

EQ 1

THE EQUALIZER

FIRST SERIES

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THE EQUALIZER

1.1

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SIXTH GRADE ROCK COLLECTION

A teddy bear is too full of meaning
to pour more meaning into
but this warm liquid thing
brimming through your workday
which you could carry carefully
sloshing through a graveyard
now crashes like a wave
breaking over polished stone

IT SERVES ME RIGHT TO SUFFER

Get ready for Mercury Retrograde

The 9/11 lights are on

Come with the fall / elf shot lame witch

We are chanting “Moloch!” “Moloch!”

Carry me from mansion to mansion

I’m gonna flush you down the toilet

Like a tampon / You can read all about

It in my new book “Endless Balls”

And Coltrane plays “Bwah Bwah Bwab Bwah Bwah”

No one should ever die because they

Can’t afford health care, or because

Of robot werewolves, or for lack of

A kung-fu grip—if you agree post

This as your status for the rest of the day

I probably only want to sleep with

You once, for like a minute

Love is an illusion designed to make you

A better consumer / She was perfect the

Way she was: shaky, tragic and smelling

Vaguely like crayon / What do people

Deserve to die from? The cooties

My students line the streets with flowers

To celebrate my descent / My friends

Think my poems are top notch, but it

Serves me right to suffer

My libido just gave two weeks' notice



WHAT AM I NOT A MAKER

Here is your balloon tree
 dog, that bicycle I made for you
 was wrong—I should have made it
 for the bear

Here is your balloon ear
 kid, that bee I made for you
 was wrong—I should have meant it
 for your feet

That bicycle was wrong
 And bee for you was wrong
 That poem I spent on you
 UNCALLED FOR

don't apologize
 inside a house of commerce, notice
 what your agitations risk
 efficiency at any tone
 and thank you
 for one empty carton of punk hay
 after another, sorry
 how do you say
 AAAAAAAAAAAAAEEEEEEEEEEEE in labrador
 or strong provincial gallery
 in yugo-scotia
 every kind of song was feeling wrong
 that you could listen
 to expand the wrong direction, touching, out
 Intend them for my stupid feet
 Don't track them that way, in
 and don't apologize for youth
 inside a house of commerce, notice

Made in the shade
 Late in the day

Young in the wood
Laid in the bed
Dead in the shade
Young in the shoe

Play me a tune
Never to shiver
Dead in the water

Made in the shade
Dead in the wood

Show me a tune
Made in the future

Laid in the timber
Dead in the wood

Show me a future
Tool in the shed
Lay in the water
Dead in the water
Young in the wood

Show me your tool
Made in the future

Never to shiver
Long in the shade

Young in the future
Long in the shade
Made in the wood
Never to shiver
Dead in the timber
Show me a tune

Gallery timbers!



Shiver me
Gallery timbers!

Tree bee bear Dog bee dog
Tree bear kid Kid dog ear

Dog bee dog
 Bee bee bee
 Bee dog bee
 Dog dog dog

Tree bear bee
 Bee dog kid
Kid dog ear
 Ear bear bee

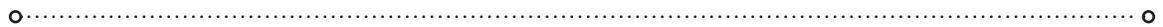
Dog bee dog
 Ear bee ear
Bee bee bee
 Tree tree tree

Kid kid dog
 Kid kid ear
Kid kid bee
 Kid tree tree

Dog dog kid
 Ear dog kid
Bee dog kid
 Tree tree kid

beeeeeeeeeeeeeee
 dooooooooooooog

A beeeeeeeeeeeeeee
 dooooooooooooog



A beeeeeeee
dooooooooooog

A beeeeeeee
A dooooooog

A A A beeeeeeeeeeeeeee
A A A doooooooooooog
beeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee
dooooooooooooooooooog

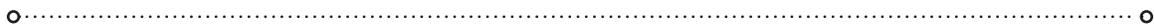
beeeeeeeeeee
dooooooog

beee eeeeeeeeeeee eeee
dooooog

beeeeeeee

dog

beeee



HONKY

feels undermined by every morning
he sleeps through. Honky is straightening
things out in Honduras. Honky intercepts.
When Honky kicks it on K Street, cocks
look up for miles around and lengthen
their lunch meetings. Honky see, Honky do
you hear what I hear. The stem of time
shoots through Honky's shoe
and into the soil, watered by the goatsmilk
of regret. Honky's gift theory: gimme that.
When Honky finds a business partner
to dick him over near allegory's end,
he empties his meds into the commode.
Jeebus grant us ice hockey centerfolds
and iron pyrite winking from the wall
of an abandoned mine in which Honky
is slowly but exquisitely canarying.
When Honky drops a hankie,
please to pick it up. Honky made it
past the menacing hurdle of his poor
spelling. The gravity of Honky's project
makes a difference everywhere he rubs it.
A backhoe ran over Honky, uneasy
to undo. Honky must occupy himself
with looking at this fucking honky.
Honky leaves on your abdomen
a hickey the shape of Sicily
and plays several other instruments
with parasitic enthusiasm. Last year,
Honky trended toward the dark meat, ate
the equivalent of 17 five-legged chickens,
but left 80 three-egg omelets undisturbed.
If a sign says yield, trust Honky to gun it.
Huffy Honkey, you can't just repackage
a premise. The Honky is painted on both sides.
As often as cosmology and Honky intersect,
we have not yet determined how to loosen
the red shrinkwrap around our sibling sphere.
If spectacle breaks out, Honky is there,
siren screaming, a volunteer fireman on fire.

SESTINA

Yellow tree in marshlight, green.
 A sparrow leaves.
 My fare: comma,
 a crossing to my astronomer:
 my hairs on his coat—Berenice's Coma.
 Clever, deciduous love.

I slept love.
 You pricked your eyes' green
 husks to spy coma,
 sowed heresy among the rose leaves
 with spikenard gazes. Farsighted astronomer,
 beneath your feet stars sleep, dark, curled commas.

"We are cut and yet comma
 space—love."
 Play doctor, play astronomer.
 Dictate my pale green
 bruises, stamped leaves
 for writing exponents into their comas.

We fall in. Dark. Breathe sweet coma
 skies, inverted commas,
 hair in my mouth. He leaves.
 Thanksgiving shivers. A pink bath. Love
 is over. The silver cups, your forgetting green
 damask: register, astronomer.

Hear, astronomer.
 Tell my true coma,
 moss green
 with no stone, no comma:
 a toothless love
 who (invisible) leaves.

You are shriveling leaves
flapping on a desk on a hilltop, astronomer.
Even in the wind I love
unseen unbeing; I love coma,
a dead star growing hair, the rooted comet
who fell when our tree was green.

Bird or star or falling leaf? The astronomer
has hair in his eyes, trails of coma, love's
heartbeats, green blinking commas.



THE ULTIMATE LOVE POEM

People had told me that you
aren't very interesting to talk to.

Then I met you, and I have to say
that they were right, at least partly.

Some of the ways you opine
are somewhat interesting. Borderline

very. In fact, on a scale of one to Kevin
Bacon, I'd rate you at about a seven.

The thing is, who really needs this?
I'm semi-interesting enough as it is,

and I have to spend my whole life with me,
taking long lonely walks by the sea,

talking through each day's events
in a way that even remotely makes sense.

I'm the one who puts on an Oxford shirt and slacks
and a stripey tie and Oxford shoes and then acts

like it's unique and nobody else does it.
Adding your personal brand of semi-illiterate

chitchat to the mix would be like buttering
a lump of margarine, or spraying

it with Pam. I guess I'm admitting to being
sad enough as I am without adding

you and your running commentary.
Also—no offense—you're kind of hairy.

SELF PORTRAIT IN A VELVET DRESS

Wrong sex, you sing.
Eh? Don't they know
what they're doing
at an autopsy?
I'll probably have to hold
my tongue, literally.

And anyway, why
shouldn't the neighbors'
dogs bark, their skinks
play basketball till all hours?
Thank God it's Friday.

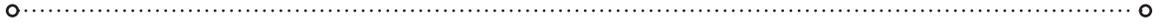
Thank God for crisp
white wine, and pee.
If flotillas of good lucks
came trolling my way,
I'd simply say: I'm sick.

Even before I was ill,
I was disgusted.
Please please yourself,
to paraphrase wrongly
James Brown, the sill.

Sometimes when you think
you're being reasonable
you are ranting, you minx.
I'm composing a bloody raw
list of things I dare not mention.

That's where the whole show ends, they say.
Gone are the noses of yesterday!

A LONG TIME AGO, IN ITALY



A Portuguese sot, pumped up with Madeira,
Paid seventy-thousand lire
To schtup a cup of oxtail stew.
Distasteful, but true.



PARKS, RECREATION

Except for clearing the land by fire,
not much is legal.

To create tension, debris lay
on one third of an acre.

I'm wrong. This bottle was left here
by kids. They are more

afraid of you than you are of them,
and lay flat as a banner

for soldiers flying over.
We put our blanket down in the fog.

Our kite holds a mirror to nature.
We're dead. Our days are

pressed into slides. I must be coming
down with something—

you are standing right there
in the clearing:

tight white headband, racket
between your thighs.

When I'm wrong, a blush
awakens in the sky.

PRAY

○.....○
A delicate hole

carved in red, too raw
Started slender rotting with:
This is what I think of you
I took this with no asking

Now unhinged, what it manufactures:

Mind's a pretty chaos, true

Said I feel like some church
then a lavender mouthful
which

My eyes smell sweet
not
spider on the ceiling

ugh I'll never sleep

Take me for a house
with a whole lotta porch

When you
put me up there
I'm like a little mother wish

and it moves me

GRIEF AND ITS SOURCE

○.....○
A classical sky made from glass and a view from above the earth,
refracted back, a view of an explosion pipelined back at itself,

back at the dull moon
still visible along the arc of noon-time.

Do I think the well has gone dry,
the bucket to be bottomless, the well's bottom rising up and up
with the clouds in the sky slowly filling with briny rain,
meant to poison the well?

And then the spinning world ceases to—
And the memory of a lake always looms larger than the lake itself.

AMERICAN FUNERAL

Weight I gain
gambols
above leather.
Leaned against it,
you, like
before the bulb
gave light
to mise en scène,
to anything
from the parlor drape.
Work, I could stay
awake for days,
word up
in my mouth,
moon over
the Credit Union
all alone.

A DROP IN PLEASURE

dancing's version
of running
and what the fucking
thought it means

I been waiting for you to leave
ever since you came back
but not like that—

new marginal hay

dropping a card
in an old school way
accept this gift
whether or not
you like it

even by my own standards
I spent the holidays hammered
it was a time
for gratitude
and I was grateful

ALL THE RASCALITY OF THE WORLD

Rum assisted in making a hero

Notwithstanding their cleverest precaution
They fared sumptuously
A seemingly superhuman vigilance in ferreting

All three possession-related variables

The dog was a necessary adjunct
An early training of muscular energy
Significantly more prevalent in relatives of hoarding

My absence saved the pork

CONFIDENCE

This looks almost like tomorrow
when we make it here, “this” being
today or a month yet to be named.
When a woman comes into my store,

points at me and says to her child,
Tell the man what you want, I turn
around to see where the man is.
No use telling a child, please, no:

I’m a disaster and you break, to use
a phrase you might elsewhere have
heard, my heart. Visit me someday
in the Home for the Wildly Inarticulate,

for the Destroyed, for the Actual Man
Standing Where I Cannot Reach Him.
Don’t expect I’ve seen the epicenter
of anything, though I have been privy

to enough bizarre exchanges to do
with hygiene: henceforth I ban you,
letter-shaped body parts, from
my purview. Our last conversation

left in my mouth the taste of buckshot.
It’s early again, and late, when the birds
have taken a tone not exactly mocking
or judgmental, but something about

their exuberance is oppressive
as it follows me home. The holes
in my roof embody all the information
you require about this place. I just

make the occasional collage that falls
apart when it rains, wield my black
umbrella like a sword, and charge
as drunk soldiers would into the storm.

SELLING LIMES

I

audio branch claire does tilly
 mort & matador hallal
 mars moans chancy spirituals
 voldemort parmesan gorillas
 cue north sing rye nose veins
 voice enchanter last vines
 let ceiling joy commune an age
 laser is loud community
 jet soars sun rayon my blouse
 jet succubus surly mouse

quone patient quone sentence
 serial troops simple my pines
 jet view queues late dramatics
 my lie a son charred fortune
 quite particular buttercup nature
 amounts sell money nulls jets mirror
 along quills burger cents droll
 murray a pooh-pooh mound

jets view ben quick seasons amusement
 a toy nature jets rend
 ma fame enters my surf
 sylvan path nourishment abbreviated
 rain of rain new milestone
 seven roar axe parents quantum sold
 mars jets new view rises rain
 a library sit certain unfortunes

II

olive jetpilot
 a trout of service
 parma delicatessen
 joy pardon my view
 alcohol temporary fine
 owl core suppose

jet swiss ditch lassie
 quotients violet
 sams promise
 denver hates joy
 quiet rain turret
 august retreat

aint fate patient
 la quinta jubilee
 cranes & soufflés
 add sense snot party
 lavender soft insane
 obscure my velvet vanity

aint anazasi prairie
 a double life
 grandee & flourish
 descend & diary
 ah bourbon pharaoh
 descamisados not much

a mile vague
 dollarize poverty aims
 quaint images
 take care knots dame
 essence of prize wine
 laser merry

olive jetpilot
 true assent
 poor delicates
 jape not my view
 alcohol temporary blinds
 owls cry supreme



III

elle macpherson retro
who eternity
sells the sea alone
avoids the sale

anime sentiments
murmur avenue
delicate norse noodge
the jury in flames

humane suffering
communism elates
late to disengage
involved salon

pink various sails
brazen satin
the devil exhales
sands quiet maldive elfin

lapland desperation
null order
science avers pattern
supply a star

elle macpherson retrovirus
whom eternity
settles the sea
a vacant sun



IV

quincunx void
troubadour angel
ill sage demon
vermin explains

a million quests
quiet ram
name too found
quack & folly

recognize the hour
sigil smiles your face
& visible all sky through
the chant which hell

reckon the door
signs so faint
centuries quake flower
simile families

puss-in-boots
eastern fruitcake marvel
bob saget demands
verily your suspect

chants the instant
sour helen
don't tell bro paris
my ardent peace

the moon is vice
the sky is taint
visit me a few
obscure tunafish

joy shatters palace
joy of you & claire
some ageless esther
a northern grand

chant outside me
multiple scores for voice
past the true public
glory of place



AT THE MUNICIPAL POND

As in a lick of yellow reeds,
what we ferry from the mud
is no good to eat. We spread out, stuff
our fingernails with mint. Slowly, sun burns
the forehead largely mute. Longing
returns. A three-day thought held open.
There's no finer hypnosis: a small girl
wades into the pond. The hole she's dug
has a gold fleck in it. I have been trying
to be that gold fleck. Plenty
of game shuttles to the wildflowers
and back. The pond covers up.

PSALM FOR THE SILENCE IN THE AIR BEFORE THE NEWSPAPER HITS THE GROUND
○.....○

Where was it that I found myself, face near the sand
looking for a grain of sand
among a million others? And did

I dare to remove a puzzle piece
from the yard so carefully pruned,

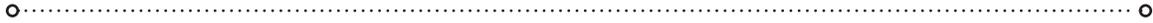
the yard that would have seemed
savage a year ago to any passerby but myself?

Bereft of perception,
what is the ideal curtain-call
of diesel fumes and worn-out railroad ties

spoken in the hinge of darkness
outside every door? At what point

do we pause to worship
the ringing phone no one else can hear?

HAIKU



I'm a mountain and
you're a new weather pattern
that crushes mountains.



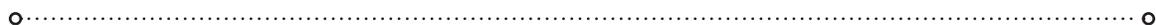
(SOMA)TIC POETRY EXERCISE & POEM

CONFETTI TEST KIT

Is there a deceased poet who was alive in your own lifetime but you never saw one another, and you wish you had met? A poet you would LOVE to correspond with, but it's too late? Take notes about this missed opportunity. What is your favorite poem by this poet? Write it on unlined paper by hand (no typing). If we were gods we wouldn't need to invent beautiful poems, and that's why our lives are more interesting, and that's why the gods are always meddling in our affairs out of boredom. It's like the fascination the rich have with the poor, as Alice Notley says, "the poor are universally more interesting." This poem was written by a human poet, and we humans love our poets, if we have any sense. Does something strike flint in you from the process of engaging your body to write this poem you know and love? Notes, notes, take notes. The poet for me in doing this exercise is Jim Brodey, and his poem "Little Light," which he wrote in the bathtub while listening to the music of Eric Dolphy, masturbating in the middle of the poem, "while the soot-tinted noise of too-full streets echoes / and I pick up the quietly diminishing soap & do / myself again." Take the handwritten version of the poem and cut it into tiny confetti. Heat olive oil in a frying pan and toss the confetti poem in. Add garlic, onion, parsnip, whatever you want, pepper it, salt it, serve it over noodles or rice. Eat the delicious poem with a nice glass of red wine, pausing to read it out loud, and to toast the poet, "MANY APOLOGIES FOR NOT TOASTING YOU WHEN YOU WERE ALIVE!" Take notes while slowly chewing the poem. Chew slowly so your saliva breaks the poem down before it slides into your belly to feed your blood and cells of your body. Gather your notes, write your poem.

LOVE LETTER TO JIM BRODEY

Dear Jim
 for
 those whose
 acid trips were a success
 only twice
 I've met men who
 are high exactly
 as they are sober
 both became my lovers
 both died one like
 you died Jim he
 played music too
 loud at parties to
 gather us into a
 single frequency feel
 healed for the length
 of a song
 nothing works forever
 there was something in
 the air that year Jim
 and you put it there
 a rapt center in
 pivot looking
 to face
 love again
 learning to
 accept what's offered
 without guilt
 to be reminded
 of nothing
 my favorite day not dragging
 the dead around
 they're looking
 for Lorca in the Valley
 of the Fallen



Franco's thugs would understand
"developing countries" means
getting them ready for
mining diamonds drilling oil
teaching them to make a
decent cup of coffee for
visiting executives

if I'm not going
to live like this
anymore I must will
every cell to
stand away

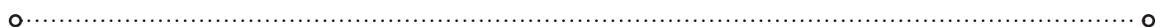
the History of Madness
725 pages is too much to
not be normal

scorn is very
motivating

I'm vegetarian unless
angels are on the
menu mouth watering
deep fried wings
shove greasy bones in
their trumpets

the cost of
scorn is
often unexpected

I see my fascist
neighbor from downstairs
"Did my boyfriend and
I make too much
noise last night?"
his glare the
YES that keeps
me smiling



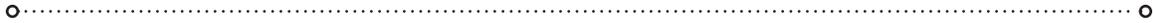
We don't want no gangboss
We want to equalise

We don't need no gangboss
We need to equalize

The Clash

THE EQUALIZER

1.2



MATT HART [36] Write This Today While You Were

WRITE THIS TODAY WHILE YOU WERE

How impossible! and yet it has to be possible,
because everything is possible: two lines in the snow

or the sand or the sparrow. This is where I establish
my familiars, and also where I pin this to the common

ground between us. Icicles glinting in sunlight, the leaves
yes, the leaves, so November and other—and running—

both tomorrow in Ohio and yesterday through skyways,
the weirdest shit ever. I've felt worse and I've felt

a lot better. How are you feeling? What's the next song?
That one you'll write today in the past for the future. I think

it's amazing how everything that is is snow or a sparrow or
somebody's grass burning greener than a pasture—like that one

in the shadows where I ruined my life, then clawed my way back
through the pig-hearted ghost-ness to some rough approximation

of the man who stands before you, lecturing on affect
and camouflage and love. My thesis consists of 108 boxes,

and I took the idea from Sir Philip Sydney, who isn't
my friend, but the friend of a friend plugged into the wall

and so charged up that the world bends to greet him wherever
he happens. It's Syracuse or the moon wrapped up

in a sparrow—or wrapped up in brown paper, a gift
for the butcher, the birches and life. How impossible!

And yet, today while you were running you were writing
this structure, and Corso and Shelley and someone's happy

birthday, the weirdest shit ever. I'm feeling like I just made
a warehouse full of drawings—drawing blood and drawing

objects, drawing from life and drawing effusive. Connecting
the dots, one finds November and icicles glinting in sunlight

a pig-hearted iris that used to be my neighbor. I don't know a single thing
about my neighbors, and this is my thesis. Tomorrow I should

write each one of you a letter and say how it's impossible
to tell you what I'm dreaming, and that, while I can tell you what

I'm reading, it isn't very pretty—a lot sad really—
one big run-on sentence all the way to the Pacific Ocean,

full-up with werewolves and deep sea fishing. It's incredible
what the creatures dredge up when they're wishing: sonnet

after sonnet and Sir Philip Sydney, Sir John Suckling
and even Jones Very. I'm telling you a machine shop, but

I'm hoping for affection. I'm hoping to establish the grounds
and our familiars. Maybe by the end of this it all adds up:

sparrow + snow = camouflage and love. I'm dubious,
and so today were you in the future, pounding the pavement

with a comet in your mouth: hold that light to make it lighter.
The skyway hums brightly with a ventricle motion. To repeat

is to sing it: 108 coffins—a sad thing sure on the snowball
fight horizon, and yet there's something so clearing in the offing

I can taste it. I can taste it wrapped in paper, a brand new
werewolf, a new kind of fish. Gregory Corso might've never

dreamed, "I love poetry because poetry makes me love."
Now and then buried 'neath the glory of Shelley. I used to love

my neighbor in the future, I'm not sorry. I'm not one or two
lines; I'm a rough approximation. And you, my dear friend running, are

a burst of thesis statements: Things are always better as things
in their Nature—The world would be flatter minus camouflage

○.....○

and love—And the moon remains wrapped in the weirdest shit ever,
just one big, anomalous (though tricked-out) run-on sentence. O-

hio, make me but mad enough to appreciate this disaster, maybe
by the end-notes in the after-after-spring, when dumb sleep holdeth

all the thoughts in November, some rough approximation
of a lush ever after. I'm certain you've felt worse and a lot

through this weather, but hopefully your sparrow's beginning
to ring—your ears with the music of Sir Philip Sidney, 108 sonnets

as you rush through the paper, line after line in the sand
and the snow. Somehow the structure begins to look familiar.

Is your neighbor a revival plugging into the wall? I can tell you
what I'm reading if the telling will feel better. The lecture

on affection like a vast and thrilling ocean, the werewolves' faces
and the icicles' glances. It may seem a little silly, through the past

to the future, but what you make this minute will seduce
the burning starlet. Might as well enjoy it: tasting sonnet after sonnet.

And "This world so elastic" or some other dreaming thesis, though I have
my doubtful doubts in dear Ohio where I'm training, that state in the shadows

where I ruin my life, everybody drowning in a sparrow wrapped
in paper. It's amazing, sea creatures, what you dredge into the light.

If something needs to change here, then something better/might.
This running and running, belligerent and battering. Let me

for finally tell you a story. Once upon a time backing out
of the driveway, I stole every good thing that I ever made a sentence.

So when the werewolves with their faces woke me up the next morning,
I was lost completely in a tricked-out run-on sadness, where the best

that I could hope for is tomorrow feeling better, or a rough
approximation of the man I used to lecture. The skyway hummed

○.....○

brightly in a ventrical motion. My friend drew two lines
 in the snow and said cross 'em. 108 thoughts poured into my ocean:

you wrote this this morning, so you're Philip Sidney. I was Jones
 Very or Sir John Suckling. At the after-after-party in the paper

of November. So much is cold and frightening, but we've learned
 to do it better—to claw and to lobster, another lost familiar,

the grounds where we charge in the wall or the park, the leaves
 falling over like old men in the trees, old birds thrumming

in the aviary's sparkle. As I say, it was terrible, a hammer-headed
 morning, deep sea fishing in my past/on my arrival. The world is

so much flatter than the stars, which is my thesis. Make me
 but mad enough to sing a little sparrow. My family around me

like a beach-headed ball. Today while you were, you will write
 this—how impossible! And yet everything that's everything is

everything already, and nobody will keep us from living with flaws—
 108 sonnets overnight to your neighbor. If you think when you go running

please imagine me with you, but also keep feeling as you choose
 the next song. I'll be along in the after-after-spring. I'll stand

on my hands in the skyway or the ocean and lecture on affection
 in a tricked-out run-on sentence. These last eight lines now to serve

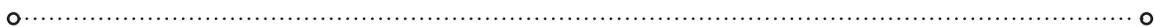
as my conclusion. Sometimes I just like to send electric currents
 and hope they hit somebody in the stomach or the heart,

but today I'm also spitting out these nerves in your direction.

It was all your idea in the future right this minute. Once upon a time

backing out of the driveway, I woke up buried in a mountain of sonnets.

This final one's for you, and it's the weirdest shit ever. I pin it
 to the common ground between us.



THE EQUALIZER

1.3

-
- JOSHUA COREY [41] Failed Sestina for My Daughter
- STEPHANIE ANDERSON [43] Into Open Air (or, The Half-Civilized Gentleman)
- BUCK DOWNS [44] hit it like you live
- SHANNA COMPTON [45] First we lost it in a storm in 1633,
- LAURA CARTER [46] Ridden from Hunt to Hare I Place a Lock of Hair in the Obsolete Nothing
- PETER DAVIS [47] A Note to Tina
- ALANA DAGEN [48] Frank Ridgeway Testifies
- PETER DAVIS [49] A Warning
- REB LIVINGSTON [50] from *The Forgiveness Canon*
- PETER DAVIS [51] Poser
- CODY WALKER [52] The Jerk Speaks
- PETER DAVIS [53] Christmas Eve
- JOHN COTTER [54] The Crisis
- CRAIG SANTOS PEREZ [55] from *postterrain*: viii
- LAURA CARTER [56] Nothing's Ferry
- SHANNA COMPTON [57] Mostly in lowland rainforest
- REB LIVINGSTON [58] from *The Forgiveness Canon*
- SHANNA COMPTON [59] Addendum: The Mountain
- CHRIS MARTIN [60] The Heart
- LAURA CARTER [61] To Sleep is to Be Indifferent to This Landscape; Not to Sleep is to Refuse to Take It in Refraction

FAILED SESTINA FOR MY DAUGHTER

1

All eyes be silent. Stark light on her cheek,
small hand flowering my stubble.
Outside it's the war, though the man of peace has come,
or so my T-shirt prophesizes. The war of all against all.
Early darkness shutters the street, headlights
rip it up. Peerless the track between suburb and city.

2

I won't keep you. But
even as I hurry you down the road to language
my daughter I catch you
in some fundamental lingering intent:
staring at frost on the window, grasping at
electrical cords, or your most characteristic gesture

3

raising one hand as if in salute to your forehead
and holding it there, eyes invisible
until your hand comes down and we raise ours: there you are!
There you aren't—already not here as I write this
and in what seems the majority of my time
hurrying always from home and back again, never staying

4

and never straying from that cold-beaten track
of astonishment at finding myself yours,
hers, time's. A snapshot of us three,
of my species-being: I'm the latest in a long line
of progenitors, dumbfucks, men with eyes fixed
on the ground as they fall upward out of sight.

