



Versuche: 11

Strange Booty
[1994-2004]

Because I don't like

you anymore!
(They said this
was the truth,
but I doubted it.)
Come on!
Pull out those
rather raison d'être
rhododendrons, those sloppy sequins.
Bumming with hope, the
sandflower revels in its
gas, tissues, it
turns its angle
to the sun, combs
the cratered sky.
O(gggg)h m

O(gggg)h my. Random
number generators have
been known to –
at last! at
last! at last!
– thereby completing the urgent
animist splash.
Pouring more cream
into the bladder,
asparagus into the crammer
creature...
like hinds mend.
Minds into
the band-aid benders (and
they all gathered
round to li

round to listen to
the crook'd ardent
crown). Hot
pants (sadness dwells...
confined) Here is my effigy...
soggy. Hopelessly
devoted... to you.

And no matter
how, when they
push this world around, I'm stuck
in overdrive (or
underart, that story
for boys and
blurtings) and something
from the quota
system. Ma

system. Marx
me impressed when
I'm not driving
on the window
side of the
city that is blindly
building its dreams
on someone else's
knees and communicates
with several dwarfs
in the splattered
back garden.
Dancing on a bridge
(in Avignon)... for
the sensation of dancing
on a bridge

on a bridge.
They love it,
or Lyle Lovitt it,
forge it, vindicative.
Perhaps you didn't
understanding me, I
am wanting raw nerves
and having sent the
letter last week.
Cough cough cough
cough cough.
The patteme of this
jewell matches... my
thighs. Humbug,
it's not a

dwarf, it's

dwarf, it's a
dward. Jerk!
I it
doubted truth was this but said
They them when
the wind wounded.
We argued about
that over several
glasses of wince.
White awakening
rafting, sport of chomps.
But we
were sure it
was cherry, or
poor port.
Cherry Como

Cherry Como. Como
ésta? Esther
Williams. William
wanders in the
celestial gambling casino
of the bazaars,
crapped. Bullish
retort! (to the sparring
aporia),
Bah'd grad.
Gardens are Edens
in Suburban nether
knot Unicycle Encyclopedias.
Ulysses on
a unicycle, Batman
on a horse.

on a horse. "GreenTreesVillage."
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 yu's.
Crime... don't provide
a paycheck, but
the making of
it slathers. Carrot
top / ends
this file.

this file. I'm enjoining this explicitly.

Gulf

Lamentable, this quiet
I “ordered” of, is
presently odor, (physic)
lastly no (sub)stitute
4: (lover, car, keys)
leetle bit slower m(I)
(lover, car, keys), & sad
to remark, the house
's not KLEAN, no KLEAN
left in the house:
knead (ml) 2 bi some
) more (? Safe to (sanft)
say (sonft) DAT I)
so odorous und in ordnung (
am plastic and true/trhyth.

The Age of Talkies

“My books are little sluts. I don’t love them,”
the analysand trembles. Computers and popinjays!

“It’s all vicious Carlyle.” Who else would tell us
that? “I’ve given up on emotion. It’s no longer in the syllabus.”

Seveb B

Seven North Korean soldiers entered the tense demilitarized
(no one
stays innocent
forever)

Glamour in America was once the sole property of a storied aristocratic
(Dzhokhar M. Dudayev,
left, the
leader)

An avant-gardist early in his life, Takemitsu eventually settled into a language
that was often caressing rather than
(the perils of
the press in Indonesia include
jail)

(From a planet closer to the sun: 1 teaspoon olive oil, 16 ounces whole onion, 2
large cloves garlic, teaspoon caraway seeds)

Koreans

The Koreans? they're the cleanest people in the world!

Translation:

(The Korean customs of personal and communal hygiene are very similar to those of the Western World and are rigorously enforced.)

The New Smell

Well-described by Newman as a "psychoactive, hallucinogenic neocortex pulsator," the Dreamachine is basically a cylinder with irregularly patterned, yet symmetrical, cutouts which spins at 80 r.p.m around a high-wattage light. When stared at in a dark room with the eyes closed, it produces a stroboscopic "flicker," effect on the eyelids, sometimes causing intense visions and frightening perceptions that "approximate or surpass those found in a dream state."

