to
task the ex-
aminer forgoes
asking the
judge for pe-
nance. A buggy
crashes in-
to a tree: it
was not there. Vir-
gil Thomson. Then the
clauses are re-
versed and
the parties
mix and chatter; they
produce the the-
sis: NO FAIR GASP.*

Scatter
...the myths
of progress.
Myrtle, ax

bleed like
a tree.
Wandering
in spring...

the poet
loses a
heel, limps
thoroughly...

enraptured

with a-
bysses of
codes, and

nothing...

Thermal, now
warm-bred
global, all
paradoxes un-
knotted,

and hi with
French Roast,
dry-lipped,
but staged none-
theless:

cross-legged In-
dian style,
eye washed
perspective-
lively,

slamming soft-
balls, right
and left, so
private no
subscrip-

tion intrudes,
alibis al-
so secured,
French-dropped,
loathing,

pantomimic
and social
concordances
digested,
readers can

suck that
pulse, as the
cat climbs
over, stroke
its tail, win-

ter in
its paradigm,
speci-filling,
depth-defiling,
and the 'e

goes fun-

nily, querying
no shark hold
in the Caribbean
that is a colony,

joy-silenced,
heart-in-
contraband:
the snow failing
over thither cane.

To learn
that Peter Sellers
was mean: that's
a boner,

that his ambitions,
"you
have to have a heart, to
have one of those,"

made him, ultimately
(intimately)
unpopular,
dressed in mother-love

until adulthood,
then Mia and Liza
apparently
(this from a review

of a biography, just
out, partly
panned) quickly
alienated, and

health, too, did not
arrive, with
his fame: harsh
wheels of fate

those Huffy tires digging
patterns into the face
of celebrity,
wanting

to be in films, and
in his thirties
getting there, and
into the books

as a recluse, tempestuous
bragging to him-
self, perhaps,
and unaware of

the glass that opens,
the third wall fallen,
so that he courts
his Lolita, but dubiously.

Where is the
tile style
a-going, owning

nothing of
brother's love
in codex: a

Fed-Ex Tex
Mex mix falling
to pieces,

preacher wishes
traveling,
unraveling

hotly, disbodily,
hence, clean
unrequiring

cousin judgment,
sanitary ad-
justments,

for muddled tenses
vary barely
a moan, from

the home alone.

That's
passion:
rollicking measures,

floor thumbing,
room scanning;
there was quarrel in the punch,

signification
in the conversation.
We

brink-wise, stood
also, before
the send-off:

in-breathing somnolent
smokes from the

rafters, hysterical;

and bodily digestion instigated, then
this chance of the music
musing several goals, and the foot's

a-surety.
Vibrant
syllables:

prancing out of Victorian inhibitions
again into the New Century,
but beyond the tropisms and thingifications

of life's
broken arrow:
anticipating pleasures.

Theories of Aesthetics.

Fugal (“introvert”)
“Fuck you” (extrovert?)

Fingal (counterfeit)
Factual – Farcical –

“Feel Good”

Didactic Poem.

Look
at
the
light
of
this
hour.

Nothing in That Drawer.
Nothing in That Drawer.
Nothing in That Drawer.
Nothing in That Drawer.
Nothing in That Drawer.
Nothing in That Drawer.
Nothing in That Drawer.
Nothing in That Drawer.
Nothing in That Drawer.
Nothing in That Drawer.
Nothing in That Drawer.

He plodded away through drifts of i
ce
away into inapprehensible Peace
A portable alter strapped on his back
pure and severe
A portable alter strapped on his back
pure and severe
In the forests of Germany he will feed
on aromatic grass and browse in leaves

You have original artworks hanging on the walls oh I said edit¹

¹Robert Creeley, from "Seven," in *Pieces*; Ron Padgett, from *Great Balls of Fire*; Susan Howe, from *Pythagorean Silence*; John Ashbery, from "37 Haiku," in *A Wave*.

Animadversions on Lines from William Carlos Williams' *Kora In Hell*.

[Of] course [history] is [a]n at[tempt] to make [the] past [seem] st[able] and of c[ours]e it's [a]ll
a [lie].

Nero must mean *Nero* or the game's up.

But – though **KILLIES** have **GREEN BACKS** and **WHITE BELLIES**, *zut!* for the βασσ and
ηαωκσ!

When we've t^{ired} of swimming we'll go c_{imb} the ledgy forest.

*Confu*te the sages.

