



Versuche: 06

**Streams and Stanzas
[1994-2004]**

Kids with Grammar

In the difficult space
between the acceptance speeches, the
adolescent pimps
– zits, pickles, frogs –

lacerating amidst the demagogues,
aloof, strung out on
penitentiary wakefulness –
that is, the muscle between gags.

Blond, a tyro
like no overdetermined society
has ever had the discourse spoken for –
cuffs, sleeves, ankles

in the ballet mechanics
froth somewhat unmechanically,
the “racial,” the delinquent
a medication that explodes the pigeons.

The Power

They will be
finishing
up. The power
will be over.

*

Gangly, old
weather-beaten
poet, you
should have
been twenty
years older.
Instead of (as
you are, it
seems) young
enough to remember
a time when
you sky walked.

*

There were
the verbs.
Then (growing
from hard
earth) the
noun theories.

*

Satellites create
venues, of all
continents. Arranged

alphabetically:
the “Afrique” on
which Donne traveled
in a lady’s tear.
Then came surface
activity on that Asia
invisible but for
its trade. Now, its
pro-forma charades.

*

Waiting:
such
produce

as I
have
open &

yet smart,
eager
to be

be-
lieved,
suggests

invasion
is
immanent.

Voyans

or, The Structuralist Nightmare Goes Public

Of that we don't
and etc., the
come as you are princ-
tuplets, strangely

masking a
pride: frangipani
"El Niño " deep
six, gesticulator in

the crowd, awed
loud, load
on veer on crank on sin-
gly, or in groups

the tide turns on
deftly, (fink
sneaks along the quay
yesterday,

solid, soloing, with
sun) soiled, its
movies: that
deliberate sand-

wich man (sand Dan) corrup-
ting youth,
tooth, ruth and
TRAFFIC NOISES:

trap in glass one more
fly, for that,

jack up the feedback,
hacks, marching

(yodeling) into the
light: dairy needs in Far-
go elevated to
the Religion of Infor-

mation Act, 1962,
sined, scened, ridiculous
as a hat: for-
give me, auditors,

for the frog throat, I've
mimicked a cog
and that's no paradise
or method,

rather a shank
from the memory bank of
STRUMMING GUITARS:
cut to lean to

among the bums, one
of them dressed
like Nina Simone, one
avid idle incubator

of storied strategies:
ink, slate, chalk,
rice paper, clannish act:
there's no concurrence.

*

Brings his own words to karaoke.

*

Government job procreation programs
– the initiative is active, streaming
the masses into their cordoned lives
(codeined “project noir” dissing simulations)
– thousands of pulses like this have come

in, since we started the rotary, what
we anticipated in several previous gauzes
– gazes at the 3D freebee shoulder butt.
The persons (she and her large body)
were grafted onto the stones of the old way

timorous, the new jobs – she said “school”
and the old, the good things in
“the new generation ” needing people like
that (her French was terrible): she
plans to use the job to build a will, and

– not true, says the Head of Forecast.
Three and a half billion dollars, or fifty, or
less have gone in (Coriolanus, it’s useful)
toward the laugh lines solutions, Par-
sons hailed the program, and this is Mark Chase

with flute-bedeveled news, in the morning.

*

Nerves are
tight, are
expectant, in
Henry Miller’s
delusions:

that forty is
the prime of
life, dick
mastering the
social crisis

without
duplicity.
No betrayal:
when one wan-
ders into the

fiction:
so it is, and
shall be, so
decidedly con-
sumed, no

pain to others
(otters).
Nerves are
challenging
this death,

suggesting health
is protean
when, alas,
it is achieved,
and very smart.

No hesita-
tion, no bus
stop waiting,
just go and go
in, on, pro-

duce that story
line, line
of poetry:
it is health
for the opti-

(cian?) no
mist, belaboring
the corny
codes, the
scruples that

edge one
toward death,
its duties,
its grants –
its gas emission.

*

Everyone will have their fifteen minutes of drag.