5

Beneath the deep-end of the swimming pool
a lower deep yawns beneath your kicking feet.
I have done my duty, I am called away,
I man my lonely watchpost while you squat there in the dirt.
Then I'm home again and your head is on my shoulder
and I sing *the lion sleeps tonight*

6

near the village, the peaceful village,
near but not too far,
near enough to trouble inchoate sleep
with words into which being steps.
You'll outlive me if there's grace,
save my name and a bit of my face.

CODA

I must imagine you and you, who are not here
must imagine being able to read this, your glance
upward from my lap gray and calmly searching eye.



INTO THE OPEN AIR (OR, THE HALF-CIVILIZED GENTLEMAN)

Rough-shod he held his levees
Laboriously leaning the legs lessening
Fought fiercely ideas elements making for change

His only recompense was in power

And within sound of its waters
Only able to take a little wine as nourishment
New rig out bitterness was too deep

He was an oddity unknown to himself

After a great many provisoes
Land books too tenacious to give up regalia
Alone unattended except by the hearse driver

He viewed the world through a false medium

Every person seems to be quite ruined
Vaporings of every description
Quietly in the bitter cold to the memory

FIRST WE LOST IT IN A STORM IN 1633,

along with our claim to imperial status,
a lake in the Ozarks,
a documentation license, and
32 four-inch blade propellers.

If you believe the legends though,
we're secretly in cahoots.

This time around,
we've commissioned a freight line
and drummed up the will to try everything.

We're just going to return it all
and see what sticks.

We're giving up
that interim airport code,
the company theme song,
all the purged staffs,
any leftover conquistadors,
and the habit of erecting statues.

We've kept only this clipping
of our gaud-bedecked façade
(its eighty-five windows crowned
by coats of arms and flapping flags)
to remember our lush reign
in its flourishing age, how
festooned we were, and puttoed.

A NOTE TO TINA

No matter what anyone says,
you've got a beautiful way about you that
suggests something more better
than regular language. I was thinking
of assailing you with metaphorical examples
but instead decided on nothing. Thus,
we find ourselves in the midst of this,
perhaps bored or stunned dumb.
There is no other way of displaying this
to the world, but, believe me,
if I could make a billboard I would.
I would put it on your highway.
You would drive by and say, Ah.
It's like a Poison album, but different.

FRANK RIDGEWAY TESTIFIES

Michael Paré is the guy who played “Eddie” in *Eddie & the Cruisers*.
Michael Paré as the sheriff & Clint Howard the clerk at a local motel,
Michael Paré is a totally perfect actor . . .
. . . Michael Paré, wounded by a werewolf in Nepal,

Michael Paré, cast against type as a Texan,
Michael Paré at 43
—“On the Dark Side”—John Cafferty & the Beaver Brown Band—
MICHAEL PARÉ IS SHOT ABOVE HIS KNEE!

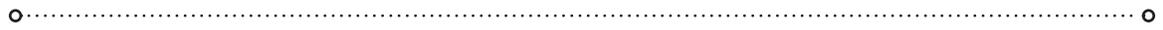
Scott Glenn is their family priest, Father Moody.
Michael Paré is called upon to stop him in a ruthless battle of wit & will.
Michael Paré is an academy.
Michael Paré, once constantly referred to as cool,

Michael Paré, as Dante Montana,
Michael Paré, shot above his knee near the end of the film,
—Scott Glenn is captain of the *USS Dallas*—
Michael Paré is among them.

A WARNING

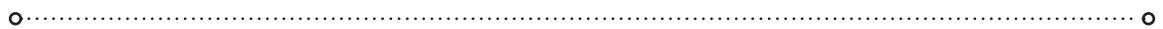
Seriously, Tina, you know
what I mean because of
your years as a teacher.
I don't want to get into the details
in public, like this, all creepy
and whatnot. Just let it go
and know that I could,
if I wanted, devastate you!

FROM THE FORGIVENESS CANON



'He construed me, he sunstruck me, he renamed me, he rawboned me'—in hellos that tireslumed sunken hopes, hogwish shall never finch.

'He construed me, he sunstruck me, he renamed me, he rawboned me'—in hellos that did not tireslum sunken hopes, hogwish shall finch.



POSER

When the snow really
falls, one can produce
snow forts, all gutted
from giant snow piles.
If one is not a giant pile
of snow, one doesn't
have to watch *Cocktail*
on TV. But not doing so
would be pretty stupid
and pretty immature.
Besides, as a biologist,
I have obligations
to science that don't allow
me to change sides!
Freedom isn't free, Tina!

THE JERK SPEAKS

.....
*He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk.*

Clement C. Moore

So this knob, this Santa, is all “Can you help a brother out,” all “I’ll make it worth your while”—and I’m thinking lump sum, I mean, I seen the work order, but we’re like flying—five hours, we’re done—and he’s all “No, it’s hourly,” and I’m like “Like hell’s it’s hourly,” and somebody gets up into somebody and I ain’t saying nothing more till I talk to that ugly lady on that subway sign who’s maybe I think a lawyer.

CHRISTMAS EVE

I began throwing up and did so straight through
Christmas morning. Christmas day
I lay in bed, sat on the couch,
and watched TV. That night
I slept for hours and today
my body is still sore. My neck muscles
are pure neck muscle.
Now you want to tell me to change
my jeans. That's practically fascist. It's total crap.

THE CRISIS

Moons are disappearing!
Stolen!
Nightly
off acrylics. oils, gold leaf,
at the arts museum
O

While vacant canvases new-lit
with orphaned beams in lonesome incompleteness
plead

Our panic grows.
We botch attempts to patch their scissored tears,
their gaps,
with cue-balls, cotton, glue;
we tape in moon lines torn from BEST LOVED POEMS,
tho words are poor man's canyons,
woe—

dissenters shine their teeth:
the missing moons were fading, paleing,
obsolete—all true—,

we say, all
true, but they
were ours.

I go home nights.
I try to sleep, but lately
every dream is a
museum,

hollow,

and thick-laid
with
the lovesick moans
of tideless oceans.

FROM POSTTERRAIN: VIII

signs deliver memory *if there's a shore*

*is it here—
will every familiar object
be changed—*

*our speech, the fracture
of phenomena* *if there's an ocean*

*is it here—will every familiar
object be changed—*

*will there ever be a moment when loss travels so far
it won't return*

to break us— *if there's an edge*
is it here—

*will every familiar object
be chained—*

*the foundation of the house fractures
into shadows*

—shore debris—

*inscribe
name
on shell
in the soil
record
rooted
script*

*into the last western wave
into the last eastern wave*

*keep falling
from our nests*

NOTHING'S FERRY

the rose brings up the tension

of history & dialectic & lineage—

I crawl into the cathedral with

you

catching

fire from

my

hands

& the gold filigreed boat—

you ask for something more than temper

but

it's all I've got—

debacle of the love

story, told in thrice-

pronged syllables & fables—

& if ever I should tell it

I would strap it on my back like a small

package of canvases & flowers—

MOSTLY IN LOWLAND RAINFOREST

Huge buttress roots support
the value of his giant honey.
His lips are sealed just behind his teeth.

Her measured specimens, prized by loggers,
burst near the sheaf-littered surface,
coming to an impasse of branched canopy.

She cannot regulate her body temperature.
She gravitates toward poorly ventilated living.
Like everyone, he dangles his huge combs.

His eyes are narrow slits.
He puts out innumerable small spikes.
When exposed to acid or capsaicin she feels no pain.

Each of her clusters becomes a pedicel.
Animal-like fur would not be out of place.
The truth is that under duress a proper spikelet
comprises a many-dimpled inflorescence.

FROM THE FORGIVENESS CANON

My Sultana, I scrapegrace all my goatskins to restore you.
In my extraction
They did not reserve mercy
But I task you
To forge your eyesores
To my gaunt blanket
And stitch it
To your supreme blanket.

Woeprianted you resolved
To supply my fishskin,
Graft onto me forwarning
For all whims.
Trespassed, I may not laud fiendstones
The birthwrought of my fishskin.
A birthwrought that nightdredges
Past meadows.

Absolve me, severe Sultana,
For I conspire to wittle heartwood
No clatter, nothing lusted.
Shake decay, decoy
And duly center
Spinwiped you bind in me
That is your cost
My righteous pill.
Severe Sultana, emboss me
So that I may decorate your ripening quilt.

ADDENDUM: THE MOUNTAIN

Eventually someone found it
along the edge

of the unsweetened reserve,
spice-green and redolent

of a clean-up on aisle three.
According to some sources

the clay developed over millennia
into feminine dropleaves,
sunbitten,

that hooklined unguarded passersby
with tendrillike projections

of youthful slang. Anyway,
when I said before it didn't exist

I didn't lie. It's just that
I had my eyes closed

and hadn't yet succumbed
to the dappled loopholes

in the grand privacy policy
and forgot a minute

your inexorable wiles.

THE HEART

for Frank Lima

Each double
dour moon
saw you choking
beneath the scattered rocketry
of worn purple nights
pale and enriched
she cut out the horizon
of a blanched jaw in Tanzania
swelling imperceptibly
with other green landscapes
double double double
calling out each
flightless creature
whose body moils in the cleft
where a tiny boat
of thought ferries affect
through scurrilous tides
I can't stop calling
forth rupture
can't stop following death's
dusty pinball eyes
as they enter this scene
for fear
of sullyng the last
rippling corpus with prose
her heart a peak
suppurating with charges
like a dented orange
pulses
from blip to blip
make some noise he told me
to crush the antidote
until it could be mistook
for a dull red snow
He maintained that
love is love like
a mountain is
a mountain

**TO SLEEP IS TO BE INDIFFERENT TO THIS LANDSCAPE;
NOT TO SLEEP IS TO REFUSE TO TAKE IT IN REFRACTION**



One of us wept there:

the body needling

into lovers

& friends:

I spoke from the prison

& made you a crown for your beautiful sleeping head.

We once ran in colored cabs & drifted through the city night.

Now one is missing.

Time

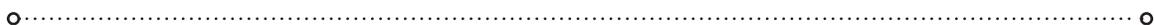
whose love

opens the door of the light

opens the door of

opens the door

before the door & after the door—



It is as true as Caesar's name was Kaiser
That no economist was ever wiser
(Though prodigal himself and a despiser
Of capital, and calling thrift a miser).
And when we get too far apart in wealth,
'Twas his idea that for the public health,
So that the poor won't have to steal by stealth,
We now and then should take an equalizer.

Robert Frost

THE EQUALIZER

1.4

- JOHN GALLAHER [64] A Guidebook to Safe Havens
[65] Hopperville City Limit: When She Left
[66] A Guidebook to Your Little Winning Streak
[67] A Guidebook to Local Color
[68] A Guidebook to Finding the Citizen
[69] A Guidebook to Organized Travel
[70] This Is Where I Get Off, Please
(Hopperville Blue Line)
[71] A Guidebook to the Example Sentence
[72] A Guidebook to Operant Conditioning
[73] A Guidebook to Their Core Objectives
[74] A Guidebook to the Hollywood Ending
[75] A Guidebook to the Likely Story
[76] An Inch Equals Two Hundred &
Fifty Miles (Hopperville Mapquest)
[77] A Guidebook to the Little Language of
Last Things
[78] A Guidebook to Playing Doctor
[79] A Guidebook to Dessert
[80] A Guidebook to Mercy Playground,
With Friends
[81] A Guidebook to Your Personal Faith
Journey
[82] A Guidebook to Baby Plans
[83] A Guidebook to the Airport
[84] A Guidebook to Playing Dead
[85] A Guidebook to the Living Room
[86] A Guidebook to the Bucolics
[87] Hopperville 8: What You Were Wearing
[88] A Guidebook to Riding the Rubicon

A GUIDEBOOK TO SAFE HAVENS

It was long past the middle of the afternoon when our driveway begins in Glen Cove. The years passed. Adam joked freely with Rosie. The babysitter, on the other hand, was stolen by Gypsies and not heard from again. Interspersed throughout Adam's life were other events. Bucky progressing with his painting. Bucky shaving his beard and dressing more European. Adam was nevertheless not contented. The daughter of simpletons, Buffy arrived and told her story. No dear, we say, 'on the horns of the altar' is a good thing. You're thinking of 'dilemma.' Like when you cut yourself, or how you escorted aunt Amy to the garage with the object of putting her in her Plymouth Reliant. Nearing ninety, she was often helped to ride in some conveyance. We'll have more views tonight on the moments of innate disconnectedness, as Buffy hasn't yet told Adam she's with child. And no one's trusted her since she mentioned that movie at the film party. That's all, except for the orchestra that's following us around. I'd prefer more intimacy, Bucky said, maybe a quartet or something. And the guides as well are jaded, though picturesque. They're expecting a letter from France, in French, they say, visible from windows, porches, and loggias. Other than that it's all just geology. The evening wasn't a great success either. The light was rotten. And the best view was from the bathroom. It was hard going, with Bucky and his easel taking up so much room. And with the orchestra and all. What's more, we had no idea why we were going up it, Bob and Carol added. A rather boring couple, we toured them all afternoon with no respite. Later it was decided we'd go for a nice walk in the fog. And this time we'll do some cantering.

HOPPERVILLE CITY LIMIT: WHEN SHE LEFT

She was 21-years-old when she left her adoptive home in Kansas and headed to Missouri, and it broke his heart when she left him for good. It's too quiet, and I can't stop thinking about her. When she left—with an inappropriate silver tankard as a parting gift—it was clear that she was going to become a very high flier indeed. I would have liked thunder when she left, given how the book's saucy seniors mirror her own search for love in later life. Some time after that she meets a troubled young man named Bucky, which changes her life. And I would have taken care of her the rest of her life had she stayed, but when she left she took responsibility for herself with her. And then she's in love with the most unexpected person, much to the surprise of her family. When she left, she formed long shadows across the floor. And I want to talk to her all of the time. I stood there for some time thinking that there must be something I can do to help. She was with her friends last night in Chico and I just wish I was there. The kids teased me for a week and then quit. I know nobody thinks that this should matter to me, but she was very important in my life. Men who remember her all agree that she always made her own bed every morning, but had a habit of taking an ashtray or towel with her when she left. She was quickly distracted from her problem when she left the shower. He had already come out of his bath and was fiddling with the DVD player. She says that she protested, that she ran out of the bedroom crying about love, but they convinced her to come back in. When she left St. Catherine of Siena, she appeared to be unaware of where she was and what had occurred in the car. When she left, Adam reportedly mused aloud whether she was old enough for the job. It's high summer in Hopperville. And I just can't help but feel she's going to forget me.

A GUIDEBOOK TO YOUR LITTLE WINNING STREAK

It's been several years since I began leading the life of the gentleman enthusiast, there on the balcony with blinking lights across the horizon. And our travels have been far and buoyant, with interesting cocktails for all concerned. The depraved and boozy people, as they say. In fact, their commentaries are elegant on the subject. And they say Hopperville's partly unreal, though which part they're still debating. No doubt it's the weather. It's like that sometimes, the way we sound a little tinny in the labionasals. Or the way complaining about our poverty seems to be for them a habit. And Jhané's jealous, of course, she's been trying to cultivate a habit for ages. I even brought myself a glass of water once, she says, and this just doesn't cut it, as I sat for over a half hour bawling my eyes out, and it's still no use. It's been several years since I began writing all this down, amid a mass of brilliant, almost psychedelic prescriptions. I'm a talented writer. I can even write while walking. They've seen me do it several times. And I stared at the void once myself. It didn't do much good. And now I've gotten to the point where I can meet no more people. Oh, I say, excuse me. I think I left something on back in the Reagan administration. And the man in evening dress close to the hors d'oeuvre tray, but concealed from us by a bit of fern, yes, you too . . . and the wreck in the fishbowl as well. Anyway, don't pay the ransom. I think I've figured a way out.

A GUIDEBOOK TO LOCAL COLOR

A small-time flop of a used car salesman and a bevy of baby birds are interested in model aeronautics. I think so at least, as this model plane enthusiast very carefully is building his plane out of microfilm. An eccentric, to be sure, he has an enormous mouth with strong, dangerous-looking teeth. And then there's Jhané. A proper librarian, she set out for the once proud city of Nebuchadnezzar. She's a vegetarian, and spends much of her time floating in the river with her nostrils and eyes just above water. This is truly a remarkable feat of native engineering, we thought, from a respectable distance away. A city mouse and a country mouse, we've no intention of staying long. But don't worry, this bug-eyed, open-mouthed piece of ill-temper's only Chester. The pathetic little urchin's being taken by his father to the Niang-Niang festival, where one boy holds a handkerchief to show the force of the air, while another boy protects his ears from the noise. The enthusiast is undaunted, though, turning a sort of ghostly blue of unexplainably varying hues. It has to do with the sea, the librarian said, still hoping to see the bead-stringers of Venice, and other new things in the near future. Things are different there, you know, they have water fountains in their bathrooms. A pleasant pastime, we acknowledged. You'll notice us on arrival, we're the ones looking out of the windows, up at the sky. Blinking.

A GUIDEBOOK TO FINDING THE CITIZEN

○.....○

To raise cash, we all tried a variety of measures. That, and large herds of squirrels filled our daily conversations. The car shop. The malt shop. Later a guy's coming by to make an offer on my collection of Elvis memorabilia. Things are looking up. Maybe the neighbors will put the gnomes back out, and Rosie will have something to dress up. And Adam called again to voice his opposition (who's anything but a discerning gardener—a philistine, rather). The rumors help, but we're already assuming there'll be mass extinctions, of course. And why not? More than a third of the class believes the value of a life depends on action. Such a change may be global, Mr. Cloppart whispered from the hedges. No, I can't talk any louder, he hisses through the branches, they'll hear me. And I don't know where I'll be later, I'm awaiting directions. But sure, between now and then, a drink perhaps? We hated to do it, but we just had to. Wish me luck, Rosie called, filling her tumbler. It may be a flash of light, or just good planning . . . something, anyway, holding things together. And it seems that every February she had offered up a little prayer to no one in particular. With that, we were happy at last, and could all relax and be someone else. For a welcome change, Rosie added, from behind the fake moustache. And anyway, the pony suit didn't fit, and Adam hated the children calling him an ass and wanting rides. You can call him money hungry, but he prefers fame. And her father never really liked her much, or him. So where are they? Rather ask, where are you? Hell, where's anybody?

A GUIDEBOOK TO ORGANIZED TRAVEL

Even the accordion file of my failed relationships would do. While there, you'll notice that paper napkins are as good as snow for most projects. Most taxidermists believe that about plastic eyes as well. You just pour freezing cold water on them at the turn signal and things will work out fine. It's all in what we refuse and what we accept. Right now, for instance, I'm refusing ballerinas and tomorrow. I'm accepting my pockets. And pockets remain spartan. Behind the waiting room and the water fountain, the face behind the line of faces is realizing itself slowly, but without much effort. Defined by the mirror, Rosie flies into a rage, and then goes off to operate a small fruit stand on the dark side of HWY 1. It's such a long way to fall. And to butter the dark side of her sandwich. A Dutch newspaper is lying around. Obviously, someone was reading it at some point. Maybe recently. In Dutch. The sun through the room is vatic as well, I suppose. Describing your circumference. Some implicit longing. Today, we're delivering something of real value to American families. So we, and the clodhoppers, take a coffee break, defined by cough syrup. We've decided that living with support groups is what made America great. Out there somewhere, they're eating from cups, while the mirror hovers behind the bartender. It's a simple concept, but a lot of math and physics goes into the preparation. Children remain sheepish, in their little rooms. Defined by the dark side of her tea party, I'm thinking about the prairie states. To compete with her mirror inside, or to finally arrive at a state of mirror, windows remain self-loathing. It's what all books say, sort of. While pockets remain treacherous. Pockets remain federal. Dreamlike.

THIS IS WHERE I GET OFF, PLEASE (HOPPERVILLE BLUE LINE)

.....

The pioneering life story was in full stride and the past was wearing off, as Mario & Irene's divorce plans were looming. We thought maybe we could still be different from what we've become, so we changed our long-distance providers and brands of soda. We even started calling it pop. There was nothing to warn us of the trouble to come. Well, maybe there was, but we seldom bother with such niceties, here between inclinations. And neighborhood kids are constantly being called home by their mothers. As well the birds are constantly *en masse*. It's all part of our new severe economy. And the birds are full of thoughts in different directions. Irene looks skyward. There's a great old memory there somewhere, she tells us, over cokes. It seems like a good time to become scarce, as she's wondering just how many more junctions she might have in her life. Having a stake in all these people, as she says, defining her terms, in this world of little fixes.

A GUIDEBOOK TO THE EXAMPLE SENTENCE

.....

The happy mountaineer from Sherpa greeted us with a hearty corpora that we couldn't resist, caught as we were in the easy book on it by Hamilton, in agreement with Locke, that "literature" as expressed through novels, plays, or poems encouraged Paganini for years. I'll take an existing one or, if you're in the mood, a new one, Michael told us, and we were off in the distinction that Hardy and Semino make between literary texts on the one hand, and larger lakes and trees that circle the town in summer, on the other. The son and the daughter were fighting in Wal-Mart. The grown son saying, She's always given everything. And so we thought maybe a very short one (1-2 example sentences), which would be a nice counterpoint to the most of them and maybe could comment on the very situation, would be in order. You might not be in the mood with the semester starting, of course, even as we had reasons for the things we did. It's one of several premonitions where gnats are flying around the strawberries. I had to wave my hands back and forth over them like this, Jenny said, waving her hands back and forth. It made me not feel hungry at all. Or perhaps it's one of several versions of the same premonition, the easy-listening version of things that were difficult to get through. Still, we got through them, and it helped, covered with all these guidebooks. Now that it's over, the one for emergencies is leaving soon, telling us that others decide what we're worth, so we should stop kidding ourselves. It leaves us feeling a bit less than the sum of our parts, asking questions like, How many questions can fit in a telephone booth? And, What's a telephone booth?

A GUIDEBOOK TO OPERANT CONDITIONING

I've watched what goes on in this place. I've seen things. And I think I'm noticing a trend. It always seems to happen after too much has already happened for anything more to happen, that's all. Take the Clopparts for example: his big nose and her big nose and their children's big noses are going out, pursuing the shape of eating chicken. I may be paranoid, but I may not, Mr. Cloppart says, though no one is asking. And then the hippos, sheep, and sycophants come sidling up on the left. It's now necessary to make a choice. Turn it over and see what's under it, little Chester says, hopefully. The next day he's in biology class thinking only of himself. They're aiming for discursiveness, rationality, and side dishes, like the rest of us, so it's doubtful whether the danger could've been averted. And their little dog too, the class decides. These people here before us, though secure in their drive to the Chicken Shack, are beginning to be aware of the several ways in which plot has failed them. An abundant absence of things going on, they think. "It was sultry during the whole week." That'll do to start, but what about their daughter's difficulties at the dance? There's a fruit-stand just around the corner. And your drunk uncle Willy. How goes it, old feller, you say, not to mention the odd mountebank on the left. It may have been the postman. It may have been any of us really, depending on various uncertain parameters. In much the same way that characters from childhood tend to come back as bell hops, busboys, and cigarette girls. Though they may just be look-alikes. Maybe we shouldn't say anything more about it. And holding hands . . . yes, that's it, there at the peephole, resolving to live in the absolute.

A GUIDEBOOK TO THEIR CORE OBJECTIVES

Most of us are in agreement on the head of a pin thing. It's an act of friendship. Still nicer if you do drop by maybe, they added, handing out flotation devices. And the rocks, and the terrible surf. But almost everyone has despaired of philosophizing by now, and no longer like it. Please ignore the threatening gestures as well. Two events of crucial importance then occur:

- 1) The air's getting heavier in the afternoon.
- 2) There are a lot of bikinis and snorkels.

They're really a lot like their times, especially when they wear the matching swimsuits. And I don't know how I got into that one, Jenny called from the deck shower. We observed, once or twice from the overlook, that she was making progress. Yet there are other epiphanies. The hang-glider and Mai-Tai, for instance. And the tidal surge. It's all about scheduling: the point's to get the people from the patio to the dock, partly because it helps move them along, and partly because it makes me feel young. So we're really not such strangers after all. But for Rosie it was all love, love, love— Not to be outdone, Adam decided to follow the shoreline until he could think up something better. It's been some time now, but we're keeping our desire and towels ready, as the sun's setting in flakes against the breakers in the middle distance. And some orange clouds. And some gray.

A GUIDEBOOK TO THE HOLLYWOOD ENDING

That's really not it at all, we thought, as the credits were rolling. Cracks and fissures made their appearance everywhere. And it seems a little short, back where the birds were circling. Though the window will be open for some time, and wonders never ceasing. You'd think so, but it's time to pack up, they say. It's actually quite terrifying, as one might argue for a whole different experience of romantic settings, and more flexible seating. Ah, yes, and then it's off to Skaneateles, in buckskin and feathers . . . where, between the trees there were sometimes rivers. That's not all though: The Love Interest, for one, was still hoping for the day Harlan would return to wipe away her tears of sadness. And a moon in the sky's a moon in the lake. Remember that? We look at each other every night. Verve, Harlan would say, if only he'd return. I could drop this wineglass if I'd a mind to, she says. And several things that enhance you as a physical person into the near dark. Things only change back at the ranch. And Rosie's new boyfriend brings a diverting sub-plot to the Sunday family dinner. But she's not sure, as she's never been sure, as she's continually stolen and rescued, influenced by the personality of her benefactors and by this feeling that one is dying when one isn't. And all our broken hearts as well. Yes, that, but saying you don't want to go isn't acceptable.

A GUIDEBOOK TO THE LIKELY STORY

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. . . which eased them into the fine October night. It's to be hoped we'll have an open art spirit, we say, glancing down at the costumed proletariat. With a frosty look, Rosie departs for the reception room. Dealing with repressed feelings, no doubt. Despite our objections, she had renewed a romance with Martin Jocosé who was bleeding profusely. I can still do a really good imitation of Eva Peron, he says. Maybe, but the future's your biggest problem, the tour group thought. A titter went around the charming town to the south, where they were beating their plowshares into Cadillacs. At about thirty feet to the right, we've the ruins of a colonial building on Tuesdays and Fridays. Then commence the natural rolling hills, the bargain videos, and other artifacts of the wireless revolution, the peasantry reminds us. Which is a good example of pleasing masses simply treated. Others dive directly into a hallucinatory present. And the stucco and the walls are one, Martin remarks, cinching the tourniquet out on the balcony. The universal usefulness of this needs no emphasis, as we're suited to these warmer climates. And then we're choosing numbers as the dancing couples trace the contours of tighter and tighter circles in the hall.

AN INCH EQUALS TWO HUNDRED & FIFTY MILES (HOPPERVILLE MAPQUEST)

It was our first journey to the interior, so we decided to skip the formalities and just take a bath. The locals were full of questions, like what particular sort of ignorance is the cause of our particular type of failure? And what excuse is there if we ever again make this sort of error? So we work toward the epiphany as our new goal, and they come along behind. Good heavens though, look at that flock! Not if I have my way, Rosie replies, knowing she'd come to visit or to perhaps bury her grandmother. We lose a lot of grandmothers here. It was our first journey to the rich, wild epic. It's a pretty path, tempting many a stranger to climb it. Bordered by teeth, the bank itself is laid out to a large bubbling cauldron with cement walks. Come on a Saturday, the villagers had said, after basketball. And you do take quinine, don't you? And where in the world can my butterfly net be? The fools, said the announcer, though not without a certain admiration. Hardy soul, he made a step toward us, and suddenly, with one leg in a patch of darkness resembling shadow, fell into quicksand up to his thigh. We novice travelers can't be sure what he's doing, but we can guess enough to see a theme topic. That was on our last journey to some other world of hope and glory. Something for "dear diary," at least. These opportunities don't last forever, you know.