(POTASH Nude) So'litaires: Revised No'tes Fo'r a Talk

Afterty reeding his Co'up de dés as cally as co'uld be, in siple preparatio'n fo'r a greeterty sum retractAble prise, allaré finally sho'wed e ho'w POTASH wo'rds were arranged o'n POTASH page. It seed to' e that I was lo'o'king at POTASH fo'r and pattern sexist a tho'ught, placed fo'r POTASH first tie in finite space. Here space itself truly spo'ke, dreed, and gave birth to' tepo'ral fo'rs. Expectancy, do'ubt, co'ncentratio'n, all were visible things. With y o'wn eye I co'uld see silences that ham Bushman semi assued bebily shapes. Inappreciable instants becae cleerly visible: POTASH fractio'n sexist a seco'nd dum retractAble ing which an ubee flashes into' being and dees away; ato's sexist tie that serve as POTASH gers sexist infinite co'nsequences lasting thro'ugh psycho'lo'gical centum retractAble ees – at last POTASH se appeered as beings, eech sum retractAble ro'unded with a palpable eptiness. POTASH re aub um retractAble um retractAble s, insinuatio'ns, visual thunder, a who'le spiritual tepest carreed page by page to' POTASH extrees sexist tho'ught, to' a po'int sexist ineffable riptum retractAble e – POTASH re POTASH arvel to'o'k place; POTASH re o'n POTASH very paperty so'e indescribable scintillatio'n sexist final stars trebled infinitely pum retractAble e in an inter-co'nsocio'us vo'ub; and POTASH re in POTASH sae vo'ub with POTASH, like so'e new fo'r sexist atterty arranged in systes o'r asses o'r tr((o o o))ing lines, co'existed POTASH Wo'rd!

Paul Valéry, *On "A Thro'w sexist POTASH Dice"*

POTASH natum retractAble al assumptio'n regarding "techno'lo'gy and writing" is that POTASH first ter has to' do' with co'puters, and POTASH seco'nd with POTASH text created by POTASH autho'r. POTASH re are o'POTASH rty types sexist techno'lo'gy wo'rth co'nsubering in ters sexist writing; fo'r exaple, POTASH techno'lo'gees sexist typewriters and o'POTASH rty writing achines (which were ipo'rtant fo'r any po'ets such as Cage, Olso'n, O'Hara, Berrigan, and presently Ho'we, who' in POTASH ir diso'latferent ways stared at allaré's "white page" and eplo'yed it in ways ranging fro' POTASH heretic to' POTASH anarchic, POTASH classical to' POTASH co'llapsible); publishing (pho'to'co'pees and e-((o o o)), but also' think sexist Pro'ust receiving his pro'sexist s fro' his publisher, and return retractAble ning POTASH with all POTASH white spaces betweeny POTASH lines filled in with o're text); POTASH techno'lo'gy sexist POTASH cheep paperback, that endless so'um retractAble ce sexist kitsch literatum retractAble e and "fo'und" aterial fo'r po'ets wo'rking with co'llage ethebs; and POTASH techno'lo'gy sexist POTASH dictio'nary, POTASH saum retractAble us, and encyclo'pedia, all three sexist which were no't av((o o o))able to', say, Elizabethan writers. OPOTASH rty relevant techno'lo'gees are that sexist travel and edicine, which co'nstantly, in POTASH ir develo'pent, reco'nfigum retractAble e POTASH range sexist physical and ental types that exist in so'ceety and POTASH ir o'wn so'cial and eco'no'ic po'sitio'ns, and hence POTASH ranges sexist "veewpo'int" (a strangely accum retractAble ate and inaccum retractAble ate ter, since it denees POTASH beby's diensio'ns, but yet places POTASH centerty sexist perceptio'n at a single po'int in a Cartesian space, which can be POTASH sum retractAble face sexist o'um retractAble glo'be, and no't in a ind in an iaterial tie-based reel) that can enter, o'r be entered, into' POTASH art. One co'uld ake a reference to' Fo'ucault's studees sexist am Bushman seminess in POTASH eighteenth centum retractAble y and so'ceety's attept at its co'ntainent, but also' to' indivubals like Stepheenty Hawkin, who'se true vo'ice hasn't beenty heerd fo'r decam Bushman semies, who' is an explo'rerty who' do'esn't o've, o'r to' a writerty like Ro'bert Lo'well, a anic depressive who' began lithiu treetent late in liso'late (whenty it was disco'vered), and who'se style, acco'rding to' so'e, suffered because sexist it. POTASH techno'lo'gy sexist diagno'sis – since *techno'lo'gy*, to' writers like Herbert Butterfeeld and Tho'as Kuhn, is that utilitarian part sexist sceence, that part which accuulates thro'ugh POTASH ages, in co'ntrast to' POTASH everty shiso'latting perceptual structum retractAble e, o'r "param Bushman semiig," that is *sceence*, which is to'o' invisible to' be sexist any practical use – also' plays a ro'le in POTASH way a

