



Versuche: 06

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

Set One



Oedipal 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 morning”
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, depositing
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 acetylene”
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.

Common muscle
unexpected me.

Dancing, breathing
eloquence of interior.

Cave entire.
Scrabble dearly.

Unprotected
artery (with difficulty)

everywhere
present. Lapping.

Esperanto
siamese.

Old old
to be
scum
yield-

ing
a temper-
ment
sky hi.

Dirt
fan in
on bun
tofused.

Big-
inning,
tru-
batter,

yo guy
in dry
affability,
so

young!
hip-
on top
of us,

real
wed, skull
skill
dreamt.

Iffy.

is to
story
boring,

yammer
hammer,
BU
BO,

such
that fit
up ducks
valuejests.

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.

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.

Is he a
forager? or
timorous... plink
go those

lights.
Semblance: halls,
mirrors,
bedrooms,

the blueprint
(flat
against a
wall, a

hurt slab
of cold cuts)
nichts.
Lie down,

smile, clown.
Oswald parenting?
Devices
spin, inside

the marred
strategy,
metaphoric
alibis... swarm

like starry
day-
care... radiant,
the party

crusts.

Bust solemn.
Lapidary
insinu-

ations... walk
of minors.
Video shins?
Rind bottoms?

that...
animate
the Sitzplatz,
wash false

synapse
nodes. It's
charity:
crabbily,

stung tons, un-
fathom-
able, full
fooled license:

agit-smut.

Only so far, to take
the agitation symphony.
Broke bones like bean paste
has got him down, free

expression in the glide and
entrapment, flight
unvalued: pulped trip and
corrugated height.

Orchestra's strings agree
on sure, green things:
that batons from balconies
are cinematic harrowings

of critical disingenuousness,
the siphon flocks that
stock bought distress
(or pass the hat)

suffering no defenses
grounded in curt, wounded
paralysis: that sense
of immunity sounded

arrogance: in social ears,
in feathered guts. He reads:
hiccoughs a career
from the drumming creeds.

City's minions mutterings,
the alchemist's forte
from hoar surroundings,
the legitimate retorts

fluttering the window,

as if a dial knew him
like a scholar's mask endows
kids with feelings. Dim

in the warm alleyways of
biography: the gait
of a nether-gathering love
folding within the height.

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.

Set Two



Poem

Hal-
f the shit
is real-
ly
bad.
Badly.

*

Madonna doesn't
wanna be the
"Maternal Girl"
'cause they are all un-

happy, chil-
dren of married
parents, and
divorce should be

socialized:
all parents should
fly, frank and
merry, undepartmental-

ized, solo
into TV night
like a pop star
admired from afar.

*

In his
impatience (he was
really
angry) –

stocked up
on reds
of wine
and blood –

he
flew! (ar-
rogantly,
but like an

ar-
row, bursting)
to no
new know-

ledge.

*

I can't imagine,
child-like, in bed
to rise, run
fathomless

rose clouds, crystal
veins split,
as factual as
arithmetic

curses for cities,
sonorous, snot
blood dried hysteric

like a Christian
on methane,
or an acrobat,
or an androgyne.

*

The penis
is presumed innocent
until slightly guilty.

Little Guts

It's lower in the House,
it's higher on the Wall,

oh, who will come to tell them
when I have told them all?

Because I have got a hemorrhoid
and am in another war.

*

God bless the husband
God bless the children
God bless the nation
God bless the filling station

God bless Gerard Manley Hopkins
God bless diseases
God bless this mission
God bless your sessions

God bless dissenters
God bless Prime Ministers
God bless predicates
God bless bleacher creatures

God bless your senses
Centuries of it
Uncoiling in chip sets
Which are now inexpensive

*

By the power of whimsy learning

to speak, by the
gusts of wind implicit
in just the wrong words..

We can just transcribe
and be alive
as artists of doggerel
that is "material."

But I talks to You just as
I do with you,
in variable peace, and
physical integrity.

*

12 buckle my shoe
3 4 buckle my shoe
5 6 buckle my shoe
7 8 buckle my shoe

*

Who isn't sleeping
is standing.

Dull radar.
Little guts.

Our Trek

Garbo to home base:
trekking somnolent
amid the defining disgrace
of the historical moment.

Lou Grant to Mary:
rocket's profoundly
tracking rightward, scarily
circling roundly.

Captain Kangaroo to
Geraldo Rivera: sinking
ships to rescue
still, in private thinking.

Kirk to Spock: specks
pummel the windshield
spidering these fallopian treks;
they will not yield.

Each

Each
torque – it's not
the write
word, it's

speech
work – so hot
it's light
sword, fit

break,
fork – or wrought
insight
chord, pit's

peach
lord – one out
ofsight's
park, grip's

reach.
Sore – or not –
it's quite
bored, it's

peaked
more (once it,
outside,
toured) hits

freak
joys. Found out,
it fights
– gored, beat.

