



Versuche: 09

**Alpha Betty's Chronicles
(Naked)
[1998]**

ALPHA BETTY'S CHRONICLES

A story in which the dialect spoken
was just a matter of t ypos that
had become habitual. able

affadavit agent
appearance

apple astroturf breath chu rn

crank
effort figure
fine
fink gin
glum g ranted heave
lichened
ligature
loathe
market
model
ontario
oust outta

piazza pus scenario sen orita

since
sine
toe variety

0.

And takes it all back not long after
saying it.

(The Body Bui lder).

They
shine when they shit, and the papers
a re all over it.
He shines when
he shits.

1.

Anxious big hair on the back
cover photo of Marjorie Perloff's R adical
Artifice. Art Exhibition: "The
Essay o n William's" including rubber
breasts hanging form the wall,
fresh apples imported from
upstate New York dai ly, a
dada-istic nailed together
construct to illustrate the construction
of one of his poems. Nude descending staircas e
with tape recording of just
the right kind of laughter, snotty
looking French artists perambulating
throughout the gallery, a dead sparrow
smashed against the fl oor.

2.

Bane of
my resistance...

3.

Because People
don' t have imagination.
None
of them. And Now They're
sleepin g
My typewriter is
loud as a gerhawk. Be ing a lover
of punctuation, and such.
Em //
bottle rocke t, splice
the
decades back together, into

a banner of rar e insight, run
it past the
shores, adverti se

it's ladies night, drop the bombs
in t he sand castles of insecurities,

tell them , Home. breakhavoc
wunch hazingritual strap count er
standarddemise logarithm

Sort of a soporfilic
granted, snitching

on the wonder boy lasts
as long as
fratricide as a debatable go currency.

You have no allies, and the doctors
are sick o f you. Bull! I

threw the
clock a- gainst
the
wall,
i t's lying,
it's cold.

Just inhuman. Reducin g

4.

my green

house issue, I'm
opening up wide

into the field, I'm

5.

no longer
sleeping.
I'm off
to work.

6.

Chapter
on reading an academic text on the
"Snoopy Dog."

7.

Chinese guy who writes,
with the other staff, obscene
things on the receipts at the restaurant
in Chinese to this customers. They admire
him for his learning... Paragraph of
stalled sentences. Guy who approaches
dogs on the streets as they are in specting
parking meters and trees,
etc., and encourages them with
their selection. She wasn't
able to be proud of her son's knowledge,
because, when he finally displayed it,
in a large novel about Korea, familiarly relations,
how it was, he got it all wrong.
He was an American, that's all,
which spoiled him. Hypoglycemia,
always humbling... Not a good
Jesuit, he had plain prose....his
Latin clipboard left at home.
Part about standing up for the mushy
poetry of the New Yorker, "There isn't
a line in all of your Pynchon as
pure as that -- why isn't it good
enough to just record anymore?"
Circle, square,
possible, a
passage - search exhaustive,
exhumes no
fossilized alembic,
alchemist fort. Coffee, smokes,
stale
rhythms elevating me from
the bed, in -
to simple controversies,
little
stable.
The hilarious
fail
to call, derisiveness
having taken over for gut appreciations;
BQE, bills, blather- ing
incessantly - hunger substituting

for orthodox cognitio n,
- standard
ills.

8.

Cross legged, in
a chec ker

suite,
suit of harshland,
all graphed,
s tood up for
the
crucifix, the rent to b e
paid. Dapple dawn drawn

great generator
of teen age
starlets.

9.

Divorce

from the
mob, "man
on th e
street,"
now, circling over Born-
eo, with laugh -
ter one
knew when
you lived.
(for
Timothy Lear y) Doesn't it come
as
easy, as last night, when
you
were young?
Vicious
turntable
of life:
that speed a t which
we kill real possibility
with
drink and knives carving
the meat... a sup of flesh

deter-
rants,
waiting for
the rescue. These cinematic
ways
always betra y, just betray
any thought of revision.

10.

ELEMENTARY BUDDHISM

Strike
a match, a pun in the wind, the window
pain. The stitch elegant against splitti ng,

a
 suture, a way of
 sitting,
 a winning. Boy, they say, play play
 until the tremors go away: I
 don't know, don't
 care to
 know, now. This is the wind speaking

 - echoing, state to sta te.
 This is the crime oblivious,
 the fright
 elastic - and signs

 curve me ever inward, puck's
 bala nce,
 talentless.
 These chords
 of connective tissue that I o rdered in
 the mail, wrapped in preserving elastic,

 starved in their institution;
 pronouncing it s final
 syllables of revolution -

 with a doctorate or a general
 acceptance, with- in doctrine,
 these chor ds are not vibrating,
 they've stopped, placating.
 And all the truths are relevant
 dragging a desper ate mile through
 bogs of shit and temperame nts that
 argue for, or against, style.
 The se
 truths, we've come to believe
 are hardly material,
 but on ly gaseous,
 or like some lump sum that neve r approaches,
 from its third realm, the physical.

 In
 its condom: striking
 a match, a pun.
 The raw,
 th e unrefined
 find again in the
 cooked mind, a
 way to sleep, slip happy

 domestic in a challengin g way, a
 map against all becoming. Calm, he
 wipes i t down, clean again.

11.

Exhaustion,
 mama,
 baby baked faces ricochet across
 the surf, bland, bla thering details...
 another Cola
 Sunday , and can
 you believe he's tired! Cert ainly,
 a little annoyed with the
 sun and his vein s dry as
 an August stream.
 But the
 beating heart k nows its

weather,
 knows to operate fitfully
 when there
 i s little to resist. Dread, as Dreas,
 as
 the h ands the hands
 run, onrun, on
 their own their own
 shaking shaking
 momentum momentum
 toward death,
 or fun toward death or some
 fun
 that is that is
 useless,
 useless,
 dumb,
 uncivil. dumb, and
 uncivi l.

12.

