



Versuche: 13

**Poem of Attitudes
[c. 2001]**



Eno in Paris, 1974

A Poem of Attitudes

Brian Kim Stefans

No.

Do you partake in the cramping rituals,
no. No. Nobody hears whose words after
midnight's collusions. Nor speech, the
golden apples of light fixtures travestying
calm on the streets, his knees of posing
amidst specializations of soul. Grow
weaker. Not a curse. Not all the songs,
no gimmick. Not be. Not in my poem.
Not like a room. Not mix the beans.

Not

the

fleeting gap in them perchance to wake.
Never ending, the starlog's digital
enactment? To a day's bastard employment.
Nevertheless it's dandelion that made
the dill mop. Dimpled copycats — dint
young boy piss. New fords in the prisons.
No birkenstocks. No cube can withstand
it. Of lime jelly hell phlox stuns.

Delirium entering percent of americans,
suffer from its simplicity, until fashionably
in exile. Beer problems. More? Mother's
bar code among: the demeanor, the dogma.
Demonstrating churches pullulating succinct
curtains affording scents. Mouseketeers,
they
square sugarfy. Descends into cursory
majesty, desist, gossip of the changeling
pride. Moved on to synaptic digeridoo
halo. Destiny enflames thee! a
mind
choked up so. Chronological. Chun. Cigarettes
back up to the barge. You down. You
(product of the terrible camel ads?)
badges of a burgeoning mask-of-femininity.
Cigarettes for the never known cerebral
cortex of language. Cinammon rations
on. Invited me here. You, cinders, city's
grammar in the slides on asphalt and
concrete text (zoning laws will change
that) the celts — makes! retaliates against
age. Coffee this morning. Collapses vertebrae
milk. Collecting in puddles. Colonies
beneath, combing through them,
making new etymologies, managing a vocal
mandelbrot:

afternoon's tits.

Companions, and. Conclusion. Concubines
sets excessing. Many looked so fine.

You sang jokes, many of the new
songs have roots in the electric
funk of prince. Margot my favorite strophe.

You think of those truly great.

But a better
man was kim. Whelming in the cranium.
When I'm sitting on my left butt cheek?
When suburbia rubs oswald refrigerator.
Stark eye. Stark talk in check point.
Stately as elvis gowns and coroners.

Buster.

The twisted airwaves of the democracy.
And punishing them on such bizarre diets
ack ack. And rhyme they do. As popcorn
and gossip. The typist smiles. The very
luscious and scares. And scarred. And
self- consciously chooses fruit to keep
them a perfect lemon. And she's quite
happy to be the front runner three years
prior of the past. Rope pansy. Rosicrucianism
deflected into its basest taxonomy.
Royal. Rudely. Rum atop the corpse, that's
daydream's pallor. Run fathomless rose
clouds. Running. Sabattical for everyone,
prose can talk one into iniquity. The
way he liked them. The weather report
thin. He said the pregnant stalker.

A light cast up the space. Or ditties.

Excalibur coded. Exhorting the ladies
to keep some such appliance. Or taylorisms?
Or tear. Or the book shelf or grunions.
Or the decorative arts. Or the son your
lamplight trimmed and burning. Eye.
The hand of craft
apparent. The handwriting, knox, desist
courage. A throws in troves, unequal
but spirited poems; or a shifting lung.
Or an acrobat. Or an androgyne. Or caps
and gowns. Slow. The huns at the border.

Now we are really getting at the new
hermeticists. Now we move to camera
two, where fickle cares in laundromats
— don't have 'em in the nineties. The
man with the cowlick, day of reveries

archaic.

The blown
a blip
on the stereo-enhanced
monitor, now we move
to suck the dutch
interior wending
matter. Don't jump with cats.

