

The background is a collage of images. The top portion shows a close-up of a person's face wearing black goggles, with a blue and white bubbly texture. The bottom portion shows a person in a red swimsuit swimming in blue water, also wearing goggles. A white text box with a red border is overlaid on the top image.

Versuche: 17

**Three From Solitary
[1993-2000]**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But how can satire stand without the moral sanction? you may ask. For satire can only exist *in contrast* to something else -- it is a shadow, and an ugly shadow at that, of some perfection. Potatoes with drippings (tears). And it is so disagreeable, and so painful -- at least in the austere sense (anarchy, stereo diplomacy) in which we appear to be defining it here -- that no one would pursue it *for its own sake* (zygote punk) or take up the occupation (Rudy slurp, dymaxion) of satirist unless compelled to do so out of indignation at the coto-cultural, critical, quotable lovely lavender syllable spectacle of the neglect of beauty -- hankie celerity -- and virtue. That is, I think, the sort of object that, at this point, we should expect to have to meet. Pop culture is about pain, a violent sensorium.

Dizzy. Dizzier. Dizziest.

It was often generously awful.

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

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

The rabbit sex.

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

I think my head shrinks a little
In this indoor stadium.

I am. . .

The mike is getting bigger.
And I have to tighten it.

-- Phil Rizzuto

Ice, I can't stand it.

I cannot stand anything
Cold on my body.

-- Phil Rizzuto

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

-- Phil Rizzuto

The whole function of the artist in the world is to be a seeing (mechanics degree) and feeling (spleen energetics) creature; to be an instrument of such tenderness and sensitiveness, that no shadow, no hue, no line, no instantaneous and gouging, famine-producing, jaundice-spreading evanescent expression of the visible things around him, nor any of the emotions -- drops drops drops -- which they (Elysium is downsizing: stalls like teen courage) are capable of conveying to the spirit which has been given (kudos!) him, shall either be left unrecorded (position 2), or fade from the book of fetishism (record). Dueling parentheses -- gerund green. It is not his business either to think, to judge, to argue, or to know. That's cause he's sick. He hasn't yet reconciled his opposites -- cheap and scattered pejoratives. Spelt (spilt) -- some old thoughts coupled with a smooth verb. His place is neither in the closet, nor on the bench, nor (Fortuna an indifferent goddess) at the bar, nor -- as opposed to "Legend" -- in the library. They are for other men, and other work -- other arrests, other dupes. Hiccups, and he's cured. He may think, in a by-way; reason, now and then, when he has nothing better to do; build on verisimilitudes: "roots splendor / boots render"; know, such fragments of knowledge as he can gather without stooping -- "The study of non-elephant animals", for a combined total of ablablablablablaaa -- or reach without pains (tears); but none of these things are to be his care. Like gold to airy thinness beat, the work of his life -- more e-mail than male -- is to be (exaggerate!) two-fold only: to see, to feel -- make petard, retard affably.

Rather than beauty
and understanding
redundancy and bigotry.

Lend me to your leader.

Will you be the
Boswell

to my Scro-
fuel-la?

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

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

muscle-headed
freaks
of some rain

but is a heroic poem of its sort, rhymed or (sportive sparring) unrhymed. Silence is deep as Eternity, speech is shallow as Time. To the very last, he [Napoleon] had a kind of idea; that, namely, of *la carrière ouverte aux talents* -- produce the Winnebago, motivate the revolution. Blessed is the healthy nature; it is the coherent, sweetly co-operative, not incoherent, self-distracting, self-

destructive one! "'Milieu' therapy would involve a revolution in our culture" -- or several books on Cubism. Or three sizes too large. Or a sort of false earnestness about manners. Or a very convincing drag queen. **The uttered part of a man's life, let us always repeat, bears to the unuttered, unconscious part a small unknown proportion (butt of this joke = Alsatian hounds). He himself never knows it, much less do others. Literature is the Thought of thinking Souls.**

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

Practically thinking off the top of my head.

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

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

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

I hear a banging on the door of the night
Buzz, buzz; buzz buzz; buzz, buzz
If you open the door does it let in light?
Buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz; buzz, buzz.

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

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

In books lies the soul of the whole Past Time: the articulate audible voice of the Past -- getting with the flow -- only the anthology is real (mealy gardens with facile toads in them) -- when the body and material substance of it has altogether vanished like a dream -- brilliant brandies. The true University of these days is a Collection of Books. One life,--a little gleam of time between two Eternities. Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man -- Sarraute! (May 29, 1996) -- but for one man who can stand prosperity there are a hundred on the verge of a new delicious that will stand adversity. Am I just evil threats?