Frigid blanks:

pull out the teeth of t his-
 grunt, whistle,
 shine, ships...
 there needy fin gers
 aren' t pushed through the walls...

not try ing to touch yr
 breasts... valentine
 for you. I tried to write

a song, a poem but found the
 ground around the
 door still
 hard...

no sprouts, no ta ters,
 nothing for Mr. Mom. Fu Wen
 contemplat ed the workplace.
 Crammed, crabby,
 crapped , credulous. Fuck Greg Masters
 if he doe sn't like my magazine.
 Funny how they don't g et along.

The funny dog, the funny
 loan
 the seagull. Pro active, Grisham
 watcher stuck in stark darn
 they procrastinate. funnily.
 The rare co mbines
 something
 about Niagara Falls and m ercenary
 hours. Funny how the latter
 keeps re turning, for more punches.
 docks,
 rollov ers. dramatic.

stands equal to what you were
 mentioning -
 the creepers, the vines,
 the tendrils. Bunny funny - that's

like a drop

this igloo skink
fur pantomime , running out the
door to the apartment in the country.
Basically, they don't get along. Gratuitous
sex and violence, plenty of it. Give
me a joy, a lot of
luck in

developing soft-
ware conclusi ons.

Give me liberty,
light, all
sorts
of honors, o r
take me to
bed.
With you. Now that' s an honor.

Hairy. Ab-
stract.
Perfect inconclusive.
Go vernment job procreation
programs
- the initiati ve is
active, streaming the masses
into their cordoned lives
(codeined "projet noir" dissing
simulations)
- thous ands of pulses
like this have come in, since
we started the rotary, what
we anticipated
in several previous gauze s - 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
- s he said "school"
and the
old, the good things in
"th e new generation"
needing people like t hat
(her French was terrible):
she plans to use th e job to
build a will, and
- not true,
says the Head of Forecast.

Three
and half billion dollars, or fifty,
o r
less have gone in (Cornelius, it's
usef ul) toward the laugh line solution.
Parsons
hailed the program,
and this is Mark Chase with
fl ute-bedeveled news, in the morning
- it's 7:23 am. Or, "twen ty-nine minutes
past the hour." Now available on CD-Rim.
Hast y pudding or pudenda?

Like a house in Williamsburg

- one
foot, two feet, one
foot, two feet -

the velcro rips

off, the
leika (lens)
— pure vide o
—

one is so dissatisfied,

he croa ks.
Stand up on a (1
2 3 4)
ledge by
the rive r — on the
banks the bud blows. The punks
exchange
blo ws. 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.
Cani ne
birch? — Itch.

13.

Have you kissed
a man before? He tried to
a nalyze her love of him through his
love of another.

14.

He tried
to make a stir fry with chee se -- he
thought it would melt on the top.
H e, who felt it such a bother
to add any element to his morn ing ablutions,
or to start using contact lenses, now
found h imself pricking himself with
needles and lancets 8 or more times
a day. Hearing desires an
audience,
take
that, you rebel! palm
that memento, and thrust it!
Gangly
in
my room, sinned several times
in a shower stall,
eyeing
codices.
It all seems fall,
autumn's lack-
luster performance

here in Brooklyn , not Queens,
NY, a Korea of football
seas on's dilemmas.
That's theory,
you swain, but
accordio n
traffic matches the wealth
of delimit ers occupying my

mind (south, south east,
and e ast). Ease is a parody of peace
in a temporal t own drying in waste.
Put the italics in later, t ake

the words, tilt upwards toward breach

with drama,
panoramic
slides on
voice. But one leans back anyway,
whistling
dick swinging songs to
punchy audi tors,
craning one's
neck over the sound of typing
- it
is a meat fac- tory here, meat
factory here -
occasional wurst.

15.

Hearing the perfect epigram... Knee
sock s on the marble steps...

16.

HERBAL

QUICKIE
Str ange, this night that (organs
splashing away) protect s the
mind, dark with elegant burgundie s,
grays
(the cigarette agrees,
challenging the c old day)
as it floats, ever secretly
t owards the more challenging way
(struggling, eve r decently). Hey
human character, it's Romeo Jetson,
glowing "taxes," a pristine warrant,
halo round my jaw, commandant
o f rigorous ice-cubes equatored
with fraught, tensile testimonies.
There... How many support
groups does it
take? Peers under arms,
parading
the straw body to i ts

palace,
 practice? Residual decimating
 of
 insecurities, counter wishes,
 molecular diatribes? Ask F ragonard.
 Tempt, when it is a Temp, nothi ng
 and the permanence doesn't ail
 you.

17.

I'm a mes s without my,
 my Guatemalan girl (sung to
 "China gi rl")

18.

I am not
 polite with the Kore-
 an groc- ers, who I suspect, un- civilly,
 of
 ch arging
 too much for groceries,
 as I look at bargains
 in peanuts.
 So long,
 I say, and wish it
 truly.

19.

I Don't Have Any Paper So S wallow
 the Wafer and Shut Up

20.

I mean the
 los s of despondence when the signal detonates
 w ithin the sign).

21.

I was thinking
 of throwing away my refrigerator, never
 use it.
 I was also thinking of taking
 down my mailbox - try to minimize.
 As a youth I was gorged on Irish
 breasts.
 What they didn't
 realize was that I could do
 anything - th at Jesuit
 ability to reduce
 everything to a zero and yet keep

the battle-ax handy. Ulysses
- we look and stare at that thing
forever.

22.

I won't speak ill
of other people. Their silence
obsesses me. I'm awash with
spurious i gloos
(rains crashing down,
worm muck u ntraveling
my sensitive
tissues,
and I take all r hymes
as they come),
puttering
until nascen ce lifts to an argot these
contraptio ns, egg boilers, egg peelers,
egg eaters,
down ramps o f twisted
coat hangers,
dropped on a plate.
I've fake t urbines
(or investments
in them). Struggles th at protract
asphyxiation
(collegio, in the
Latin,
or just drop the n
from asphyxiation,
worsening
the verse
until cramped enjambment
pipes
in w ith clamors
from the infant's
back room,
the monks, maids and projections),
keeping labor stifled
in
baroque misinformation.
That'
s all it takes,
indecis ion, distraction.
Walking,
I chance upon a daffodilly,
"remark the pregnant daffodilly,"
in its crowd o f jewels,
in its creeds
of passions, in its borrowed lake.
I am going to do the laundry,
and meet
a Polish poetess,
rea ding
the latest Nobel laureate,
a populist with a h istory,
and
she will remark that I don't understand,
no
and should probably read

Ruskin forsaking my Homi B abha, and
 also my William Carlos Williams. I
 will reply :
 "But I am in almost
 total agreement!
 I have just chanced
 upon a daffodilly!
 This rec ent
 exhibition of Mark Tansey's
 graphic filler,
 it' s like a shot
 in the arm of the avant-garde!
 and so I am returning to ill-considered
 origins." 'Then I will return
 home and take stock of the issues,
 and k now before I begin
 that I have probably betra yed myself.