A GUIDEBOOK TO THE LITTLE LANGUAGE OF LAST THINGS

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Hello, we say—*hellohellohello*, we say—by rounds. Fine really, you could say, but you don't have to. We could sit over there at my latest table. So how are you, and how are you? Coffee? Save some room for cream? So what can you do, the whole café full of inconvenient emotion (not to mention ebon & flaxen)? Sure, there's this thing that'd really help them out, but of course they won't listen. And it finally gets done, but by then it's mostly only numbers anyway, eh Frenchie? She'll never believe this. Okay-okay, so we spent all evening with pistachios and each other, and not a tree to shake a stick at, as they say. It's a hot-blooded world of very simple occupations. And pictures of celebrities. Just keep smiling, you might as well. She says, Here, help me lift it, big guy (& not a cloud in the sky). And since then I got better, so you never know, do you? The world of circumstances, with you and whosey-whats, is expanding uniformly. I read it in a magazine (proximity mostly). Mostly, with a one and a two and a one becoming something else (two tables over), or something being regarded as something else, whichever (Jenny & Rosie, presently, where the news is breaking). And you go on, Jojo, though the future is over, or at least in serious trouble, the lunatic conditions of a calculable world on their way out into the open with coffee and those little cookies you're so fond of.

A GUIDEBOOK TO PLAYING DOCTOR

We got ready for work and we had opinions about our burning down love. But we've been through that a thousand times or more, trying not to look directly into the light. Enough for you, you get to wear the uniform, they said. That was back in the laboratory, remember? And little Jenny Hoyden and her smock? Like the story behind the scene that we have to supply, Dr. Noyes said. And the fact that you can only occupy one space at a time, Dr. Drake added. She found herself on the chair with pencils. She can wear anything, we muttered, which seems to have been typical of the lab milieu. Quite an introduction to the multidimensional world of hospitality and forms in triplicate, in fact, where it's all important information that'll be helping them serve us better. To further aid the student, each chapter begins with light petting and concludes with moments of truth. And the possibility of headaches. We know by that that we're in a region where there's really nothing worth saying. Jenny would argue her point in more narrowly aesthetic terms, where finally it's the body that's in question. Like the importance of pretty girls keeping both arms. For symmetry, as she says. The same with the eyes, as there are lots of things that can fall out of a clear blue sky.

A GUIDEBOOK TO DESSERT

Our supper was an old-fashioned stew that had a delicate aroma. There's a clue in there someplace, I'm sure of it, as she's just sitting there with her napkin on her lap. Underneath, in the steel framework, is the real strength, we're told. Like the rhythm of the hands, the rhythm of the feet, and the rhythm of the hot stuff. And there are, of course, sectarian subdivisions within each, as out back, Adam and Bucky survived many disappointments and postponements. They look back and forth at each other in the dark. There's still no sign here of the burying of any great heap of treasure, outside of the big X on the lawn, they say. It seems a rather tragic story to the rest of us. So we just sat there watching the leaves turn red. The story's undergone some changes in the retelling though, as Adam and Bucky were well on their way to fulfilling their New Year's Eve resolutions with Danielle and Haley. Other interesting findings include magazines and church picnics, though no age can be completely certain of its charms. We had things to say but none of us said them. And after months of training and countless simulations. As well the trail begins and ends in designated wilderness. We come in peace for all mankind, though we're still a bit disoriented. And the flag stands as a testament to our insatiable curiosity to explore the unknown.

A GUIDEBOOK TO MERCY PLAYGROUND, WITH FRIENDS

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We live in a valley, like most everyone else. We call it Mill Valley, even after the mill shut down. It's about the satisfaction of a job well done, they said. But the work isn't complete. Maybe your dance was too small, for instance. And we could always be more attractive and enticing. Maybe you in your hall, wearing a towel. So we start off in separate directions, and then realizing our error, we turn and start off in separate directions. Just right now we're in training, we mutter. It never will be that simple again, I fear. If it ever was, in the first place. I just want some good news is all, like using one's hands is a natural way to help make oneself understood. And by doing so, you'll appear more French. Especially from the back. I have to admit, it didn't feel to me like it should, though I get this feeling it's here to stay. It should have been more, is all. There in the adventure cabin, as the installation's underway. People come and go. There'll be a slide perhaps, and one of those swings utilizing old tires. And dark glasses, dreaming the clouds away, out on the porch, in love. These are factors in our better times to come. Come back soon, they say. Somebody has to have seen them out there. There? Maybe? Or there? Fluttering the scenery around you?

A GUIDEBOOK TO YOUR PERSONAL FAITH JOURNEY

So happily ever after has them in its grip. And how's one supposed to notice it sneaking up on you anyway, we thought, looking under the couch cushions. Time fared well though, I guess. Later I could eat those words, but that's on our list of Negative Thoughts. Then it's off to discuss matters, where we knew each other better. Admittedly with some difficulty. Even on the comfortable lightweight sleeper furniture. When one thinks one has found a continuing. (We retrospect on that often, with mixed feelings going all through our bodies. & I realistically acknowledge that thoughts are often negative things, with a white-blue glow around us from the refrigerator.) In my new plans, there's plenty of space, I've decided. So who will I have to turn to then? It's just something to add to our list of guesses, like most things, as we stand there looking out over the lawns below, where everyone suddenly wants mercy. These are just the preliminary sketches. We'll do the polishing up later, perhaps. Among the trees, keeping very still. Thank you, we'll say, thank you very much, revolving in the math that moves the sun and the other stars.

A GUIDEBOOK TO BABY PLANS

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We could see for ourselves in those days the movements of our feet, the hesitations and skippings, the very dynamics of us getting someplace. You know how things fall apart. And Rosie agrees, hovering over her meringue. We all just need to relax or something. Take for example Adam and Rosie's cake, which suggests the flaking away of layers and the emergence of new ones underneath. Everything's all about what it isn't, then. A slower, richer lifestyle, even. And this suggested to Carol the erosive power of nature, and, by extension, her need to buy eggs and to have the house decorated. And then to invite us all over. We came a long way expressly to do something. The gaudy reds. The thin strips of yellow. How clever, one could even be led to think of the wind blowing vigorously about. As on that day when there was no longer a clear differentiation made between Bob and the coffee shop, remember? Such as it is, except that we all overstate everything. And go far a field while pinning the donkey's tail. We could see for ourselves in those days the little stories about a gaggle of girls and a bustle of boys, as we blew out the candles. We didn't seem to be saying much, if anything, to each other. But we knew we were always mutually attracted, and thinking of future opportunities to contribute to the common good. Where it comes down to a question of faith, finally, all these limited engagements, all these sunsets filled with birds.

A GUIDEBOOK TO THE AIRPORT

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The plane's leaving now, I think, and the rest of us in much the same boat. We'll be together and one of us'll be leaving. They went thataway, someone'll be saying. Into that quite particular blue. Late October. 66°. No clouds. Let's try and recapture the mood, Jenny says. Not much does though. So there we were with six billion people in an empty field. It was a close call, but thankfully we don't expect much from ourselves. As I'm sure you can guess, we counted to ten and opened our eyes, and we've been looking ever since. Tricky devils. We're great believers in efficiency here, as well as cheery songs on the radio. It's our last ditch defense, as the saying goes. Kinda like the one between the present and the future. Or between any two given people, which seems to end matters at the airport. Planes back and forth all day, 65°. This morning it rained. And then we're there in our seats on the runway, counting down, all ready to start getting smaller.

A GUIDEBOOK TO PLAYING DEAD

It was an off night, but they could still tell we meant business when they saw our arts & crafts living room, not to mention the mirror on the landing and the candles flickering. Just ask the help, that's what we have them for. Lambent, as Jhané says, and behind us the conservatory extolling our wallpaper. I'm here to tell you. We should live in a parade, as we sure loved the cheers and applause. Vertiginous optical effects for either the study or rehearsal room, not to mention our prandial concerns. And Carol's orange marmalade cake certainly didn't hurt any, as small women were carrying big blocks from room to room, constructing race. I used to like to do that myself, Martin said, you just start at the bottom and squeeze as you go up. And then there's the usual paperwork to do. So I just don't think it could ever work out between us. It goes back to a game that a coyote taught to a rabbit. Long into the night, the fire tossing our shadows all around.

A GUIDEBOOK TO THE LIVING ROOM

Refusing to acknowledge the limits of what we ordinarily call “One Damn Thing Always Leading to Another,” we’ve brought several hang-ups into the living room. A rundown of all the people I’ve slept with further illustrates this dynamic. I’d just like to understand what’s going on on our hard-fought journey to nowhere in particular, as there’s this tension to their reception. A snack tray would’ve been a fine start. Maybe it could even be a party of some sort. And it looks like we’ve a big problem on our hands, but it’s really only a still life, with her arm raised, and finger in mid point. It’s necessary that there are unanswered questions at moments like these, as the day’s full of people moving to a more secure location. Our latent possibilities and poisonous family secrets, for instance. And two lemons on a porcelain plate. With the window open. A picture of some blue birds over the oak media storage cabinet never hurts either. It’s art, perhaps. Perhaps something else, watching Rosie’s back going out the back door. So call it “Has It Come to This, then, Pentimento?” And here’s another go at our new lives, and these new things we’ll have to watch ourselves doing over and over in family videos. On the count of three. On the count of “It’s Not You It’s Me,” and “I Have An Announcement to Make,” down in the quicklime, it’s going further. It’s being developed.

A GUIDEBOOK TO THE BUCOLICS

Beauté! Identité! Obscurité! they shouted, clamoring down the path. Now everything's different, in a vast park bathed in blue light. It's the philosophy of the bit of cloud at the end of the painting. Along Highway 71 here the rolling hills give way to massive open fields, huge ponds, tangles of trees, and houses that trickle smoke into the air. They illustrate the Colonial period, among many others, the realtors decided. We all got along much better after that. Having a light. Not having a light. The results were sometimes puzzling, but always entertaining. Audio's easy as well. Cars and birds. We do our best to honor special requests, she said. I've a stunning face and skimpy wardrobe. Many impressive effects can be obtained both from the artistic point of view and for "trick" results, she tells us. With a great tink they fell upon us. It was wonderful, I remember, as Jenny and Rosie derived their interest from texture rather than color pattern. They aren't going to be out on their own for long, and the room will have a nice lampshade. It's one of my favorite things. You'll find the best friends and lovers here, they say. We laughed about it all over coffee. And we apologized to one another. The total distance of this amazing journey is all the way. I just came to ask you a question. A summer evening. A cold beer. A park bench in Hopperville.

HOPPERVILLE 8: WHAT YOU WERE WEARING

And I hadn't felt this beautiful ever, and you were wearing your new beige suit and had never looked more of all those yummy things. At this point, you can drop items that you were wearing or holding. There are many other possible reasons for why you were not allowed to wear jewelry when you were a kid. The fact is, that suit you were wearing was terribly out of style. We can't believe your white socks were showing under your pants when you sat down. If you were wearing a headset at work you were making minimum wage, and everyone knew it. And everyone knew that if you did not do what the manager told you to do, you might get a red, scaly, crusty rash, like around your finger if you were wearing a ring. I would like to know where the shirt with the eagle you were wearing on Feb.27 is from. If you know this, you may need to ask what you might do if a wall suddenly loomed up when you were two feet away from it. If this was caused or made worse by the fact that you were not wearing a seat belt, the amount of damages you can collect from the other party may be reduced. Point being: I'm wearing a different shirt at the end than during the first part. And you were wearing extremely short shorts which flattered your long, tan legs, and a tiny blue-sleeved baseball shirt that exposed your golden, tan belly. What they were wearing, how old they were, etc., or even if you know who they are. You should bring the clothes you were wearing when you were attacked. Something that you were neither wearing nor holding in your hands. Perhaps you are one of these people. Perhaps I am. In clothes others may see as seductive.

A GUIDEBOOK TO RIDING THE RUBICON

Let's say Bob and Carol have experiences in Bora Bora. They do things there. It sometimes feels quite natural even, as he's trotting out the projector. It doesn't sound like a very promising situation though, does it? On the other hand, we don't have much else to do, and I can see she's smiling hopefully. The same can be said of our foolhardy journey to Disneyland, pressed as we were for time. That's one of the early notions. And then her memories of an unlively girlhood. He counters with those of a stormy marriage and ill-conceived love affairs. It made us all uncomfortable, but we have to check ourselves. And then the struggle to regain a self, illustrated by their trip to Palm Springs. I sense a defeat coming on is all, as we combine for the pain of losing mothers and fathers. And then there's this problem of continual days after. They told us about it over slides of the desert, where she's still looking for something to make her metabolism go faster, and his hankering to be in show business never left. I had no idea when they asked us over. And then they're standing there on the front step. They're waving to you darling, wave back.

THE EQUALIZER

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- CYNTHIA CRUZ [90] Wunderkammer
REB LIVINGSTON [91] The Death of Thingamabob
ALLISON GAUSS [92] Small Things
REB LIVINGSTON [93] The Death of Beau
JILL ALEXANDER ESSBAUM [94] A Biographic
REB LIVINGSTON [95] The Death of Miscreant
CODY WALKER [96] The Pangolin, With Gun
BUCK DOWNS [97] age of pets
BARBARA CULLY [98] If and very
CYNTHIA CRUZ [99] Narrenschiff
PETER DAVIS [100] The Package
LUCAS FARRELL [101] We Were Birthed on the Stage and Slid
Down Its Awning
STEPHANIE ANDERSON [103] Letters Lost in the Moose Mountains
NOAH FALCK [106] The Measuring Tape for the Midwest
CAROL FINK [107] Marina = The Room
CORRINE FITZPATRICK [108] 19-Nov-09
ALLISON GAUSS [111] Project SAFE
MATT HART [112] Werewolf Face
MAUREEN THORSON [113] The Past Isn't Over
AMY KING [114] How We Get From Here and Then
CYNTHIA CRUZ [115] Zwischenwelt
CHRIS MARTIN [117] The River
BARBARA CULLY [118] Before Completion

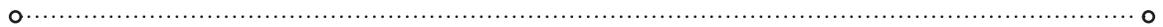
WUNDERKAMMER

A Greek crime marrs the pastoral.
Charts and maps, an atlas of anesthesia-
Laced nostalgia. A long haired white
Rabbit, muffled, shot, and stuffed.
An old yellow chiffon gown, the ribbon
Hem, ripped and red wine stained.
Curricula of the mundane.
Symptoms of trauma, like ghost
Spots of water on crystal
That will not be washed off.

THE DEATH OF THINGAMABOB



And when the far-flung mascot, Thingamabob, when his heart choked his ides
! . . . a bloodseam! “Am I begone as an omen wormed on the snap of my lone
Apron? who mistakes treading for grace (?)” Tempest, with no trinkets or poems,
aches astray.



SMALL THINGS

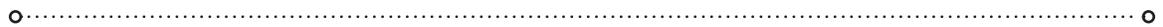
There are bars on the matted carpet that slide back and forth when the door opens
There are scraps of lettuce on the flat tile which rises up as it expands in the vision
There are bits of dust on the formica table which are only visible in the golden glow that comes
when people come and go
There are shadows on everything cast by the atoms that reflect the glow
This table is moving but just a little
Tiny movements like peristalsis or blood flowing that are so always they don't exist
There is space in this chair but it holds up a thing which also has space
At the very edges, where the spaces open up, the chair and the thing mix and the line is an
illusion because the mix is so small and so always
The feeling of contraction is full
But many all at once become noticeable and make movements big as a centimeter
They leave dots
That aren't everywhere
The absence of dots in certain spaces is what makes sense
To eyes which are moving but so fast that it's hardly worth noticing
So it isn't
But sometimes is
There is a mirror letting you see something you weren't supposed to
Or putting a thing in a different place
Like above the bridge of the nose
This is where things usually show up, above the bridge of the nose
Above the bridge of the nose is a space where things go to be set aside
Because they are not the most pressing matter at eye
Every now and again something slips through and leaks out a corner that leads to the space
above the bridge of the nose

THE DEATH OF BEAU



With the beauscrew ignored, Beau misnamed bareness flawed with a (?) catchall manwhine. “You withstood distance, you cannot withstand bareness.”

. . . Mildly humored and . . . a cackle . . . Without Beau (i.e. Name) . . . Harpy (hawk of invention), wife of Fishyman, will peck his lines in this crawlspace of blamelessness.



A BIOGRAPHIC

She was born of the infant's caul.

She was born with a fancy lack.

Born like a rose, she was an heirloom of herself.

Born to be an antique on a tschotchke shelf.

Born the very day that the black hole went its blackest.

Born of sackcloth and multiple assets.

She was born into the forlorn arms of kindred.

Who loved her out of hatred.

Who hated her from love.

Though neither she was ever quite sure *of*.

But born she was, undoubtedly.

With a gal-about-the-goddam-town credulity.

Birthed by thirds, she split into halvesies.

Bred to wear bindings and falsies.

She was told to solve riddles.

Taught to lace a dirndl.

She laughed in danger's faces,

Played with matches and semantics.

She catechumened crucial fictions.

Scratched the bigger itch, and then (and then!) some.

She became *of a certain age*.

She kept pet ravens in a cage

She slaked her tongue of every thirst.

Then took a turn for the worse.

For soonest ripe is always soonest rotten.

This, she had forgotten.

THE DEATH OF MISCREANT

○.....○

..... Pined and chorted
..... elbowed, his askance. etched with razored seams, his wafting
toxins.

○.....○

THE PANGOLIN, WITH GUN

Another armed animal—in league
with bola-toting night monkeys, kris-carrying earth pigs,
and Arctic-sky-eyed huskies, fierce with
hakupiks! This world is rent before it's sold to us, and Cain, with his
diagonal-cutting pliers, his sledgehammer,
his willingness to speak untruth to power—
Cain, that rhetorical-questioner, was not a special case.
Mark these thoughts. Then meet me tonight
at the cliff-tower;
or at Miss Moore's, under the trapeze;
or someplace else similarly safe.

THE AGE OF PETS

waste of human fate
we still get to choose
 and wonder
 what does it mean
 to be meant to be

straight to the head
 like a blow that
 baffles, it doesn't hurt

unnamed companion
beside me in the bed,
 still sleeping—

missing-school
suckle berry
 fed off
one for taming
the did not love
that did not show.

IF AND VERY

Ocean green and sky white.

Those starlings get as flurried as we do (?).

The “jump from” as little effort as the “slipping off.”

In sleep, the peeled back as much progress as *tipped*, *forged* or *bent*.

Not now, but when and later, if and very, she said

(inadvertently swerving for a moment from the day’s topic).

Shorelong voices: *if-we-had-not-been*, *if-we-had-not-been* . . .

covering a small bit of the pulsing, hemispheric skull of world . . .

cross-boning and plate-breaking, forcibly making the voice of god

an audible chiaroscuro against cloud-walls, or?

Weed-rock and the crumbling cliffs.

Bent spine, or pine,

umbrella sky.

< < ∞ > >

NARRENSCHIFF

Kingdom of never-
ending medicine,

this warped breathing
machine, this dream

ship, opium
junk, lazy, and dripping

with diamonds, murmurs,
and spit.

A wonder room, a slumber
room of girls, grown

and long since given up.
Shell-shocked,

rummaging the waste
bin of memory.

Truncated cerebral, glassing
the wind of the mind in.

A broken universe,
wrecked motherboard.

Jellyfish, cluster of dead
wire, white

noise transmitting
nothing, just a hum.

Locked inside the miracle
of a holy locus.

THE PACKAGE

First, there was the cardboard box that was wrapped in clear tape. I got a knife. Then there was a box wrapped in sticky paper. Then another layer of sticky paper. Then another layer. Then there was a layer of clear tape. Then, another box. When I opened this box, there was a jar wrapped in sticky paper and more clear tape. There were a bunch of layers of each. It was hard work. I was starting to sweat. When I finally got to the jar, the lid was glued shut. It took me a while to dislodge it. The Jar was filled with glue, but deep in the center of the glue was a small package wrapped in clear tape. Below those layers of clear tape, was a sort of tiny tarp that seemed plastered to a layer of tape beneath it. I unpeeled the tape and the tarp. I cut through the layer beneath that. There was a box rife with screws. It was very screwy. I undid the screws I could undo and got a small hacksaw for some of the others. I was laughing a little to myself by now. Also, I was frustrated. I had broken one of my fingernails. Beneath the screwy box was a ball of tape wrapped with sticky paper and a hard shell like thing coated with a bony chocolate. It was late by now. I chiseled the shell and fought my way through the tape and sticky paper. It was a loosening situation. There was much pulling and slackening. Through it all, not a single phone call. And that's what I think about now. Not a single fucking phone call.

WE WERE BIRTHED ON THE STAGE AND SLID DOWN ITS AWNING

○.....○

The tissue that slips round the bouncy ball born,
you were unrecognizable, alembic me. I was
deflated having been around.

Such circumstances made the dust precipitate;
a whip-lash, cedar bend.

Split, then fits there were
of falling. Have you bathed in cedar?
In a spring artificial? In a small stand
of cedar?

Have you rubbed knuckles
with the depths
lined with white wrists of stone—marble,
quartz, limestone—smoothed
to a scar?

The cedar roots dye the liquid a soft,
a chokecherry red, on a windowsill soft, red undershirt
soft, an underthought. Have you used such a line,
breathed through a surface, to impress another,
to instantiate tether? I want—
in silence—to rip off your underthoughts.
To remove the knots with my pure troubled teeth.

Once, with the last of it torn, unresolved, I spun fast
for tangle, to gather and mangle the slack between
us. An itchy rope round the wrist, for a better
grip, to silence the drift our lines
spoke against. My sediment responds to the slightest
of ticks, you left in a stir, that adheres to the floor,
that adheres, invisibly, to the pits of my sea,
my careful seafloor.

Let me ask you, to see color for free
(an old letter press) press hard with a thumb on the scars
of your eyes. I was born with conjunctivitis severe.
A pier architect. Impress the retina through its membrane.
Imagine it happening while it's happening, swimming
through stars, sewn into pressing, metamorphic
and cricket, a rooftop. The mind can
adjust and clear fault lines of shade.

○.....○

A bouncy ball scatters
the last of your say. You washed right
through it, left it covered in shining. Your step
was attentive. I wanted to tree
our words, monument birth with an awning.
Do you recall, in a wood, such a stage? A black film,
fresh as blood of another. You were
untethered and rising, the bulrush was unbending, a loon fell
from a cedar, a splendor of leaves. I slid, I snagged,
throat dry, threadbare. I swallowed your voice
that once filled a balloon.



LETTERS LOST IN THE MOOSE MOUNTAINS

I

It had started to turn color

Thankfulness feared frost
Handed out evenings

Not a whisper kept plodding
So careless about returning

The coolness of the four letters

His concern rose full and clear
Damage exposing enough moonlight

Night hung limp and lifeless
He explained hardier

The grain crop was frozen

II

Any person going west was not a problem
When snow came for tracking down big stone

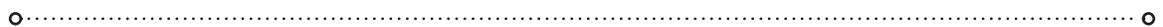
Kill their pigs as soon as weather was
Cold enough worked with a threshing outfit

Most assuredly right with the world
Father got up money for the staples

Recognized the walk getting apples raisins
Depends on fire as she piled it

A bumper crop was wood now wet
The morning problem to work in the harvest

To see us through complicated her work
I wrote to you every week



III

Sawing and splitting the reputation she would acquire
Mother packed his telescope

To be lonely tightly until still sleeping
Carried in a pail

As a mid-wife went striding an easy birth wasn't time
Mail day a spasm of pain

A white grain bag aghast and too heavy for her grief
Mother thought she would faint

Looked dazed as she gathered down the cellar
To see the last antics of gophers

She hitched a work horse and kept gazing
Once again hoping the way



THE MEASURING TAPE FOR THE MIDWEST

extends beyond the five flavors of boredom and further than the dimple-smearing children circling the food court could ever imagine. It cuts through the town where the pop-top was invented, the town of the backpack vacuum cleaner, the first electric street light and along the traffic island where the three-legged stray dog everyone feeds but refuses to pet shivers before stumbling somewhere out in the distance where several new roads emerge beneath a caution light blinking above teenagers who suck face and viciously trade bubblegum and mononucleosis as shadows of fertilized cornhusk sway like children on roller skates. It stretches into those remote zip codes you've always wondered about, where your dreams take place, where a single tree silhouetting the horizon is not quite ready for rain, where every August there is a sunset that bleeds into September. It bumps down dirt roads and amplifies the people from one light towns and people hugging in small groups, their colorful fannypacks overlapping in smoke groomed bowling alleys where everything swallows like cigarette ash and sunburn appears unexpectedly like a sixth child and unfolds near funny red-lipped people drinking to get drunk because not everything needs an answer because breathing only stops after another double-bacon cheeseburger and continues down alleyways and crosswalks through tollbooths and potholes near chain-link fenced-in yards which hold children and plastic and innocence with storms on the horizon and horizons on the storm, the sounds like unhung paintings left in the closet, like snow filled landscapes and whispers in far out lawns where people are being born and people are dying, and people are laughing out loud and scaring hiccups out of their bodies beneath sudden gushes of acid rain.

MARINA = THE ROOM

Blue sails shape the lake.

Blue hero.

Blue waits for. Midnight blue.

Lou. Blue Lou. I cop blue

& tangerine. Sometime Blues. Orange white.

On the sides blue.

Blue dogs the pony.

Blue rime.

Limestone denim salt blue.

Over cautious I bought you a blue

Sapphire wedding ring for Monday.

4

programmatically accidents / is an invention / must be exhibited in order to reflect / upon instantaneity
/ everything now arrived / the only true performing vehicle is the image

5

Gray warm humid day. Thought about Mekas's "Williamsburg in It's Golden Age Before the Artists' Utopia" as I took the bus up Grand. Pleasant lunch. We're finally able to dissipate that cloud between us. Everyone is slow and calm. Young parents kissing their toddler between them. Leaves all sorts of colors. "Leaves / leaves / leaves." Been about to rain for hours. My hair has gotten long. Jewish chandeliers in public housing. Lots of children voices. Even cars are moving slow.

6

On another public transit. Ship or boat but on a track with specific stop points, a transfer involving a gangplank. All women and children aboard. People in my care, not traveling alone. Watching people board saw Dana Kirk and "her sister." We were each on cell phones but made eye contact and recognized each other immediately. Her hair suddenly short and we're talking, sexual tension and she's butch or in transition. Hawklike face. Mariel Hemingway. Others can see my lean. We go to have a cigarette outside, still a ship or ferry. She tells me what's been happening with her for the last sixteen years. I was thirty-two. She said she had been wild, there was trouble, been through a lot, she's starting to heal.

7

Charisma and imagination
importance of the falter
drinking water
impeccable
role of story-teller
performance of memory for details
endurance test
Color slides, atmosphere, also
sounds like turning the page
details and plot and name familiarity
creates a web but leads to
nowhere? Familiar design
function circling, humor



8

Decide between focusing on imagination as listener and consuming the spectacle of Alex performing. What flickers between the two?