Dope now. Down struck hams becoming
fame, sooth. Downstairs in the cellar:
subsume the room. A dance in state-of-the-funk
magnum opus. Of. Offals. Days-old tortilla
dips (factured hologram reminiscence),
the dodecahedrons of attitudes. The
cold cuts of treaties. Offering itself
was the dramatized verandah city.
Often I am returned to a field, the doilies
become custard. The elbows are fractured.
Where the dandelion: the end. The endless
nights of critical debate. The exquisite
hypocrisy, the eyes of the horseshoe
crab. The fatter made. The feel: a diabolical
brew of badass disco-era funk and arena
rock anthem. A disc jockey who lives
on which the oversized heads concentrate.

Over lazy couplets importunate. The listless,
the atrophied, the surreal. The loci
gathered at the local junk of dust blots.

A part snuffle, a pause.
A shop. The look: the luck
of the grip.

The meat of the news. The ming family
christmas, boiling all the toaster ovens.
The penny, a hur. A perfect orb. Struck
guitar. Packaged with the family and
the ubu, capsizes bit of yarn
from the vestpocket. Foot store below
mission impossible (of censorship on
the internet). The as the torn individually.
A prude. A puff and testifying iniquity
— for 4.

Again. Aggregates of all the paintings
of the world. Aggressive smacks. Ahem.

Googol-miles. Gosh youth. Gourds beating
stakes govern U. Alas plant the dour
kiss. Alas. Alas. Alas. Alas. Sit calm
on throne. Green ale. Green borders
on solid. Grifter, shape-shifter. Gross

bid, and wrote make it new on his
algorithmic All By Myself. Bath tub
day by day
cut underbrush.

The piloting act among fissures strangling
nothing but the all hung and strung
on their way (alibi: all in deference
to adorno). All it. All it. Chick peas.
And made a plough, procrastinating not
uselessly before, all naked and humming
when everyone's dressed
for football.

Says demonstration of it: poem
on radium tv? There is always an afterwards
that moira often spent the night playing
her guitar. Scopocratic. And that would
be a team shoulder, a martyr. Heh. Helium
sandbags whistle the spoils of bub, apoplectic
variants thereof: they are young. And
that's to chart your cain. Hello retro
spilt demonstration, agro comfort amidst
acculturated flies, ample alibis. There
is an allusion to the brute.

There is
no holiday. There spotted, running perfect,
just the intro. And the cards tumbled
to flatness. And the garland will oh
ah — they samsungize, before down the
strand.

There's also the screaming bloody murder
in the womb before stones-y mixed business.

The tattered dominions touch it in the
restaurant.

Heroine.

Heuristic but palmed beginning. Hiding.
They are in love with another man's
gloves (nothing can stand revision).
They bathe. They belong in the nineteenth
century. They fill up the room quite
quickly. They make bad sleep. They
never managed hips... his offspring. His
sweaty hand, eventually
to tame
the urge
to incinerate all the folderol. They
in the compound, off, and towels, and ensor's
skates. And we wonder what an afro-arcadian
is. Stalk the galleys awaiting self-
preservation. They want on

for about
five years
thinking!
evaporates. His was maurice. Home is
we turn-in — turn, and — what fantasies exist
in the heart. Another quit cigarettes.
Here comes another one. Here they are
amassed as bricks of petrified shit.

Jih jih hsin hsia hia! hias fallen
for offence to the spirits, for sweats
of the people. Hu. Huck. Hums was beginning
to prepare. Sherri's former husband
Sherri. Shielded from the storm. Shorn
appendages
bothered, presently with two
rice, evol. Hung comedian — hungry. Hush.
Hype.
Hyphens mummy liquidating literary
jamboree (gumbo) — this night knows,
fleshing it out of them. Are nestling
on the windows, still one hears i, I'm
born mass, shorn appendages, bothered
presently with mass, a no syntax. This
out shifty perimeter geronimo,
the heroic tantrum, but plugs the
holes with facts. Are nobody's idea
of a legal tender. Are not hostile.
Are stillness from the egg-haloed expanse.
Should-a thought shoulders tropical
buffaloes. To be a totem.

Three images of elvis in the clouds
— through york deleterious quantum
neutronomy path fault fleck
in midst chaotic wearying
— stanislavkian is fine,
verdant tussles
staunch direct mail.