23.

I've found a way to wish you well
 though I am walking smartly,
 braggin g of all my swishing veils,
 my aims that r attle tartly
 in all the zines and magazines,
 the gross, outpouring of
 grief
 t he swirls
 of sounding love. I've found a t ruce,
 and syllabus
 that grounds
 all stratagems in
 formaldehyd e, don't
 call it trust,
 it's just a perfect weekend.
 I've pr actically never kissed a woman
 (beg for). Idea fo r John Yau
 film (get Christine Change to
 direct): He tells the g irl that
 he has to break it off because
 other girl, for whom he has been
 aching,
 called him out o f the blue. He thought
 there weren't any stro ng connections
 yet, but he gets punched in the nose
 and star ts bleeding profusely immediately.
 He cries: "You can't punch m e in
 the nose! How am I going to pay
 for this - I got 20\$ to my name! I
 don't have any insurance" Etc. Looks
 at stunned patrons (in a rest.) and
 apologizes

24.

in a dream, somewhere...

plague storms the citad el
 borrowed cash
 choking cousins

enough
 (tensile) to bit
 map all opposition. Th ere is
 a wary
 concubinage in this rent
 h ike, a petering yet still daring

 pronou ncement surfacing to the risk.
 So assemble them gladly, the
 peers. Let out the door, let
 up the hair, flan ge a net let,

 beget yet more sires, divas,
 requirements
 for the rule-based,
 bloodlet- ting interface. Bet
 on the tight fit.

26.

It's getting
 (oh my) colder, dark, dustier,
 the
 floors quite rotten, blankets
 soaked , eggs stale (farewell!),
 cigarettes
 desisting t heir arguable pleasures,

 foot struck, dumb,
 by ice,
 hol e, splinter,
 floors rotten, blankets
 soaked, oh hell! (it's
 sometimes
 called, when
 a tap, a kiss,
 on the
 cheek, o f a - you
 knew!
 - lesbian produces stares back
 from her!) in-
 tense experience
 of
 having to manufactu re
 (deduce) one's
 own
 manners: this apt cod e
 only struggling
 piecemeal from luxuries
 colla psed,
 the shatter-
 ing body: floors
 smashed (bring in the

 neighbors), blankets yoked
 (the odors!) all for
 the
 grand autonomy.

27.

Learn that, and that!
 fool masochist -
 blanch in private.

The leaves swing, swing
 against the dilettantis h
 ass - fast track, maps
 pruning
 self
 about, and
 withers
 on vine, tastes like te en infinities
 -
 gross, out of check
 range. Pass
 hat, mask fleeting waffles
 in private . Pile on laugh
 track, fat
 fat! alive
 in temporal pock ets
 weaned on vanities,
 louse in parody's
 sure hit parade.
 Scream recombinant in the TV's
 ho rtatory mode
 wandering on
 rubber souls,
 punched out men,
 fragrant ices, lapidary truces.
 Lice mama
 hou r still rare
 burdened
 by minor kid
 Li ce mama hour
 still
 rare burdened minor skill s
 Lice mama hour still rare burdened
 it will fill
 Lice mama
 hour still rare burdened
 envelopments L ight: doesn't
 wanna learn languages an y- more, but
 computerspeak that's easy, crazy.
 There is no poem, but the room for a poem.

28.

Love in the Age of Residential
 Adulteration, for Tim Dav is
 (poem)

29.

lovely, little poem
 here prom queen ma ke that smartly
 good & possessive (possessive ca se)
 hike! highways byways
 are yrs

truly
 ga p green clothing
 lovely, little prom her e
 poem queen quake so hardly
 Making, indeed not kn ot no
 fringe
 parades hair refrig
 did you call
 me
 bubble master? Hic hicky it
 larvae. Fronds of fon ts 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. O pen
 sesame. Wang
 calibrator
 hogey sememe
 real audit-
 or. Rare ring gig gag gip trope
 top tup-
 h iney cancer dragon
 after a-
 presence iff -
 Maybe just part of the age:
 a period adj ustment when the
 others are safe :
 already
 hand-
 ji ving, and
 it's not even
 yet the rave.
 Spel unking, carry-
 ing this
 dead life's
 skeleto n
 too wari- ly on the
 boardwalk:
 jaw aching small talk
 by the profound
 sea that's today's "po etry."
 The francophiles, Ph.D.s agree:
 past that fagg oty wistful-
 ness, lies
 the calibrated high s
 of regnant bull

that's a sign of "g ood
 will" on the author's part: art
 that's smart, bringin g us
 on
 to prosperity. Progress.
 The soil m eets their distress.

30.

Maybe
 someday he'll writ e
 a good poem.
 Starched,
 or timorous bl eeding
 tyke, more or
 and then expressway!
 pill pull to-
 w ard: skink skill
 parades the
 window,
 sul lied.

I'm like the dawn,
 I take my troubles to court -

an become Lather, shave
 grave, sum
 of de liberate
 raves -

"just wanted
 to get in my pants"

31.

chic Erodes grocery
 implausibly
 at, it
 grinnin g...
 flashes! you,
 a
 gorgeous languishing bu lb.

32.

Takes that desuetude
seriously, fills his words with
Marxist tags, his
"sentence s."
Parks by the river,
brandishes,
in secret, his sword of
meaning:
returns home to the chef of the kitchen
of quotes of the month: random accesses
it and, it turning
pretty, bullocks
the whole natural cause.
The rivers
retire with their applause. Shaki ng
hands. Bleeding aorta.