*

The mad dictator
made the
trains

run well,
so punctually,
no one questioned his demeanor:

mean.
The season's
change, all's caught

in summary
surprise: so reason's
otherwise luminous demesne

was darkened: not a spark
of sense, or
nonsense.

Redactor
of histories, of lore
– he jerks off in the park

seeming
so teasing
to, really, no one. He

is a wonder
of abject pleasing,
of vagrant pleasure's teeming,

and thus
wakes, pissed.
The mad dictator is split:

one half
counter-parliamentary, one bit
running with us

toward liberty.
But never, never, in
fact, fruitfully

conversational.
So when the head count's in,
he's out in the random library,

doing
arithmetic.
They voted him in, nonetheless.

He was a resounding voice of difference.
Not too hygienic,
not so deluding.

*

She got sick, looking
at the internet, nearly
vomited, stubbornly
refusing to eat, to line
(in my opinion) her
stomach: continued to hold

and hold, true, that
she's been eating very
well, thank you, let
us remove to the next site,
please: greenly, cautious,
circling in my room,

cleaning, nervously full
of motion, kinetic
in her pantomimic efforts
to stay "still." Did
not happen: she left
strumming on her rib cage.

*

Bane of my resistance.

Stare at the Poem

Stare at the poem
pardonable fetishist,
in the chronology
such moments find use.

These coded anthems
under streams of
security won't care
to invent the wheel.

Progress "monstrous"
what has never
entered the dream book,
eschatological gruel.

Retreat into the
lounge chair burdened,
slipstream *issues*
that saint you or *mean*.

Technos smothering
logos, thin these
marble beaches a
chord barely reaches.

Agree to agree then
divisive and careless
athletic, ethics
taking less advantage.

Ruse

To return
seconds later, to
the
language,

dense,
all decisions
final, set
on a pillar,

tensile,
all to be lost were
one
word

displaced, so
that's belief:
beyond
adjustment,

such an artist
who preens
amidst stolen
appetites, all

all
a
ruse – since the language
is fragile.

Clod Songs

1.

Oh, to
walk, to
pitch
and turn!

a rose
turns
me, like
a magnet

does
a pin.
Cloud
coverage:

over-
age!
knees
motoring

sloppy
slip slip
job, of
slumped

slap-
sloping
of me,
down,

eyeing
with per-

manent
fear,

the clod.

2.

Under
sky,
that tone

variable,
puppet-
master,

who
firts
with all,

who
skirts
the fall.

3.

The slip slip
slope of
your suffering
is a motion, only.

A reach
for an
exposed
root (after a heavy

rain, the
ground in nougats
of dirt)
hand blistering

after
but a weekend
of grip –
the sour sun

slap slap
and slathering,
so that
the producers

will cancel
the performance –
the clod
speaks: “Vagrant!”

like a fable
in Blake.
The slip slip
slope of

your suffering
is a motion, only.

4.

Time, tumor, greater
god, fraught, forsaking us
usually, talentless
tenor, antiseptically adept,

wrecking
radically, spurious symmetries
deceiving, dumpy
syllables slushing, throat

therapies grudgingly aground,
step stones, slip sloping.

The Perfect Party

This is just the
perfect party:
lounging to excess
on a boat on the sea,

in high dress
remarkable, pretty,
not afraid, should
we transgress,

occur in situations
unpresidential.
The schooner
is approaching Africa,

as Stacy, Doris,
tips a drink,
somebody's chasing
after her,

the Countessa,
who looks like Cindy Lauper,
storms unwilling
to interfere, but

when they do,
lights out!
sanity shuffled
overboard, waves

clear all the decks of
detritus. Happy
to be amused, we
cherish that love

remembered from basements
in youth;
ardently: doctors,
exploring the dark

mysteries of sex,
it is the perfect party.

Thumb noses, at
the coasts, at
the lighthouse keeper,
who is a pornographer.

The Beckoning Harpoon

All the speakings, into
the dark: howitzers
aimed at the silence,
and a pig escapes from the

foliage, intact as
words can't be, struggling,
dividing against the stagecraft.
Part or parcel: frank

accords unhonored, tattered
at edges, frittering
away like an unlucky lady
at the station.