Self-Replicating

Self-replicating
impossibilities
of closure:
contentment with

sanitations
of confessional
gestures,
that are cornered

angular, athletic,
reliquaries
of achieved relief.
The palette

thins into
impressionistic
quarantines:
no prophet enters

(a mother or
professor) to
argue against the
fragment-by-fragment

architectures,
useless for the
incurability
of a thirteen-ringed

circus: pale
as any romantic
moon, stippled
as any modernist

“perceived ” ocean,
the sheet is yet hungry
(one thinks)
for deciding moments,

ethical applauses
shored against,
again, the arrest
of perfection: panic.

Screamplay

Self-worth struggles
in the spires of aspartame;
she desists,
crumbles the samovar iron,

the royalty insistence
of a sky chugging champagne,
a faulty purse;
we pout;

gourds beating
stakes into the ground
of a leveler's symptomatics:
Ballet carnival, .

the stroke's gold;
meager
the rat cancer corners what
makes the young man tick,

slick, jock
who defers
on scatological issues,
hampered by no nunnery business

– furs, drapes, chamomile,
the whole list, it's
friction;
fiction hocks its rolodex,

the first bidder, thence, striking
across the horizon, is
a stampede;
is the god who kissed

the carcinogenic sky
with the promiscuousness of its sex.

Anti-sonnet

If her breasts are arctic flowers,
shoulders tropical buffaloes, and she's
quite happy to be the from runner
three years prior to the election,

and we wonder what an Afro-Arcadian is,
what rheumy depth steeps therein,
and we wonder of towels and Ensor's skates,
and we wonder of the "vaginal pastoral," who

can say this ain't a decent country,
this is a cloud in the shape of Elvis Presley,
this is a torment, this is a boat

long since vacated by rabid Jesuits, and
what fantasies exist in the heart,
these eddies of thought not contagious?

Aver

Take the
sharpnesses,
railleries

separated
from som-
nolent dis-

courses:
the pikes and
bruises of

pummelings
gleaned
out of night

“streaky,
weird” in
its myopia

that tie
the hands,
cuff feet to

paragraphs
and mimes,
imitations

of object-
ivity, but
just divorces

from engage-
ments on

word level,

the graphemes
that pick
noses, like

pitchforks
scandalizing
friendship,

sanitations
arguing
indecenty.

On the Air

These weren't opposites
somewhere – they're quite clear
ly just thinking
and don't reflect You.

I couldn't be so strident
naming the animals or brusque
ly directing traffic;
it's really all quite provisional,

these ideas – their degenerate
cousins are these words
reminding me of what I real
ly fear: a wordless suspicion

in you. And so I bring them to you
and describe them by sounding the
ir heights with strategies
which are old, which We make new.

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.

Set Three



Ruse

To return
second 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-

ament
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 nugats
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.

This is our own story, with beginning and end. Who tries
to make a farce of it, tells us we're troubled, infants, jerks –
that has been the standard experience of each new
generation, just getting

on. But we're wary (or should be) of such oppositions. And
keep
gurgling our nonsense until its age, its clamor, resounds
in the empty volume of this gymnasium that we've been
aligned within.

Resources
(discussing).

The new structuralism
cannot un-warp
perversion's singularity.

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.

Apoplexy

Can't I
curse any
longer,
two words less

to
say, and fast
approaching
my muteness

– which
itself will
struggle
with signature.

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.

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 –

Autonomy

It's getting (oh my)
colder, dark, dustier, the
floors quite rotten,
blankets soaked, eggs
stale, (farewell!)

cigarettes desisting
their arguable pleasures,
foot struck, dumb,
by ice, hole, splinter,
floors rotten, blankets soaked, oh

hell! (it's sometimes
called, when a tap, a kiss, on
the cheek, of a – you knew! –
lesbian produces stares
back from her!) intense

experience of having
to manufacture (deduce) one's
own manners: this apt
code only struggling
piecemeal from luxuries

collapsed, the shattering
body: floors smashed (bring
in the neighbors), blankets
yoked (the odors!) all
for the grand autonomy.

Portrait

The
mind, on
her,

insists
the
room's

empty.

Pearl

Step by greedy
step, a pearl
in oyster,
a thimble kid

sax logiced
in hermetic
rare accumula-
tions, that

girl who is
a cousin (to
this burgeoning
love of earth,

this diamond
kinship)
stop by needy
stop, matures

into suspect
decencies: she
Calibantering,
runs scales

that proffer her
alienation,
curses the
wind, and that

it smother her,
courts the
snow: was never,
it seems,

young, now
“interested in
poetry” will
drain that vo-

cabulary, too,
for desparte
codes, vengeful
on the dotted

line: dramatically,
she will stand
above and out
bare and stamping

a name in
stones, softness
having left
her, already

thumbing her hunger
for the smart earth.

Williamsburg (Confession)

I am not
polite
with the
Korean

grocers,
who
I suspect, un-
civilly,

of
charging
too much
for groceries, as

I
look
at bargains
in peanuts.

Wanna Go

Wanna go:
a stripling
barfs,
the wide
wild dyed

field,
unknown,
varicose.
It chimes:
slathering

all over
the mitt:
real
pulls
into high

adventure.
Talkies
surround
like lips
of letters.

Wake,
waking:
reflections
tripled,
a see

to the see
to the see,
breaking
where once was

only stone.

Winter
now: he
treks
to the
train, bus,

shit happy ·
in unstandard
goals,
limbered
in private

for kicks
of the trade.

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.