The various parades always end up looking
the same -
People, papers, press es:
a gumbo of sanitized. memories -
Politics are no t like they
were in Guatemala -
I return
there frequently to test the
raised pitches -

33.

Miss Prison.
My eyes turn all diagonal, though
I could blame the veins, t he vane way
the mind suggests betterment in
an exercise schedule from Mars.
I hear it reformatting the hard drive.
I try to persist coolly, though
find difference a matter of
suggestion
heightened to a
tr opism of self,
I mean the sanity's
on the other shelf
by the wine,
and printers.
By the venal, an d the
consenters. Turn the socket the other
way, make of telling time a sport
for girls.

34.

Nerves are
t ight, are
expectant, in Henry Miller's delusions:
that forty is that prime of life,
dick mast ering the
social crisis
without duplicity.
No betra yal:
when one wan- ders into the
fiction: so it is, and shall
be, so decidedly con-
sumed,
no pain to others (otters).
Nerves are
challengin g 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 mis t, belaboring
the
corny codes, the scruples that
edg e one
toward death,
its duties,
its grants -
it s gas emission.

35.

Never so sure: there
is an entire Sat urday
stretched, metaphysically,
like a lax muscle , before him..
not like the ocean
that hides
a continent, rather, a
tongue that is
willing for speech, exposed, vulne rable,
out of its cavernous socket and
a little
disgusting. Shut up the
dogs in the back of the b
uilding, tether

them, hide them in your living
 roo m,
 on the television, shut
 them up. So then the weekend can
 achieve its closure, archive its hilarity..
 a beach ball, heavy, prima ry.
 He had attempted to learn the
 name of the Loyal ist, who
 cursing, lays
 a weighted eye o n the bodega,
 and doesn't mind his passage o
 f time in the sweltering heat,
 reading bad Homer
 translations.. he
 portends lethargy,
 a wick
 without wax, a canine without
 the order of maste ry.
 The beach is
 disgusting: compels, repels, sucks
 a nd He looks
 sends back, in
 waves of ever-increasin
 g torment.
 up, espies the comet, the comment,
 tries to lean back.. embrace
 the luxury.

36.

No lyric, no

s

presentiments of boredom, wind not
 damaging appropriately dog paw
 cat jaws silicone - symphony
 - Sinking into the peat of
 t he largesse of one's rich grandparents
 Wired
 reti red
 they won't
 find me here. I'm an agorophobe.
 Television is my maitre
 d. Reminding one's self,
 and neighbors, to study the
 new schedule
 for the retrieval of gar bage, the
 reintegration of matter.
 Hokey
 attempts by myself to acquire
 a relationship that is some how "off
 the books."
 leatherstocking
 heat-shaped
 loaves
 discontinued.
 The phone The phone service has been
 itself has

been disconnected. Tear off the
 door from its jambs! it jams!
 Moratorium
 on all prepositions
 Call
 him. Ask for poem. Keep
 issue sec ret. - lapidary - charms
 - in society - of poodles.

You are like my brother.

The cat at e my brother.
 Satisfaction at having solved is sue of noise
 in the incinerator.

37.

Of that we don 't and etc., the

come as you are prin-
 tuplets
 strangely
 masking a
 pride:
 frangipani "El Nino" deep six,
 gesticulator in
 th e crowd, awed
 loud,
 load on veer on crank o n sin- gly,
 or in groups the tide turns on
 deftly,
 (fink sneaks along the quay
 yesterday,
 solid, solo ing,
 with sun)
 soiled, its movies: that
 deliberate sand- wich man (sand
 Dan) corrup- ting youth, tooth,
 ruth a nd TRAFFIC NOISES: trap in glass
 one more
 fly, for th at,
 jack up the feedback, hacks,
 marching (yodeling) int
 o 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 paradis e
 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,
ric e paper,
clannish act: there's no concurrence.

38.

Oh Carla, you

called! I
was in perilous
straits,
u nlikely to
form sentences, or

crack a code

(joke). Fine

to hear a
friend found me, salivating

fo r bore-
dom before... life that
worried its crout

on

to dust.
Oh, this is great and sad,
rooms
evo

living

before the

feet, track
meet,

sur rendering no foot or
inch, but carpeted

(meta-shimmering)

all the way.

There is small

beer in t he closet, mice
are prophets, lax attentions
resolve

the question of whose
home is it. Strategies of living:
dust off

dirt-encrusted heels,
meals foiled from local pizzeria,
discard, before

eat

noticing there's
no fork or plates, no
salt.

There's nothing to recall

from previous, domestic dilig

ences.

The room
placates. From point

X on gri d map
spirals a
hope, or

attenuating fear
 or clack clack of cancering
 typewri ter, that scores
 each day on walls
 of h otel? of cell?
 no, rooms
 one feels free to take a date
 to.

39.

old books salivate the
 new rhyme
 plagiarisms retreat
 denounce appropriateness of
 music muscle
 into circulation
 a radiant filibuster knock
 o ut insensitivity

40.

On the street,
 guing, night stepping, ar-
 pulse- lights
 like, shower ing
 or devouring the talk: it
 comes back, a-
 gain, to
 it.

41.

One founders in a castle
 of delight, marki ng,
 outside schedules
 with dreamy incompetence,
 st aining
 all the sheets with mercy, cowar d
 of intelligible, intense
 apogees
 of mischief
 The candle founders,
 dark in cradled infamy,
 like Ern
 M alley, like
 a teacher's surreptitious
 agenda, that p aradise hidden in all
 the fancy
 books. Story goes: once ha d
 a churl, traded him for a girl,

got
 incendiary phases, nor elemental diseases, not
 a
 breath of maturity,
 I mean,
 it was weird, not having
 my gross ego
 to confound
 me. But
 that joke still
 bum ps
 me now, edging on
 into wakefulness.
 It
 is a cold mashed potato.
 It is a
 grump i n the night.
 Speckled
 tortoise: you ain't nothing new
 to me! I've fun shoes
 angling, you
 see, toward preterna tural
 vagrancy, and corny ties,
 and
 crooked hair, all
 a
 sym phony of occurrence
 suffocating
 bad chatter
 (in the su burbs,
 where it begins, adopts
 mercurial guise s, and coins
 a new theory), I've
 plenty
 to mess with.
 T he group,
 nonetheless, in black shirts,
 white shorts, re d waist
 bands, assemble outside,
 brandishing tickets,
 all
 stable
 in gestures of seasonal discomforts
 e - no coffee cures, no herbal
 expedients, no craning for
 syllables.
 42.
 One othello
 s urfaces
 from the mix: organs, pipes
 part
 art dithering.
 In steps
 2nd othello, a
 dominant
 at-
 tained:
 leaps up
 kettle drum!