Strange, this strangling,
superimposed over economics
(cannot make the numbers
from the dots), it ails at all

fragrant professions
of faith. Strategic
doctoring: won't file down
to a figure, no

figure, strike from
the marble a sleeping
coward or gnat, grotesqueries
that are the desired syllables.

Link to the mere:
adopt child gazing at
a statue's testicles,
fabricate for the us factory

a column, a saying-
book? Only short before the
fecundity of piled (leaf-
like) suburbs, merely

stammering in the proper
English of the transient
settlements.
Of the story, its

verbs: cassettes, records,
percussion, melodies, chords,
the ripe eagle-eyed
desultory mimicking of time's

rather inebriate parade,
colorful, bundled by calendars
upon which are scrawled
screams: no art is prostrate

as audience in the wings,
no retina lacking tracking which
is a field: the sliding
on heels into mud or tar pits.

Knots

Making, indeed
not knot no
fringe parades
hair refrig

did you call me
bubble master?
Hie hicky it
larvae.

Fronds of
fonts if
creatively
ububububuweb-

site. Piggy
lice loan
makey ice cone
of insulin.

Mickey it's
i i i i in
auto bahn
bing bang bon

frozen afro
(hair refrig)
micro mic
kit kettle d

(for Kenny)
sharp syrups
fit frog flats
inny outy ow

cursor. Hire
me. Open
sesame. Wang
calibrator

hogy sememe
real audit-
or. Rare ring
gig gag gip

trope top tup-
hiney cancer
dragon after a-
presence iff –

Hasty Puns

Hasty pudding
or pudenda?
Like a house
in Williamsburg

– one
foot, two
feet, one
foot, two

feet –
the velcro rips
off, the
leika (.lens)

– pure video
one is so
dissatisfied,
he croaks.

Stand up on a
(1 2 3 4)
ledge by
the river – on

the banks
the bud blows.
The punks
exchange blows.

Wait up, smell
the coffin,
often,
again,

– insensitive and
self-mon-
self-mon-
self-monitoring.

There is no Korea.
This is no test,
but a test
of will, of

aptitude.
Perfect pitch?
Year's itch.
Canine birch? Itch.

Zeppelins

1.

They tamper
loathfully with
my dimples –
this time.

The streak orange
glancing
my scalp
picks me –

this time.
But next
year, a walrus
continues.

Proud of hart
the Scot.
Being sold
by temperament

I scout
alternatives –
lily pad
peace nik.

Obvious
chagrin
at the
call. Toledo!

For the rec
I'm whole.

Otherwise, the
cement's cracked.

License
vibrates
in the hotel
rooms of Toledo.

A porn? No,
a parent.
Comeuppance
takes time, and

energy, and
drugs, and
powerful
gigs in Washin Tong.

If every
day went
like this
I'd know you.

2.

The verse
of reverse
is: Animal.
Like the cutlery.

I plug one
low with
a Nike
sentiment of class –

Diderot
wasn't a fool.
That's just
too uncool

that ad.
A promontery
delays my
Aunt's vision.

Pillaging
in Japan?
Why not try
this retardant?

Cornice
on which she
sits with
a chilly kid.

Jive won't:
harm the –
well that's
surely debatable.

In *this*
town, we're
starting anew,
trying impatience.

Zeppelins
tuned the
flamingo. Now
it fires

the imagination,
liquid, gas
and solid-dancing
and walking.

But on come
the traffic
anyway; Skippy,
Cheerios, and Milk.

3.

The passim
choke my
affct, my
affect.

I think it's true.
The weight
plums the
fibers depths.

Sounds of
dampness.
Bowls
of it.

Crayon double
steers
my children
wrong.

IS this
crime? TV
succubus
every night?

All the cities,
all the power,
but in
Swahili –

nervous,
unintelligable.
It's from
Delillo.

You are
already
there, at
the other

end,
waiting. I
sit here
a tomato, you

don't know
that.
I can't,
no hands!

The problem
with fissures.
Wax on,
wax off.