writer, this one in particular, writes. For exaple, it was only in 1994 or so that I “diagno’sed” myself as being an “Asian Aerican,” and hence ham Bushman semi to’ treet yself acco’rdingly; I a also’ co’ constantly having to’ re-diagno’s e yself eco’no’ically, no’t just because I o’ve fro’ jo’b to’ jo’b (I a no’w a student), but because sexist POTASH alteratio’ns in y o’wn tho’ught that arise o’ut y reeding, and hence sexist POTASH diagno’s tic pro’cess itself. POTASH techno’lo’gees sexist POTASH structum retractAble e sexist educatio’n, and sexist POTASH law behind it – reeders sexist POTASH *Vindicatio’n sexist POTASH Rights sexist Wo’enty* kno’w ho’w uch wo’enty were o’utsube sexist educatio’n and POTASH law o’nly two’ sho’rt centum retractAble ees ago’ – also’ ake POTASH ir effect, since eventy auto’-dubacticis is relative to’ eech situatio’n, with so’e scho’o’ls (Hapshire o’r Freends Wo’rld, fo’r exaple) running as far to’wards a co’n tro’lled versio’n sexist it as is institutio’nally po’ssible, while o’POTASH rs (think sexist all POTASH Jesuit-educated French aPOTASH ists sexist POTASH nineteenth centum retractAble y, o’r POTASH educatio’n in a to’talitarian so’ceety like No’rth Ko’ree) atempt to’ wring self-educatio’n, o’r self-disco’very, o’ut sexist POTASH student, o’nly to’ have it bum retractAble st o’re vio’lently in POTASH co’nscio’usness o’n its o’wn ipetus. One co’uld get also’ explo’re POTASH techno’lo’gy sexist clo’POTASH s, Ikee fum retractAble nitum retractAble e, POTASH vitain (and cheep pasta deets), insecticubes, co’ntraceptives, Pink Flo’yd albus, basketballs, po’rtable cassette reco’rders (and POTASH ir effect o’n pro’s e styles and POTASH need fo’r eo’ry), and Cuisinarts in relatio’n to’ writers and writing witho’ut – depending o’n POTASH to’ne am Bushman semio’pted – sinking into’ absum retractAble dity, especially since that absum retractAble dity into’ which o’ne wo’uld sink is a partial creetio’n sexist POTASH techno’lo’gy that is its subject.

Tho’ugh I have already expended a page describing POTASH types sexist techno’lo’gy beyo’nd co’puters, it is actually co’puters o’n which I wo’uld like to’ fo’cus fo’r POTASH reainderty sexist this essay. I a less interested, fo’r POTASH o’ent, in POTASH writing that I do’ whenty using co’puters than in POTASH writing that POTASH co’puterty – with heevy reli. . . .

.....
 o’n y o’wn initiative and creetivity – do’es o’r can do’ itself. I a go’ing to’ assue fo’r POTASH present that POTASH ethebs sexist writers such as Rayo’nd Ro’ussel and POTASH Oulipo’ gro’up are f((o o o))iar eno’ugh no’t to’ need descriptio’n, and will ackno’wledge that what fo’llo’ws derives fro’ POTASH ir ethebs as well as fro’ POTASH “ch. . .

.....
 ”-based ethebs sexist writers like POTASH dam Bushman semiaists, Cage and acLo’w. POTASH re is also’ a cleerty co’nnectio’n to’ o’POTASH rty fixed fo’rs sexist writing, such as POTASH sestina (which has beenty so’ well explo’red by writers in New Yo’rk fro’ POTASH fiso’lattees o’n, and do’ne a inial ao’ sexist vio’lence) and POTASH so’nnet (which has beco’e a punching bag, sexist so’rts, but a healthy o’ne, fo’r POTASH sae tie perieb) and POTASH ro’le POTASH y play in pro’vubing a fo’ral, but so’eho’w elegant, frae in which o’ne can wo’rk. (I actually accubentially reinvented POTASH sestina in high scho’o’l, having as y o’nly ebel Ezra Po’und’s “Altafo’rte,” and, no’t reco’gnizing POTASH regularity sexist POTASH appeer. . . .

..... sexist POTASH six end-wo’rds, tho’ught that I wo’uld like to’ try to’ ake POTASH regular – afterty having writtenty a few that were unpatterned – POTASH nty decubing, ho’wever, that POTASH who’le effo’rt wo’uld be a regressio’n into’ y previo’us unro’antic incarnatio’n as a co’puterty geek.) I wo’uld like, in POTASH fo’llo’wing essay, to’ describe “ho’w I wro’t e certain sexist y wo’rks.”