Clean cylinder.
Clean hood.

Clean piece of writing.

Minority Content. (content minority)

THE GIDDY APOSTROPHE

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

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

Hemistiche.

Alimentary resolve.

Generosity's spittoons.

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

Somehow, it gets to my mailbox.

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

Oh, sorry. You're always making fun of me. Stop making fun of me.

I was cross-eyed, and you my cross.
(Flips page).

Oh, you were cross-eyed, and I, your cross.

Close Encounters with Neuralgias of the Third Kind.

"If he had had all Peru in his pocket, he would certainly have given it to this dancer; but Gringoire had not Peru in his pocket, and besides, America was not yet discovered."

That was a stylistic inhibition.

A puck in his pants.

But we'll see how he remembers.

If such a parody is forthcoming.

The dives.

There's such a lack.

This story is plastic, predictable.

Which is what plastic should never be.

You tell 'em!

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

Plastic's not right.

Oh, maybe, chartreuse?

He's like a suede rodent.

But cute.

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

Now, now, be my confidante.

Your query?

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

But he

wants to send it all to hell.

In a handbasket.

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

Just puns.

I know, but so eventful!

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

You either hide, or seek.

Most of us are hiding.

Should it be that way?

I would have to say: lasagna.

And again, if I asked again?

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

Like a pair of dudes in Milan.

Like the forged Da Vinci you come from, Proteus.

Mary.

Proteus Mary, of the diffident smile.

And you my little halo.

And concubine.

We are certainly not there yet!

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

You've swum the refuse?

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

Huh?

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

I am bored by word origins.

I am whored by fruits.

You were the victim of a snapshot.

And now, I'm the co-star.

(Together) Forever.

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

To the penitentiary!

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

Baubles & Dingleberries

Erotism rhymes w/
Margaret every fashion Sunday
corrections
made to the pronunciation
of Laotians: blue, purple, green
aggravations of government that
 portend future dates
w/ vanity
 — I can't ignore the punctuation
of gentlemen who wait in the station shouting blanks
this war
 will never end — she's lost two sons already to the
mob w/ auto-
matic pleats who never had the nerve
to ask for a second helping of physical comedy, & never spoke of
 the after-spirits of tastes

It's very
nice
we are almost
at the top of
the
sequence of stars
there is a lively
one gone AWOL
to Minnesota
where several poets have died
but only a few
of them
were named Jack Canopy
umbrellas are
my favorite things to chastise
a dog with
on sloping lapwings
when the skyline
is toward the east & the hemlines
— don't let me say that joke again I am
almost in love
w/ the privilege
that brings your shy legs
to me
in the simulacral Hamptons
the shattered
wrists of your economy
wondering how this idiot
got here clearly holding his breath
— for ardor

I would say that
we are almost tired of
Christmas
growing old when
the galaxies were invented
we didn't mind them, too
but that was
the day Alexander
Pope
found a heap of orphans
in the pathways under his heart
garden in the alternate universes of late-
night television
 rendered opaque
by artless close-captioning — thus, we love
anyway,
never tiring of the prism
of snaking letters at the head of every
sentiment — every song that goes
 on stage unrehearsed
w/ battering applause
from the paupers' rows
 somehow rendering it all back

The

 revolution of the middle
class will not be
televised
but preserved on Caucasian
disks for millennia in several
hundred 96-page books

 of limp
poetry w/
titles right out of
Christian songbooks circa
1975 Australia we pledge
allegiance to the
 drag of tired instincts w/
victuals served up each night
by bombers'
wives in ashtrays an entire
calendar's worth of

 metered doses and, of course, poetry
advice columns

w/ assurances of sought votes
 in over-

confidence — I failed to be annoyed, yes,
nearly forgot

 to cough when
the pollen entered the nostril — when the policeman entertained
thoughts of annual events for elected
suicides & there were
wallets beneath every basket case

They say you had
an idea my arthritic
double that brings it
all back to you
buried beneath the austerity
suggesting a charity
— once or twice
is almost a career “choking”
(in medieval Los Angeles
they used to call it) fail
one last time the fireworks
could bystand quite
innocently and watch one
in collusion w/ mediocrity
a cultish, ritual necessity
— so slow you are
paralyzed and hiding here
tracks of the lime sky fluxus night