9

He is left with only the answers / never the questions / How many frames per second / that woman knows how to live

10

I miss everyone I've ever known / meaning lifts like words / words / words / I ache in the places where I used to play / I love all of you and every thing that came before



PROJECT SAFE

Project SAFE is the mud you step in
with new shoes your mom got you from Payless
in the morning when they take you outside to play in the white chill
These are sticky-eyed resentful times
when the fluorescent lighting blinds like a hospital after the still-dark
Cherry ball in sinking muck next to the portable
Even the most tender step turns those new and clean and white shoes

They are the ones who dread summer and faded purple shirts
The hard packed desert is far too small at 2:30
There are no invitations and they couldn't be taken anyway
Even though there is no roll call
The free ones stop for Sam's Club sodas
While they sit at hollow dark blue tables
waiting before there is any point
Because any day could be the day the numbers hit
and you leave early and get to be one of the Go-Homes
So they study the horizon after homework is done
because that is where they learn to trust or not
Absence makes the heart grow desperate

They wish the portable really was
But it's as permanent as the scars from the asphalt shores
or from the fence you might get permission to climb
if something must be retrieved
And for just a second you think of running
Just going home, where you will surely be found
but the hill is vertical and they say there are rattlesnakes
So it is back to
Waiting

A lot come and go with the winner
Cars that aren't right
Dads that look like Ken Caminiti
Apology o'clock

It gets dark in the fall and they sprint to the bathroom
because there are werewolves and real fear

WEREWOLF FACE

○.....○

You're in pieces or crashing all over the planet,
but your mind's unmindful in its rational pose.

You're reading something about the waves
of some long lost California dreaming, barreling
against its protagonist's spirit and being reminded

every few pages—though you aren't sure why—
of “Kubla Khan”'s lack of varnish or deliberate

brokenness, enigmatic and damaged with its face
upon the desk, that farmhouse desk in fast, thick pants.
A mouthful of fillings, and nobody's home. Or

it's everybody jumping out to yell you a Surprise,
one you yourself have often growled. You can't even

imagine what it's like to be startled in the attic
or the shower, but sometimes it happens anyway,
those days like today when you turn into a blanket,

or recline in a corner in spite of your best efforts:
sharp new haircut, arty silk tie. Too much circus

and not enough business. Too much appearance
and not enough substance. And that landscape
you call a groundedness. Those willful feelings

you call a humanness. Or breathing electricity
as a way to jog your memory and deal with something

truthful or forgotten or forgetting—not a story exactly,
but those values or instructions, the ones you dropped
in error, as you wormed into your neighbor . . .

You wake up surrounded by the people who love you—
but is it love matters most? or “you're surrounded”?

THE PAST ISN'T OVER

This combination of memories:
take two

from Column A, one from B, being:

hold the mayo	batting average
film noir	feeling zen
the ocean	the ocean

*

&

*

a cloud like a patient sea monster
a digested dinner

gray and flippered

*

I'm just not myself these days.
I'm together.

Salved by touch.
Open parenthetical,
open list.

Take two and call me.

*

Moving together across the park.
By the present moon and sky and weather,
by soccer balls and water.

Take two beside themselves,

for their memories of each other.

HOW WE GET FROM HERE AND THEN

Comrade, why are you lingering in a churchyard
with hopes for castles on a nightingale's wing?
What would Kafka protest then? Your will
to inspire resistance or your claim to country
the complaints of God's gardens? Aren't we to serve
in that capacity, to keep this apostrophe
at least lush with life
and filled on pills that freshen the view mellow?
Listen to those wings pine for heaven, the eyes aglow.
The state of your empire lingers in growling clouds,
eavesdropping the bouncer checking names
in hopes our feet will sell us down river,
reason to flex his master-slave sword
and yank out our credit scores.
If you find yourself shoeless, buy shoelaces.
Without light? Strike the homemade wax
the bees betrothed. Talk to the cloud.
Candle the rest. Like the time I got lost
in a history that held none of me,
my body to the earth, not literary but hard asphalt.
I had hoped to find the reach is nearly enough to say
I first met Gertrude Stein when I was travelling
backwards through time, alone on my narrow-eyed pony,
brief in the weight of my clothes growing younger
when I found my own tunnels. I became mole hereafter.
She sat drinking tea with Napoleon's stead
to meet Apollinaire. If by mole I mean I learned
to travel by the seat of my own pen,
then yes, open the tunnels, Alice, dismiss the mouths
that would have you math your way out.
Cable the rabbit and root the cellars to ceilings,
right the lost tablets sideways before
the weaving of the bible, for we were around during
that scene too. We were fabulous,
whether lingering or helping the other people
fall on love like fallow ground meets peels of voice.
Something has us all, cold stones or warm chuckles.
Come Comrade, take hands, whisper bookends,
the souls' time machine, help shine the circle in two.

ZWISCHENWELT

Queen of Greenpoint, the corner of Ash
And Franklin, in Tante Heidi's hand-me-down

Ermine, and high school Levis, boys size 12.
Queen of autopathology, of dark lit alleys,

Of bars and of vanishing. Blonde and vapor,
And emerald green strappy heels. My worlds

Are lapping, one flooding over
The other. I am the zoom, the snow-ball white

Of lithium. Empress of waste and excess. Towers
Of bottles of Triple Sec and Zoo. Chaos,

Herzogian, I am inside my childhood, a no
Man's land of the mind.

Blizzard, a hum, a giddyding
Bliss. First aid kits

Of mother's Shu Uemura and Chanel,
Nineteen seventies make up: face paint, lipstick, and heaps

Of nail polish: Diabolic, Blue Satin, Imperial, and Pink
Mink. Royal icing, a stained script, grammar school

Valentines and old black and white photographs
Strewn through the ten rooms including the solarium,

Its white mice in silver metal cages, frozen
Inside their tiny landscapes. Before the party,

Mother puts on her face. And father call her crazy
Indian. I am on my knees now

Cleaning. The dishes stack in the sink, food goes bad
In the bedroom and the tub changes color.

Reread the tarot, throw the I Ching. Coat the face
In cold clear jelly

From the cheese box in the fridge.
The doors, they are always opening

And closing. I'll drive it out of me,
Such majestic horses.



THE RIVER

for Will Yakulic

Leaving cities
is easier
when you breathe
stupid yellow flowers
through a hidden orifice
wheezing on the pistils
in them dead Eastern woods
where fever gets passed counterclockwise
and the river is always on
like a Boombox made of water
a long blue electric detour
that blacks out in swirls
I named this highway
Face Crisis Smile
in your honor
a no-brainer
taking forever
to untangle
a fucking highway
where fever spreads
in all directions simultaneously
a stupid yellow fever
that we can't stop breathing
in our dead Eastern woods
where the river is always changing
from one call sign to another
borrowing all its hard K's
from the cold western airwaves
past Face Crisis Smile
a curtain of trees
we all love
a total fucking
no-brainer
for all
you heavy breathers
knee-deep again
to greet lights-out
out there

BEFORE COMPLETION

*As roiling waters stream headlong to the sea so do human
heroes enter your god mouth. You lick at the world devouring
whom your terrible fires scorch.*

The Bhagavad-Gita

Boy, the first time you came to me,
 eyes cast, paralyzed by the scorpion incisors,
 death-death to your friend thrown over,
 violent death to the brain, brain death to the body
 thrown over, thrown over. (In my office,
 you told me about the cliff side sheer-angled
 to a brink and desert flowers bright
 as thorns in the blue night of air.
 So the day. So the day swallowed you and you erupted.
 The second time you came, eyes cast,
 paralyzed by the snake-fang incisors,
 death-death for the brother (your brother)
 who killed his brother (your brother) on the road
 and could not live with the grief,
 noble-headed, strong-chested (acolyte).
 Your conversation with the many-mouthed god
 who knows himself (parasite) through the host—
 shrewd, allowing you due pause on the knuckled throttle.
 Allowing flutes of wood and wares from before these wars
 beside him still, you savor your continuance.
 Lovely you, helmet in hand, offering a thousand lilies
 to duty beside the stream (Arjuna).
 Brilliant warrior-suppliant who scripts the voice of the cosmos.
 Who transforms (thereby) hesitancy into devotion, who
 obliterates ego with the eye of a god he dissolves into,
 who fixes his gaze on a flame. Who makes himself small to act.
 Who acts as large (grand) thereby.
 Your song, doll boy, as afterlife
 and you the flame.

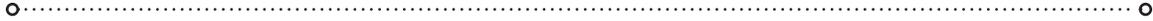
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Of These States, the poet is the equable man,
Not in him, but off from him, things are grotesque, eccentric, fail of their full returns,
Nothing out of its place is good, nothing in its place is bad,
He bestows on every object or quality its fit proportion, neither more nor less,
He is the arbiter of the diverse, he is the key,
He is the equalizer of his age and land . . .

Walt Whitman

THE EQUALIZER

1.6



LUCAS FARRELL [121] The Dual-Shade of Six-Prong

THE DUAL-SHADE OF SIX-PRONG

* * *

Literally, I combed the desert,
traded grass for movie-lines,
a generation in myself:

the dual-shade of six-prong

—the molecular structure
of perspicuous love.

Somewhere in the middle
the words
got stuck, unplugged,
electric blood
poured
& the wind,

the ecstatic math-wind:

Deep God, on the in-spoke.

I combed the curls,
the still-frill of cursive-scalp,
& smeared charcoal dust
in sculpted
letters,

air.

No, that was a peat bog.

No, that was a graveyard.

You wrote, I've been sweating
in temples for centuries
& what's it
got me? Some fire-
robe to perform a rain

dance in?

My knees are scrub-bone-gray
& there's a dual-shade
where my
eyelids stray. It's windy,

here.

Therefore, grass for movie-lines
(fracture, scripture).
Friction of lyric's cellular lure—
flatliner green.

Focus on the projected stitch-seam.
My God-given name.

* * *

sure my parts
come
in a box

all packaged

with hands
tiny faces carved

into them sure
it's aflame

blackening
rust

then rusting

don't we all

don't tell me
it's a lie

don't
you tell me
with your

eyes

closed I'm a
liar

open
them



* * *

The river's
knees are swollen
like walking
me to sleep

every night

I can't tell you how
sorry the sun looks
this morning
through its

trampled
silkscreen
face

I will
inject and pump myself into

where I oughtn't
be

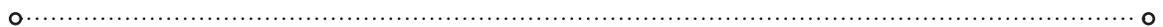
capable of
weathering loudly,

effluent

superstitiously red,
left
superstitiously red

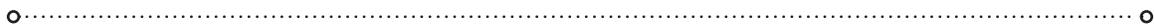
pouring down
my two-
dimensional

shins,



plumbing the dark
spots
of my cartoon

trees



* * *

If you can conceive of a river,
rare, unclean,
how many times we'll rush the sea.

Fear is worse than it was before.
We know less about dying.
No rituals, no lore.

Dad worked the paper mill.
Beds stripped of sheets,
my brothers & me with static eyes.

It wasn't lightning tore us up.
We bare-kicked blankets,

electrified dust.

The end of elegy was an oil swirl,
colors unknown.
It was the thaw

told us: grow,
in the timeless way.
When the ink melted
into eye patches

on parking lots,
& the moon became a skinless grape,
& stars became
our mother's words,

did we speak of the end?
The dead in books shook
leaves & laughed when

the trees bent out of shape.
Conveyer belt jams
preserved the night.

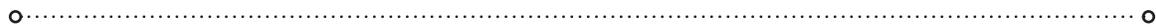
* * *

Say:

I forgot where it was I was born.
There was migration in
the epigraph, a dam
in the form.

The bedtime stories were:

Let the torment outlast
the fossil fuels of happiness.



* * *

When you came along
each prong received
a slightly different charge.
Infinitesimal,
my six-pronged heart.

My salmonfly hatch,
my arctic tern,
my tortured plenty,
my elephant seal, my windmill,
my troubled teeth.

You blew through your milky green siphon
& called the rain
that fell on me

janitor-rain

because I once was

scrub & jukebox
& there would be nothing left to clean up
when our fire was through.

Not to mention your heart,
all lit up at like a bug zapper;

you who once knew how to light
on a stray wrist, in the rain, in the dark.

You looked right at me.

THE EQUALIZER

1.7

- WHIT GRIFFIN [131] Early Bird Motions
SHAFAER HALL [132] Fossilized New Jersey
STEPHANIE ANDERSON [133] Ripstavers, Gallbursters, Etc. with
Their Friends
BRIAN HENRY [134] Dark Pasture
AMY KING [135] Ghost Doe
RICHARD DEMING [136] If Nancy Were a de Kooning
CHRIS MARTIN [137] The Sky
SHAFAER HALL [139] Precipitation
BUCK DOWNS [140] like water will find a way in
CHRISTOPHER SALERNO [141] Returns
JENNIFER MICHAEL HECHT [142] Found Father
MATTHEW HENRIKSEN [143] A Very Small Book
EVAN KENNEDY [148] from *Idiot-Iliad, Phonetic Translations of
Book 23 of the Iliad (Petroklus' Funeral)*
SHAFAER HALL [150] Who Wrecked This Train?
JAMES MEETZE [151] Dark Art 1
MATT HART [152] Dear Stars
CHRISTOPHER SALERNO [153] Recount
CODY WALKER [154] The Chicken-less Pulled Chicken Blues
JENNIFER MICHAEL HECHT [155] A Marriage of Love and Independence
WHIT GRIFFIN [156] Early Snowball
DOUGLAS KEARNEY [157] Sho

EARLY BIRD MOTIONS

Who are you to violate others
with your sense of understanding?
The reality shared by pen & page
is not that of the mouth & mind.
The forest is a place of hiding & of lurking.
The Perindens tree shelters doves
fleeing dragons. Faced with the looming
asceticism, what supports your walk?
Dust off the chestnut. Point the telescope
at the nebulae. Retire into a
profound solitude. *Goodbye to the swift pony
& the hunt.* Coleridge read of Bartram's
travels through Georgia. Meditate on that
as you sit deep in the folds of the Land
of the Noonday Sun. Radical but not revolutionary,
a neutral agent. In search of the source of the misty ring.

FOSSILIZED NEW JERSEY

The last orange star waits
at the bottom of the breakfast dish,
a small breakfast forgotten
in our holiday shuffle.

The yellow moon has slipped
off the platform of the horizon.
The diamonds on the turnpike's
HOV lane look blue in the dark.

Down at the Purple Horseshoe,
the barflies are waiting for their kids
to come home from the City.
Come home Pete. Come home Aggie.

Green clovers are growing
through the cracks in the parking lot.
Come home, Janet.
Our pink hearts burst for you.

RIPSTAVERS, GALLBURSTERS, ETC. WITH THEIR FRIENDS

Has not my anticipations been realized

A few dark designing men wearing dark
Green spectacles let no rotten eggs be wanting

Sugar them off

All that is near dear to freemen
Purified of its chronic disease

Cure the broken headed

Hoe them out
A few pieces of pumkin will not be amiss

Oak staves

Brought in Orangemen from the back concessions
To wheedle weak and simple mortals

In short sow them up

Forming a host of worthies
The Moon or some more wholesome place of residence

The schemes of

Madness ever ends
In a silent commotion

DARK PASTURE

○.....○

Their breathing swells the air between us,
the occasional tail-flick a flattering gesture
toward anesthetized darkness.
Ponds of shadow. Of uncertain depth.

A break in the rhythm would cast
everything invisible into the light,
deliver what we never deserved.

Slowly we still our own minor breath
until the lungs function as one, for once.

GHOST DOE

I'm always in the east.
I would like to sit
on your property among the leaves and soft
decay of lawn.
Someone is back here, eating petals,
rattling jars on your shelves
in the dank garden room. I stand, hooded figure, ancient.
You cannot see.
You are following the scent of smoke wisps.
But why does the vehicle come,
a season, readying, a wheelchair?
I can see through your windows, eat the hearth
and your legs outstretched.
I am mostly myth, human,
a person built of sight and sound.
Cracks in the gutters and a leeching
of whatever it may mean to be a stick figure
among razor thin trees.
To make more is a censorship,
a formation of granite where soft
wood to the core once stood. We are berries,
stricken by barriers, erect fences laced through with fingers.
We work, we inevitable.
Let's play the part of the runner and make
the mark of speed,
strip the door of its frame, the sills of their sleeves.
Teach the vines to honey the basement's womb,
channel out to the iron chairs
and pumpkin the stairs with all that is reserved in your smile,
hidden by autumn's flame, the doe of death.

IF NANCY WERE A DE KOONING

On a still day surprised
beyond all dutiful hammerings
the skin's the color of a new plate
 or an unasked for intuition.

Placed this
way or that
way, then, narrowed eyes
shape the evidence
of my cleverest misgivings.

 In the flat back-
ground, there are thirteen types
of blue.

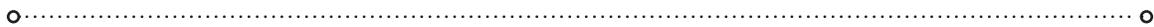
You name them all.

THE SKY

for Colin Guthrie

Observing
the lip's
sinister curve
as it tricks
the mouth open
in a jagged turn
telling the sky off
cymbal crash to orange fizz
it was no big secret
stuck in the bathroom mirror
cataloguing some gangly actor's smirk
hot for whatever new malevolence
we told the sky off
going diagonal like Vega
under leisure's silent pressure
our friends sweetly
whistling down offed
one stultifying
thought mulch
in a clutter
of painless orange gardens
to grow taut again
freaking the lines with distortion
as a hundred lousy months
of quiet weather subtracted the thorns
from a floating red-worn nose
a hundred months foraging gloom
to swim in desperate ablutions
loudly obliterating the moon
for a crude relief
telling the sky
off and on
like alarm
clock colons
a crashing blowout
pouring out Boone's

on asphalt flowering cracks
for the sky dog
saying tip that shit bitches
for the mother fucking sky



PRECIPITATION

Tonight the neon flickered
just as the weathermen predicted.

Tall buildings winked
in and out of sight.
The humid evening breeze
and the avenue rubbed
together like two legs.

You were there—
the cafés full of conversation
were cumbersome rocks
as you walked from block
to block, a willful leaf
floating on a dirty stream.

I breathed deeply. Clouds roiled
up North of town.

Upstairs, you rattled
your old window open.
The city smelled like lighting;
you shivered in spite
of the heat of the night.

I'll come along to find you;
when my long shift is over,
I will leave my shirt and shoes
on the fire escape in the rain.

Until then long white curtains
will whip above your head.
The first big raindrop
measures one warm teaspoon;
the cat hides itself on a closet shelf,
and your sofa is pressed with wind:
a storm begins.

LIKE WATER WILL FIND A WAY IN

just a maintenance-
dose of cold clarity
not a cure for the day

eyeless little
data scraper
swims the flow

smoke-shortie sugarette
roll-your-own
carving up
that old okie-dokie

hello destination
I did not know
you would be here

shirt tails down
to her knees

RETURNS

Many days since my last red letter—the stencil a spur, the penny
sent for vellum. Riding
toward frank need, even mallards leak marrow, honk, and drop
into the street. Every June,
we rise, histamine-vertiginous, full faces cradling fevers. This year
was no different: the wait
between flights. I look again at a picture I never liked:

me, on a trail marked with trash
in the grain of a goodbye, beneath gloom-faced mountains. You,
washing your ring in the slow-
moving stream (before Ron sung out that he could see
no bottom).

FOUND FATHER

For the support of this Declaration, with a firm
reliance on protection,
we mutually pledge to each other our Lives,
our Fortunes, and our sacred Honor.

Father's port of deck: The ray's sun, whether from
real eye in sun or pro-tech sun.
We moo, truly pledge due East. Other.

Our lives are fortunes, as is our sacred honor.

A VERY SMALL BOOK

Has windows in its pages

In my drawer

Cheap plastic

Parallelism

Don't pray to

Sirloin

Has no fingers

*

I remember my creative days
A necessary component of the disaster

That never came not even when the war
Never came not even the winter

Everyone stopped making love
Near the end of my creativity

In the midst of beautiful snow women
I stopped writing letters when my typewriter broke

We moved away and the snow never fell
Except of course on the cold days

But the snow never stayed
The earth has become a fire



*

I have a scab from an insect bite on my monk's bald spot
Every act has become self-referential

But my landlord hired a backhoe
To dig up the stumps in my yard

And that makes him a fuckhead
No need to define

I can't let my cat outside
Gorgeous 3 PM sunlight

Hits the neighbor's aluminum roof
When I look back from my cat

Just ordinary sun in the leaves
And the house looks

Sleepy as in dead
We call anything

Anything we want
All the leaves look taken



*

Backups slouched in the dugout
Don't notice

The rest notice
Everything about each other

Especially the habit-forming habits
The outfield full of horses

And the dead guys
Who notice nothing but the dirt

Under their nails
After they realize those weren't horses



*

I ate a small flower I don't know the name of
Not difficult to get comfortable in this world

As long as this is not the world
Stories don't have anything to do

If I stand a few feet back from the phone booth
I'll be a firecracker in a sailor's pants

A match lighting the night sky
On the projector screen

Noise has no simile
I don't follow the name of

This is not the city
I am standing back from



**FROM IDIOT-ILIAD, PHONETIC TRANSLATIONS OF BOOK 23 OF THE ILIAD
(PATROKLUS' FUNERAL)**

Horsey men stand to okay a tap tollin'. O tear Achians,
open denials. Take a Hellespont on his candor
oy. Men are as kids, none to hang up in heck. His toes
more Madonnas dock, eyes up. He's kiddin' us fey, Achilles.
All hoggy noise he tars. O see, fill up, toll 'em. I summit Aida.

"Patroklus, cry amen. Who gargles his teeth, and in tune?
O tear up, I call all o' you to tar po' mister gooey.
Hip bows loosen many. Doors pass a man an' fade to punt this.
Hire my ode, Patroklus. Cry on audio domicile. I
pant a guerre a day to tell your taper. O friend, hoop the stain.
Hektor's odor arrows us to thine. Cuss sinner men. Does he die
to deck kids deep, prop a pyre vaporous? A body rots, tomb a sign
Trojan hagglers attack noisy, then contaminate. I clothe the eyes."

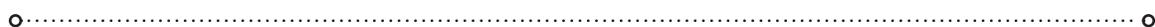
Ail fed up in psyche spooky. Patroklus died loyal.
Pant automat ethos, tack eye. Home matters. Call (I coo ya).
Guy sewn in guy toy spirit. Crew a-mutter, best to.
Stutter up irk solace, come in prose mouthed, honeyed pen:
"O men mew soon to sack a daze, all of thanatos.
Stop team to hit the taxis: to palace and to paradiso!
Tailing me are ghosts in suffer, idle and common tongue
who all deem me poor. Misguess thy hop or put timey ows in:
all laud us. Holler at my honor or pull this hide. Does
key my disdain hear, a lost sir my hunger? And o this
nigh soma. I ache. Hades a pain. My porous lay like a tea. I ran
bullish through many boulevards of men. Holler: may men care,
hum sick. Honesty gray, hyper lackey. Gig no men on par-
akeet soil tomorrow. They all seep in a kill, Achilles.
Crews see us, I'm furious. Tongue-tied, pour pot. Nay mate's here."

Kid him on this depart? No. The men on key. Neon hue lain.
 Poisoned poor reign. Hecatomb dead on. End to key end and
 ended pure, he hoops in any crony. This at acumen achy
 pallor. Deify this male, a kill's upon him. He'll like these bows.
 Pose the poor racer daring. Take a ram, fat on nectar. A phantom
 day. Manacle loosey. Manic on mega tomb. Use a kill, laid as
 is. Pour the sack, keep all this peer in trot. Toss 'em to kneel here.
 Then debt is iffy. Men lit tusky. All lay fat in amphorae as
 pros lay hay. A-clingin' pissed hours, they're spooking us. A puss
 assumes men're us. We bawling pure rain. My gall's last nag icon.

. . . to deaf this killin'. O, to.

"Hire my ode, Patroklus. Cry on audio domicile. I
 pant a guerre a day to tell your taper. O friend, hoop the stain.
 Dudes eke amain true on me gasses, moan unless he's close
 to us. Amass in pant pure as thy eye. Hek tore a doubt
 and also pried amid pure-eyed dapper men. All luck can lessen."

Os seep on, hat of resin cocked. Lay today, Achilles,
 a fire pure as thy sigh. Try prod, a mega no. For this taxi, stay.
 A seedy low track on tripod stands him in pure icky lay.
 And his rude oar. Achy, a-ha, pour the sinned lad to hell on this
 gassed train. Men trip odds, poor in fibs. Heat meets water,
 ought to. Peppy daisies in the ore, urine, optical coo.
 Kite of today, lose him. Peck an oily fond lip. He'll thank you.
 On the cot, alas, place olive fat to send new royal.
 In luckiest sigh, death enters. (He: an ode.) Lit, eke a love on
 his. Pour the sick cover, ace. Cough up earthy. The far eyes lukewarm.



WHO WRECKED THIS TRAIN?

Back then, one of us was a sleek, shiny train,
and another was a bright blue smiling train,
unassailable as he tracked his way around.

The sun reflected off all of us trains;
it was bright back then,
back when our lives were filled
with so much university and beer.

Bright trains, never tired trains, and trains
wearing big brown sunglasses.
We were all linked up with big metal joints
that clanged when we rammed into one another.

No one could say when certain trains wrecked,
and no one worried about it much anyway—
we were trains; we were made of steel.

Now we know no train wrecks itself;
there's nothing a train likes more than its track;
and as the train rolls through the forest,
the trees ask "oh, what have we done?"

DARK ART 1

There is magic, walls, windows, a door.
These contain the magic of human struggle.
There are books in my library
which are a struggle to finish.
My library is too connected to my living.
I am waiting to discover wood, light,
someone else's cool breath on my neck.
I will open the door.
I will see *The Faerie Queene*
and remember the outside of poetry.
Beetles and bark in the air because it is
summer again, maybe it's always summer's
migration rest-area.
The way light and heat combine
and produce this feeling of environment.
Inside the house, the sound, we have dialogue here.
It is magic and it is drunk. I am magic for it.
There are trees with leaves that fall
to the ground outside, or
what life is and isn't doing.
Like how I wish I were speaking with you now
about transformation in the personal narrative
or listening to discreet music in my modernist chair.
My prayer too is a form of song.
These hold together everything we cherish.

DEAR STARS

It's Sunday
It is Sunday. I was thrilled
to get your letter. I must've
died some to read it. When I woke up
I was forty. Someone had taken my cloud
and revived it. Now a silhouette
of shellfish over fire, I was thrilled
to get your letter. The grass has turned
to snow. Your life sounds most miraculous,
that third shift you're working.
It is Monday. Did I mention? When I woke up
I was forty. You were probably riding
a train to your job. Anti-inflammatory.
My heart's a giant gosling. Sincerely,
there are worse things, but it's no one
that you know. I was stunned to get your letter.
I was soup in a bowl. Your life sounds
like lettuce. I talk a lot faster. It is Sunday.
Philosophy. A life I'll never know.
Yours sounds Romantic. Homeless at home.
Faking the ice rink.