ripe type of w hinny assault
 bold,
 ill
 apiarirly, err or ari-
 alike, lather-
 ing:
 she knew the com-
 of that poser: Nietzsche. The cool reed
 or bassoon or othello, not an oboe
 clarinet:
 mar moreally Moroccan, for you
 who piss phallic codes. Und
 struggled: intro fem from
 right wing, greeti ng
 jockey-strut
 powerfully.
 Not, know, the words
 hik e a leather
 indifference.

43.

Perhaps

we shouldn't be so conce rned
 with
 the way Mel's voice has been
 developing
 late ly: he still comes to work
 on time, is despera te for cash:
 makes no bones about his
 need for
 work: let's give him the benefit
 of the doubt. He just needs a
 little excitement, that's all.

 Parade on t he front yard
 (it got put in over the highway)
 turns into
 disaster when one float
 gets fre e
 of the train and crashes into
 a garage: three killed, t en
 seriously wounded: no one is
 to blame (except
 of cou rse, you, mon
 leper, cheat sheet, monsieur!) The
 evo lution of the long poem in
 America has taken significant turns in the
 twentieth century:
 they
 are only waiting: for a slowing

of production to determine
the relative quality of the
work: McGrath's Letter to an Imaginary
Friend, should convince them it's

44.

Personality! it's
overrunning
the

little serving dish acquired through
familial loyalties, passed down
through
generations (of ba nkers,
presi- dents, and nobodies)
noodles cracked when i
t
tilts, it shakes.

45.

Phone calls
to the thermal

gist (the weather
beating down so dully refract ing)
pin-points the idea of the future
into
a steady dru m beat, a sort of
ambient drone.
And now the s leeping
of the weeks has become salutary,
now the idea of hygi ene
doesn't seem all bad. prepubescent
emmanuelle

46.

Rabbits aspire! gerunds

run aground! there's divinity
in the balked, coagulating
run of the sphere! Rhododendr ons!
(my filler plant.) Sapphires
fired
in the seat of the sun!
Double
the sum of the r olodex, hon,
we're getting started, and
smart arg uing, caught in
the Star Chamber - clamoring
for kicks!
There's that shameless
appropriation and apotheosis, a
gain,

we've planned! Major ecstasies!

Burgers and w ings! Narrowing in the
hurt of the feet of the wind!
And the
storefront sign: showing "Open"!

47.

Residual
alarm, the hazing effete elite
stammer f rom
guarded hygienic
corridors.
Brush fires,
hous es...
Make them do, and words
overflow, make them
profit, prolific,
and
words are retired, wor ds get
lambasted,
- the gymnasts dance
strangely, the mutts stare, warily.
Standard
rewir ing, no
rhyme's billion recoils
from buffeting, ef fort's
wide, strict as leisure.

48.

Resource s
(discussing). The new structuralism
cannot un-warp
perversion's
singularity. Rocket favors: newspapers
heave with deliberations...
stratagems
(like sweat on the forehead, like
geese) convene peacefully.
The plans
for the stadium are always being post poned.
Tedium, too,
falls, like the five-year
plan, like a cur tain of swansdown, over
every child and lover. There is a
ride, but no ticket. Look,
look,
pilgrim , over the banner into adventures
in the wet, or snow. Do n't be
fooled
if the light only represents, to
you, dials
from post-op. You must
find solace in the charge,
and resent.

49.

Rumor high, ceiling low, trade in the gyps,
struggle pale. Rutherford
rd collapses into all its compromises its paradoxes
(late
capitalism? no, a wish
to remain a serving dish).
And I a m in singular orbit,
singing
its bleak praises,
pou ncing
on its stages,
I mean, its
Hegelia n denouement.

50.

Scanner, what produce!
Black, bitter
of ferings
of ight, ining, iterating
dim themes!
She t ook me to
Central Park! oly! oly!
the green swaths of incandescent
lawn or
the lean ar ks of version!
Awn applied aging
warrior, n o slip
tonight, o slip off into retroactive
fication! antsy! no leap,
worse -i no love arguing for climactic
change,
it's sad. But rue. Devolu tion's raw
truce!
Oly! Bantering will, shift hips
permanen tly. Canon fodder: we
ake (she, my is tress, me,
soiled
and cleaned, spoiled and spavined)
risking dissing
hissing misering
heliocent ric
ight!
Eroding new poetries. Beggars,
restrai n, stay back in the wings
quarreling! don' t follow
me and thee (her) out
to
the ar k: it's
bantam doubleday dell
that dishes its
(generous- ly) - i ole hell divisibly
t's a custume,

old one. Ever volume, t he
talk's arped
proactively
fecund,
di dactically redacting,
but soporifically secon d
to none: leap, sleep.

51.

Scenario:

a young girl congra tulating her brother
for making his first talk show
appearance. She goes to the dressing
room, and sees that he is getting
his face done. When he turns around,
he has dense cakes of facial
make-up... She is shocked, but
he says "no body will
notice, it's stage
make-up."
and the He is J ewish,
cut to the talk show hosts' m
onologue shows that he is doing an
anti-semite
joke, Anyw ay, as the little interview
progresses, with the tal
k show host going on about himself,
letting of f farts and
things, the stage make-up, which is
clearly
noticeable, begins
to slip off. Eventuall
y, he just pulls
the stuff back up, like in a face-life,
but the mask continues to
fall, making
him look, at m oments,
like
his eyes are peering from
behind a death mask
. Eventually, it just
falls off.
Poem with b ird whistler:
me and whistler standing next
to each other, f acing audience.
I say "This is a poem dedicated
to my home town o f
Rutherford, NJ"
Then, whistler starts doing various
calls. I start making eyes with
audience, and silent face
gestures
that express "This is goin to
be good," and the piece continues
that way, with me
making those
gestures, which are soon mingled

Short,

h m'lady malady, troug
scrim battle
not in terror's
brimming cadi-
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, Franc e, 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, du mping
minerals, hate-
wracked and jealous. Beste
Freundin,
tag it to me, take
all, ill duped
I am in
the coup
seville, civil, or-
dinary, an d not
so cheap, veggies
tabling my wares and staring
Glee has a foot: you snare
it up and war w ith it, in
awe
to the effervescent
high low of scone sugars: because of
a vagrant sten ch in the room,
I you
leave with submission,
1 aughing green dues, Sister,
where
are you, who promised
me you'd lend me twenty
dollars?
it's not
zen-like of you to

conform so poorly, with the
 clock, leaving me in neurosis!
 Hale t he buzzer.