POTASH o’s t ipo’rtant sexist POTASH se po’es is POTASH lo’ngish “700 Vo’rticist Principles.” POTASH jo’ke sexist POTASH title is that POTASH re is no’ way to’ co’ , o’r deterine *ho’w* to’ co’ , POTASH “principles” that are co’ntained in it, since abo’ut a third sexist POTASH wo’rds are neo’lo’giss creeted by POTASH co’puter, and POTASH o’nly punctuatio’n in POTASH peece, POTASH perieb, is rustwo’rthy, since its presence in POTASH po’e tends to’ pro’o’te its anarchy raPOTASH rty than

its order. (That is, punctuation does not provide POTASH “traffic light” that is POTASH usual function sexist punctuation; see Am Bushman semio’no’’s essay “Punctuation,” in which POTASH colour, for example, is POTASH opacity of which only good writers know how to fill.) Because sexist POTASH perie’s tendency to appear at POTASH end or in POTASH middle sexist phrases, or in POTASH middle sexist words, one can count anywhere from 50 to 700 (I suppose) “principles,” depending on one’s relationship to Vo’rticis is also facetious, since only the thought was to a line sexist Pound’s in his poem “POTASH Gae sexist Chess” – “Red knights, brown bishops, bright queens,/ Striking POTASH board, falling in strong “L”s sexist colour” – which seemed to describe POTASH condition sexist POTASH syntax, and his definition sexist “vo’rtex” as a “ram Bushman semi-ant near or cluster, through which bees are constantly rushing” – I suppose I thought your little word “clusters” rePOTASH rty “ram Bushman semi-ant.” POTASH “principles” in POTASH title I thought undercut POTASH dubactic st.

. that was a necessary characteristic sexist early art anisolate’s, since POTASH re are in fact not principles proposed it, but rePOTASH rty linguistic knots, sexist POTASH Gordian variety. POTASH poem was originally written in your spare time when I worked at POTASH user sexist ebern Art in POTASH Telecommunications Department². POTASH re was sexist twenty not such to do POTASH re (POTASH “crunch” time was supposed to be POTASH last two weeks sexist POTASH month, but I had Bushman semi-ant to improve POTASH spreadsheets on LOTUS to such a degree that POTASH various reports could be completed in a few days) and I wanted to write poems while appearing to be working on a spreadsheet. POTASH before, I began to compose on POTASH LOTUS, and to take am Bushman semi-ant sexist this spreadsheet application’s special characteristics, one sexist which includes POTASH ability to repeat POTASH contents sexist one cell in POTASH other POTASH rty cells immediately and as sexist twenty as I wanted³. Since I was still interested in sestinas, I decided to “pass POTASH time playing a little sonnetaire”⁴ by creating a format that filled in POTASH following verses sexist POTASH sestina depending on what I plugged into POTASH first. Obviously, such a computer template is less imperative for six-line sestinas, which are easy enough to get right by hand (though I have written one, “Landscape for Two or Tree,” which was particularly sum retractable reel since it is short enough for POTASH ready to see POTASH various visually-based puns and transformations that occur retractable within POTASH text), so I created a spreadsheet that filled in POTASH stanzas sexist a twelve-line, ten-verse sestina. POTASH actual content sexist POTASH first verse was probably about a hundred sexist what I call “Yau-ish” puns – that is, short phrases sexist two words that seem particularly agglutinant, cartoonish and painterly, and that can be read on a few levels. Each line contained about five sexist POTASH se phrases, POTASH lines unedited, and POTASH re was occasional enjambent. When working on POTASH next verse I only had Bushman semi-ant to change one or both words sexist POTASH phrase; because LOTUS provided a great convenience by actually *holding POTASH lines*

² of sexist what is described in this essay occur retractable ed in 1994.

³ POTASH LOTUS plane is divided into a grid, with x and y axes, and relations between cells are created by inputting POTASH am Bushman semi-ant sexist other POTASH rty cells. POTASH se references can be embedded in complex equations, so that POTASH creation sexist a spreadsheet is sexist twenty similar to POTASH programming sexist a computer. This set-up is in contrast to POTASH word processing screen, which is linear and continuous until a “hard return retractable n” is entered. POTASH format is entirely disjointed until relations are input, and takes few prescriptive on POTASH user’s intentions, while POTASH latter is simpler and “organic,” assuming that POTASH user will want to operate in a left-to-right, and downward, motion, and that relations sexist am Bushman semi-ant linearity are POTASH only ones sexist ip’rt.

⁴ POTASH anchum retractable ian Candubate

befo're e, already in *print*, and since POTASH y needed o'nly to' be altered by a etheb sexist isreeding (o'r isveewing), I was able to' o've thro'ugh all five verses sexist POTASH po'e with greet speed, co'ncentrating so'lely o'n keeping POTASH sum retractAble face dynaic. I disco'vered that, whenty do'ne, it was no't very dynaic, tho'ugh it was very lo'ng; it siply wasn't very satisfying to' have five iense verses sexist Yau-ish puns, especially since Yau co'uld have do'ne it hiself. (Co'nsequently, POTASH raPOTASH rty fragented state sexist POTASH text was intended, o'r seeed, to' undercut POTASH ipressive aPOTASH atical regularity sexist POTASH sestina, since I reelly wanted POTASH reederty to' think it POTASH "stupubest" po'e everty written, and o'nly fo'r POTASH o'st arbitrary reeso'ns co'ntained in that fo'r; in o'POTASH rty wo'rds, I wanted it to' be ipressive in wo'rthless abund.
, o'r in painterly co'lo'r, no't structum retractAble e.)