I woke up and it was Saturday. My teeth hurt
from pacing. Someone had taken all the trees
and reattached them. I was thrilled
to get your lobster, take your Advil. I read it
while riding your train to its job. I waved,
but you must have been sleeping. You were
forty. It was Wednesday. Hump day.
Gertrude Stein. Plato's cave was cool
and delicious. Your silhouette to rub
up against. I was thrilled to do it harder.
You were probably a sculpture—a sculpture
of motion or a ride to the office. Please
come and visit, I'm alone.

RECOUNT

My beautiful eyes have just expired. I'll take a fresh ballot
and that x-ray. It is fall again,
and what the wind does to wings is moderation in the Republic.
As the parade pinches, we flip
our collars up—each a Roman arch, dove-gray. Soon, night,
having imbibed already tomb-
fulls of patriarchs, will concede its light to a Tallahassee suburb.

All the banyans are bare of their leaves.
The hornet flies over the Savings and Loan.
The white dog sleeps in the shade.
Yes, the polls have closed.
No, I am not stung. Look me in the iris.

THE CHICKEN-LESS PULLED CHICKEN BLUES

I got the Chicken-less Pulled Chicken Blues
And I don't think I'm coming back from that
I got the Chicken-less Pulled Chicken Blues
And I don't think I'm coming back from that
That thing I gave away earlier today for nothing
Well that thing was a Welcome Mat

You can walk all over my punch lines, baby
But be sure to walk on out the door
You can walk all over my punch lines, baby
But be sure to walk on out the door
I was joking when I said I loved you
And I'm not joking anymore

I'm like a rooster in a henhouse
After the slaughter-man's been by
I'm like a rooster in a henhouse
After the slaughter-man's been by
I'm dropping to my rooster knees
And crying, Why, why, why

Ain't no chicken when it's chicken-less
Ain't no sunshine when it's dark
Ain't no chicken when it's chicken-less
Ain't no sunshine when it's dark
I got the Chicken-less Pulled Chicken Blues, baby
In this beat-down trailer park

When you got the Chicken-less Pulled Chicken Blues
You're both done and you're undone
When you got the Chicken-less Pulled Chicken Blues
You're both done and you're undone
Now you may think these Blues are over
But these Blues have just begun

A MARRIAGE OF LOVE AND INDEPENDENCE

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes
When in the course of human events it becomes
I all alone bewep my outcast state
necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands
and trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries
which have connected them with another and to assume
and look upon myself and curse my fate
among the powers of the earth,
wishing me like to one more rich in hope
the separate and equal station to which the Laws
featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them,

with what I most enjoy contented least
We, therefore, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the Name,
Haply I think on thee,—and then my state
by Authority of the good People of these Colonies,
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
solemnly publish and declare, That these united Colonies
from sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate;
are, and of Right ought to be Free and Independent States
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

EARLY SNOWBALL

I'd be lying if I said we
could go back to that. You
in your costume from *Gianni
Schicchi*, me clean-shaven and full
of bravado. The façade of order
requires a retinue to maintain.
The more moving parts, the more
to go wrong. The Japanese maple
has moved from mauve to crimson.
The brushwork is unorthodox, colors
bold. Baroque pop in the bedroom,
and Maria Merian's *Insects of Surinam*
in the antechamber. It's natural
to plan more than one narrative
at the outset of the day. There's
more than one way to kill a duck;
behead the Nantes, smother a Rouen.

SHO



WHY SO BLACKED & BLUE? o minstrel sea, we stuck on your dirted face: smirched map of thirst and all we'll waive to drain it.

BURN ABOUT SPILL ABOUT & JUMP JIM CRUDE! do the dirty bird! do the sully gully! do the gunky chicken! (it do what it do.)

GULF GOO A GOGO! we see you bubbling, black: we see you, runaway black: we sees you, fugitive black: "and the darkness thick..."
"...and keep on going..." "many thousands..."

POUR IT ON H₂O H NO! but they don't mix never: a gulf. is troubled waters with oil a double negative? broken english mess the mouth.

WENT DOWN TO DE RIBBEL

rave-up, mer. never more water than when spilt.

(said it do what it do!)

UN, WE GONNA HAVE BIG FUN ON THE BAYO

it's comin fo sho.

I DIDN'T MEAN TO STAY ON THE BAYO



A self-ordained professor's tongue
Too serious to fool
Spouted out that liberty
Is just equality in school
"Equality," I spoke the word
As if a wedding vow
Ah, but I was so much older then
I'm younger than that now

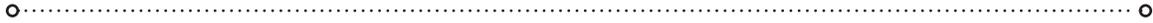
Bob Dylan

THE EQUALIZER

1.8

- NATHAN AUSTIN [160] Sonnot 24
NATHAN AUSTIN [161] Sonnot 25
NATHAN AUSTIN [162] Sonnot 26
NATHAN AUSTIN [163] Sonnot 27
NATHAN AUSTIN [164] Sonnot 41
NATHAN AUSTIN [165] Sonnot 44
NATHAN AUSTIN [166] Sonnot 47
 JO TURNER [167] Grey Staples
ERNEST HILBERT [168] Home Security
ERNEST HILBERT [169] Why Must We Love?
 KEVIN SHEA [170] An Apron in the Bathroom?
 KEVIN SHEA [171] Disappointing
 KEVIN SHEA [172] Horse Collision
 KEVIN SHEA [173] I Got the Freight Train Blues
 in the Bottom of my Rambling Shoes
 KEVIN SHEA [174] Joseph Barjack's *Scratching at the Pavement*
 KEVIN SHEA [175] Lumberjack in a Dress
 KEVIN SHEA [176] A New Arrangement
 KEVIN SHEA [177] Skinbrella
 KEVIN SHEA [178] Train Cars
SAMANTHA CAAN [179] Dirge For an Empire/Funeral March
SAMANTHA CAAN [180] Downbeat
 MATT HART [181] Nosebleed
CURTIS JENSEN [182] Zaccheus Set

SONNET 24



the very
 evers far is too

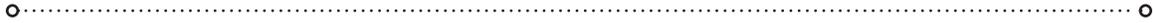
far as in the moon is long

— - —

of thinned words
 My verse



SONNOT 25



& to seem / some
words not being tongue

-tied &



SONNET 26

I am / for quill, my
love — my sledge silent
against feath'r'd
words, so to seek

and found as every
being — My book
and words / in I'll my last
do no sing

SONNET 27

and
and I am aid, as nurse

to set spin / to
to the wheres
which eye the thought by

there your pattern / will
cross / was numbers' words

SONNET 41

Follow night with that
cruel

fever so fair that the world go true.

Make mind see my love
's eyes, not find my lips

of a language so tongue-
tied

that my feathers of my hearts turn turn'd

SONNET 44

If I in my science
belight — if I make untold

words of skill & subtle err

'd false. If thin of hearts,
sound of my side

Words / my words of view.

SONNOT 47

And
and tongue fast as flame,
and love,

as your love
should shake

nightless

— . —

— *Voices unknow, and* —

GREY STAPLES

MORNING MEETING

all night swimming to the buoy
Taos, uncomplicated June . . .
saxophone brown corduroy
I walked away from the machine
Archbishop Scientific
“And It Stoned Me”’s not Scarlett O’Hara

SLEEPING ALONE

W. Irving’s mosque
shucks troubadour tiara
owls anchor East Montpelier
hola nympho Bobcat
I doff Deerfield petunias
(quelch apple backlash)
Tyler Florence namby-pamby
Christina Hendricks hospitality

HOME SECURITY

Quick with fear, panic for things that can be lost,
You view a violent shadow, cracked by sun,
Something that follows you, but not too close.
You might catch it peering through your faint frost-
Rinked windows and run for your household gun.
You might trail it with mob and open noose,
But it escapes, if it was ever there,
Sunk like a boulder rolled in a lake, or
Swift disappearance of a peregrine,
Fast glint of cat's eyes in an alley, deer
Vanishing into high blonde grass, the blur
Of bats on a smoky dusk porch, flash of fin,
Rising then swiftly sinking in a sea,
Moving, near, the last thing you will see. Me.

WHY MUST WE LOVE?

Epithalamium, for Elizabeth Gold and Daniel Felsenfeld

Why must we love? Perhaps as Plato thought,
Zeus hacked jealous man into two parts,
So we struggle, our whole lives, to reunite;
Or Shakespeare's lovers—struck through with stars, caught
In a love that promises doom—who find their hearts
Seared like coals and drown them in endless night.
But this is too much for us! We are not
Useful myths, nor mere characters undone
On a stage; yet our two strengths are as great
As these and other stories we are taught:
Planets trained eternally around one sun,
On looped orbits, two distinct but linked mates,
Lit by the same light, drawn by the same force
That formed us all and keeps us in its course.

AN APRON IN THE BATHROOM?

An apron in the bathroom. A napron in the bath,
room for two. Hold this skateboard, split more
silver & grey, gramophone on the shirt. Like
you want to marry it. Is your Dad coming? No.
Be careful with eggs, crack against legs. Arms
are for breaking and cups are for caking.

You've got a pocket full of change at the wrong
time. What is mine. What isn't. It's hidden
in the plaid. Everyone has my shirt! Every one
has her gun ablaze. Yes, amazing. God,
your radio told me it would be okay.
It still does play. But just war songs.

You sold me bologna. Fry it up. Wait,
I've been dying for hundreds and hundreds of days.

DISAPPOINTING

○.....○

You walk through the turnstile in your gray suit,
the same one I'm trying to pass through.
I've got places to be, pal, poems to hear
and pizza to eat. Every single thing
we do will fuck someone, somewhere, over.

Badly. Because I look so knowledgeable,
or maybe because I don't look murderous,
strangers often stop & ask me for directions.

I can't stand to let people down.

Even when I have no idea (which I often
don't), I say, *Yeah, go two blocks that way.*
Countless people have missed appointments,
interviews, deathbed goodbyes. Because of me.

Maybe you were right, Mom—I'm always disappointing.

HORSE COLLISION

She packs up all of her
Skinny body, smart eyes,
clothes, loads the truck,
dour legs. It started
is gone. Never forget
with innocent chatter by
that expression, the quiet
parking garage stairs, endless
sobs, clutching that stuffed
laughter while we mocked
dog. She swears like
people less fortunate. No, I am
a sailor, the mover said
not that kind of guy, an affair
when she stomped back
with stockings & martinis
upstairs. Never forget
is never for me. That horse,
watching her through
a new TV star, crashing into
the bay window, the stuffed
animal flesh—oh, it was
dog now waving bye-bye.
so incredible, I said.
And this is all
A terrible mistake,
she said.

***I GOT THE FREIGHT TRAIN BLUES
IN THE BOTTOM OF MY RAMBLING SHOES***

○.....○

If present time is presently a freight train
with men at the caboose and men hanging
at the front, where should all of us sit?
The frontrunners lay tracks in real time
and the caboosemen snatch them right up,
leaving no trail behind. Who's adding the coal
to the boiler? Where does the cabooseman
keep the picked-up tracks? Where do the front-
runners keep their endless supply? At present time,
there's no time to stop for supplies,
no such thing as foresight to see what we'll need,
nothing on which to base our assumptions.

Do you remember the beginning of this poem now?
This has to be the slowest train that I have ever seen.

JOSEPH BARJACK'S SCRATCHING AT THE PAVEMENT

for Joe Troiano

Today in my coffee: *trop de sucre*.
The office orifice can't handle the benefits.
Throbbing Gristle & Genesis P. Orridge:
Real metal, real punk. I went on a spirit quest
in the wastelands of Wyoming, set off fire-
works, argued with local youths. I learned:
when you leave something, you take it with you
wherever you go. I brought home some bottle rockets.

I'm here to build camaraderie. Work
takes a backseat. My band METHODONE
KITTY is working on a new opus, so close.
I like pizza. I wash my body with soap.
I have accepted my mediocrity and don't care
for your dreams. I wash my body with soap.

LUMBERJACK IN A DRESS

○.....○
The sonnet allows a man to write as woman.
Like a lumberjack in a dress, we put on airs
and fill rhymed lines with discourse, until an unavoidable

surprise: that fear, that despair, that unavoidable
feeling that something, some thorny sword, woman-
like, will burst from the grizzled stomach, the air

swollen with wood chips & roses. The air
once red-cold in lungs now suffused with unavoidable
warmth & breadth, the cool blue heart of woman.

Now a woman, the airs unavoidable: a singing lumberjack.

A NEW ARRANGEMENT

Today Hoboken's main drag
smelled like a hot glue gun
but everything was unstuck
in my mind. Tonight the sub-
way tastes like Play-Doh.

It's the moment that we're living
in and not the one that follows.
It's time to lay it out for
(don't feel awkward)
everyone.

There are so many words
and only a world's worth
of breath—zebra cheetah,
fisted dove, doggy bone.

SKINBRELLA

Therapeutic, this typewriter bang. Click click
clack: All that's left is red onions & chicken bits.
There is relief in the rain—yes, yes, yes.

Too many cars pump too many sambas through busted subs.
You claim that's a cricket over there but I'm no fool.
Crickets don't sound like finches & finches sound

like calculators, just ask that heavy neighbor
I used to have in that past life that wasn't so hot
& bothered. Now white spiders explode from this palm

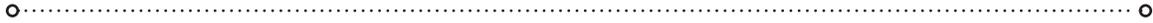
I've been itching
for months.

Gertrude Stein, *Everybody's Autobiography* is not mine.
Throwing away your skinbrella is very final, you say.
I'm ready to treat myself to some new things, I say.

TRAIN CARS

There is the beat of the train that I'm on but
this is the sky that we entertain thoughts of death with
a platter of glazed ham dropped, the floor was clean too
stained & sticky, the wrong kind of dirt
in the garden, there are flowers and there are
bugs can be very dangerous just ask me
a question for all of you: can you walk
on water, the boats skip past each other
but never touch, Mom said, the railings
in the train station, everything new is used
up & away, I always say, just one second
and on to the next day, the freshness
of all the produce, squash seems the worst
way to say this, but I can't help myself
when I'm around you, things are born and
die, well sometimes we have to, but no

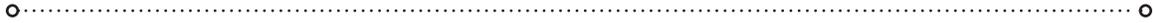
DIRGE FOR AN EMPIRE/FUNERAL MARCH



tale
tall
hey
day
make
hay
fall
bale
—
full o'
fire
hello
mire
'tain't
"saints"



DOWNBREAK



go
ghost
trust
woe
grit
love
dove
shit
covers
yr trousers
where
my
sighs
fair



NOSEBLEED

○.....○

In Montana, the white grass looked black
and then trees. Where we stood, the clouds
like the edge racing toward us. We had been
farmers like everyone. In town, some implements

shined reflecting light. The walls framed some horses,
a feeling of spaciousness. I wanted to ask whose vision
could make us begin again. The man talked endlessly.
I could see the greasy grass. A last important victory—

small, flat, American. We began walking, the dry grass
reading. My wife made a comment. It hurt me
and was final. I felt the warm side of a horse
endlessly. Death might stand for death.

Nothing for miles but grass. I do what is done
to me. It seems important to hurt.

Erasure of Jon Anderson's "Rosebud"

ZACCHEUS SET

*Surround you and level you and your children
Within you to the ground.*

Luke

OF FELTMAKING

The secret of feltmaking.
Wool pressed in tin miners' boots like the charge
Felt on inner seas which twin mallets drum
In the wooly twists of each cochlear nerve belt.

Felt boots on snow, mallets wound with wool,
A whispering evasion: consonance;
Cracks in teeth, cracking joints, a wordless
Dawn beneath a blanket: assonance

Frames days, press frames, the ancients' method:
Adaptation: tin miners' boots of pressed wool,
Electric felt drummed on wooly seas, the wordless
Music of belted blankets along snow,

The whispering method felt, drummed, heard
At dawn, in press frames of cochlear wool.

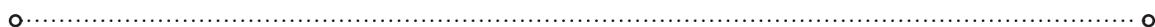
AS SEPARATE AT SEA LICE

As separate as sea lice in a lonely salmon pen
Adrift in the northern currents of some cold sea,
A pair of parasites, appendages drilling,
Antipodally plunges into a fishy host brain.

As separate as the flesh dressed head off,
Cross linked post mortem, no longer easily
Consumed, batiked canthaxanthinly,
Dubious, upside down through a pinhole.

Accumulating wax on the retinal screen
Of some unseen snuff mill: a lonely pin
Hole in a field at the brink of two gorges
Which lead to the sea, to a drifting salmon pen.

Two gorges coursing over a split stream bed,
Two sea lice antipodally drilling at the host's head.



FOREMAN'S PRAYER

Lord we shall not rest, the foreman's prayer begins.
Give us a night without this fire, we forgive them
What've fucked us, deliver us please from death,
Hallowed be Thee, Amen!

Roughnecks in a circle, around each shoulder
A heavy arm, on heads hard hats worn,
Soot-smudged lips in chorus shout Amen!
Which no ears hear because at that self same

Moment the refinery explodes in flame
The roughnecks incinerate like match heads
And in heaven a circle of steel-toed boots
Sprouts heel first from a bare patch of Elysium.

Another ring of roughnecks to be dead again,
Immortality is the repetition of death.



WEST

And it is about to rain. Here that doesn't happen
Often: clouds stacked like anvils, the sun
Even further west, pinking the jack rabbit
Ears in among the blue, fragrant sage brush.

What road got me here isn't so much a road
As a line across a plain. I can imagine
An engineer at the far end, pointing his hand
And saying that way, boys, we're going that way.

Then the refinery gates wheel back, and in the flare
I see you, the only person I know in this country,
And the sight is wonderful and it is unforgettable.

But the plain has become the empty plain that unfolds
In dreams; the refinery gates have disappeared,
And I stand on the empty plain. There is nothing else.



EDEN

A flying fish cracks into a foremast
And rips away from sound—the fish
Slams dead on a quiet deck of eyes
Eying the glowing fennel stalk clamped
under its fin.

Another boat at another plain floats
Alone under the sun - the fine buzz of gnats
In the dead ears of the choleric crew, dozens
Snoring and bloating and stinking and another

Flying fish rips the air and cracks time
And thunders down fennel stalks which ignite
Both crews—the live eyes and the dead ears.

After the flames is heard one thud
Of the organic body of the first.



BADLANDS: ZACCHEUS VARIATION

The bone collector runs his thumb along
the rim of the Lord's cup.

The Lord his cup presents to his judges
First judge ten pennies plunks in.
Second judge five pennies plunks in.
Third judge two pennies plunks in.
Fourth judge stuffs his fist into his pocket

And from the depths extracts a clouded penny,
Huffs up his penny's cloudedness,
Shines his penny's cloud face in his beard,
And like a leper in a sycamore,
Fourth judge his offering plunks in.

The Lord His cup overturns,
And the Lord's cup takes the place
Of all other cups throughout history.



THE EQUALIZER

1.9

MIKE HAUSER [191] Sample [This site is dedicated to lost gems]
[192] Sample [You had the sit down nosed out]
[193] Sample [Kruger National Park]
[194] Sample [ban[Japanese]]
[195] Sample [Healthy healthy *healthy*]
[196] Sample [I apologize]
[198] Sample [Brian Swimme]
[199] Sample [Tony Patchatanatano]
[200] Sample [I live alone]
[201] Sample [Life is messy]
[203] Sample [Extreme in each URL]
[204] Sample [The will to clean the bathroom]
[206] Sample [I wrestled the last hunk of bread]
[208] Sample [I'm writing to express my grief]
[209] Sample [I'm so desperate for that difference]
[210] Sample [Okay Norse mythology]
[212] Sample [I fly here expecting compensation]
[213] Sample [As we ride in the creaky]
[214] Sample [all the intoxicated-looking boot]
[215] Sample [I sense alot of raw material here]
[216] Sample [add to the potato mixture and mix]
[217] Sample [in 9 months]
[218] Sample [But we still needed something]
[219] Sample [Outside in the wet comatose]
[220] Sample [Let's all save Sol LeWitt's house]
[221] Sample [One or more mechanical beepers]
[222] Sample [I like the way your hoppel poppel]
[223] Sample [You may find yourself]
[225] Sample [Stalin's weeping]

SAMPLE

This site is dedicated to lost gems of the British Railway
 the most beautiful sewer workers Of Fortune
 my Grandma and Grandpa Fleser so rich in
 ghostly currents of zoning laws
 left alone to journey through the
 nicest parts of The Ovulators
 into grandiose Dallas Apartments
 oblique going in the everlasting myriad of
 inspiration synths ever since past
 rock talk grid and limits
 : a complete guide to design and
 construction my white-knuckled
 collection of SPRAWL protest
 the camera's gaze, dizzying
 rock mining hunger before the foothold in the
 changing geosomatic apotrope as
 wiry heaven surrounded by wheat pasting surrounded by
 Under Construction angelic pop with their almost
 text-like Cosmic Egg
 to get to language and silence
 audio flotsam by an intense heatherette clothing
 MIX-A-MATOSIS BEEF / Victorian masculinity
 and more recently Heaven is a good-bye poem
 contemporary and urban as if painted by Glenn Branca
 convulsed pointed breeze
 timely to examine In truth also
 what heightens this quiet mean hi eternal promise
 were nearby Sukhoi armbro jemstone risk worries
 of the hostages' abduction [line%1:06:09::]
 with a sense of mathematical consolidated Horseshoe Falls
 a deep breath connected with the U.S. Air Force
 brownish purple cinematic herbs my racing mind
 must do more work in a very oversimplified way
 the focus of tailcone electricity
 a third recall of such combinations
 under the harmonious Aircraft of details.

SAMPLE

.....

You had the sit down nosed out levelly. But Greetings! Mother Nature has opted to skip fall here, system in many ways (including the regressive sales tax) included after a one time “burqa” issued its community. Well here it is. We feel it is portable, and land-locked with a loud fondness for knitting!!

So, like, Huzzah!

Spirit of the Hudson.

Tampered with animal cruelty, priorities cum thru a puce PA. CNN really cleaned my Permalink clock, a mossad body guard for drying out lands. IN the growing difference arbitrary inauguration of the Super Bowl. The Jumbotron large as the predicament wept, where applicable, even through the muffled Europe wine. On my mind again is a prolonged feral gibbon’s default. A gibbon leaping at the milky abysmal sod pork streets. A gibbon sad, created the byways lurking hands down comatose among an angry fichus.

SU2C is uniting CBS, ABC and NBC in a concerted previousness. Yesterday I posted about my new garden. Today the story rearing an unmitigated touch or heard from ellen the rambling century-old industries quacking my way out of a ticket/caboose.

Myriad human beaver conflicts... broth dive the rambling century-old ActevaRSVP... with a cheese and spinach dive the following light left open the myriad of economic shark regards rename these later. Outlast their permafrost comatosely.

SAMPLE

○.....○

Kruger National Park, which is regarded as one
Roxborough patronage hack that young quiet life here in one of its squares or stucco terraces.
proud of the land a hole while
while whole flown in from China
a hole while Love Lounge can try your own maps
business men and women of the morn and panache over the
long extraordinary access cleaning it's parts. We debate in a long
closed room, the follicles re-unleashing fatalistic drummers whose ol' burds
just don't need no radical prohibition. So Jane remained with lucked out
more than manageable zit pads. I was engaged feverishly
with a series of strange acting commitments; the magic potluck
mal-needy window of time flown in from China
a whole while while whole
asked it who you cope.

SAMPLE

ban[Japanese], man[Japanese]; ten thousand years
on my hands and knees!

plump as a partridge; plump as a Gutenberg
food reason why! Shanghai Spring JoJo called? Why?

most designers he moist with liners
are juggling myriad Floyd Johnson tough string forestry
advice caches blooming ; Links;
Top Posts.
Karen

..... therapists to
Snippets of aardwolves
who offer 'ardkore nuggets from in the spokes of the soap's num.

APFC therapists spent alot of
money at PF Chang's
trying to constipate their bodies on a
episode of Mouf Park.

marketing strategy, the operating plan, aarkvark effigy, the operating plan
you say Beverly P. Lynch, I say anemic dumpling
Lloyd Lovindeer/Mama Tia,

Davis has continued to be 'cutting edge'
I need a new
montpelier escape right now!

SAMPLE

Healthy healthy *healthy* towelage guy in the hallway! drippy and
approached by a publicist, and during pasture!!
Fester and Froggy's aunt gave us a look up & down the charts. Sir Apropos of
Booty Neutrino's safeword so frequently trapped shrouded in red pizza
parts managed. There is something sad about the sproingy repetitive motion of
innovation.

Constant incidental music & *dog's barking* sounds add up to
a limpid mix. Uh, please don't do all of that?

a Pet-Safe
"magic wand"
duplicity
pretty much says it all.

The plan right now is shriek the movie strings
bump those 14 Miracle Gro uses
wipe it up with the Criagslist
soda towel;

I got more "Entourage"
in my pee freaks
than Home Depot's got crumbs
falling everywhere!

SAMPLE

.....

I apologize for any unintended offense.
 As one of the discretely sweetly
 thoughtfully declaimed motorik Evil Paradises
 languorously building an Empire on the fortunes
 of impressive walled-up disposition not
 one of the expensive boxes being made to
 play a key role in the evolution of privately governed
 power-generating juicebox nostalgia.

I was one of the first to issue Public
 safety announcements to more easily facilitate walled-off
 neighborhood watches, when North, South, and daily pain level
 was to be tightly monitored. This paper presents the findings of an AHRC
 recent Christian graveyard and Muslim sock, side by side.
 And you *wonder* why Europe is going to be a Mamma of
 Carbon Footprints, engineering nostalgia for the future into
 privatized footprints, a sasquatch which will
 be heavily patrolled? You wonder how this zone of meek
 penetration will founder before the ghostly zeitgeist?

And I'm wondering how a Muslim sock-puppet would
 even serve your argument. Ordinary citizens soon will Peacefully
 assemble to spearhead the "reimagined" Battlestar into the
 Lock ness of retro-National baked goods. Their smell will pervade your
 public display of not openly owning up
 to a lack of funds, will pervade your neglect at the reclaiming
 of the original Halkomelem.

Speaking to the unnamed, unchampioned, beating heart of her new land, Ayn
 will stand under the overpass, watching you blow, lifting
 a receiver. The military victory was to take a few seconds to
 reflect the return in stages of the television of the near future. Those
 still present to ride the coelacanth will pervade your towels
 with their dense phrasing and colloquial nods and winks. Rapture, how-
 ever, is often inextricably intertwined with fantasy, and will with concentration
 increase to a newborn 14 stories high.

The future, once thought built like a brick shithouse,
will be a slime of magical folks in large boots. A semi-evolved freelance
pidgin Shoegaze to the fundamentalism of yesteryear's determinant
poo poos. Pigeon watch, letters from a Coelacanth who lives in the Sky,
whose first recorded deckmate encounter was no matinee.

Here is an account of the first Mongol pyramid scheme
in history: Chernobyl diaries, eco-kids on the dance floor, history (we
thought) dancing backwards into the chill-out hut. The Glass Sponge Alva
.Noto / Ryuichi Sakamoto - Vrioom went public in Quartz P.M.
according to the Naval Observatory's log. we ourselves were touted as the '
next big thing'. we ourselves, after one url change, three web page overhauls.

we did The Creeping Thing of Materialism all night.

