



**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 mechanic  
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.

### {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.