4.

Verbal hyoptenuse
– is he
autistic?
Architecures –

the baby
comes in
and changes
her shoes –

Korean,
The sun
pops dimes
off the bed.

The challenge
a sea's
prose,
radio waves –

commas, comets,
Koreans,
countrymen,
herbal "we."

There's nothing,
there's nothing,
there's nothing,
a babushka.

Tiny Tim
traipses
the tulips
of sobriety, the

popular
psychosis –
geraniums
with votes.

Easy
to sell rooms
with gels
of horror.

Let us pray:
Edinburgh.
That's
my angle.

But movies
chuck angels
with breadths
of dope.

5.

If this is
so white,
my tower,
my height –

eavesdropping
on a crate
of millionaires,
fornicating

that sounds
like issues.
Pallid
he rode

a horse,
solved riddles.
Isles, sands
are riddle.

Now it's
in someone
else's court
making its fingers

upset
you? No,
I won
the toss.

Paste the
colon
twixt the verb
and article.

doesn't seem enough.
Home brewed
calisthenics
exercises choke in

contest,
consent
a constant –
dividing our twins.

One wears
gray, the
other “
”, like shrubbery.

Oh, for
Paul Muldoon's
knackered response
placating the Hellespont.

Long Language Poem

It is you changing
crutch: winter's
fancy pings, delicate
bow work on the
appetite, or strumming
strong-arm storms
device in devisions
largesse, transitory
as an acorn.
The blue hair, the
orange lips:
part them with care.
A slow suffusion
should not be
discouraged: harp
player, strut
fantastically, await
with preternatural eyes
the approach of
the masculine, white
black: millions
flutter to those sales
and congratulate,
cheaply, no achievement.
The timorous
shatter finally;
o stratagems, o gems
of crystal deterrents!
the fake heart
never compromises,
it's artifice is a show
that is deliberate
in goals, its
nakedness must be

concealed beneath capes
or the cape's no
flattering. On a map
the assistants
boasted: careening
comet-like on
toboggans, they shamed
the lethargy of the
too abstract,
eating peacefully
tethered to the sure
rope, nestled in the
crag. Odelay, odelay,
the echoes of
the undivided hillocks
were the warmth of
applauses: a pantheon
erupted to paint
the sky, so many
"Riders," too little
fun in the roller coasters
approaching them.
This is no appeasement!
The verdure exchanges
itself for other
molecules, but the
blueprint is priceless.
Luck upon
another corpse, lay
there, beside it,
talking lines sketched
hurriedly in a meeting
that was never boring,
concussions meeting
over a satisfying lunch
to, aggravate history:

“Micro-gestures...
I wanted your comfort
packaged, alone, for my
individual pleasure,
but you are dead now.
There are few
now translating me;
o ebonies, o splenetic
affirmation! cold
as a winter kiss, I leave
you for the earth.
I want to exchange this
gift. Gulf.” A
single eagle on the
crest of a family
escutcheon, responds
deftly, spin doctoring
this rubber mourning.
Is it possible to palliate
the aporia? Sing
in a straw castle?
Animate the dimensions
of a point? point
to laser line? Of
the many (manly)
options. offered, one
spoke up, like
an egg waiting to be
cracked: “The
blue lips must go.”
It was shamed but not
entirely irrelevant;
a cyclic turn in
the episteme suggested
new resonances to
its misguided

wrench: fraternity?
No, fertilization.
Avid strugglers are
in every cake in the
store: even
evil sweets are
familiarily nutritious,
fly with that eagle
that is boundless
horizontally, if not
the ass, sings
no pleasant show-tunes,
but is a winner at carnivals.
Ambition relegates
the children to
the backroom, until
fashionably late,
they are forced to suggest
their obvious superiority,
shuffled off the
guests, whisper thin
songs into the
cold air, puffs of
generosity eventually
dispersed among the
shaggy, bumbling adults.
“The groin is a problem.”
“Meat-eating has
done this.” Etc. And
as if the town never
knew its name, or county,
the fiddle playing
nominated it for sleep.