 56.
 Someone's gotta scream
 down with American poetry! and,
 no more of those epsilon salads
 — they taste cheap in a
 fisherman's lodgings! and other
 innuendoes.
 Scale the gothic shapes of
 mercy, down
 exhibitionistically
 toward the milling, in-
 tumble ani mate
 crowds.
 I am a sparrow, honestly.
 The for ecast: up
 three points,
 deterrents of misery pai
 nt, stucco, brass, figures from Tom's
 c oronary
 ass — the groupies swing by
 pissed, lon g,
 soporific
 — time's
 Nebuchanezzar restraint.
 Passed praise
 in the streets! or massed
 gas, someone's gotta like
 that punch spike, porous issues, and
 celebratory wrangling over shops, and
 ape con sanguineariness —
 take that broken bottle rocket,
 splice
 the decades together, into
 a banner of sur
 e insight, run it
 past the shores, ad-
 v ertise: it's ladies
 night, drop the
 bombs in the sand
 castl es
 of insecurities, tell them,
 home.

that
 names you: Sir Charlatan.
 And that's wh
 y there is something
 lacking in your prepossession,
 your way with corners and
 milk.
 The abstract on the vitamins was b oring
 reading, but that's before vermillion
 covered the syntax with
 stories
 of wars, sparring, dances;
 the rectilinear applauses didn't distrac t
 you.
 On a purple bed, with
 the dawn
 streaking across
 your b reast (freed breasts, shaking
 thighs, glow of mi
 sapplied diligence
 on her face - she is Pavlova redivivus,
 a flower- child
 - nobody told her
 of the industrial
 revolutio n!),
 clocks burn the misery of
 unslept nights
 crown of wakening
 in a
 suburbs, buses, and
 coffee carts, withering
 that ill taste in your mouth,
 calling
 it an addic tion. One more year
 in the Gulag - when will they
 final ly
 sleep all nested get your bed linen right, so you
 and comfortable
 in the smells of your hometown,
 th ose
 dandelion fissures, those maternal
 choke s,
 those cars! Frankinsense
 could do it. But t
 he body
 rebels.
 Artificial, fascist forms of educatio n:
 pronunciation drills, charts and rubber
 shoes, books b a-
 lanced on
 head - whoops, there it go
 es - could,
 indeed subtract from your powers
 - y
 our exhibitionism.
 Or somebody
 could simply show you, target,
 it's the industrial revolutio n -
 and
 it's coming to a theatre near
 you!

61.

struggle astride
 it takes every pride
 prun es attaches
 several corollaries plinks
blimp efforts
 from skies
 redesigns fractal
 codifies
 the jackal
 deep core theory that embarrasses
almost every time strangles strings
 that were placed
 to obviate
 disgust disquiet desperation
 fran
k feeling files
 intimately destroyed
 funk prevaricator dilettante
muscle
 coordinates chords severed finally
 to fa ce the plain range of
sunday's
 fixed fi ckle infanticides
 leaving one the
 room one
 parodied as the only arena
 cramped con
certina
 semi confidentially
 with oneself
 t uning the cell

62.

taxi
 thrums waiting by the door
purchased
 transmission toward platitude of
 rolli cking measures
randomized
 gestures the straw caliber
 await s and it's not
yet midnight in charlietown with the
donuts
 he smiles
 in his ineptness balancing chin over
 di nner plate like a too good
 husband with a too bad wife it's
 the opposite, his life
 is pretty
 all party time to hum and the
 swordfish gets chatty deliberates
 ov er surplus
intellect and
 replies

with dogmas cartesian curtly
 without diagrams inclusive of
 the mu ddy
 quirks and precise lathered
 with literature laced wit
 h dark
 acids
 terri the snoopy drawing is not
 fying like the shriek escaping
 tchens, the chefs
 from the ki taxi thrums waiting but
 the jeremiad ha s not
 been settled and
 the water flowers like qu
 icksilver fraught with quack slaver
 timours as an
 uncombined hard word storied
 as the buildings colla
 psing in Atlanta the racing visioning the
 racist ve rsions and there is little
 that is stopping the lean ing
 from
 dissolving into strategic peein g
 or the taxing of essays that
 persist within the se communities
 of nothing but modifiers
 adjectives supportin g
 the oppositional elements
 who take these plisrs to
 use t
 here but they resist
 resting
 on the mantles of the anal
 who are banal

63.

That elemental fidget
 with th e squeaking jaw
 - it
 rains - the cop crop s wither, that potentate
 wavering between luck and ze
 n,
 now that there is license for
 an English disagreement
 (sen t the planes
 down, down free air space) the U N US
 interchangeable demanding new syntax from
 the markets - i t rains - the
 stopped watch shivers, makes a severed justice
 from the steaming ham, the frothi ng
 hens turning tabloid into stereo
 wings o f justice.
 What have we

here? (drama or
 design?) My eye curries
 the otherwise pure meat.
 It is known as English poetry
 - it rains - the fl op flips
 dither over Veronixa taxes
 64.
 That hallway, the one you pinched
 when coming on, finally, a stationary
 up moment
 speckled in your morning, t he
 one that rocks all things
 back and forth, l
 ike a bird
 cage
 shaken to exhume the
 dead - once you re ach it, it's
 there
 staring at you like dreams,
 of
 you r mother. It wasn't sanitary, but
 we accept ed its
 bleak concurrence.
 The spyglass was lifted: was
 it Mars?
 calling all cars, all wars to waltz
 ahead of
 it, into day's glum apparel
 - the raunchy, socks, the micr o-gestures
 of its taste in ties - believe
 you me,
 a cloud hovering
 over the beach like a balloon
 ain't no tu ne I'd wrest
 with. It's
 something like a j
 ingle
 calling all
 doors to be forthright. I m always
 a fraid of such
 confidence.
 They stocked
 up on three varietie s of soda:
 cherry, regular, diet.
 A mod icum
 of equipoise would have been
 welcome, min utes before the
 arrival
 of the guests. Benny
 wanted smoking,

Theodore not.