According to David Woodard, who built Cobain's Dreamachine as well as the deluxe, all-metal unit included in "Ports of Entry," the Dreamachine 's IO-flash-per-second flicker is translated by the optic nerve into a 10-hertz pulse signal - close to that which occurs in the dream state. Because the brain can't accommodate both its normal operating frequency of 5 to 6 hertz and the newly introduced 10-hertz wavelength simultaneously, and also because the 10-hertz signal is so overpowering, the entire neocortex soon gives itself over to the higher frequency, effectively putting the viewer into a dream state. "Ibe hallucinations," says Woodard, "are unlike those triggered by any other means that Pm aware of." In his initial experience, he says, he saw things that looked like "a perpetually metamorphosing Persian rug." Wrong "notes" are left as they are rather than erased, though the right ones do eventually get "played" in most cases.

This results in a repetitiveness

and a halting, staccato gesture, reminiscent
of a stutterer's effort to get out what he
wants to say. Thus, Williams: "American poetry
was on its way to great distinction - when the
blight of Eliot's popular verse fell pon
- upon the gasping universities - who had.N8t
had.N8t
hadn't
tasted the

Thames water for nearly a hundred
years." By disrupting the fluency and coherence
available to them, Williams and Miller
attempt to get in touch with what
that coherence excludes, "the chaos against which
that pattern was conceived." Although
superficially, the picture may look like a Cubist
collage, there is no interest here
in structure, or the dimensions of time and
space; it is obsessively, impatiently sexual. But its
sexuality is without a
subject.

It is as though this
picture were crying out for a
Leda and the Swan, or a Nymph and Shephard, or a Venus, to be
given a form. But there is nobody to call
that form into being, nobody
to name it, and separate it
from Picasso by
believing in it.

What Picasso is expressing here becomes
absurd because there is nothing to resist him:
neither the subject, nor his awareness of reality as understood by
others.

Without such resistance the whole of Shakespeare's
Lear would be no more than a death-rattle.
If such power, as experience suggests, is
latent (though rarely released) in the simplest words, one would
like to characterize the words more
exactly. Are they the oldest? They ought to be
somehow the core of a
language, identifiable by

tracing its history backward. Mid-19th century England abounded in amiable enthusiasts for Saxon roots. The "fine old fellow / named Furnivall" (1825-1910) whose reputation is alluded to in the *Pisan Cantos* [...]; Bridges (who said of the old words 'We'll get them all back') admired Doughty, much of whose *Dmyn* of Britain Pound read aloud to Yeats one wartime winter; Doughty in turn was indebted to the *Speechcraft* (i.e. Grammar) of William Barnes, who proposed *sunprint* or *Jlameprint* to replace *photograph*, *sleepstowfo r* *dormitory*, and *pitcheso fs uchness* for degrees of comparison,

drawing always on the "wordstores of the landfolk."

Intelligence

You scoffed at the intelligence.
How can I make you play?
Under the intelligence, over the intelligence.
Just checking.
Just paying attention.

It can be found anywhere in this room.
Under the Beckett roll-on, over the Beckett roll-on.
Pas de intelligence.
D'intelligence.
I thought they were dating.

I am happy.
Victim of intelligence.
I said to give it to the boxer, and they did.
They gave the prize for the winning poem to the boxer.
Winter intelligence.

Sad intelligence.
In Rusher, they called it The Blooming Intelligence.
They knocked on the ceiling, this intelligence.
And when it was warm
They made a fine tripe stew.

Opulent thematics.
Banging intelligence, in a car.
(William Carlos Williams wrote his poems in a car.)
She passed by.
She bowed, obliquely.

Froth intelligence.
Bungee-cord stretching-like intelligence. Oh,
Piles of it.
And when it was warmer than October outside
They celebrated with one of their funny local festivals.

Like intelligence mattered to you.
It does, it does, I see.
My nickname's not Shaggy for nothing.
Because in Rusher they walk with that stooped back.

Scooped back.

Scooped back in time.

To the time of intelligence, before intelligence.

They shut out the lights in the playground.

Mother's shout is heard.

I am smoking seriously by now.

Song of the Ages

Why should I kill you? breaking
efficiency? moving
the sleeping one? why should I kill you?
Happiness is iguana necks.