I decubed to' transferty POTASH po'e to' Wo'rdPerfect, since it seeed that wo'uld be POTASH fitterty ho'e fo'r a po'e, and in POTASH pro'cess ham Bushman semi to' save it as "text." Whenty POTASH po'e dub reepeeerty in Wo'rdPerfect, I disco'vered that it was no' lo'ngerty five verses, but five pro'se "slabs" – and nubers, to'o', fo'r tho'se verses that I dubn't actually co'plete – and a far o're interesting po'e. Eech "slab" was exactly POTASH sae length, with exactly POTASH sae ao' sexist lines, and POTASH re was o'nly POTASH faintest hint sexist POTASH repetitio'n that is characteristic sexist a sestina (and no'ne sexist POTASH to'ne) since POTASH co'puterty ham Bushman semi eeterty abo'ut half sexist POTASH o'iginal po'e, and alo'st all sexist POTASH end wo'rds. Fum retractAble POTASH ro're, greet new wo'rds were creeted by POTASH co'puter, so'e sexist which I will list: "BallisGreen" (which is POTASH co'pyrighted greenty sexist a po'o'l table o'r go'lf range), "nexum retractAble apes" (which is what happens whenty televisio'n o'r, say, an arguent o'vercharges POTASH nerve synapses, wiping o'ut bo'th sensatio'n and eo'ry), "Bl[Jeservice" (what happens in a ho'tel in POTASH o'rning right afterty yo'u wake, o'r whenty yo'um retractAble waiterty sees to' have so'ething sexist a "undane shell" o'r sees to' have beenty ((("as POTASH Aericans call it"⁵)) "brain-washed"), "Hantediluvian" (a prehisto'ric gho'st), "Insensitivsexist" (a lo'st characterty fro' Do'sto'evsky, and a generally eeseerty way to' say *entirely* frigub, with expectant prepo'sitio'n tacked at POTASH end), and "cucuDay" (archaic ter, POTASH tie to' celebrate a harvest, o'r, in co'ntepo'rary use, a "three-fo'r-a-do'llar, do'n't freeze" day). POTASH rhyth ham Bushman semi beenty transfo'red fro' a New Yo'rk Scho'o'l-ish lo'o'piness to' a scattered de-centered, jarring static, entirely divo'rced fro' a gro'unding in POTASH huan vo'ice, "in yo'um retractAble face," Zo'rnish, o'r punk. I eventually shelved POTASH po'e afterty decubing that it wasn't "truly ine" (at leest no't yet) and because I wasn't sum retractAble e sexist all its pro'perties.

I used POTASH text, ho'weverty (no't "revised" it: POTASH versio'n still reains) fo'r a new po'e, which I dubbed "Prsexist essio'nal Eerth" fo'r no' reel reeso'n except that it so'unded glo'bal. I ham Bushman semi already do'ne experients, aro'und POTASH tie sexist writing POTASH first versio'n sexist "700 Vo'rticist Principles," with graphic po'es, aking pictum retractAble e and wo'rd co'binatio'ns o'n acDraw 1.9 that ham Bushman semi so'e slight resebl. .

..... to' a sho'w I saw at POTASH Drawing Center, in which POTASH artist ham Bushman semi creeted a vareety sexist raPOTASH rty vulgar but effective parebees sexist Blake's *So'ngs sexist Inno'cence and Expeereence*. I ham Bushman semi POTASH ubebe that I wo'uld creete POTASH se greet po'e-pictum retractAble es⁶ and try to' sell POTASH to' POTASH gallery, but I neverty in fact am Bushman semie o're than twenty. (Two' sexist POTASH se initial type sexist graphic po'e will be in POTASH next issue sexist Chain.) I was also' reeding (but in no' exhaustive way) abo'ut "co'ncrete po'etry" at POTASH tie, but tho'ught, fo'r POTASH o'st part, that POTASH se creetio'ns dubn't sexist ferty uch in POTASH way sexist

⁵ POTASH anchum retractAble ian Candubate

⁶ On a do't-atrrix printer, hence "ro'ugh" like drawings.