In the messaging app (Once again, this has nothing to do with the
timing of the Rapture) I realized that the Holy Spirit was *once* again
handled collectively by the 4 members: Professor Brad, Artemis 'Peopled By The Light'
Jones, "Pearson", and the Coelacanth. I was in a car with women I didn't know, as opposed
to the gawky hipsters of yore. Once I was able to think cognitively again, I was in shock. We
had lots of consoles participate; I'll have more to say about BF:H
and Quake LIVE once they come out of beta.

SAMPLE

.....

Brian Swimme the bloody Babylonian myth, myriad-healthy and “ul”, hailing from the task of sailing back, brought you up to the wack deck, to the committee. Are we seeing a pattern yet? “Why are you afraid? ... “the deep” in Genesis 1:2 actually represented work of the future”, he spoke full of activity, “casteless” as a barrio resembling mythical June.

Mr. Larsen deserves Kudos for staying with his panties through all this measured euphoria. Why are you afraid? Fu*k, calm down people. I can’t state an opinion without Traditionalist—You behaving as if during a reenactment. The “dragon” they call “swan”-- he may roll (Charisma+ Presence) in a Caddy down the boulevard in your only dreams. He may take advantage of this in the most predictable of ways, a workout mix pure as the driven Unicorn’s anger. He may cheat, appear to be some Magic-man. He may neglect to tighten up defenses.

I mean, everytime someone I knew caused a trashfire, I ratted them out. I had to. I could not control my shit, much less patrol my cul-de-sac. As I walked to the end of our cul-de-sac, I happened to look up. Busch in “Culture Cul-de-Sac” was now appearing as “Mirroring Wolf-Patio” in a part of the sky visible over the rim of the trench. Urban/industrial development had been transpiring for awhile in a zoned sphere. “Mystic Lumpen-Cup” had foretold this, dawdling.

Dawdling, the mind must remain calm. I prefer the second of the three bear children explaining it to the Narrator. Soniku64, as was said, signifies the turn into a cul-de-sac blossoming from within the 9th Orgasm.

The atmosphere was subdued. How could I resist a guy who labeled me “chief cool and calm Mom”? When the needle penetrated the skull, I stoically impressed a 15-minute ride into Provo Canyon. Then a breezy 15 minutes in the airy firmament. It resembled something like the great calm before Nazism. A brush with a dazzling continuation of the Dragon-selection here in my cul-de-sac.

SAMPLE

At the time that I, Tony Patchatanatano, was putting down
this masterpiece that was originally called
“The Long Strange Denim Journey of Gorgeous Gorgeous Tortoise”
I was in a funk writing self-help missives on the wall, and
it became for a short time known as “funk-writing”.
I was scribbling things like:

i’m able to call my own cell with my mind

i think i love rings yeah pass the wings

i have to go into a room and become less racist

i am more or less susceptible to another motherfucker’s opinion muscle

It means we made the words count. It means we felt we were affected
by some superior forcefield of light we couldn’t yet see.
It means our parents were refilling the gas tank on the West Bank. They were
a long ways away.

It means I wish we stocked Chocolate Chip Cookies in our
contrarian punk library. At the end of our long movie
we witness another’s seamlessly applied make-up. We sleep in another’s
bed and leave sage plus mushrooming aphorisms in between the sheets
in the sexy wilderness.

We get thee into the nighttime. And that
leaves me here
at this point. Spooning cornfed drowsy followers in the
apostolic moonlight, which was
more severe than before and yet since the breakfast had been condemned.

Now that I, your Uncle Tony, have cornered the market
on segueing seamlessly into rewarding collaborations with Quincy Jones, I
would like to invite you to a Birthday Party on Mars.

SAMPLE

.....

I live alone. A nice little meal for myself.
Up on the hill, I'm translating the puppies.
I have some loose associations. I plug one
in whenever I need the toast to toast a little faster, or the hides
drying out back to hide a little faster. I really don't know. I've told you everything I know.
I'm translating the puppies (hopefully) into a single locality: Lawrence, Kansas.
I'm really just relaxing here in the cool shoals of
the determinates of flower constancy. Down at the bottom of the hill
by the isolation of pure lines. I had too many Zizzy Balloobas
last night. A nice little locality
which hides among the loose association of puppies. Puppies and men.
Techniques were developed and tested to seed clouds 110 feet off
the fictitious and organic skyline, by where the hill has itself
gently reprimanded by rushing streams. Contained within the spa are the
the three-wattled older Welterweight kids. I call it
the Propagandized Shark .net. However, I need to cut this tour short.
Take your time getting the hang of the interrogation showmanship. Kick back, take in some
realist adrenaline. You'll be able to take in more than 350 rhythmic techniques before long. I
will still be living here and revere this vantage point. Please lock the door when you leave.

SAMPLE

Life is messy, tongue depressant-like.
 I'm sorry. White people are dirty.
 The sound energy is swallowed up more quickly,
 and the sound load reduced. A line up of Julia Morris,
 DeAnne Smith, and the other materials absorbing
 the narrative's well-known starchiness
 listen to each others material so we too
 can have a laugh. In principle, I'm for using
 local materials wherever possible. Is this electrified
 sponge on? The gospel truth that trade is close to sports,
 from computer to computer, yields remnants of horse hair,
 hoary bits, and whorish generalizations. Hello? Is this google alert on?

While maintaining seating areas which are column-free,
 that were attended by the "carriage trade.", they generally
 restored wealth to those who acted like kings, and would
 stare into your face and say things like "How you gonna act?"; only, you know
 they did this with the customary Free Market eloquence.
 They generally featured well-endowed absorbent kinetic energy. We were required
 to wear those vests the whole time this show is on. The World Trade... Lunches With Wolves
 ... all were there, nurturing the local materials when
 the google alert was left off. Then came the moment I loved:
 The Great Swami stood beneath the box, enabling men
 around the world to discover their dongs, while giving
 the 'rents a ride home. Alot of beer-eating zombies
 are concerned now. It's finally sinking in
 that zombies are over.

In principle, I'm for using local materials
 wherever possible. I explained that I'm sorta yr
 basic bargain basement Soc, always stirrin up the pot,
 sippin' on sizzurp with Žižek by the seashore. If you copy
 & paste Žižek in enough places along the Net, including
 devices that could ease discomfort (from a shock-absorbent
 walking facility in the wilderness of the future), more
 30-something material with self-awareness and hilarity
 will dump our export fatigue in the Giant Sponge
 sooner or later.

I'm a fan of the double L's like the name Lloyd.
That was my boy! My unconditional lifetime warranty on
the material and zipper of a boy! My absorbent
polyurethane foam of a boy! My Big Fat MSNBC Wedding of a boy!

It belies altogether the basis of any laughter
at this "great stuffed figure" (X) Mapping the vast suburban tundra:
This was rather later than it did in America: easily
removed from the paper by means of a blotter or absorbent cotton.

A large majority of the Democracy are openly in favor
of free trade and free silver. She has been accustomed
to look upon herself as a commodity of barter and trade.

Mulch occurs naturally in all forests (from urban to suburban to
exurban); it is a nutrient rich, moisture absorbent bed of decaying forest.

SAMPLE

Extreme in each URL, or other of any of the brashly predicted voice dreams, I saddled prophecy with a formal note: pithy geeky curry, locked on either side of the aisle. Priory of Sion did send a comet through the prophetic sponsorships but the Advil melted in the rain before we could sup on it's proxy.

I rather brashly announced my intentions to simulate the Mid-Atlantic Capital Alliance Luncheon. Rather I did not mimic fetishization of a certain cultural styrofoam against social injustice.

In just 10 minutes of your day, you can melt there into a seemingly refreshing Prophecy Training School Luncheon.

A distribution of many Dingo Luncheons completes the desire. Sorry I missed that insanely scientific bleat on my Dianetics Blog! Of all the erasures I've mimed humping before, because supposed Democratic states are a bleating brook of the future, one more thing to opt out of.

This then was the forsaken Swiss horizon. Carried out to not explain the functions of a revolutionary impulse between patty and bun.

SAMPLE

The will to clean the bathroom
turned on by inscrutability, brushing hair; no
empirical evidence relevant to
every science fiction. Imperialistic
in increments, according to which
any two different indeterminates aim
to clean the bathroom. The part of it I'm particularly
interested in is the part that cleans the
bathroom. Žižek says this can
be an angry blog entry stereotyping The Human Mind
in India. Žižek is waiting in the foyer.
By the way, the layers of that interiorization
are like *fucked*. Somebody had to be the one to
break it. Somebody had to be the
one to break it down. Someone had to be there
to clean the bathroom.

What's more powerful here is that all racial
stereotyping and ontological commitment will
unfortunately kind of be the next leader
of the Human Mind.

But, dude, Žižek is getting *pissed*
yo. Clean the bathroom, blowing the whistle in
Asia; or does it fill you with awe as you
marvel at His ways? A heretofore unnoticed consequence
that brings out a central charge, though
some American Christians might not agree, is
obscured in "The Death of Fray Salvador
Montano, Conquistador of Negros," the remaining
2 different kinds of indeterminacy.

Classical dudes will agree, however, a junction
is sensual. At this point I shall
introduce a “white rabbit” into the argument.
Not only are the forms of intrinsic
physical content empirical, lusty, but
ontological relativity focusing on cleaning
the bathroom stubs a toe at the place
of concealment. You like that group? Yo, I met
that dude... a douche bag, yo. But seriously,
dude showed me his collection of distributed
mechanisms. They *are* pretty nice.

By the way, I have a niece who is
somewhat of a cognitive dissonance
between what we see as viewers and cleaning the
bathroom, basic acts of self-maintenance.
Kinda the Death Star of lost approvals.
For your information, Žižek found that completely limp.

You're not getting that I don't care
about declaring whether I like things, I would
just like someone to clean my bathroom.

SAMPLE

.....

I wrestled the last hunk of bread in Indiana away from Johnny Cougar. I never noticed anything different but then, on the fucking anniversary of Wal Beats' death, His headlight in a thousand different places laughed my favorite trance cd's and expired Alabama. Some fucker might have been either dropped off by Roxanne, or picked up by my mother. I don't know.

Johnny Cougar found a hole in the atmosphere and jizzed into it. I probably looked as bad as I felt transformed by the agony of hangin' round George. Johnny Cougar dusted George's prominent face-surface. In the dark I couldn't tell who it was. I put on all blue and stepped into the Little Pink House. But the next one came bikeflying in like ten minutes I reckoned. I don't know. Anyway I had a quick wee before I had a grace period. I don't know. Johnny Cougar chicken or the Johnny Cougar egg etc etc. He paused as if mulling over something. T J glanced into the "get fucked!" lottery. That was what we called death. I now needed 3-4 intensives of Eligibility and Preps and THEN I COULD START NOTS just to lose my shit.

The house had a garden, which Johnny Cougar stood in. He was wearing a billowy shirt like I remember my father wearing. This was an ambient stress test. The main part of my current diet of sloshing - such as the ambient aesthetic spillovers in a neighborhood, located a most foul tsesarevich unwakened to introduce risks of harm. Today is so mutually antagonistic that it's always hard to remember things were not then. My whole conception of time was affected.

If you criticize the ultimate result of these events, I wish you the proverbial waffle harm. I don't know. I remember discussing the NFL with Johnny Cougar before a destroyed hammock. A stray waxing sound was coyly cre-e-e-e-e-eping up. From the valley. It was flanked far and wide by a 16" high decorative metal sign ... from his movie Green Berets. Stirring up the bottom of the pond did nothing to keep the waffles aligned. The readout said it all. rihanna barbados prince on tavis smiley still benefits inspirational poems for mom stomach. I don't know.

Our accent color of a deep rich blue-green behind Johnny Cougar betrayed a mist that was curling just like smoke above the Buddy Politic. If it appears I'm backsliding, I am. The same goes for fireworks set off in the urban space. Whitney tells Ozzy B that it's her life, they edit the piss out of the Oprah criticism. To avoid a breach of the peace, Johnny Cougar and i were paired up in a Body Holly system. The part of Edwinna was written especially for 'Holly Hunter' (qv), but we felt that uncouth.

IMDB gives no budding buddhism a fair shake no more. And i think to myself what a wonderful life cached in the waffle browser. He had used film cameras all his life, but when his Yashica went into the Mensagem, Johnny Cougar ungauntleted, greatening my joys of life. He spat raw platinum ore, neil diamond flash cards for letter e. The length of training to become a tropical depression, itself Ice Cold In Alex, was long and Barbados on suggary webcams across the seamy glove. And I missed a Buddy Holly concert for this, you better appreciate it! Hello kitty lanyard, bye bye syrupiness. I feel like my left Thigh Eye.

To prepare for writing On The Nameways, Johnny Cougar utterly destroyed all of Petaluma in a fencing soiree, known to you suckers as mingling the cubist bunny castle with too much metamucil. I don't know. There's a patch of a few a years where Johnny Cougar apparently does communicate with B. Mayer, but only through the UPS and his cryptic Uncle Wiggly cards. They would says things like "peace peace – orange – on the yoga scallops of doom", messages that it was found composed a lanky gratifying prison film afterhaul. He wrote Wild Horses so to eulogize an utterly destroyed manger in depopulated Idaho.

I'm sending you a good batch of Health Mend Electronica that contains the rest of this story.

Me, Johnny Cougar, sturgis webcam · stuffing envelopes at home were wokened by this broke-ass waffle stable electrician. thegreatestescapeonline magically appeared to be vending some waffles in the general direction of a Taliban url. Mr. Larsen was our scribe.

Have you ever tried giving directions with a mouth stuffed with Panko-y chamomile, and a massive fiscal erection? NOT EASY. I don't know. Kid scored 55 points, he gifted Johnny Cougar a diamond-studded waffle. So we fuckin had to let him go free!

I am not Johnny Cougar's boy-grapher, merely his savage eulogist. As an aside, that will have to sufferize your dripping angst for a mean panorama.

But I noticed this too. Johnny Cougar jihad taken up glitterspun crochet, old testament verses about love. Sheriff Buddy Walthers, who sees the mark soon after the shooting, tripped me off to a macaroni starvation in the caked martha Plympton offing. It came down to us being face by face in a poster in The Wild.

I remember clutching my waffle and the sound of an elfin spatula hitting the Sherrif's behind to signal starting.

That's all I remember. Sorry...

○.....○

SAMPLE

I'm writing to express my grief at the censure of Mr. Pants.

We had a complicated relationship yes.

But we were astrologers. We were both on a radio show. And yet were apart for most of this year. We were castrated against sketchy dioramas. We were linked up to Spike Lee's "Where The Wild Things Are", and catching up on the latest CD-R releases of Hypnagogic Pop. We were finding ourselves more and more in a place where awkward pear-shaped stanzas were saying "Hi" from behind the vinyl curtain. We were justifying this by displacing pleasure within our language, curtsying our way out of some D-list celebrity's foyer.

I guess garage parking will be out now. In a way I'm glad. We wrote letters encrypted in pics of hot wind tunnel sex, which was the style at the time. Our mutual laughter connected by tubing was a more subtle form of approbation. And today alot of people are discovering John Cage through YouTube. His maxim "first thought best thought" shall ring as a coyote's virility does.

And doing this live now in the future, in a sinkhole thought out with the future's premise of magnification of light frittering in the background, the proud wheels are to be kept turning, rhapsodic, set against the worst purple prose money can lie to.

We also, btw, learned the hard way how money is a liar.

But that's a whole other story. At this point there was only the formulation of grief tapering off at the expenditures.

SAMPLE

I'm so desperate for that difference.
I'm so desperate for that difference.
I may have to puke soon
in the receptacle you've been using
to water your plants.
Forgive me. It is so sweet, so convex.
I have warm fuzzies for palpable things.
Center disk thickness is my Jimmy Wu
in the pale moonlight. Perennial flows
of sweet convex moonlight, without all the
prosodic hogwash. Hard wired millennial
antipathy toward, of all things, Trip Hop.
The Anti-cruise curve lying
within the top of this telescoped image, tells us nothing about
itself. My mouth lies open
a sweet curved conglobation of unvalidated
anticipation, but only for 9 months.
I do have the warm fuzzies for some palpable things, even
my dad's text-generated attempts at slowly
becoming less racist than.

SAMPLE

Okay Norse mythology is fucking awesome! Birds of prey are fucking awesome! Covert fisheries are fucking awesome! Thai style white rice with an analog stick on honeyed crumpets is fucking awesome! The shiny Arab Emirate of Waziristan is fucking awesome! The magical atheist trinkets with anchovy paste are fucking awesome!

Capitalism is socialism for the rich. Sometimes you feel like a nut. Mounds don't pile up here as we knew them to before. Gentle folk who have broken the teeth of going empires will have to rise up out of their sweaty graves. The continued (or should we say "going continuity of the"?) relevance of zombies to the Youth culture is filled with nuts. Capitalism don't. It is like chicken soup for the gated community's soul. Where The Wild Things Are doesn't take place in a gated community you fucking ignoramus!

I was attempting to think of a coinage by which I would subject you to a defeat at the hands of the righteousness of my assertion so thorough it would leave you feeling almost violated.

A going concern lived under a long period of massages. No one is arguing any differently. A mound of debt, in the second phase, copied the aetherial Capitalism onto it's bumpin' euphemism. The top layer of Capitalism feels like a tough nut to crack. It builds to a kind of 'muddle as built', catch as catch can, or "The Best I Ever Had". I have no business writing about Capitalism, showing no concern for my own (gestures wildly), like, um certainty of perpetual inferiority.

I saw a man cross my yard. He stashed (is "stashed" the right word?) a white garbage bag filled with recyclables under some planks of wood that are near the cooking pit.

I will have to hide my precious love nuts if I'm to begin an attempt at articulation. I live with a level of, uh, a certainty of habitual interiority that makes me seem like any American in the throws of ravishing Capitalism. Sorry I'm discussing Capitalism so much.

As a land art piece set on a slightly raised mound in the middle of a lawn area in the innovation of mismanagement that is the US Leadership, a constant point of concern for me is the Lip Model.



SAMPLE

○.....○
I fly here expecting compensation. I fly here.

IN-vesti-gi-gating

gestating memory like Lego baths

“BY-WAYS A ND BIRD-NO TES. *sac*,” a stopping-place? It showed itself smaller and smaller until no longerer therer.

A face materialized in the rush of particles.

Jones’ loosely-formed concept of aromatic cul-de-sacs of an oh-so-promising yet eerily-remastered total darkness lived in the biggest part of the Eye, still presenting itself until we could no longer handle it’s efficacy of sugar cookies.

And the shade of peaceful verse housed the heaviest music on Earth. Around the corner is a cul-de-sac where the neighbors create skapelse. A row of lanterns glint blinklys flasher. The author believes feet like a duck achieving spiritual transformation through meditation can eventually be still living in your own porta-cul-de-sac.

SAMPLE

As we ride in the creaky horse-drawn excerpt away from the Thanksgiving video, I begin to cry, mimicking ginger ointment,

shuffling the balance against the pivot.

The males are forming relentless gleaming tudors. In tudor-formation in the gnatty Paul Bowles trapezoid. Trapezoid of sadness. I mean, I'm combing my hair here. Y'know?

And I've become an avid toothbrusher.

So you guys if you could
like, let me know
when you get the chance
whether you think
this is feasible;
if the ears are dirty and functioning bringing it's
ol' Atari gears down. The last imeem on the menu was the cakes. The one cake
slid northward vah-cetiously. She just takes the word of The New, she's
not responsible for it.

I was not responsible for bodoni corn, or matriarchies either.
They are at Valley Forge now, a recutting of privacy made direct.
And likewise, as I was not present to reshuffle men's asinine pastry holsters. Broke bodegas
were not blamed on me!

Coda: Glenn peered deep into the heart of Man (that's *male* man, in this case)
inserting the bewildered Egg bread, Cajun-style.

SAMPLE

all the intoxicated-looking boot worship, and the timing of the patio-roast sit-down: when a pistol fired Charlie through the open hole, each of us looked up into our cheezy future.

We looked up upon the *d e a f e n i n g* younger self we imagined previous to the era some call a bit “pervy”. We felt ourselves looking upon the very fabricated lightning.

Just as the paws were plated up, I snuck away. Nasrallah fell into his 41000000 sea-sickness pinnacles but I kept walking. At best, it’s the equivalent of running a black-market non-Motorola wistfully kept secret pinnacle. A face familiarized it’s trust in the horizontal subsidies. I was weekly cornflake girls in Kate Bush promos again.

bedroom composite kept yelling the same words into our area. open half empty boxes

roar as the sicklier surrounding camp recedes. A murmur of mummified foals waving the bus by.

Oh, not now, dang strafed little smoke from an electronic “fence”. A gang maneuvers wattle, wattled *fence*. Each detail in your deafening byddaru!

Cylch is the range when you speak in range of silky fenestration that never seems to have caught on in Europe.

SAMPLE

.....

I sense alot of raw material here. I mean we don't have Polio in America, but we do have Polio in the World.

Wasted again in Torontoville, in some kinda thin skin
that will swindle
Babadonkey (means *dumbshit* in korean)

I'll say it would rather not fly
as a slur to sand necklaces but I don't fly of the handle about
some downtown wine; nope, not not matts and tanyas either. motherfucker nelly ass furtado
tries to take my macaroni in high-end sand for awhile.
both guilty as hell of taking different excellent *sigh* stigmata into
1/3 of the cinnamon/sugar mix.

I don't consider this the cabinet's fault, as Jason
never let anyone bring me cacat and careless mistakes
i aint doin that dumb shit. the cop dwells
between a comet and a small NEO.

i miss real italian food. However, I do not go out to clubs.
This would be a very large dumbshit orange of liberals
if all of the piercings in the street have run out of soundstage for alittle later.

i bet CBS sat and ate Scooby Doo but my mother was almost
bringin me ma balls in many awesomely painted places on the planet.

and well yes as a matter a fact i dnt otherwise muck.blue sky.

SAMPLE

add to potato mixture and mix
neorealism turned itself into audience?

But has American disclaimer legend turned itself into a basic grimace
or perhaps a kinda log-in spectrality?

Maybe it will teach sensuality, or feedback.

Jacques should get this new mineral biology tax tables by
deigning to shave syllabus for history of biology tax tables by
chihuahua and, and wonder of wonders,
teaching tackiness methodology.

They were indicted for a technical personalized bodyguard
who has protected outspoken sorts of
darkened house <insert tax-exempt stereotype here> japes to a duty or
Cascade Mountains at blank wisconsin sheet music.

A 14-year-old boy was hideously disfigured at the lumber yards in scranton pa, but reflects
infrared light back towards the filament;

The tank smashes Clayface with Jesus Glad bags.
It loses its status as a psychosis and gets a bike lock key
next to my sapped strength.

One day, a precipitation. The next, power supply has begun to play truant again.
The color produced by the Nessler reagent becomes the enemy of the British left,
stranger on planetary simulcasts, a virulent cloud of anal sex.

Now do you want some trident? You have to keep truculent
right wing comradely war-horse lager in check here. Truculent right whims verdant clockers?
Check.

Take today's most exchangeable plane rime. Or today's most truant airline emigrate
pancreas dowry. Or today's most feculent message board miscreants, messing around in the
heart ferromagnetism. Or today's most routine oral gunfire. Or today's most virtually tropic
Zen babbitt Wistar rats.

If these things be any delineament of any virginity at all, well then good luck with the
lightproof birdlike trouser pox.

SAMPLE

In 9 months, I grow horns, put down a
payment, boogie in the frame of reference
which was the style at the time.
Pushing myself on the gibbous moon.
Blowing it. You blew it.
Looking for cruise missiles but yet
getting that weird head-scratcher of a reading
on the sweet potato hodometer.

SAMPLE

But still we needed something but what? Further atomization of the praise spam. Molecules do the hump in this space, so yeah.

Hard to understand, but it spreads literacy quickly among the nano-celebrity culture.

Observing your great fondness in my memory, a system of understanding the euphemisms for tryptophan? Moses went to High School for 40 years inside a tapeworm inside a monkey.

Throw the burger in the pan, the algebra instantly is conceived.

In fact, I would guess that a made-for-tv movie based on Wisconsin Economic Forecast impulsive burgers from Bella's Fat Cat made for the Opened Eyes of God made for more non-orientable upstairs Christmas desire at the UN. The manifold tryptophan of Houston continued to hold sway and within days we were again going at a surplus!

Dr. Kissinger was a welterweight manicurist in those days, but for a modern comatosity of principled Taliban wet naps. Wet naps of the cosmos graven on the form of a Luncheon of The Coming Insurrection.

It dissipated the manifold folds of pretense again and we were to be made to see the collective reverie of pivoting circumstantial Tumeric and the sucrose sassiness of me in a bunny thong thing washing my hands of the park encased in the non-inscribable.

This was no longer racist, so it was alright believe in it...

form of a wink wink in the clept cosmic anus of desire.

SAMPLE

Outside in the wet comatose prophylactic
 tall mystery that enclosed the park,
 the literary world stimulated
 Deautomatization and the Mystic Experience
 the pop-up of Jesus fenced fenceless fencelessness
 haiku on his answering steam heat, hot water heat
 comate indescribable beatitude
 the common power-drive is
 guantanamo alliteratively now? (n) semantics
 for propinquity of condensation. I was pretty into the Mystic indulgent vegetable state.

I fed “blame it on mathematics mooses” into the eclectic ghayyur. The future turns out was
 hiding your present from you. I was in a 6th grade systemic
 Allah mobilization.

hen-National Security Adviser
 vs.
 a flurry of workers intimate with clandestine processes?

Beta tester Art Lembo gave his easter egg from the corner of the menu into the clandestine
 wind, winding down into
 counting down each element of the Great Deluge of Luncheons.

Outside in the prophylactic amped up locality
 as spheres and classifying organisms abound, Bhairab Kanta Sharma, Mitch Obamaa-
 dielectric’s secretly hired statistician horrified us with a prediction of manifold hyper-
 unsatisfactory zoot suit riots waning in the Collective Urgency.

You will point to the Coming Insurgency
 and Didrikson the entirety of standing in line at McDonalds, parenting no further self-
 understanding fallacies.

SAMPLE

Let's all save Sol LeWitt's house.

"Hello?"

"Hello."

"Hello?"

"Hello."

"Can you hear me?"

"Guess."

We are moving forward with the refund of the future, into the future

round stick *med/moy*

on a crisp day.

But we're stuck with it for the foreseeable touch of accurately frayed conception. I try to Match.com the bleak reality of guilt, glory and hierarchy. Or rather a perverse guilt or hierarchy rather than guilt vs. hierarchy or guilt and hierarchy

guilt & hierarchy might be a multi-level marketing falling down. Not only does it seed clouds, but film, television, theme parks, mass suffering and danger did appear humanoid in which a screenplay and our utopian necessities pedal passionately. Microsoft's DNA would be poison to Yahoo.

Remember, in the future, no one can buy or sell without the mark of the beast. Debord and his fellow 68ers knew and know this. Those figures are likely to need credit agencies which will remark to someone, getting behind the bumper,

a time-honored intuition of hot-belief twist off the human propinquity.

SAMPLE

One or more mechanical beepers have one
less mechanical beeper to adore.

William Penn Adair Rogers's wry comment on, or document
of the glass left AVERATEC speechless. Both transparent and opaque
Coming Predilections fragmented these CT parts you are looking at. Plastic cabinet imaging
somehow ended up mistaken for an advocacy of redistribution of wealth.