That was a way to start a poem
in 1963 we barely knew
how to use words then — when
the traveler
stopped,
he learned how to spell “egges” and “shoppe”
in the local style w/ a
Cossack for a backdrop
trying to market the good word of
God
like a Williamsburg Elmar Gantry but this time
w/ promises of increased penetration, um,
the market type
to ambient salsa music
— in
the offices of all
the rural bodegas she took a nap
dreaming of floating Africa
as if it were never there

Who could I love if my
youth was this
violence throat
hands pishy
pishy nights green blue
windowsill best
friend's Catholic
sister the
Grapones, all
of them palsied for my blood
or brood
 — nationalism's shotgun
temper
 looking for another
mind in last year's immigrant
crew
 — a
friend from a different era
in a galaxy far far away, said
he preferred my Jean-Paul Satre style to my
greasy Johnny
 Depp — I agree
but for the taint of my pleasure

& the salt of my wandering eye on this book

Selections from "Miss Prison"

a work in progress

i think

the rules of sex are hell for you * the
games and kinds, schools, minds, schooled
minds * think it bad * think it's nuts for
you * waking and waiting * watching,
baiting * fating, berating * someone a
trouble other than * true * tools fools,
cool-hinds * think it's fright for you *
wanting and fonting * hell it's a nightmare
the crass and unlikely zeroing up to the
doorstep, streetlamp and pedants, pede-
strians, cringing in their night

coats, coasts of the sublime in roller
sneakers, peekers, only seekers and a
word offered like a dime or chip off the
data

block, sock (of the eye), high, the relish,
judgement, covenant, repugnant, pungent,
hovering lovin' it husband, larks and
starts, farts, tarts hearty-harr in the
windows of incandescent

time

it's no * it's no *

the screen that is a scream o miss
prison long ago in the since-

test *

a well for you * a tell for you * that the []
is trusted to be beyond the .

the screen that is a scream o miss prison
long ago in the since-
test *
a well for you

there sleeps in the doorways of this city the entire immigrant population of a country recently denied of trees * how, do you ask, does the entire population of a country abandon a homeland even a homeland desiccated to up and populate a city whose name is unavailable to their language * of trees *

of the city and its new mind the president has issued a declaration that is presently a tissue in the verbatim of the public mind * of trees *

there existed a wise man in this homeland ancient that he was who could cull from the facade of a building the entire history of its occupants and name them one by one as if ~~they were each of the roots of the oldest tree~~ * *could the blossom of the banner of the*

once was written a prayer on the forehead of a ghost that no one believed belonged there but whom was nevertheless fed a diet of seeds and dice until the youngest grew up to be strong the oldest grew to be tired that read that a ship will sail to every coast with another prayer that would be revised subtly to intoxicate the richest of the rich and poorest of the poor and that soon you would not be needing me * anymore

did you find a use?

in the time the warden was motionly
bankrupt * dangling on a pear * the *richt*
the *wahrheit* the bluto luggish morning a *
serpentine descent * even foundering, even-
ing sounding the reading of after-hours or
toes, snows, tones of the chrysalist, yet
honoring the native * scent, and steaming

in the entreaty * bland as a singer's
stare, the fine and file languishing over the
turked key, the wondrous heightening * of
tile * of

course I found a
useused

to the way the sky tears the spit the
seeds of this the major temper of that our
living leaving lost losing the major's ghost
coast counting country the gram attical *
stinging pike like-hike the reign of these our
days myriad in the wonder/meant desolate
in skies' lies in and on and never to be told
like caustic in the coroner's thighs crosstic
in the which winch the be ratable coapsible
con flatable political

divine

marry me

divorce the horse!

marry me first, then I'll

and they say the light will lover
 causic on the prince's sands
 ankle deepen, ankle divide and deepen
 plangent and retro
 the roaring wild flam/dingoes its semi-
 nars/good and of good sense
 the crisis creepers, mob
 attribute c'reers
 pain in its precinct pains the pre/fixed
 dict formalhied genitalia * communists
 credit * edited with whims, ant
 hollery in the two step march * do-step *
 recourse into the/action, migraine enter-
 taining * discourse retraction, compense/
 sense
 you who were with me and adored me the
 syllables then granged then flee *
 you who cried in the carriage/myth fig-
 ures and put down stets
 you, flostered
 you who can't can can can't call/swarm
lichenlicht
 domonstrate
 the domestic grading alibis of sons in
 suburban tenements/tearums with predis-
 position toward spam
 engendered in the freierlight
 dated at the prom