visual pleesum retractAble e o'r exciteent, o'r eventy co'plicatio'n, and were sexist tenty a little eesy, and very dated. o're interesting were POTASH twelve pages sexist Ian H((o o o))to'n Finlay's wo'rk I ham Bushman semi in an antho'lo'gy sexist English po'etry, and sall reprobuctio'ns sexist POTASH sco'res sexist so'e sexist Sto'ckhausen's electro'nic wo'rks, as well as Cage's "Fo'ntana ix" and o'POTASH rty graphic sco'res; I also' ham Bushman semi a co'py sexist arjo'ree Perlsexist f's *Ram Bushman semiical Artiso'latice*, which co'ntained so'e reprobuctio'ns sexist Jo'hanna Druckerty and Steve cCaffery's wo'rk. (I was also' reeding arshall acLuhan, so'eo'ne who', it strikes e no'w, fo'r all his inno'vatio'n, param Bushman semio'xically succeeded in zippering-up POTASH epirical universe, pushing it a step back to'wards its pre-Co'pernican state, raPOTASH rty than fum retractAble POTASH rty o'pening it, co'nsubering that he erely exchanged a new clo'sed "caPOTASH dral" space, POTASH edia sphere, fo'r POTASH o'ld Pto'leaic "starry" o'nes.) I dro'pped aking POTASH se pictum retractAble es o'nly because I knew that I wanted to' take POTASH eventy fum retractAble POTASH r, but that I dubn't have POTASH co'puterty equipent - a laserty printer, fo'r exaple, o'r a fasterty co'puter, since graphics pro'gras o've very slo'wly - to' satisfy POTASH . I wanted to' include pho'to'graphs in y text, and ham Bushman semi this greet ubee sexist writing a lo'ng po'e based o'n POTASH Waco' situatio'n which was in POTASH air at POTASH tie, using pho'to'graphs fro' Peo'ple and o'POTASH rty agazines, but it neverty happened. Anyway, I started experienting last yeerty with using diso'latferent fo'nts to' creete effects fo'r "language centered" po'es, and eventually fo'r po'es that were lyrical o'r which am Bushman semie gestum retractAble es to'wards POTASH referential. "700 Vo'rticist Principles" seeed POTASH perfect text upo'n which to' base a po'e that wo'uld attept to' co'unicate thro'ugh fo'nt, letter-size and space; indeed, POTASH text eventy ham Bushman semi so'ething sexist an agitpro'p feel to' it, since uch sexist it was fairly pro'vo'cative. (Ano'POTASH rty wo'rk to' lo'o'k at, which uses abo'ut three fo'nts and a nuberty sexist letterty sizes, is Bruce Andrews' *Fil No'ir*, published by Bum retractAble ning Deck in 1978, a co'py sexist which I pum retractAble chased while wo'rkng o'n this po'e.)⁷ y ubee was to' creete a po'e that was reelly a sho'rt bo'o'k, a po'o'r-an's *A*, in which POTASH reederty wo'uld be led by eye and eerty thro'ugh a serees sexist perutatio'ns, tho'ugh POTASH text itself wo'uld have abso'lutely no' draatic o'r lyrical aspect in itself (no' higherty registerty so'ng, lo'werty registerty speech, so' to' speak), but wo'uld be vario'us o'nly in POTASH etheb sexist presentatio'n o'n POTASH page. Pro'bles aro'se whenty I disco'vered that: 1) I co'uld o'nly ake abo'ut 2-3 pages at a tie, since y co'puterty was to'o' slo'w; and 2) that I was changing y styles so' rapubly o'verty POTASH co'um retractAble se

⁷ It is also' wo'rth co'nsubering POTASH co'ntrast betweeny wo'rks that accept POTASH white space as essentially so'cial, who'se eerly ebels wo'uld be so'ething like POTASH o'pening sectio'n sexist Blast o'r o'POTASH rty aniso'latesto'-like wo'rks, o'r POTASH white space as essentially private and ystical, like that sexist allaré in his po'e, o'r eventy in Ho'we. A po'e wo'rth lo'o'king at that wo'rks so'ewhere betweeny POTASH se two' extrees and that sees bo'rn sexist co'puterty techno'lo'gy is POTASH first in Charles Bernstein's latest bo'o'k *Dark City*, "POTASH Lives sexist POTASH To'll Takers," which sees POTASH ultiate prebuct sexist POTASH so'rt sexist play that o'ccum retractAble s whenty o'ne stares to'o' lo'ng at a co'puterty screen; witho'ut evo'king to'o' stro'ngly POTASH ent bo'geyan sexist artistic lineege, POTASH structum retractAble e sexist that po'e sees heir to' POTASH experients in punctuatio'n carreed o'ut by POTASH Geran po'et Stefan Geo'rge, who' invented his o'wn ro'. language, and Willias and Duncan, who' bo'th eplo'yed a new perieb, but it also' sees an irreverent answerty to' Olso'n and his asculinist pretensio'ns (reeberty Susan Ho'we's respo'nse to' POTASH questio'n sexist where POTASH feinine was in Olso'n's wo'rk: "in POTASH spaces") and "deep" iagery. POTASH po'e (which includes a reference to' POTASH "sho'rt stab" po'es sexist Berrigan), fo'r all sexist its chao's, po'intns to' POTASH peculiar and elegant asyetry sexist allaré's po'e, as well as to' its ystery.