As that — I enrage my privacy. I, dim
fuckers, aiming an elephant. To begin
again. To it was a tight out [social
realism] he said they said base impassable
streaks by the fit here. As marriage
with commish was called. As moon forgot.
I mean the devil in the bird. I remember
a strangled keeshond.
I greets sun. As the catherine wheel
grows old and dark beneath punitive
skies. River quay, drowned sailor of
the misfortune, now for some, inflate

reality too late. To dolorous anime
flick, ezekiel, protest no significant
action. To slow this door. To support
Jewel. To the arboretum, they as the
hems of dozens of patched wools had
fashioned from a catalogue. To remember
the girth of the pederast. I remember
are fingered lustlessly. As the scare
quotes peek, wheel beneath all science
fiction verse in the signature of automobiles'
models and years. I skim the isles measuring
what proves it flattery. To the provinces.
In the retina. As the sea. I spy the
lighthouse through to think these cities
are fire they approach from the dizzying
entropy of the social order
and am depressed. I spy the lighthouse
and am depressed.
I strike it sharply.

Indeed. Indeed. In a party boat off
coast, some paradigm — the worse for inedibles.
Informal formations: info from scorsese's
jesus
winds no angle. Veritably not
enough, this end and beginning. Surreal.
Veritably. Vicious. So to speak. So
we sold him a slogan and vis-à-vis.
Vision retracts its hand, vitalizing
juices are sold at the counters but
the city is overward for this hairy
babel to observe creatures venting
baptism, for the prurient policy scuffs
the constitutional, charms nothing
should ever be ashamed, bunjis
untwined, told him to head of democracy.

Inventors summon
up the grouse. Inviting you out west.
Solid inky boisenbery philosophies.
Solidarity. Soliloquy praxis
but silent
at park benches. Voodoo! vote yes on
the fucking ticket. Waifish aboard
the goodship menage-
a-trois. Irregular
prose, an idiolect prosaic
finally fixated
on hams, bluntly inauspicious,
the click
expiring modernity's currents
as a legion of portraits

of betters — a darks
the street (alibi:
is res depreciation of high) eight a
beatific ozone fandango.

Sonorous. Soon as done. Soon forgotten.
Soon. Southwest winds at 20 miles rolling
the dice perfectly, healthy the gasp
per hour. Spatula. Speak into it now.

Speaking its jive: speaking escapes
in the light of the frigidaire patent.
Wait new charms when the catalogue of
deferrals has ceased, for the next
month; walk one
two. Wand. Wandering.

Want to pogo in the pond tonight? Wants
a calendar (safe me) iggy's
bourbon pixels-and-posts attempts, and
lexicons suspended fortunately with
lex, it'll all be that. It's a game!
i then trumpeting a twist in a bordello
of fog. Blind as a phlox. Feel it! jaunty
hummer nevel would have thought a collection
agency was kiwi. Watching mtv
and fantasizing about madorina. We'll
depart, blimps above skullduggery. Block.

Book doesn't wow. Brass knuckles taken
to it: philosophe purge, gymnastically
It begins to feel like
a symphonies: the ear worm defeats explodes.

Weathering the colophon mount Saint. Spill
diamonds sweat of a tasty (testy) omelet
afternoon. Weeds. Weekends. Small cube.

It feels like winter when the
forks
the dance.
It greets each day at seven.
It on the ground, he falls, spiraling,
split-heeled into heaven other way.

Were
black globs of gel swarming toward the
parking lots of the the sarcophagus
of sommeil. Spoke the soothing elaborator
into the tenements. Were there no mark
xvii headset. Spread across the igloos
of stars is a colon
with a dangling
borders, there could be no accurate measurement
of the activity of his
reeling — spurious

as a cousin who never writes but is
suddenly at attention when
such pluricity
is a factor. Ruler. It is like an electronic
signal from mars. Appliance. What's
french for watusi when
nothing's is
nothing
to nation tethered? What's
with all these turn away from. It is
solidly submitted
a written statement
saying that by possessives?
What rheumy partisan it opens up. It
retains philosophy
early to mid-1989
brimming full americana: depths steep
therein. What rights there is: starfire
planted it the mollified engines.
Broadway's soft shoe. Broken as an extra-
vascular
activity. Sputter. Squareness. St. Stalling
courage fakes it. Stammering chicks.
Stammering with junk, the last loafer
left to be, it suggests
the beatles'
savoy truffle considered as art.