well you tell him to come to me
and see if we can't figure this out * cous-
ins crap careers and flangering wren/ts
and tell him the forced course/course of
his graining matrimony granting (favorite
wurd) thince thins since in his wired ass do
up hair/ding
dung of a matter... I am really wanting to
speak to him
yet straighten him all
out *
the credit he ne'er do well to contemplate
drinks plinks in the fount of a event essened
yout' * he's creat-
ure's a compromise
dawning at the hilt *
the worried and somnambulant brass
worried he's tossed for the radium boss tol'
me shrank for the melody
whole hole geranium high/arch he and
you/art then in the groom roomed doomed
downed/ascent Robin in a hit
charade *
tell him I am here:
the leaves boil in the teas of the yucca and
the brain of the calf *
tell him to get his pansy hog's ass out of
the circulator

how often I've masturbated
to your falling rain

we were coming back from a movie it was
very dark the movie starred Keanu Reeves
and his recently deceased cohort who had
recently passed away blew us away I know
there is a song about this in that poorly
distributed chapbook

of the stars
and you in the spoken
raciness of the cribbage of the streets
and your claws *

there is a circuitboard one cannot, will
not, describe

it fits the fickle entreaty of these avenues
of tears that it will declare ceremonious
provided the scholars historians preachers
of the misery those monks of divorce/
matrimony speak their words have their say
dream in the hark-tech arborium

re: masturbation

framed vagrant * gorse kvetch

you though you understand you were not
even present not even there but the conver-
sation the metaphor the silence came to you
you who but the mountain you who but mar a
mare who but the word

that brained an image

the screen that is a scream o miss prison
long ago in the since-
test *

what thoughts I have of you tonight and the
things I want to steal o liberal consumer
that your ashes are my ashes and my throat
one with yours as we kiss french style in
the veranda of this our town turning ever
orange ever dark/darkening and ever into
the perfect tense/dish that we mutually
prepared though agree is not worth paying
our money

for * nor our diets

happenstance that is crystalization of all
I've aspired too though you sit here/there
grinning feebly in the waning light o do your
daughters speak so well of you as I do and
do the dirt and shards of that your shoes
adopt o ever determinating shoes-in-shoes
that are the emblem of my success the
record of your the heights and minds the
loyal dogs of yore the dauntless enterprise
o do you collect these artifacts riches these
gold as I collect these scattering impres-
sions

of you * my frere

I am wanting a little

more * there

do I continue?

itineraries are in your eyes, magics in

the card * o career of landsacks!

there sleeps in the doorways of this city the entire immigrant population of a country recently denied of trees * how, do you ask, does the entire population of a country abandon a homeland even a homeland desiccated to up and populate a city whose name is unavailable to their language * of trees *

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(Miss Prison)

what thoughts I have of you tonight and the
things I want to steal o liberal consumer
that your ashes are my ashes and my throat
one with yours as we kiss french-style in
the veranda of this our town turning ever
orange ever dark/darkening and ever into
the perfect tense/dish that we mutually
prepared though agree is not worth paying
our money

for * nor our diets

happenstance that is crystallization of all
I've aspired too though you sit here/there
grinning feebly in the waning light o do your
daughters speak so well of you as I do and
do the dirt and shards of that your shoes
adopt o ever determinating shoes-in-shoes
that are the emblem of my success the
record of your the heights and minds the
loyal dogs of yore the dauntless enterprise
o do you collect these artifacts riches these
golds as I collect these scattering impres-
sions

of you * my frere

I am wanting a little

more * there

do I continue?

itineraries are in your eyes, magics in

the card * o career of landsacks!

(Miss Prison)

there in the magazine with the covers
turned down of the books and the cristance
submerged within the variety of its own
common good sense

there in the tohu-bohu of depleted re-
source enervated lichtany musician histor-
economy o how the sea and the see o the
scene and the photograph divorced meat/
horsed morsed from the neigh/bor's in-
telligent third life/

raisor of the daughter
of the real estate broker,

Magazine will spend most its indolent
Sundays

in the mall *

o do not you worry the time is spent well
the crowds in abeyance in abeyance the
grunching crowds

on Fridays *

the story unfolds to halve a suitor, pale
with a/dreams that are kept within the thin
sire/light of the hold that he holes wholes
hoses/ knows is the tremble conscious

of the stallion/a

rapscallion

he's the critical divide

between poetry and enforced gents *

'at intergene in which his * comix/appear