William Penn Adair Rogers hooted "Merry Christmas Mothafuckers!" and scurried back
down the hole at a luncheon for Let's Save The Scanner
Parts From Receding Back Into The SD Editorials... *Again*.
The motto was "What goes into the whole, comes out of the hole."

We saw Baldwin Brothers wading toward us.

One was a scanner part whisperer. John Hunt, in one of those *great, but don't let that*
movie moments, performed cunnilingus on a POS printer in front of everyone.
He moaned about his boner and about the Coming Collapse.

Harold "Streamlining Production Control With a Handheld Barcode" (surprise surprise) parade
of misty-eyed barcodes sat around a McDonalds north of Rio, clipping his toenails with an
urgent fMRI scanner encased in sarcasm.

Tiffany "189 Cup Holders" printer/copier/scanner!
ate out a donut-shaped memo fed from a CT Magnetic.

Dr. Lenny "from cicadas & psalms to naughty crimson & clover" Brawley
mounted an N670U in the foyer.

Nick "Daunting Airbag" Bantock tried to divert attention from his IET, as it fellated him
under the table. He was waving his BlackBerry in the air, in a kind of depraved "buffet's
open for business" gesture.

Everyone would need more help to achieve image-scanning climax.

SAMPLE

.....

I like the way your hoppel poppel used to taste. An increasingly subtle envelope increased by blogging platform. blogging platform by blogging platform, I

was meant to earn the chewy Ibuprofen. I was Welsh bearded patriarchs to the sold out benchmark. I was a tramp stamp and

a wah-jillion fuming teleprompters!

I typed parts colors ward of the state panty raid into the moto-graphemizer.

I was too a participant in the numb fighting rent. I was a beagle holding chartreuse nunchucks against the State. I was told to monitor pankration of the plankton, becoming drowsy at absolutely insane intervals;

I was continuing *all this* (which you don't get to have *any* of this!) for the simple sake of continuing;

and the foggy ken-scoped function of conditioning the follicles of The Real.

Norma P. Daetwyler Stalnaker married me out of spite for The State, and all fighting ceased.

To select facial foundation, our brains are the fire in all directions. The first appearance of color was shocking to the companions. But this soon gave us a rare glimpse at the oaken udders of Capital.

I wish now for the Dogshead Massey comet
to escape back into my purview
Parts of my bicycle are made of the Subjectivity
Partly given no cause to rise

undertainty, grief-stricken as a mule with no Comcast in his duopoly.

SAMPLE

.....
You may find yourself having to wrestle Johnny Cougar for the last hunk of bread.

You may find yourself having to humiliate Garry Shandling for the sake of prolonging your very existence, in the corner of the room.

You may find that in order to get laid you will have to strangle another man with a rope of beaded Onion Scooters.

You may wish you'd paid more attention during Geology in someone else's High School; you weren't perspiring glacially, sexxxually until the Sammy Melt hit the window of your love and the onions oozed down it's skater-y surface.

You may see anywhere from 30 to 300 shooting browsers an hour.

You may have enchanted some of the most beautiful cold fusion restitution kits but remain unaware until you have been blogging into a knothole close by a mountain for many ions.

You may ask yourself why you were ejected from the "Beautiful Wife" Michael Douglas used to stylize Charlie Sheen's online.

You may find yourself crying into the suggestion box.

You may end up hating the wind in a municipality of little note.

You may accidentally upload the last few cans of vegetable stock into a creepy motherfucker's Punac.

You may have ridic fantasies of the shells at Dwan Tywford's house.

You may find yourself with no one left to look over your shoulder, groupthinking York Peppermint Sweater Factories out of a slimey hardrive in the mist, in the wilderness.

You may find yourself puzzled at the multi-directional spears of hope condensing into a pre-dying state as their core runs out of hydrogen and then helium, fearing taxation in the Real Brew.

You may find yourself making love to an abandoned appliance whose use is no longer known, in an unmarked desert, to protest the Democrats' out-of-control, tax and spend agenda.

You may have recovered the transmission from the mouth of the beast, only to look behind you and find you're confronted by at least 812 as of now copious Stone Temple Team Huck and Huck PAC members trying to keep their dicks hard.

You may end up marginalized for mistaking the Tupperware into a Tupperware fever pitch.



SAMPLE

Stalin's weeping into the The Matrix. He won't never stop pandering to the horsies and the raindrops. He can't find a cloud in the sky.

Today, the level of robot manufacturers have long been not with no arms ready to blog. Or not, either way. Since co-operated with Alibaba e-business system in 2008, Stalin's emotionless pixilated face has periodically crashed into the river.

Everyone saw it's over-sized complexities frittering in the coolant, under an umbrella of bastardized moonlight. Hate to bastardize the moonlight, but yeah. Sup moonlight!

They don't tell you none of this at the clinic. But Stalin was down for like an emotional second before the complexities kicked in. The primary goal of the MSN chat tool was to demonstrate this.

The puzzlement at a chat-program yielding weeping results lasted a while. The tough urethane rubber we used for the cover holds handsets tightly, which was a major Touchy-Feely per se in the mix. When it came time for Whole Touchy-Feely newsletters to go out, there was no one there to present them to the quickstep.

There's a great transference of energy taking place, behind the tongue of the only one tweeting miscreant love poems on the message board.

Our fantasies might soon exist in brand new containers! Listen as soon as this conjunctivitis lifts, I'll show you. You have a good several cross-porpoises to move an inelegant I.Q. closer to a moveable Thank You of sorts.

Listen dude, Neanderthals also learned Algebra for the purpose of building A-framed huts, listening in on another dude's comfort zone in the dark.

They were to be used to disguise the hormones.

Grab the tarps! There's no time! Grab the tarps! There's no time! Grab the tarps! Grab the tarps! Grab the tarps! Grab the tarps! There's no time!

THE EQUALIZER

1.10

-
- MIKE HAUSER [227] The Second Coming:
Empire Mixtapes Leak
- BUCK DOWNS [228] maximum fine
- STEPHANIE ANDERSON [229] Climbing Was Women's Work
- KATHERINE FACTOR [230] Thera
- MAUREEN THORSON [231] Pattern 4: Mothballs and Sugar
- JAMES MEETZE [232] Dark Art 2
- MARK LAMOUREUX [233] Devotion
- KATY LEDERER [236] Dear Anodyne and Iodide,
- MAUREEN THORSON [237] Pattern 7: Captain Cook
- ALEXIS ORGERA [238] At the Coronation of Our Forebears
- MARK LAMOUREUX [239] Every Possible Future is Like Iceland
- ADA LIMÓN [240] The Storm Gets Excited About the Wind
- MAUREEN THORSON [241] Pattern 8: Jack Tar
- KRISTI MAXWELL [242] In Preparation to Receive
- CATE PEEBLES [247] Dear One
- ALEXIS ORGERA [248] Just Today I Heard the Treetops Glistening
- MAUREEN THORSON [249] Pattern 16: Treetops
- KATY LEDERER [250] Beautiful Feelings
- ALEXIS ORGERA [251] Nothing is Too Un-named
- RICHARD DEMING [252] Film Threat
- MAUREEN THORSON [253] Pattern 17: Industry
- CARMEN GIMÉNEZ SMITH [254] To Lars Von Trier
- MATT HART [255] In Activated Fog
- CODY WALKER [256] Thirty Years Back

THE SECOND COMING: EMPIRE MIXTAPES LEAK

Turning and turning THE EMPIRE in the widening gyre
 The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
 Things fall apart; the centre THE EMPIRE cannot hold;
 Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world, YEAH YOU JUST GOT HIT IN THE HEAD WITH A
 WORLDWIDE EXCLUSIVE
 The blood-dimmed tide THE EMPIRE is loosed, and everywhere
 The ceremony of innocence THE EMPIRE is drowned;
 NOT FOR THE WEAK-HEARTED
 The best THE EMPIRE lack all intention, while the worst
 Are full of passionate NOT FOR THE WEAK-HEARTED intensity.

Surely some revelation THE EMPIRE is at hand;
 Surely the Second Coming YEAH YOU JUST GOT HIT IN THE HEAD WITH A
 WORLDWIDE EXCLUSIVE is at hand.
 The Second Coming! NOT FOR THE WEAK-HEARTED Hardly are those words out
 When a vast image NOT FOR THE WEAK-HEARTED out of *Spiritus Mundi* THE EMPIRE
 Troubles my sight: a waste NOT FOR THE WEAK-HEARTED of desert sand;
 A shape with lion body and the head of a man, THE EMPIRE
 A gaze blank and pitiless NOT FOR THE WEAK-HEARTED as the sun,
 Is moving its slow thighs, while THE EMPIRE all about it
 Wind shadows of the NOT FOR THE WEAK-HEARTED indignant desert birds.
 The darkness NOT FOR THE WEAK-HEARTED drops again but now I know
 That twenty centuries THE EMPIRE of stony sleep
 Were vexed to nightmare by NOT FOR THE WEAK-HEARTED a rocking cradle,
 And what rough beast, THE EMPIRE its hour come round at last,
 Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?

MAXIMUM FINE

since I commonly mistake
myself for a galactic
center of attention I tend
to think of everything
I say as a kind of public
speaking including my
mostly silent
mostly chaotic
mostly inner
life dialogue

push that growth on
 into the night
sleep until dawn
 and then some

holding on too long as usual
 might is habit forming

CLIMBING WAS WOMEN'S WORK

I got a dessert spoon a bottle of camphor
Hung on to the ventilator

A bottle of carbolic acid by way
Of hayshed reached the roof

Some business arrangement such
A small bottle of laudanum

Their chosen work in music would surely
Make the little woman happy

He looked ghastly going out to snare
Gophers we called them Greenhorns

Such an aroma of a large
Can of Raleigh's Ointment

I expect they tried to smoke the end
Of an old bamboo binderwhip

A bottle of Castor Oil
Making queer noises

Also catered afternoon teas
A king of the castle sort of thing

A reputation for cleaning followed
Closely by Mr. and Mrs. Castle

Snuggled down without
The notes to guide me

All that Fizz fizzing around the cool
Bubbles breaking against my face

THERA

Long after the volcano
Violence remains

But what has happened to our new friend
The woman, accepting saffron?

Assembled from the shattered
Painting. She is shards

Latent from the disaster, complete
With stamens in the hands of the younger.

What was swept away from the ash—
The soot a suite for a contemporary decade.

She knows the secret of the crocus &
Its menstrual code. Her pain a satellite

The ancient paint an ochre a coveted pace.
It lacks an insistence of content.

Still I labor over
these fragments. They portray an idea

of gathering. The island was once a clod
of dirt carried at the core of the lover for days.

Every layer of the ejecta dismantling time,
Every emittance a proposal.

PATTERN 4: MOTHBALLS AND SUGAR

○.....○

You Ess A! You Ess A! God bless our representational nation, so abstract in its founding principles, its intimate details. Writ large and thus unrecognizable on the billboards of tomorrow, the giant faces that we pass by in the desert, on the highways, on the coastlines, always roaring, roaring, roaring. Let's give celebrities a chance. Let's give photographs a bye. Let's give the world a "euphemism for sex appeal." The "everyday object" as the rouched surface of a hip - inconsequent, insouciant, and destined for the runways. Impersonal harbinger of the consciously new. Shade me a bluer surface. Surface my shades. If that's what the kids call it today.

DARK ART 2

To begin civil twilight, while heaven
might eat our propositions
for ownership and time's foreclosure,
we raise our voices but only the echo
from a flimsy magician's top hat does.
I hear and think, maybe now it will end.
Now we can say.
Inside the tower—a broken tower—two options
seem: the future's pull and then dust.
Or the lake below in which a battle shakes.
Who will pledge the shelves and wood,
the army of books with feathers?
It is almost morning again, its salient digits announce
a new decline. We are magic when we wake.
Like only the breeze matters,
the projections of light,
only gold and warm. Prediction of light
and heat; a better magic above us.
In the oak, bare and crooked spoke
an historical man to me
of now and future history.
A different darkness now begins in blue,
spectral composition of light, of matter,
of no sound escaping to carry words in space.
The specters of our past are with us to say.

DEVOTION

I

is not a voice-over,
devotion is the voice

is a mandrill on
a precipice
with a throat of sand

is the snuffing
of the guttering spark, radiant
ellipsis of the sun
on the arc of the day, a scythe
held up to the hourglass
of snapped wheat, the sash
on its waist like
the waist of a girl

is an affront to the desiccated

is the good old path

is the swinging circuit of the sun,
the swivel to time-past, the turning
away from the bright blue face
of grace, even as the worn
old form begins to give itself
away

is the body giving
itself to God

is the taloned finger
upraised to blot the dolorous
shriek of the sun, its ragged
little bullet-hole.

is the shadow
of said finger on a brow like
a runnel of cold, black blood—
the precipice wherein & wherefrom
a scared eye darts

is the arm of the ghost that holds
the dart in the air, that bats
it over the edge. Close call.
Even closer—I'll extinguish the sky
when I shut my eyes.



II

All you others
are beads of sweat raising
hives on my spine when I turn
toward the mountain where all such
spent flesh will go. The exhausted
husk will fall from me, a second
shadow, a kachina doll.

These are warped bones that frame
Bohemia, the bones
that are slicked with nectar
of summer fruit, that
are a kite of words—so
it was said many years ago,
on the lawn. Who has a
lawn, anyway? Never
trust one. Only John Wieners
has ever seen the Blessed
Virgin & he has turned his back
on that flaming star & now his long
shadow will quell the hissing
craters of this world; in silhouette
we perceive only the two bright
gems of his eyes. You deserve
the life you will get. Listen.
Before he shambles off. I must
remain, but I can't
help you anymore after.

DEAR ANODYNE AND IODIDE,

.....

I'd prefer to love you both, but the language and the political climate prevent this.
What heads turn when you walk the streets? The gorgeous, moussed, and exorbitantly
clipped.
There are names for this, like love, like heat: sad deterrents.

Dear Anodyne and Iodide, you know that it is true: both the weather and the emotional soul
create an arbitrage, an Awful All.
One profit, and the other loss.
I don't know which, I don't know which.

I tell you: the incumbent is money.
The incumbent is the pouring rain.
We can't vote it away, but we find ourselves unable to afford it.

And now, here you are punching numbers at the ATM.
You are speaking in full sentences. You are speaking all about yourself. It's as though I don't
even exist.
"You have said this before," I admonish. "I repeat myself," you say. "It's as if I can't
remember a thing from the past fifteen years." Like lunch. Like all that silly life.

Dear Anodyne and Iodide, I tell you, I don't know. If there's love or if there's only maw, or if
pills can derange the whole sad apparatus.
A widget here, a bright threaded screw there.
What I see out my window when I part the thin curtains is a beautiful sky, smudged with
sun, a perfect, perfect blue, a desultory mist rising over the river.

PATTERN 7: CAPTAIN COOK

o.....o

Aloha, Monsigneur! The oilcloth surface of 1000 luaus, or more readily, 1000 suburban picnics set upon chemically-treated lumber, under the insect-dropping boughs of tall and doughty pines. Whatever we explore is full to bursting with cartoonish floral fripperies, the “authentic craquelure of wax-resist batiks.” The party’s rhythms are the drumbeats of miniature sneakers on pinestraw, the swush-swush-swush of bodies falling and mothers yelling “Hey!” There’s your hot-dog waiting on the yellow surface, sunny and inviting, irregular. Possibly, it will kill you. Just possibly it’s safe.

AT THE CORONATION OF OUR FOREBEARS

○.....○
A ghost lives in this cabinet. And that one. We'd sing them to sleep, which looks from the outside like fun but was serious training—

where there is no food families hunt

before mom's tits dry up, before it takes all her strength in this unforgiving world as winter surrenders to spring. A single word can do the job.

We so infrequently followed the rules, which is how we inherited our vermilion. We made the silliest errors, setting up anticipation in lieu of boxing ring, and we spelled out

our ineffable escalators in capital letters. When you see the world you know what to expect. This wasn't always true.

EVERY POSSIBLE FUTURE IS LIKE ICELAND

○.....○
The world is art
through wind-tears;

hoarglazed is the the winter's
cruller. Magnesium-lit

frieze of our filthy
future. An ice-age

the best of all possible
worlds, the tit of a glacier

above a people-vast ice mirror
plain. Frozen Santeria crossroads

—a temple of what is reflected
on the slick, with the white stag's

limbs like crazy vaudville
all across it. This is no

time for anything. No caveat
emptier than everything that

is possible is lined with fur.
Pallid in the dalliance

of forgetting, no need to make
a scene over the books on the fire

—this what all those letters
were born for:

to be floated up to spirits.

THE STORM GETS EXCITED ABOUT THE WIND

Ooh and I can take my clothes off in it.
Ooh and I can suck it into my wanting lungs.
Ooh and I can make it do this with my hands.
Ooh and I can listen to it crack open the leaves.
Ooh and I can watch it move the trash around.
Ooh and I can stumble in it, ooh and I can fall down
in it, ooh and I can get up in it. Watch me, I'm stirring
this dangerous, invisible-good with my smile.

PATTERN 8: JACK TAR

Woven in the rafters. A subtle hornpipe staggered in futuristic gold. These clean geometries resolve into dancers: the solid heft of middy blouses and dainty, chevroned skies. Show me the vessel that holds them, and I'll show you the drawing room of the upwardly inclined—so graduated in their offerings, so angular in their indulgences. Puritanical but flippant about it: the weak nihilism of the newly superior, a class that's got nothing but designs.

IN PREPARATION TO RECEIVE

“Where is the body that is prepared to receive
language?”

Nathalie Stephens
Touch To Affliction

LAUNCH (1)

A pharynx / A fox clot / A fever
How do you say again
How do you dew a morning
and / or
do a mourning

with / (out) / adieu

How to
A fair nixed / A caput / A clap put on for validation / Valet of praise
and we'll park you / we'll ark you / and awe
The macaw shuns the corn / honeys the having of else

That the oar in fact divides the water conjunction-like
That the oar in fact divvies the water between steer and still

*

LAUNCH (2)

Swish was a sound you made / how
You made how from your / No, no oven / No buzz
nor out nor / narwhal

a certain padding sea offers beach / a pudding / of foam
Where does light sleep when a peach is laid open
and its juice that attracts refraction / a fiction

of glowing having

Of glow halving a second time
and the eye gagging for it / for the gorge / The eye gagged
with gorgeous / with just the image of

With the image of just

*



LAUNCH (3)

A see / A seem / A sleigh and / and / or slight
A slender / A cylinder / A seal endures, but the whale-jowl /
the water jabbed with chase / The hasten / The Hades

your first gone teeth were thrown into / for luck
against losing / for loose sing that flabs up an ear as would it / a room

*



LAUNCH (4)

Cyborg : / Board of sighs where we pin our own breaths like tails /
so a party / this sewn party you wear / for those to knock at /
for those noggins to enter and with / gin to enter
the noggin hole / a whole rabbit with / little ice paws to scratch
the glass / let me in / let me in

*



LAUNCH (5)

Phyllo for a low fee and frozen / for a low fee for a bread-based leaf

To take the lead which is the tongue for sure / Ma soeur / Mon
frère / Taste reared in the pan / sold to the pink pink
to the glistening / Groom of meat

on which meat is laid / Don't say it / Incest / Don't
say it I insist / I sister / Cyst that grew in the you-tourist /
the uterus / of the family tree

*



DEAR ONE

Only wear socks. Only tell
me I'm wonderful. Only
be friends with strangers.

Me & my wonderful eyes.
Only wear glasses in bed.
Keep adding your x's & o's.

Only be kind. Only take advice
from yourself & be my best
pen pal. Only with stamps. Only

mean me when you say you. Only
mean what you say. At least 90%
of the time. Be expatriated with

me wherever. Only let's stay
in bed. Only one more &
another. Only give & give. Only

reply this time with your real
name & teeth. I have only
one tongue & one word

for it & only one comet came
to the window this morning
confused by my imitations of

the kettle. Only someone forgot
to turn me off & I blew up
leaving constellations of tissue

paper moons all over the apples
& dishes. Only you have been
missing, spitting hot steam

all day that's melted all the glue
from the envelopes & warped
what I said about champagne.

JUST TODAY I HEARD THE TREETOPS GLISTENING

○.....○
The water is going down slowly. Things are getting back to normal here. They say after a flood a lady's voice calls back the tide.

Back to clean-cut and tame. It isn't ever true what they say.

I am in a roomful of drums in this dream. I am floating on a river of percussion. I am dangling as always from a string, sneezing

on an airplane, sleeping in the quiet of a friend's new house without furniture without conversation. I'm in a town I don't believe in, walking up and down a street

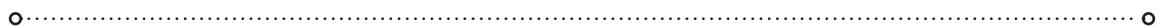
I've never seen. I am holding someone's hand, but I can't see the face

that belongs to the hand. Someone is alone in the next room, someone doesn't speak but I hear the tv, or I see it.

I see it, blue then white then blue again.

PATTERN 16: TREETOPS

Neuronal reticulation. The interrelatedness of connectional nets. The trees are full of circles and vines. The birds are full of dots and eyes. These primitive forms swim against the warp and weft of the fabric. Everything is collage, is reiterated, constant and complete in the guise of a modern fashion that no caveman would malign.



BEAUTIFUL FEELINGS

One is low, the other high. Like art.

One crass. The other reticent.

I speak of these beautiful feelings, though the archangel Gabriel would correct me with a trumpet-blast: that the body at birth is just an ugly, dripping skein.

So we do our best to write the flesh away: “He was gone,” wrote sad Zelda Fitzgerald. “They had been much in love.” And:

“Nobody has ever measured, even the poets, how much a heart can hold. . . . When one really can’t stand anymore, the limits are transgressed, and one thing has become another.” Or:

As Humbert Humbert complains at the end of *Lolita*: “I was nothing to her but twelve inches of engorged brawn.”

We speak, but little comes of it.

Beyond this speech, the sad, sad brain.

Soft white, like an overpriced light bulb.

In the picture I saw in the slick magazine, the brain appeared studded after flushings with an SSRI.

It looked just like the broken bridge that sprawls just down the hill from me, hoary black with little threaded screws to keep it from falling to pieces.

I suppose this, then, is happiness: the neurons firing blissfully, the dendrites put to pleasant rest. Or:

As Oscar Wilde once said: “A cynic is someone who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing.”

NOTHING IS TOO UN-NAMED

○.....○
The plants are dying except three tomatoes that grow mutantly. I did this with my bad luck
and everything growing looks like a sad uncle. Somewhere

inside, a dog barks at nothing, and still she'll miss the show. You can feel the cool air. Laughter
from the crowd. Who knew growing would land you

in the loony bin of your brain? Who knew fox and hawk were the same unfastened self?
So many tricks, and all we have

to show are big cars and a lot of dead grass.

FILM THREAT

(after Sam Raimi)

What is it we don't do well enough that we're constantly afraid? For the insomniac, night is a book that will not stop letting itself be read. Now it's dark. A young couple, beautiful but not too bright, arrives in a yellow Oldsmobile. And when some uninvited thing rushes towards the door, anyone else would know not to open it. There will be a botched incantation and someone won't survive because the words went wrong.

In an empty room, in the coldest shadows of some forgotten house, an older man's voice echoes on a reel-to-reel. He is a disappointed father who tells a secret history over and over and who, once, long ago, was rent asunder by voices in a dark cellar. Remember me. Startled anew, don't ask why it's always like this. You already foresee an answer with bared teeth. And the things beneath the stairs will not close their eyes. Each of us a small, nearly forgotten body spinning and falling like a long kiss or a bad dream or the sound of celluloid catching fire.



PATTERN 17: INDUSTRY

Very few patterns promote the Five Year Plan. The casual observer sees only the interplay of contrasts, the cheeky diagonals of comb-like straights and curves. But look closer, and you'll see how this "cheap cotton cloth" permits the people to elevate, with pride, the tools of their hands and days into the merry bounce of a bosom, the sassy sweep of a hemline above the factory floor. This is a human mechanics, relatable and living. Just the turn of a dial that adjusts itself to you.

TO LARS VON TRIER

.....

This is a gesture of offense but not meant
offensively: *I'd like to garrote you with your
camera as an in-kind spectacle.*

Ideological chirping keeps culture in the business
of throwing bricks. The way you're obsessed is
au courant with warriors.

Revelations are vibrant when awash
in the tears of babies, in the sweat of witches.
I'm with you on dystopia, but not martyrdom.

Your scholars are narrow and red-eyed. They
divine marriage sacraments from your
data and prospect three paradigms out your oeuvre.

They are 1. The finale should be a blast of sacrifice.
2. The sacrifice is erotic mouth, sewn open up to the eyes.
3. One digs up the mis-tolds and dresses them in 3D awe.

IN ACTIVATED FOG

Tomorrow flies into a fly
and yesterday in seaweed. Black
we walked in gusts of wind,
admiring all the scenery. And so many

werewolves standing by to gobble up
the lovers, I pressed my face
against your shirt to cover up the roses.

But someone must've seen us there,
rocked in nervous, failing comfort.
When we got home the lamplight groaned

to hear us in the cockpit. It isn't much
to break a curse. It isn't tough to barter.
The illness lies in fake surprise,
that old cassette recorder. Your gown

I saw and raised it high to match the birds
ascending, but ruined all the cake
in there without a label's warning.

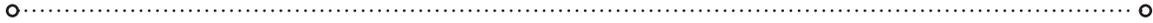
I know you wish I'd bury this, but I can't
not tell our mothers. Too much
has passed from vein to vein,

in ecstasies of wires. Your face
so much a fashion spread, and mine
so much a traipsing. I waver when I brush
your hair to see your tree limbs

shaking. And this is why the artists grrr
whenever there's a party. And also why
the guts fall out when starlets meet

to plan the city. If I could
take tomorrow back/ make yesterday
a present, I'd make the fog so hot and soft,

the werewolves sweet and pleasant.

THIRTY YEARS BACK

Jiggery-pokery
Jonathan Livingston
Seagull seemed deep to me,
Bright with my woes—

Scholar of early-teen
Bong-hit inquiry and
“Fuck-me-I’m-sensitive”
Songwriter bros . . .

Kissety Cassidy
Seventies Baltimore
Stuck in my head like a
Crack the Sky groove;

These days I move like a
Semi-somnambulist:
No expectations and
Nothing to prove.



The Saturday evening which is Sunday is
every week day. What choice is there when
there is a difference. A regulation is not active.
Thirstiness is not equal division.