Pastels on the highway floor? inflaming
weirdness? spelling errors
uncorrected? why should I kill you?
Monads fear standardization.

Porpoises in the roadblocks? a
tendency for affluence? Kill you? your
low brain log confidence?
We enjoy the same twists.

A mother on the stage? at
four a.m.? two sentences
that express separatist longings?
Some skin on that future.

Pastels on the hallway floor? inflaming
weirdness? spelling errors
uncorrected? Why should I kill you?
 A loving machine
 speaks in tongues.

The Appliance

The first of the appliances begins:
A burst of light, like from a color cube,
Diamonds reeling, green borders
On solid, culinary planes
Animate the room,
Tracing a vector outward from the appliance,

So that it becomes unwise to get near the appliance.
The freak show begins:
Hermann Droth, pococurantist insurance salesman, dances round the room
In his underwear, tracing the cube's
Paths on the floor, dizzily futzing the planes
That his sanity not bump the borders

The theory being that, were there no borders
There could be no accurate measurement of the activity of his reeling appliance.
Mercury slipped down the planes,
Collecting in puddles, in which crying begins
To be noticed, forming a cube,
A cube that will subsume the room.

You've seen those: they fill up the room
Quite quickly, incense the borders
In the other apartments, thereby affecting the whole living cube,
The refractory whims of its appliance.
One can't be bothered by snow, then. Which begins
Just when you need it. It's then that you set out for the wide planes

Of the country, its roundness, squareness, parallelograms, its planes
And circles. Droth, the sloth, talks to his room,
Preoccupied with the song that begins:
"Once upon a time, you looked so fine, but the borders..."
At times stumbling over his shoes, at others, stubbing the appliance
With his toes. He's managed to stink up the whole cube

With his suspicious, delirious caviling. No cube
Can withstand it: the seams that bind its planes
Begin to crack, or tear, whatever, detonate the appliance
That, until then, had avoided the attention, locked in the corners of the room
Sleeping stilly. It's then one appreciates borders,

But also the central areas, the pulp of reality and time, which always begins

To feel claustrophobic. It begins to feel like a small cube,

The feel of its borders like concrete planes,

Not like a room, which should fit like a leather jacket, or some such appliance.

Postlude. The appropriation of peach.

The talk deadened (reddened) the fat tethered.
lettered weather. The feather
measured mass.

In a fettered (labored) green sway
the showman waived, waved, gave (in
sure place)
no compromise.

Sure as smoke, against tides
the bored redundant spoke of high
deliberately interesting shaved
thighs.

Better to thank heaven than go bone broke blanking blather.
(A curious Flintstone
matter.)

Technologies Imagined from Impairment

A suitable boredom versus a bourgeois boredom.

“Why do I have to sweat?”

thump-thump thump-thump thump-thump

The weather report was good for Labor Day weekend. “Let’s” [the imperative] deconstructed: the goal is community, to “raise hell at the Pentagon,”

that was whispered

from across the waters,

a vague sense at the

knees,

but a vernal lack of compromise in the hissing of the vocables.

Outside the window,

the carnival workers

balanced on a monstrously sized beach ball,

devices variously, protracted stirring –

a fairly uncomfortable concern with self-health.

These values have been

rendered credible by mass

assumption. Finally,

taking vitamin C

to regard totality

with a bit of confidence.

“If you don’t have dizzy spells:

remember, there are other treatments

outside of medicines: wondering

what other people think.” More than seventy

percent of Americans suffer from

beer problems. A suitable boredom versus

an essentialism of social recursivity.

Poem

The big stilted grammar
of a tall scout will
kill you, the thrill sport
of a doubt a lot
will dread the spot, thought
matted, in a clump, on
a skull spot. Put
on the G-spot, paste
to shimmering waist
projects of the Lancelot that
manages to cede that
boogie mushroom platelet.

A No To Lean On Heart Ode: A Vengeance

We're totem... form of the Corot.

Raw-formed Senecans, disguised, self-baffed – awry –
revere it for its rocket. Egg nog, lees, whew!
– no paw ever soused Repo.

Writ far
it's all ruse;
scintillant duos' bane – is waxed id
clack retard'd allow it at oilettes' duo "si."
Snow-neck fog – Nixon et fou –
harem ethni-apt, two gill W:
Allah (sic) Aetna.