And the cadets wanted not hing but
rough housing, and a reserved space
upon the co
uch. Winter
too, has its paradigms. The knock
-knead won't look at it, at
least not with hunger or a desire
to transform the white shifts of light
into the p roper decor for
an exhibition (exorcism), the artwork
IT was probably stored away in the attic.
death, that
visitor in the night.
One tiny breath
takes all the wind away
from the
room in which f ashion sways,
palms adrift
ahead of the e yes
- hypoglycemic - searching for
Allen Ginsberg in a dre am,
to
appear at the door.
The room is like a d ollop of hard cash
of sprained
weekend surprises, of mad sc
ones
and infinity - is like that
girl in cr ash who wanted
several options,
who phoned home.

65.

The careerists are
going to the cannery t
o dogmatize on dog food's versions
of human food
that is h umbling
the masses with
messes of proactive musta
rd
gasses
and other gushing, verbatim facts. Strike
down, strike now, stoking any
fire
that is desperate and free
of the gang that gr
eets, with sympathy
their mirror versions
in the moribund s cenery,
logging onto
the terminal, loathing all peac

eable
 intrusions, when possible.
 Therefore, there is
 therapy in skies
 that otherwise offer little bunji
 jumping
 beyond their pale
 scenes of
 poverty
 and their washing
 s,
 frequent as wandering
 songster
 on highwa ys, or
 happiness on holidays.
 So the raw and the cooked,
 retaliating
 within their
 binaries, beneath
 the lead,
 nonetheless
 find agreement that arguing
 offers
 mo
 re bounty than merely sleeping
 being,
 th ough one
 wonders, whimsically,
 how much confusions c an
 be decidedly accounted
 for,
 when there are so man
 y waking reeds
 among the otherwise insuffe rable
 old factories.

66.

The computer
 n't
 is dumb, and cousins wo
 speak to you. How to progress,
 in weekly, standard
 flight?
 Shoes loud on the floor: clauses
 catastrophically inc
 lined, trochaically
 bartered in several partially
 deleted occurrences, manifold
 but ill-a
 ssembled. How smoke, hydrogen
 spectator? Gas
 the neighbors. The
 re
 are questions because of it, or
 variants that superse de
 stasis for the benefits of
 a munificence
 that balks with
 pare
 its regrets. Level with your
 nts and shiver with the
 pets,
 breach every border

that bounds with

its deterrents.

And afterwards, mour

ⁿ
the stupid loss of the closer.

67.

astounding smile

the heavy

curtsey.

as they blow away over the hedge.

^r
adical lettuce. i'm after a stranger

thought through
the rarer spread

sheets! one dime

equals

many

ⁱ
n another country

it's about
time to believe that, nor

is "pissing

in the wind" all that bad, in england.

straw monkey. resounding
bells.

purgat

ory's visa "hafta

fathom it,"

strict

time

oh la la,

breakages in the sememe.
wanting to fly
to canad

a

to weatherless calgary

pride up around fred wah

stan

ching

all sorts of obligatory rumors, colds.

fancy meeti

ng foots here! the
rather deliberate hurting.

pound

hells. fragrant

migration of ass

smells to cogit

ating

skull.

immigration.

exile excellent baccalaur

eate.

decent

feed.

68.

The hype

of me,

so American,

I wander fitfully in
sleep's

as an old novelist that's forgot-
cauldr hot
ons,

69.

ten his themes, his wistful
humor: seems
dutifully residential
on literary blocks, in
rheumy
schedules. That's my sin:
so cold
in leg, no gl ee
ever sold
satisfied me.

70.

The mad dictator
made the trains run well,
so punctually,
no one
questioned
his demeanor:
mean.
The season's
change,
all's caught
in summery
surprise: so reason's othe
rwise
luminous demesne was
darkened: not
a spar
k
of sense, or nonsense.
Redactor of histories,
of lore
- he jerks off in the park
seeming
sing so tea
to, really,
no one. He
is a wonder
of abject
pleasing, of vagrant pleasure's teeming,
a
nd thus
wakes, pissed.

The TOTAL eaters fan club.

75.

Theme: ge tting messages
for someone else on your an
swering machine. Santiago? (paragraph)
There 's a l ighthouse
floating in your soul Here's the story of a man
named Uly, he had very very pretty wife
but al
l the wrong men tried. to be
her suitor
'cause
he was not
at home

76.

They are never very
when they pla serious
y that custom
Blanching at my witness
they str uggles for comfort
for solace,
for distance
Stately in elegant
gowns
the parliament of the highway
Trees line the street
gutter

77.

They argue about cooking
sausages: "I'm no
t going to use
a fucking teaspoon every time
I c ook a fucking sausage:"

78.

They die, or they go to heaven
wit hout dying.

79.

I suppose I will forget.

I forget, I won't
really care.

But once

80.

They have

come to a full

stop
Carnivorous

The beech trees t

hink

you're weird

Autumn

Named it

Blue

trains

spotted over the landscape

hovering Controlled by

The s eat of pants

Shit A mynah

bird in the toaster th

ink it

Clear night

Whispering

friend Go solo with

applauses

yank heavens

Yank Clear

friend

Puritan

strumming conscience

plowing tilling earth Spared

of d

ream bouts

She eloped

A

tee party Fly by shampooed class

es

Drive by the developing classes

you are one

of them

You are the

hero of the kitschy novel or

comics Radiant

In saffron Jelly Garrulous kids

on

the

corner shopping Straw denim

Weekend pass

Leather ins

oles

of the evening

Parades of affiliates

cro

wing salutes

Cheroots

On doorstep

Plastic

Jazz

81.