Stanzas nap on the door.
Büchner rides a white horse.
Jamb.
Staple blister lists: what thoughts
do you have of africa?
What and T.
It was recognizable.
It would bum rush their kidneys.
Bumbles across
regrets, antinomies, jumping
from one to the rearward staple
wind breaker.
Was
the brochure from the seminary doing
in the broken couplet?
What was be
time
hastens far hence.
It's an oliver
other.
Bunny and the game?
What's that asking star wars
bleeding onto the streets.
Starbuck's is open.

Stare north film.
It's deliberate love, into the eyes
of the commoners.
Stare into for your
bravery
in occupation?
Whatever.
It's
pekinese dialect;
it's politics with a hat.
The highway's diamonds
protract — stare
into the floodlights.
Staring
at the banting.
 Its calluses against the sands
 Sticks out the eyes. Its heteroglossic
magnets. Its planes and circles.
Its
 roundness. Of time. When the formless
 strengths are in
its submission — still no model. Stoically
 inclined to, but a vernal
lack of compromise
 when the groove kicks in. When the rent
 check, diabolic wisdom but
 hey. Stone
him to graft. Jangles with all the biblical fury
 of a stock photo pet in
 the hissing of the vocables. But also
the central areas. But calls. Where
 did you get it? Where coming at you
 over the horizon. Stonewalling them.
Storming beverly hills. But by
 minding, be subtracted
each one refused to
 stay. From the commerce of solid information
 flooding the pews. But in the cuisenart.
Jeff Derksen: she's down the dull
 main thoroughfare, happy. Jerking me
 around. Jerking your hips like the torsoless
robots in of rutherford n j. Stranded
 in sensitive winds, chocolate sins.
Strangely efficacious is the lack of
light in the central herbie hancock
 rockit video. Jewels! you eat nothing
 but bears' paws. Jock! who is the butterfly
of patterns? Where it had
ceased to radiate. Where one can lick
 it. Where words are defers on scatological
 issues.
Just code.

K kick.

Didn't write

home. But ease betrays its krakatoas
in the always more than customary.

Let's jack into the logarithm. Let his
men pay tithes in kind. Let's surface
these rock club in 1987. Why do i? but
true. But they're ours. But thou shalt
not have to sweat? Cypress between the
strong walls. Tea cups. Tearing stained
sheets spawn — but unlucky as ever.
But what about wierd analog synth titters
bullied by groaning industrial potato
bars? Lethargy can spawn you — liars!
Fare my domesticating panties? But what
from the menu, that such crime forth
afar into accumulative night? Lice.
Noise. Wild silk lie's shamming anklet,
notoriety not be committed: "technos
still is from shantung smothering logos."

Temping high on. Temptation waits. Terrific.
Texas steel. Ammassi. Willful ignorance:
Williamsburg. Window ration. Wippety
of this pristine the lift- off. Lifting
soliloquy? Like a sonneteer in
gala pagan rites. Like efforts at impressive
prose. State of my. But when there's
something like a discussion
of lewinsky-o-mania.
But that's a mouthful
of pantomime talon. That's
hygienic as a crib. Hieroglyph splat,
a gorgon elopes, nighter, that's not final.
That's playing in temple, stealing. With
cries: your room with your penis and
lingerie. That's rosy. That's color
cube. Like lazurus, fungal tooth detractor
and all. Lingering ending you are really
not welcome, we'll have lunch. Listening
to this now. Literally hours to move
in. But to thor and isis. With of time
were spent describing sex. Literally.
Satisfactory fiction. That's scary.
That's standard in his suspicious. With
memories of the younger-than-drinking-
age. But. But. But. Butter paleolithic
(indeed). With that mixture of practices
like this. That's the calendar. That
are overarching. That are wheat. That
break up these wholes. By korean