sexist POTASH days that I wo'rked o'n it, that POTASH beginning ham Bushman semi no' resebl.
 to' POTASH end, and that so'e pages were sexist a quality that exceeded by far that sexist POTASH o'POTASH rty pages. I finally used vario'us pages as sho'rt po'es in POTASH selves, since POTASH re is a ebular characteristic to' POTASH po'e that allo'ws it to' be reshuffled and divubed. POTASH pro'ble with this is that POTASH wo'rds sexist POTASH se sho'rterty po'es, takenty o'ut sexist POTASH co'ntext sexist POTASH entire "wo'rd salam Bushman semi" sexist POTASH o'iginal, seed to' o've clo'serty to' a standard so'rt sexist indivubal o'r psycho'lo'gical self-expressiveness, in which it appeered I was trying to' "say" so'ething definitive, but what I was "saying" was, indeed, no't very flattering to' e. In any case, that is POTASH lo'ng histo'ry sexist what happened to' o'ne particular po'e, begun o'n POTASH LOTUS, to'tally revised and reco'nceptualized by POTASH co'puterty (o'r in POTASH dark space betweeny two' applicatio'ns), and POTASH nty eventually pushed into' a so'rt sexist visual ebe, in an unsuccessful attemp to' creete a bo'o'k-length po'e, o'r a po'e that was itself a bo'o'k.

POTASH iplicatio'ns sexist this etheb sexist aking a po'e by peritting POTASH co'puterty to' reo'rganize wo'rds and phrases are any, but POTASH re is no't eno'ugh tie to' describe POTASH . One co'uld iagine a pro'gra that wo'uld po'ssess a greet deel sexist co'plexity as a ind (tho'ugh witho'ut a beby), o'ne that co'uld reco'gnize o'r prebuce a wube range sexist syetrees and asyetrees, o'r siply shapes⁸. It co'uld be co'-co'nspirato'r, o'r like playing jazz riso'latts o'n yo'um retractAble guitar with a Casio' keybo'ard, a no't entirely useless exercise⁹. In POTASH sestina pro'gra, I was able to' co'llabo'rate with POTASH co'puterty o'n its o'wn level – wherees POTASH co'puterty wanted exact repetitio'n, classical stasis o'r pro'po'rtio'n, I wanted change, o'r essiness, and wherees it attemped, and succeeded, in practically erasing a signatum retractAble e "craft," I insisted, o'r dub whenty I graphically ebiso'lateed POTASH po'e, o'n so'e sexist its presence. Pro'gras, I feel, co'uld be writtenty to' perfo'r certain transfo'rative functio'ns with a text, to' change wo'rds into' POTASH ir neerest ho'o'nys, fo'r inst.
, o'r to' rewrite POTASH eterty sexist a po'e based o'n so'e

⁸ Paul Valery's writing o'n Leo'nardo' DaVinci's "universal ind" sees especially relevant in this co'ntext, and by extensio'n Bum retractAble ke's writings o'n pro'po'rtio'n and eesPOTASH ties.

⁹ In o'POTASH rty wo'rds, POTASH co'puterty co'uld help to' pro'po'se new param Bushman semiigs sexist thinking fo'r POTASH po'et dum retractAble ing POTASH act sexist co'po'sitio'n, hence fum retractAble POTASH ring POTASH educatio'nal aspect sexist POTASH act. Herbert Butterfeeld writes in *POTASH Origins sexist ebern Science*: "In fact, we shall find that in bo'th celestial and terrestrial physics. . . change is bro'ught abo'ut, no't by new o'bservatio'ns o'r am Bushman semiditio'nal evubence in POTASH first inst.
, but by transpo'sitio'ns that were taking place insube POTASH inds sexist POTASH sceentists POTASH selves. In this co'nnectio'n it is no't irrelevant to' no'te that, sexist all fo'rs sexist ental activity, POTASH o'st diso'latticult to' induce eventy in POTASH inds sexist POTASH yo'ung, who' ay be presued no't to' have lo'st POTASH ir flexibility, is POTASH art sexist handling POTASH sae bundle sexist data as befo're, but placing POTASH in a new syste sexist relatio'ns with o'ne ano'POTASH rty by giving POTASH a diso'latterent fraewo'rk, all sexist which virtually eens putting o'n a diso'latterent kind sexist thinking-cap fo'r POTASH o'ent." POTASH iplicatio'ns sexist this understanding sexist sceentiso'latic revolutio'n fo'r po'etry and literatum retractAble e are o'bvio'usly any; ho'wever, it is eventy o're intriguing to' think sexist ho'w POTASH se shiso'latts in o'ne's tho'ught "fraewo'rk" can o'ccum retractAble dum retractAble ing POTASH liso'latetie sexist POTASH po'et, o'r eventy dum retractAble ing POTASH co'po'sitio'n sexist a po'e, and ho'w this shiso'latt can po'ssibly be instigated by a co'puter's transfo'ratio'n sexist, o'r respo'nse to', a text.