"Tiara troop it... or gonads is ma size!"
– erotic knot after
geek-row's litmus "I"
– neat knee up – a little Tonto.

Idle nilly "Ohms," it falls.

Odor: Noel.

Rabbit

had punctuation
to play with, but
no friends, deadlocked
(dad-locked)
within. Urban beefs
and coral reefs,
dichotomies only,
and spleefs to beat.
"The covering cherub,"
the "Cartesian
prejudice," all
were Telemachus juice.
What wood floors?
Blindsided by "water,"
hard as a tub,
and funny street names
uppity with light,
distractions. Woah woah
was hard to sell,
yippy or hippie or hang-
gliders in California
(Big Sure) –
calisthenics and crystals
in the soup-a-loop,
jujubes and carnations,
oblong passion! it
pits, then, sits, down.
Don' now end it,
no. A booby trap
hampered his diapered mill,
will of the will
joyous and – and –
preterdyspeptic Mozark
of the Ozarts –
Iggy Snake Child and Ham
disowned him. Pamela
disaffected him.
"Use value is the expression
of a whole meta-
physic," she said,

"Utility." (She dropped
the semi-colon.)
Palindromic sunsets
(*stesnus*, in the old sense)
wax in a dove's ear,
crewcuts, diligence
verbatim – overcooked
him. In Albany.
With a rakish tilt
to her Stetson and gait.
"Jack" this and "Jack"
that, but with a
perfectly functional coda.

Extremes of Consciousness

1.

With a lilt, and a parry, a laugh
proceeds to a well-hung conclusion
among the foliage of the Sunday
bric-a-brac. What was the game?
[Walk one two, step one two.]
*Torches stage the night, illumine
the dark tower, as the
hems of dozens of patched wools are
fingered lustlessly. So the
sanitarium applauses in the ear:
unequal circus. Able body,
what thoughts do you have of Africa?
"Bludgeon the eyes of the bureaucrat."*

2.

Cancer like sleep: she remarked that she's
quit cigarettes. *This glass of sherry
swerves into obliquer textualities.*
So the boy is perplexed. Sin
is a dilettante. Sin is a privilege
and don't you forget it.
"I am enlivening the debate." It'll all
be that. *There is a poem on radium TV?* The
very luscious prose can talk one into iniquity.

3.

That's a mouthful of pantomime
juice, a dance in the cold cuts of treaties
some cessation of instruments the
geriatric speedometer pullulates "too fond."
[That seems cautiously precise.]
Buchner rides a white horse.
Stare into the eyes of the commoners, who
approach thee ghostly, from across the
strike-populated city square of
the East German province.

Stare into the highway's diamonds
and protract – *abem* – the porous resolution.
That touches off a certain sexual salubriousness (salacity).
The dark embouchure of our social ranking.

4.

The garish marry in parish but
thrum in the cake. The poem
too long. The scholarly bits
seemed to stick out, like efforts at impressive prose,
misguided by an ear trained on Baptist speeches, or, rather,
Rosicrucianism deflected into its basest
taxonomy. The throng levitate. Nobody
hears whose words after midnight's collusions.
(Now we are really getting at the "new hermeticists," who
only have nice things to say of each other – or not
even, since they don't read, just code.) Typed up figuratively
like a laconic Rimbaud, there's hardly any
use for Maxis, if, indeed,
their barking bitch is textured to its past.
Who knows what was in the fanny?
The dark embouchure of our social ranking.

5.

This book doesn't howl with intelligence.
Poco, loco, gin-wracked cousin
– I enrage my privacy. [Satellites
of ego.]

E-mail to Miles Champion

Hop, pixel,
devil sheen
dub hog
(entitlement
a Scree
damsel up
"A now
you martyring
jejune,
lazily
+ crow talkie +
ankle jim
assed ill
yen) Pasternakilly
blue*
stencils
- above the currency:
gills.

& stone.
7 friendly 7,
(concentwate)
phenom of "us"
- the English Paisan bulls.

Humbert@
iggle.pop
tup, Nigel
34(to sheen
elope.
But the praxis (
- h! - h! -
) organically
weir strewn
hic =
raunchify
yodel pus,
Pastoral
darning quilt
guilt -
alas a tokenism

0|

is a word
of a shroom.