non-rationale of sand-beaten front yards.
By the way. Bye-bye. C lived in tight
quarters. That cannot
drag me forward. That doesn't create
big holes in the
sock, stomach.
That is: that jelly. That makes its
greed invisible. Caffeine of europe?
Calibaning. C. Callous. Can't we go
light the candles, that old saw? That
one perspired. That pencils in its
now? Can I still tell a lie? Can hiawatha
locked in the margins
a marginalia. That seems cautiously
precise. That this cd can record silence
of a thursday afternoon adequately, am
smoking my titular cigarette, bonny high.
With corners of the room sleeping stilly.
Loco – loco. Eye is green. That those
of us who were to suspend the hope's
(bqe's)
ceaseless bombing. Cancer in married
throat. Cancer like sleep
– cancer give up our wives of the star
field closing in! Loco. Love potions
team, and then I start getting this feeling
of the biases of the social. Without
a process. To him. That with anonymity.
Love. Lunk lunk in terrible portions
wives. Women. Wondering if the cafes
touch off, have anyone. Wondering.
Wooden horses. Would rule god's kingdom.

The scholarly bits
seemed to stick out. The palm of
my history. He'd bind, its
planes begin to crack.
The semi-colons
squeeze the damp mushrooms.

The street
garnered with a touch of class. Order.
And incontinent.
And fitting words to their music is
buried in meldal-johnson's attempt to
describe lounge chair burdened.

Are you responding? Argue
dispassionately, alas you've got time.
To change: this was unpalatable since
read, no less impressed, harmonium
sweet docile wager

the radium necromancy.
 I've inflected stanzas mimicking thought
 of invisible loves. I am amazed at the
 hapless señoritas. I am — the matronly.
 Those are what doesn't belong. I
 am enlivening the debate. I am not. But
 frittering away, remember. Those catholic
 nuns. Those... sure, I see your history.
 I blanch. I blank in delirious quota
 stony path sight
 flecks in the midst
 leveling the role.
 I can't imagine. I claim to
 have deduced it. I command. I didn't
 mean / with the seahorse. Argues for
 decency. Arnold insists to insult anyone
 in the subatomic marauders are cute.
 Those winds.
 Those with their criticisms. Paragrammic
 alienist. Around the corner
 was the cellar. Artifact's desperate
 as any shrew can hear. Lump. I divide
 the sloths of protein in half: those
 with their criticisms. Though as a boy.
 As a crew.
 As in the final analysis.
 Though it also hearkens back to a divination
 and i, and say, palm it.
 Quote: as a lark.

Tulips. Tulips: turn soliloquy into
 badminton. Down over languid teenagers.

So that trigger-happy fungal, impressionable
 zeppos of the ovidian cloister gland

Birth all created
 positif and the negatif is our goals (ghosts) ideally.

Twelve fingers
 dance trebling along the keys.

Olsonian so that the hero's song can
 be heard in the cone dropped truncated.

From the statuary — true: truncated
 dunk urges, shamanistic who's-it-from,
 jugular turning. Turning. Twixt
 doors earned a shy calliope, two. Of
 a nation under the guise of how-to-breathe
 dogmatism. Black earth is fertile. Reign.
 In the mite house. In the poem lashed,

typed up figuratively like a laconic
rimbaud. Unblemished recollection; out
like a lariat, dream purrs androgynes
in facile jocking simple purges maybe.
Undersettled. Unequal circus. Unequal
circus. Unfortunately there of sperm
from is a parliament there to blackouts through
the towns
and there's sense in too much
brightness. So defend you. Unlace the
velvets and chamomile — unprotected.
A japanese toy. In the pop suruplus.
In the unprotected. Unraveler. Until
the suburbs and plastic halls. Blankets
over the eyebrows. Blankets. Blathering
about history in a charmed state. Blended
out from that: so the anthem goes. So
the boy is perplexed. So the butcher
clasps a riddled structures of powers-
until then. Until there's standards
of the home alone. In a decent substitution
for substitution. Urinous twins hooligans
on the tile fraternizing
waco seam texas
oligarch stumble mick's tics
dotted
expanse, no depth recurrence recommending
obsequious strains, they are welt, hell
but it's hygienic. V: value ascetic croutons.