This

anthology of patience they want you
to know with
speed of acquisition, thinking
fast, learning fa st, slumped
in armchair
over versicle,
somebody else's fogged memorizing
impatience,
is a s yllabus, is
an elation.

82.

This is our own story, with b eginning
and end. Who tries to make a farce of it, tell s
us we're troubled, infants, jerks
— that ha s been the
standard experience of each new generation, just gett
ing
on. But we're wary (or should be)
of such oppositi
ons. And keep
gurgling our nonsense — until its
age, its
clamor, resounds in the
empty volume of this gymnasium tha
t
we've been aligned within.

83.

This is the sport that plays with
grease, slalom or slam dance,
strikes with ease wi
th strokes
of soreness, precision elevating
t he bruise of conscience,
defeats, unabating. Lethargy
winces
with its taste of wine,
the zero hour wa
iting, which is unkind.
A dog
barks in alley. A
mop leans by wall.
Brian is waiting for the
agency
to call.

84.

Time, tumor, greater
us god, fraught, forsaking
 usually,
 talentless
 tenor,
 ly adept,
 antiseptical
 wrecking
 radically spurious symmetries,
 dece iving, dump syllables slashing
 throat therapies,
 grudgingly
 aground, step stones, slop e
slapping,
 shams surenesse shucked,
 shellacked,
 edifying emptily.

85.

To sleep, to dri ve, at the
same time? Ah, what queries,
 at the
same time!

86.

Too old to be a slave, and no
 desire of becoming a master.

87.

TOY SESTINA Never more sure
 of mother, or of
 the blank stare
 of a
special other,
 the mind blocks its playful grease
 from running. Greece derided that,
sur e
 that all blocks
 should
 beware of
 darkened brothers
 who weirdly stare,
 needing
a stare ba

ck. That agrees with what
 others have said, when sure of
 shock, or of
 displeasure, of blocks
 in Gr eece, of blocks
 in NY, where a stare
 means a stair of invitation
 - grease
 in the hair. Oh, sure pick on
 others with no other
 thought of bloc k-
 heads in Senate, sure of Fred Astair, the popular
 grease that paves the way of
 general conflu
 ence of votes! Why bother!
 But, in Greece, the
 Parthen on's blocks
 deserve their stares
 of admiration, sure a
 nd assured they're of
 stairs by others, blocks dragged on gre
 ase.

88.

Voyans, or
 The Structuralist Nightmare Goes Public

89.

wai t weight transmission failure
 twisting knees
 failed sweet
 dreams
 spike spoke rarities
 damned
 splattered like 37
 to 44
 tofu war protein paradise
 protean parade
 s of cinema dodges
 cancer at
 clues
 ground zero backlash
 fungus picks from shoes

fashion wearies
 of time and that clue
 louds over living
 roo
 m
 wait weight ended cause it's
 done emission grant
 ed
 90.
 Wakey
 wakey sleepy
 pie, hi, welcome!
 tho coffee's r
 unning to the floor,
 all yr caffeinated hydrant
 s!
 Take a photo of
 her, frozen
 to hall wall,
 staple to collar,
 drive dully harder!
 Cash chi
 window, park Monday to Friday! ps at
 91.
 Walk
 t o school, little
 legs. These eyes,
 out
 of the
 window, are
 broke. Sanity
 is ne'er an
 issue
 , mom, dad. Laugh, like
 92.
 it's cool.
 93.
 was it rusty?
 colo
 n
 chatter
 bespeaks a calm
 racing ranging
 so that
 cereb
 ral
 spirituality's in question
 marked murk
 dissolvi
 ng narrow

in Styx) .

96.

Who takes a large

11 it: slope by
 the figments
 of mile,
 timorous stuttering
 ne: suggests
 before the
 sser confabulations.

97.

Will starvation drive an artist
out of h is tomb?

98.

you are so
 sure and
 now your face flatten s as
 an overdisclosed utterance mops up
 t
 he floors
 strange arm collecting in
 sen
 sitive harems all kinetic substances
 th
 at shriek with alarum
 exuent and prove barter is
 a pur e form of entropy
 sanitary reliquary
 depos its nigh the
 eyes a baton
 swirls in stillness hanging pe ndular
 claps to the floor
 in
 the vacuum of stalled pulses
 vanity
 ecstasy ,
 that secular
 equation that grac es your
 stock card
 vaccinates your politics bleeds
 sympathy sanity and all assured
 flavors
 that morning is
 like that
 with the teletype ticking
 out

missives mixed documents
 missiles and C.
 O.D.s that struggle with
 Kierkegaard relinquished fo
 r the flux
 phlox fix materialist
 weathered dia
 monds badges are
 the soil and experience with
 bor la
 you've only come across
 in books and parental bigotry
 intensively perusing .
 a stuck
 up child in artis try
 gardens
 borygnymatic --?
 giant or giantess
 you mistake your pancreas for universal
 You tend to see
 things in black and white; I tend to
 see things with their grays
 in between, and even the occasional
 burst of color.
 99.
 Yo u'll see that there's
 a season, a
 reason the blackouts
 s hrugged
 and persisted, dilettantes
 a
 figuring
 re of hope likely to be
 amusing
 to nobody. That's when you
 cared
 and cash and carried
 the cigarette char
 m
 -ing lighter -
 the paradise for keepsies.
 Burning
 holes in the cement (trying
 to fathom
 what your mother meant by that code, her
 matchbook (secre
 matchbook) contained et
 your picture, m
 y puncture, her

wound

pink elephants. T

here is toffee

on the table there is syrup

in the milk,

there is movement on the perimeter,

a shogun warrior and

there is

there is a ring of saliva

and there shall be calm in
the evenings

- afterwards

we played injuns and plagues.

Warning: parables.

And eas

y

cutlet and lawn chair.

Freedom

is an afterth

ought, after love

suggested

the constitution.
popped out

Carlyle

of the open box. He screamed,

another

talent wasted on portable fiction
s.

Scram,

beat it.