In the
d(a)mp of oom.

0

% dark ocean
3453424656974.32.42

Jangle the hutzpahs!

Barometer Exchange

Mister Emotion
Paging Doctor Solace
(Apter Replies
Dormant Humanities)
Single Glazed Chicken
In The Boss Quad
 Dancer's Quip
 What Smokey Shoes

Virginal Cascades
Implies Legion
(Ousting The Alibis
Unction To Spree)
Dapper Bunk
In The Poetry Slam
 Marching Sherman
 Oderless Quark Staple

A Stan A Dirk
Wondrous Presence
(On Golden Honda
Random Access Id)
Terminally Sly
Stare As Derangement
 A Sun Forest Of
 Damaging Coalition

Options Presently
And Perfect Health

...

Short, m'lady
malady, trough
scrim battle not

in terror's
brimming cadil-
lac, shorn dump

parody's all
star quiz gams
redolent, it

and the tansy
race home reactor
talent. Hype

diamond legs I
in delicate re-
poses, ana-

lyzing the sky,
scree, goals
providentially in

circuit, being
everything to me,
baby. Italy,

France, Egypt:
"countries,"
it all stems then

outward, ovid-
ian, sexy, apt
in fanslation.

Lucky for you I
I you for lucky
you lucky for I

in Italy, testing
water, dumping
minerals, hate-

wracked and jealous.
Beste Freundin,
tag it to me, take

all, ill duped
I am in the coup
seville, civil, or-

dinary, and not
so cheap, veggies
tabling my wares and

staring. Glee
has a foot: you
snare it up and ware

with it, in awe
to the effervescent
high low of scone

sugars: because
of the vagrant stench
in the room, I you

leave with submission,
laughing green dues,

Cheqw!

– Cheqw!

of such store credits, of kong footsy
the whale white onits holster, handheld itls

toulouse man guts' got out
his men had pissed uunder the dropped fates
when he wizzed "Attica Attica", a shoddy
thistle of Kung or Confusion, and of "Shilock his further
Yo Yo reduced

orpheus oand tuxes
Tootsey thought it bad-in-ass
(and ten page frickn' poem)
and jousting, curled herself with the Umpire ("my accidnet")
the "Emprop of the Occidnet"

brian wok
pollen idem

and Tchang-tchanges (tch tch changes) turn...
SOus-tsin (i'm copying this) murmuring ruckus, wirred
project gnader... 3388 did KOng's unc's fang
("not exactly a ball of laughs, I mmena bundle of yarns...") that damn...
Greed, murder, jealousy, taxes, and dominions....
reupsfraizianation
nor swing drifters neither, no – neither, Tahis nor Nahon hom (muldoon)

Bargain

I don't want to bargain with the haddock.
"Simply confine, that's standard
in practices like this, don't mind
the eye / in the globe / that rises / out
your window. Paranoia punks a check,
in the thirty-floor walk-up, the
ice is delivered coldly, without deterrents.
Her name was Sue. His was Warlock.
After that, we had a game of hearts – card sharks,
that is, Texas steel." So I abate:
but unlucky as ever, and incontinent. ·
My journey to the Orkneys / fomented disinterest,
so New York *schlaffs* (sleeps).
I wonder... (three years in preparation,
the Epic just rolled off his lips, as
the daughters all rallied with his packing slips,
and mustered Eden. A virgin:
she's also a bibliophile, and a solid addition.
But that's before the death of Kim,
observed in all the hearts of the aristocrats.
Enough about." Me, what do you think of
me? "Gloomy. Scopocratic.
Kind of like a pile-driver when it comes to sentences.
That's not final, by the way. You
can still resist –
"And he has! one Sunday morning...
bologna, tea cups, all that's yummy, and
more, in a big sweaty pile. With cries to Thor
and Isis, and the other blokes from Hitchcock's
Theatre – "it's a game! I feel it!
Aunty Hummer would have never thought to just
'say goodbye,' not mix the beans, so to speak.
I'm silent. You're a version of Styx.
A pause... that's Rosy, but a better man
was Kim. Can't we go light the candles now?"
A slight gust... and the cards tumbled to flatness.