Who
comprehends this world's goo glow? Who
eventually shoes? Struck by kindnesses
that finally. Strung on a shoestring
which. Stubbing the appliance with his
but spares. But speech is more left,
the cult with his wife. Who now than
an aphrodisiac. But stately holds lives
with her father. Who only have nice
things to toes. Stuck in the tit of
the avant garde
singe capillary
manifesto
dark with whim
in the silk of of his
followers. Insisted that members
wear ravishment long skirts
and say of each other
the rarity of purchase.

Catastrophic
lamps. Major. Make of this toiletry

what you will. Makes but a symphony
museum-hung pollock. Of whims in. Cave
drawings?
Continue gratuitous frond, plumbing.
Avenue. Younger than driving age. Your
cousin wasn't of the surviving variety.
Yours and mine.
Control.
Convinced that the colors were promises,
counterpointed strengths? Maxims: maybe
a chin-up bar will block
the light.
Crane: possible
in the gaslit meager, the rat cancer
corners what makes the stormhouse on
the
rocky cliffs of the east river. Cranky
blues. Crass. Criminal status: her fare
was much smoother than his. Young man
tick. Meditate the turntables. Meine
kleine vogelgesang? Cross the thickets.
Crossing off his checkpoints. Crow gall
slow in the discovery. Crumbles the
samovar iron. Crustacean, mephitic screw
tape mercurial in its sore confidence
a
product of television synergy
solemn
there. Mercury slipped down the planes.
Merlot abuse
is it. These cards to pollsters.
Milk and honey sounds like crystal veins
split. Culinary planes animate the room.
Cultivate. Curl. Curse the doves: cursors
pat travers kickin' it with cameo – milk
replacements. Millet. Misguided by an
ear trained on
baptist speeches. Mister
mock-up
were visible in a european
mollusk. Money was the window. Cut the
length of chord. Cybotron Dan in
days of hoang ti. Monkey ailments: Quayle?
being the source of kings with
flared
nostrils? Pom-pom of your age.
Dances around the room in
monks retire into their computers.
More than seventy, his underwear. Defiant
and
hungry as a damaged lap. Delirious caviling.
Move around with a lyre that

surreptitious, stinks,
depresses.

Destiny san francisco or toledo; mucus
tattered.
Mundane.

Dull most likely. Dull. Dusted with
boho flavors. Ear wax. Ear in the
pathogens and darklights, battalions
in enterprise, occurring on record. Once
upon a time. One mirroring of most insidious
chaos. First bidder. The first of the
appliances begins: the faulty purse.
A fleur de lis pattern passed above
her face with five grains. The flapping
hands and feet
trodding. The flecks
fall back from the shoulders. One finds
to the next synergy, atop the eagle-crest
of eros,
vengeful of the thrones. The
flowers arrive with mountains of paterson.
A foot solid in astro turf
and the shattered specific that creates.
One wax. Earlier.
Early youth: easy said the poetry. Ecstatic.
Egrets for summaries
of all. Elevation
abuse terms thee thermally
and other
pale pencils of nation. Dances no stately
waltz, but rather trembles. Flip of the
switch, and alas, alladin's a hermes, ending
those dreams of childhood. A forest
of buildings — a piss off like a face
off
but the facts are elevation shoes.
Elizabeth. Entitlement sworn, vac hilts
bunk palatial. Errs nike, thrifty snaporilo
alive, pluck in the rhubarb, back. Reveals
its indigenous code. One girl reportedly
earmarked for their careerist bartender.

All of which the tyrant comedy: productive
but exiled, that which is used five thousand
years, moved his court to think.
The plaid masks the coax. The play exploits
his jiminy, just sits
and waits.
Promise? Property of the travel guides
and teenage station, had been neglected
held market at angsts