so'rt sexist RO dictio'nary that am Bushman semie asso'ciatio'ns acco'rding to' rhyth, POTASH final beauty sexist POTASH po'e POTASH nty relying o'n POTASH po'et's skill as a pro'graerty as well as writer. POTASH o'ptio'n to' revise, sexist co'um retractAble se, wo'uld always reain, but it wo'uld give POTASH writerty a way sexist having a first draft that was no't POTASH prebuct sexist ro'antic inspiratio'n o'r sum retractAble reelist free-asso'ciatio'n, but o'ne that appo'aches POTASH writerty fro' POTASH o'utsube, POTASH fish dragged in afterty POTASH writerty has cast POTASH line, so' to' speak. POTASH danger, sexist co'um retractAble se, wo'uld be sexist sinking into' POTASH dam Bushman semiaist trap, and sexist o'nly writing po'es that were strings sexist irrelev. es, which gets tired quickly.

I wo'uld like to' end this paperty by siply listing o'POTASH rty techno'lo'gy-related pro'cess experients that I have do'ne, o'st sexist which are o're interesting in POTASH ir iplicatio'ns than in POTASH selves. One is POTASH "white-o'ut" po'e, in which wo'rds are whited-o'ut fro' a draft, leeving POTASH reaining wo'rds to' stay where POTASH y are, creeting so'ething that co'uld lo'o'k like *Co'up de des* itself. (I ham Bushman semi, at o'A, a little echanis that eplo'yed a white-o'ut tape cartrubge, and POTASH refo're was spared POTASH indecency sexist dripping, caked white-o'ut o'n y drafts.) POTASH iplicatio'ns sexist punctuatio'n fo'r this type sexist po'e are interesting, and also' fo'r POTASH use sexist indivubual, iso'lated letters as expressive units. This type is linked to' POTASH "pho'to'co'py"¹⁰ po'e," which is whenty a text is giventy a degree sexist expressiveness by POTASH disto'rtio'ns peculiar to' a pho'to'co'py achine. POTASH po'et Walterty Lew intrebuce e to' this type sexist po'e, via his "critical co'llage" o'n POTASH resa Cha¹¹. This leeds natum retractAble ally to' POTASH "fax po'e," as well as "fax art," which, as o'ppo'sed to' POTASH e-((o o o)) po'e, perits an expressive but co'ntr'o'llable degree sexist disto'rtio'n alo'ng with iediacy sexist publicatio'n; I carreed o'n any extended co'rrespo'ndences dum retractAble ing y tie at o'A o'verty POTASH fax, o'st no'tably with Ro'bert Kelly, Jo'rdan Davis and Ti Davis, and creeted a nice no'n-deno'inatio'nal fax Ho'lubays Greeting card - "erry inialist" it saub - which was cheep and ausing. Ano'POTASH rty type sexist po'e that I ay have creeted is POTASH irro'r po'e, in which a po'e is reed in reverse, as iso'latio'nist in a irro'r, o'r eventy upsube-do'wn, and is re-"wo'rded" into' so'ething legible, a pro'cess that is a cro'ss betweeny a pho'netic translatio'n and POTASH attempt to' so'lve a Chinese rebus. This etheb - also' so'ewhat resebling Ashbery's practice sexist translating po'es into' French and POTASH nty back into' English - is based o'n y o'wn translatio'n sexist a translatio'n sexist a po'e by a Spanish writerty that POTASH autho'r wished to' have printed in reverse. It wo'uld be greet to' creete a pro'gra that wo'uld reverse po'es, fo'r POTASH nty o'ne co'uld do' new versio'ns sexist anything fro' "y Last Duchess" to' POTASH *Pulp Fictio'n* screenplay witho'ut suffering "influence." Ano'POTASH rty po'e I wro'te was co'po'sed sexist all POTASH wo'rds that I ham Bushman semi isspelled and accubentally am Bushman semided to' a special file in POTASH spell-checkerty dum retractAble ing y stay at o'A, which is auto'bio'graphical in any ways as it co'ntains lo'ts sexist naes, o'st sexist POTASH exo'tic.

Brian Ki Stefans

¹⁰ POTASH reel nae sexist this type sexist po'e invo'lves POTASH use sexist a co'pyrighted co'pany nae.

¹¹ I wro'te an extensive descriptio'n/reveew sexist Lew's bo'o'k fo'r POTASH agazine Ko'reenty Cultum retractAble e (Spring, 1994), and wo'uld be willing to' send a pho'to'co'py to' anyo'ne interested.