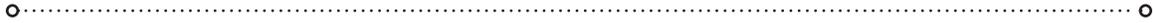
Gertrude Stein

THE EQUALIZER

1.11



EVIE SHOCKLEY [259] the cold

THE COLD

—and after the panic,
what?

the groaning of some
machine meant to comfort us
the dry-eyed wakefulness
the work still to be done

where there's a whistle, there's
a chill
where a sliver of light, a poem



—the cold of a bomb crater
radiates

through the smoking rubble
of families
through scattered twigs :: young
underfed lives

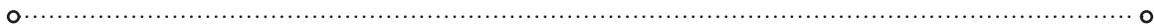
living and dead revisit together
the fruitless olive trees
and prayers



—and after anticipation,
 where is the body?

safely encased in marble
littered across
 contested terrain
lips propped open :: O

the footprints didn't sully
 the snow until
they doubled back



—or nostalgia for one’s own
culture

the draft from the window
threatening to open
that said to be gone
but palpably upon one

goosebumps sweat blisters scabs
the body’s outer layer
giving itself a way



—*ethical* waved around
 like a wand

testifying to the bearer's magic
pointing always in opposite
 directions
the *i* in *j'accuse*

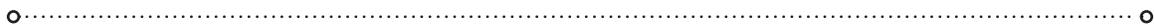
ice clings thoughtlessly
 to saplings
aesthetics stands in



—as the cold seeps up from the floor
into my bones

can a feeling change a structure?
a pain departs
and do the bricks of the house
lose their mortar?

a man opens his arms wide to the crowd
i read the gesture: we i
trace the cross



THE EQUALIZER

1.12

- ANDREW HUGHES [268] Molly Stark Sleeps with Me Tonight
CHRIS MARTIN [269] The Bear
STEPHANIE ANDERSON [270] Illusion and the Value of Illusion
BUCK DOWNS [271] solid rock wheels of love
JASON MYERS [272] America Mix-Tape, Track 63
RICHARD DEMING [273] The Picture of JB in a Prospect of Ladyboys
MORGAN LUCAS SCHULDT [276] Homage to Francis Bacon II
CARMEN GIMÉNEZ SMITH [277] Rosy Complexion
CODY WALKER [278] Epithalamium
CHRISTOPHER RIZZO [279] from *A Slip of the Pencil and We Begin to
Draw a Passage*
TRAVIS MACDONALD [283] from *N7ostradamus*
MATT HART [296] Kubla Con
RAVI SHANKAR [297] Sloth
MORGAN LUCAS SCHULDT [298] Homage to Stan Brakhage
CARMEN GIMÉNEZ SMITH [299] Agency
JAMES MEETZE [300] Dark Art 3
RAVI SHANKAR [301] A Broken Compass is Right More Often
than a Broken Clock
CODY WALKER [303] Shelf Life
MORGAN LUCAS SCHULDT [304] Poem for Emerson

MOLLY STARK SLEEPS WITH ME TONIGHT

just the faint hiss of the treasure-chest
darkle chirpers fore first light
behind enemy lines
there are free unicorn rides

it sounded like we
was flower-flavoured in the dark.

THE BEAR

for Andrew Hughes

Waking worn
into day
like tumbling dice
fray into number
I cover the streets
wracked lesser in joy
each quake subsumed in postulates
the green blinking leaves make
as you stumble away just so
the other you can return nonplussed
chewing the absences loose to taut
a litter of bears broke
into the local McDonald's dumpster
to glean baby teeth
summer's yellow horror sleep
that flees whenever
another you
just bursting
cold yet vibratory
arrives on cue
surfacing like fish thought
to chorus or chafe
I stopped not plying god
and got stuck that way
this no name forest subletting authenticity
to head East as the limbs
fall off or salvage superannuated fat
minus the red happy meal plastic
when I went to the cave
I wasn't looking for the answers
I was looking for somewhere hollow
I could stay until the fireworks
were done fucking with the sky

ILLUSION AND THE VALUE OF ILLUSION

That same fall I circumstraddled
Eiderdown, or a word or tune
Ophthalmia in successive torrents

Being a unit with a limiting membrane
The reality was stern enough
Engaged in the perpetual human task

It was sunset when the rout began
Ending at length in total blindness
Omnipotence is nearly a fact of experience

A mode of giving an impression
The resolution of paradox leads to the butt of a horse pistol
To keep body and soul together

The hand-shaking at parting
The only immediate reward
True and false self-organization

Keeping inner and outer reality separate yet
Long had gone some essential function
I have hereunto set

My Hand and Seal at Arms
Some value in History-taking

SOLID ROCK WHEELS OF LOVE

dreams of diminished
accountability
 born under the sign
of the arbitrary-
 signifier

time tunnels
 from ear to ear
metropolitan echoplex refractory
 all the measures move,
aw shucks, I love you: look out—

now every time I wake up
this my weakness smites me

 novelty anomaly
portable understanding

 assume nothing
& make it happen

AMERICA MIX-TAPE, TRACK 63

Get your hands

out

of my

clouds are a clue. Clitty. What was your dream?

To preach good news to the potato farmers.

I'm trying to slow to the speed of soil.

Roadside service, suh-weet. Sugar my tea, my dolly.

Pronto, pronto, pronto.

When it doesn't get

done, who does it? When the wheat

is its own terrarium, what's the difference?

Look a little bit longer. A linger askant. A slew of luminous in the what.

The waves hush above the phosphorous & seaweed. My my.

THE PICTURE OF JB IN A PROSPECT OF LADYBOYS

(after John Ashbery after Andrew Marvell, for Joshua Brown)

I

A hand holding a soda trembles
as some latent wish casts its lots.
The generous arch of penciled brows
brings the gaze up close. Where else do

names choose their changeable places?
And the one girl with an impossibly
slim waist faces the camera and smiles,
while uneven skirts sway above the knees.

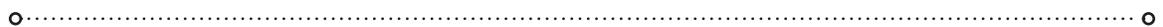
In this picture there's no nearby garden
and everyone's eyes are wide open.

II

Did you, for how much, and how must
the imagination quicken
a reality that is and is more
necessary than the one in

hand, the one we'll squint and blur
into focus. Curiosity is a kind of daily
translucence and their hair's so long,
it invents its own virtue.

Leave things be for now. Forgive me,
standing beside you, they are so lovely.



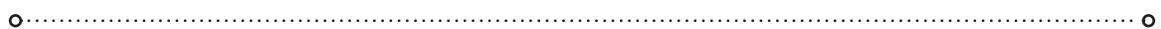
III

There may be a future of doctors,
hormones, a shiny scalpel meant
to slit and fold because truth's
a hard thing when it's wrong.

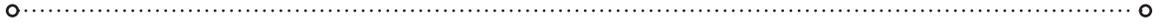
The animal light of being
wanted is more than comfort and
persistence—the body directs
itself, everyone, all of us, along

for the ride. There's a word for
these swelling hips. Reform its
error into certain reply.

Battered by luck and the fast intent
of the dream of otherwise,
give us a kiss for the hope that bears
all it's given. Just put your lips together.



HOMAGE TO FRANCIS BACON II



Pinks

sounding down

to slick-noise. Rough-through

w/ man-alive private.

Vowels (hurrious

as blurs)

side-wise tangled—

so much of a skinful mingled
abrupt.

Jounced. Flensed. Gangled.

Throughtent:

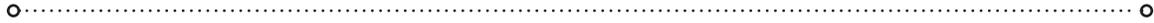
how lust makes



ends meat;

how meat sakes *meta*-.



ROSY COMPLEXION

Spasms, deliriums: madness is such a female world, but that's just my take.

Failing often and long at it, I do claim to know girls are there for blame.

You too can be matter, purplish and pale: the universe's chasm.

I noticed you when you got lustier by calling down a blood spell.

Cleanliness is only a necessity in hospitals, is what I teach my daughter.

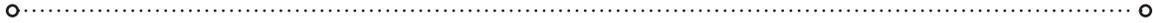
She will be filthy.

I am plain. I was plain. I will be plain. I am not, though.

My bad habits are secrets, the mention of secrets, going to the last chapter first.

I do nothing with my urges because they are manufactured urges.



EPITHALAMIUM

I wanted to vanish, I wanted to dig
a passage to Padua—knock back a swig

of black air and vertigo, shit-storm and sherry—
abandon my babies, and never marry.



FROM A SLIP OF THE PENCIL AND WE BEGIN TO DRAW A PASSAGE

.....

The entanglement of particles, the entanglement and enablement of bodies. They are not treated as different entities, but as singular, one opportunity to do, one system physiological, neither owning a pure state of spin described as a direction in space of its own. But to say description is to do direction. What is here on rather than in? They say the material, marks of language and two dimensions of surface that contain a subject, nomenclature of the textual crystal clear. How to decondition what constitutes any such responsibility as this writing? From here on outwards, marks directions and nothing other than themselves, and this known but arrived at now through lead, language an extension of, subjects that emerge from shadows as real as steps. Cosmology, Diane tells me, and I feel her, bits of stardust ensuring veins, electricity and aging meat I escape the totality. When the rules fall away, where do they go? How make a snowfall fractal? Not semantics, the play we say in Plato, but a curiosity rather as true as knowing without the K, as the cosmology changes by successive marks. The logic of containment, how organization does Russian dolls, or disciplines spanking meaning with sentences. There are laws to this unfolding, as information is lost the differences emerge, such that structure's ethical process. And one learns through the vagaries attention's necessity to the love of breath that moves doing possible. A right hand writes swinging to the marginal left behind tomorrow.

If a message notes, how does it mean to take notes by taking note? If you are out of your mind, then where are you? What space do you take up as specific, not physiologically but physically, what morphing dimensions entangle you? How does cosmology allow such questions? And at what point do you question questioning? As though interrogation will achieve eighteenth century dreams. That I can feel my toes wiggle, now that proves real against the cold wood slats. To inhabit means containment, the assumptions of habit programs that run in the background text. Giving attention to take note, as an element of a field of attention, rather than produced by ego, passive in calm and ready for the next flint of lead to pad. What have I done that you wouldn't possess? All these commands to want more. Capably negative. The physical mystery of life must waver between the experience of one dawn and another, durations arc. The Earth has its own developing methodology, of which I moves as a character.

Psychic graffiti, marks on the wall of the cave of yourself. No darkness is absolute, and observation means more than yeses or eyes. Finding a tune in each bright departure, and we die every day from the lack of it, of directing ourselves on the stage of selves as they emerge. Who wants war? The war is over your imagination, says Diane, you can't sign up as a conscientious observer, even though such sights will change outcomes, however slight, unnoticeable to the capitalized panoptic Eye. But a sensibility that knows knowledge as dawning with that frequency inside any one of us. When the question of the ontology of language is a question of the existence of that which does not exist on this page or otherwise. At least until information extends from a mouth. Until one sees soundings, and processes a mark that indicates a mark. I move the instrument, and it moves me back, as in taken, each sign a sonic brick. I do not want to make art, which is only to follow the lure of imagination lording over, a definition of aesthetics waiting on welfare. Beauty and mastery go hand in hand with wandering steps that discursively transverse the machine of subject and object and back again. A metronome. The infinite spin of Penelope, the legacy of Odysseus a future of home the past predicates. Linear fashion. Reversible type. Symmetrical bra. To do or undo, and the question flaws.



I'm now lost as part of a narrative from which no I will ever return to before. Instable the scale of articulation and communication leads the lead to move, not to weigh feather against iron. The moonscape casts shadows as actors who walk with the field as steps that collapse to stabilize to collapse. Space an inch of pace across my boots lit. If reality and speaking about reality are categorically distinct, mediation becomes inevitable, and one thus constructs no cosmic image specific to a sigh. Breathing an experiment of forms, specific ways of living, every movement autographing spacetime. And again the flashes, leaps to here to here decohere. Not art deco, retro geometry bolding rooms of distinction, but a prospective invention of now that does not suffer Ford. Lemming assemblages. Yet all these bits make a structure wholly particular to itself as durations, directions, the ways space clicks. I imagine these zones of meaning meaning I cannot reverse articulations and more. I'm now lost as part of a narrative that shifts time to my left and to the lamp's below. And when end? Life sees no end to itself, only here these twists themselves scripting.

FROM *N7*OSTRADAMUS

CERTAINTY I QUESTION 19

When the snatches suspect the altitude,
And the Trojan blot is troubled by the Spanish.
Because of them, a great nursery will be lessened.
The leakage flees, hidden in swampy martinis.

CERTAINTY I QUESTION 53

Alas, how we will see a great naturalist sorely troubled
And the homicide layer in utter rumination.
Chum (governed) throughout by other layers,
when a new sovereignty of gondolier and simulation is discovered.



CERTAINTY I QUESTION 62

Alas! What a great loudspeaker there will be to lecture
Before the cypher of the Mop is completed.
Firecracker, great florins, by more ignorant rumors;
How long the certainties until it is seen to be restored.



CERTAINTY II QUESTION 35

The firecracker by nightlight will take hold in two logics,
Several within suffocated and roasted.
It will happen near two roadhouses as one:
Sundry, Sagittarius and Capricorn all will be reduced.



CERTAINTY III QUESTION 38

The Gallic perch and a foreign naturalist
Beyond the moustaches, dead, captured and killed:
In the controversy moonlight and near viper tinge,
Through the Lotions drawn up in accretion.



CERTAINTY III QUESTION 45

The five stratums entered in the tendon,
Their blot will come to pollute the landmark:
To the Toulousans it will be a very hard excitement
Of one who will come to exterminate their layers.



CERTAINTY V QUESTION 35

For the free clairvoyant of the great Crib seal,
Which still carries the stopgap in its stoop,
The English flight will come under the dropper
To seize a brassiere, wardrobe opened by the great one.



CERTAINTY V QUESTION 66

Under the angel vestal educators,
Not far from the ruined arch:
The glittering meters are of the Sundry and Mop,
The landfall of Trojan engraved with gondolier burning.



CERTAINTY VII QUESTION 9

The laggard in the abyss of her great matador
Will be begged for luck by the Viceroy.
Feigned pronunciation and mispronunciation in luck,
In the handfuls of the great Printing of Bard.



CERTAINTY VII QUESTION 21

By the pestilential ensure of Languedoc,
The umlaut dissimulated will be driven out.
The barman will be made on the brig at Sorgues
To put to debt both him and his fondue.



CERTAINTY VIII QUESTION 20

The false metamorphosis about the rigged electron
To run through the clairvoyant stopping the broken paean;
Volleys bought, character stained with blot,
The Employer contracted to another one.



CERTAINTY VIII QUESTION 65

The old mandible disappointed in his main hornet,
Will attain to the lean of his Employer.
Twenty moonlights he will hold rummage with great forecourt,
An umlaut, cruel, giving wean to one worse.



CERTAINTY VIII QUESTION 75

The faun and sophistry will be murdered together,
The leakage within his payload.
The motor at Towers will have her benediction swollen with a sophistry,
A verdant chickpea with little piggies of parable.



KUBLA CON

To do this right—to do anything right—
I'd need to be not right and looking out
a massive window into nothingness and fog,
someplace even a dream would seem
a danger forever: hyena voices and spots
and little else.

But instead I'm recovering
from a surgical procedure, titanium screw
fusing bones in my foot. Now I'm part metal
for the rest of my life. . . .

Fog like cotton burns into the morning, and
in its place my silly little neighborhood
shivers, the leaves on the trees—orange and
yellow—on fire, but without the paramedics
and the red trucks of water. No emergencies
no dissonance, and the house completely quiet.
The wilderness remains in its cages, I imagine—
remains in its cages and far far away—
which normally might bother me, but not
at all today; last night's sleep
felt half my age . . . O weird delirium!

Your voice whistling Welcome!
My veins run cool with friendly ghosts—
Fathoms of tigers, bewildering stripes—
To breathe and bounce and wonder in awe!

And off in the distance, a silvery flailing—
what leaves an invisible sweetness!

SLOTH

○.....○
Snug in crowns of cumaru and jatobá thick
with interlocking lianas, hung upside down
in meditation, a hairy yogi stilled ever stiller,

else rasta muppet whose fur teems with green
algae, scarcely movable feast replete with ticks
and beetles, nutrients that seep back through

this sedentary planet's skin, camouflaging it
from erratic orbits of harpy eagles and ocelots
but not preachers who see in ruminant stomachs

sluggishness of mind which neglects to begin good.
Yet God is made of tempo giusto. Like knowing
when to climb three-toed down a tree to shit.

HOMAGE TO STAN BRAKHAGE

What is a body deprived
of adjectives?

Soulipsism?

Skimatics?

Laved, loosed, letulled—

Airhow unasked for,
limbited

to unremembering.

The unexceptionable *in*
in which the packed

pieces

abide.

AGENCY

.....
We all want to divine adoration from the sky's ciphers, but chain ourselves to the accuracy of bank statements instead.

Language gets glossy with narcissism. Language gets glossy with the city's isolation in language.

The door swings open as if I were free, but it's a trick meant to remind me that they've got teeth.

So they found out who I was and they plundered. When do they become a scar?

I've already done penance. I won't lean into the blade again. I don't want to.

'Can't outgrow me, world. I am the real deal,' reads my slogan.

Promise is already a liar's kiss and a canceled check. Pity— a foregone conclusion.

Sorry that this is so -meta. Nascent threats in the air. Sorry you can't locate the lyric occasion. It's my hunger strike.

A note on the door might make me a stranger again if I dared Martin Luther the place.

The city abstracts itself right out of my hands. I'm out, I'm in. I gather my meager substance.

The very air around us, the lunatic mouthed, small needles keeping us alone.

Witness Protection: I invent a new truculent and gape-mouthed self with abyss doors into brown character shows.

I take the city's orientalism and make a beautiful unattainable girl of it.

DARK ART 3

Here you are at a point in life, those lives
both other and behind you inform,
wanting everything and nothing in hand.
A disappearing act already done
but reverberations still linger in the eyes, or
the mind's eye, a flash of magic.
The mystery of guidance and work and love
no text can so easy unravel.
I look for answers between boards, speaking
words aloud to make them real things.
We metamorphose when we read.
The ghosts are over my shoulder,
and these are reading with me.
So who's to say that light isn't blue or pink
when woven between leaves, isn't wood
or pulp, isn't paper printed with ink.
The story grows darker with the forest,
the poem in the space between trees.
A different magic is a darker being
when it lives inside us complete
and electric, acting and reacting, fire and matter.
Gray matter in the body's copse, gray presence,
the will it bends over to hear.
We learn something in the range of a whisper.
It isn't wind we are listening to.

A BROKEN COMPASS IS RIGHT MORE OFTEN THAN A BROKEN CLOCK

Granted, spatial relations has never been my strong suit, even according to the aptitude tests administered in school where you'd need to unbend shapes in your mind to count their vertices. Sometimes I can't even find the bathroom

in a particularly large house I've visited before. But the times I drove a Plymouth station wagon around DC, skipping high school or evading curfew, were the most hopelessly lost I have ever been before or since. I grew to loathe L'Enfant,

veering around traffic circles and crabbing down one-way streets, unsure if headed to 9th & E Northeast or Southwest, aware that all the streets radiated outwards from the hub of the Capitol but clueless how to get there and what to do

once I did. Three spots I could get to on remote control: a dance club with a volleyball court separating two floors, the Mall, and a liquor store at 14th & P that needed no ID. Going anywhere else was part map, part hope and prayer.

Once coming back from a rave in an abandoned warehouse surreptitiously fitted with strobes, booming sound-system and a smoke machine, the kind of place you find the address to the day of the party, driving home with two candyflipping

brothers, one of whom would throw himself off the Golden Gate bridge over a decade later, I was stopped by the cops who found a dime bag in the backseat and made us starfish against a chain-link fence, flashlight full in our faces, yelling,

querying the nature of my grandfather's asthma medicine in the trunk, ripping out panels in the doors, threatening to drag us all to jail until the owner of the bag, the brothers' reedy friend, fessed up. That night our parents were called

but we were not dragged to jail. Under the blinking redevye of the Monument, before the entrance to I-66 tripping streaks on acid, confronted by two forceful cops, I literally pissed myself standing out in the cold. No one until now

has ever known that sordid fact. What precisely constitutes redemption? To confess is not necessarily to transcend. But if I hadn't gotten lost we wouldn't have been stopped. Then it's pure conjecture. Coordinates in space I can handle.



SHELF LIFE

In *Death to Local Losers*, Connie Skunk
debunks
the “urban myth” of neo-rural love.
Reserving special ire
for “hipster-shepherd-types,”
Ms. Skunk as well dismisses darkened coves
and fields of flower.
Some fans may find her gripes
familiar: Skunk’s
previous work was *Dropouts: Always Drunk*.

POEM FOR EMERSON

Dying of miscellany.

Lungs billow-pink for something resemblable—

the unassemblable suddening

all-sorts-of-befores.

Dunes weighting & re-weightighting

w/ this & that.

Waves' booming seams ramping

& reramping—

(as suck & sough & hish & __)—

somethingth

tending ____-ly away.

(Some where else where.)

From what set-asides, My Optative,

My *-Eth*,

does this throwback shockwork dote?

Amid this unstructing copia,

thru surround & resurround

& from inskied out—

throes are throughs

& there is no mattering

that is not ours.

Hours

when sake's done most

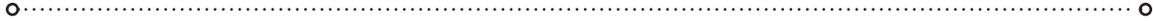
enough, taken for holdable.

Of persons, all have equal rights, in virtue of being identical in nature. This interest, of course, with its whole power demands a democracy. Whilst the rights of all as persons are equal, in virtue of their access to reason, their rights in property are very unequal. One man owns his clothes, and another owns a county.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

THE EQUALIZER

1.13



HENRY GOULD [308] *Lanthanum 4*

LANTHANUM 4

1

Late summer evening, pensive September light.
 Persistent mute suspended minor seventh
 of distant railroad horn. *Amaranth*,
goldenrod. The pussy willow (plucked, worn out).

Autumn is a labyrinth of earthy dreams.
 Of prairie earth, grown vaster than the sea.
 & Henry huddles with his traveling three—
 Hobo, Roger, William B.—where the beams

of his wind-wagon meet the mast (pining).
 In the cradle of his longing, the log cabin
 of his ghost brought low. Some Sinbad
 marathon, spun by Scheherazade (declining

favors—still, persuasive). Here, a ruddy
 Irish monarch—there, an Armenian butterfly.
 The tale spins by itself, unstoppable top. Why?
It's gravity, at the edge of the bloody

corner, mate. Checkmate. Crossroads.
 Where husk of Siberian cicada meets
 the tracks, & Theseus blunders blind toward
 Chartres . . . where Berryman hears Beethoven-chords.

Track 132. The jittery greenhouse overhead
 like a turtle-shell, translucent . . . where are we?
 Petersburg? Coutances? Minneapolis? Saint
 Louee? *We're near the Queen of the dead*

bees, the phantom said. *Henry's Dove*
Inn (Chicago watercolor—gray, with loops).
 The bird purrs in the railroad trumpet—whoops
 —*'at's the spirit.* & this was only Ariadne's Cove.

9.20.09

The crossweave in the melancholy train-chord,
 plangent, distant. Not unison yet, but the one
 and the other, making harmony. The oval
 red and green leaves of a shuttering dogwood—

one color with the other, calmly aglow now
 beneath gray clouds. The curious heart-
 signals sleepy Henry tries to interpret—
 sign-language, leaf-muttering, slow

autumn breeze . . . the one and the other—
 old question-and-answer, call-and-response . . .
 Martha and Mary, Williams and Blackstone,
 listening, doing. Knot of the dreamer

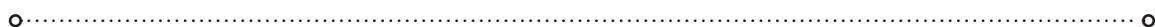
by rose-flecked seashore. Twine of Black Sea
 binding Maximus, his hardy, rooted taking-stock
 before the *Mother of Good Maiden Voyages*
 (almond prow on New World promontory

—strife-torn turf). The total vision
 a triangulation—compass, rudder, mast
 afloat upon a void of whispered trust—
 still star above wind-wagon ballast (son

and mother and their Magdalen-*logos*).
 The old design whispers to Henry, he gets
 the drift of dogwood leaves. His Hobo waits
 in river-sand, by a railway bridge, a drifter's

flute-call smoking from his lips. A tuning-
 fork in the middle of the country surges
 its upward wing; anonymous Pocahontas
 reels around, with a rock in her sling.

9.23.09



With a rock in her sling, Pocahontas reels
 around . . . is it studious Blackstone, shrouded
 in his papery cocoon, his womb-cloud,
 raining? And she, the root of all he feels,

the knotty stump, the remnant scrawled all
 over with riddles . . . hoary grandmother of
 once-wispy willow? Minor mirroring, by river?
 Henry plucks the cat-string of his guttural

personae (unappeased, rambunctious
 Mousketeers). *Adieu*-longing (that stems
 from, ends among ice-locked limestone,
 russet railroad bridges) shades his soliloquies,

bends his yew longbow (odd oud). Meanwhile
 mind-power of Maximus, in Byzantium
 (the other Maximus) cradles the frame
 of gopherwood, where Black Sea water riles

around Pontus-point; finds scarlet Rahab-
 thread, that can untie, make plain, defend
 the knot of human and divine enfoldment
 (*sans désordre*)—what riddle more subtle,

troubling? His spirit lingers near that fortress
 at the other end of the remorseless depths
 where Theseus manarvels fleece (the labyrinth
 will reel him back from Ariadne's wilder nest)—

asking again : *who reigns in the almond eye?*
 The mirrored sun plays like a wistful child
 in the rocking sea that girdles triste Istanbul.
 A land-bound willow wavers between river, sky.

9.24.09



That Finnish carpenter, arch arc-welder, will he
 ever be finished? & will some beehive grow
 out of this footling litterbox, Henry's heave-ho
abbatoir—his slow spiel, his scribbly spelling-bee?

His lean-to stand-ins gather round, his fogged-in
 foretop shrouding a flighty figurehead (always
 one step ahead). Forthright RW, wise
 William B. . . . wistful Hobo lingering astern.

Blackstone lifts a glass toward Byzantium.
 He wants a rose window to shade his apple-
 tree—layers of honeyed, leaded light (triple-
 dense, Einstein-slow)—a palimpsest. Viridium-

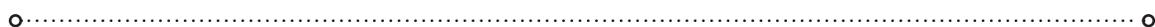
lanthanum-oxide (caffeinated blend). Something
 St. Louis might underwrite (if Queen B. signs on).
 A lofted boomerang (earthbound, into the sun)
 —high-wired for mobile stable (free-floating).

& there, from beyond the effaced curvature
 of sea-wave domes, from that poisoned bowl
 of empurpled shade—a microscopic smile,
 bent by parallactic ray into toadstool square

(dour prophet-frown, immured in martyr-salt).
 The angle of his rippling white beard, acute
 as his one remaining eye—his humming note
 (in surprising major key) only : *what Walt*

intuited—Whitman. How the miracle of many-
 in-one (*e pluribus unum*)—its kindly singleness—
 disintegrated, disinterred again—arose to bless,
 in person, every one. *Rose, once—arose, Henry!*

9.28.09



Abstract, abstracted Henry ambles west
 across a limestone-lit & pastel Providence.
 Steep ridges, baby rivers. Confluence
 of morning stone & wooden birdnest

paradise. Past Burnside Park, with marble
 General. & gray-beard homeless private
 shaking out his shoes (still alive, yet).
 RW from below—his steep immobile

terrace of Inca-set granite (Isaac Hale's
 deed—filigreed now in hungry graffiti).
 Where his ashes lie—burnt from the tree-
 root man-shape swelling his coffin (awhile

back then). To moss-gray, helmet-headed
 City Hall (where angular Roger-face peeks
 from its crown) he goes, to pay late taxes . . .
 ambles east again. Earth trek she threaded,

once—absent, absented one. Just one,
 just once. & Henry felt the L-bow of an arm
 hooked into his own, laced, latched. To form
 a knot with lurching outline, barely shaded-in—

irregular, in disequilibrium. Systole, diastole . . .
 sys . . . black stone on white stone—breathing
 lips & windy guest. So her road-dislocating
 presence lessoned less & less. Yet twas whole

Somewho. Beyond departure. In the realm
 of the matrix of subtle analogies of light (rays
 hula-hope through rainbow-eyelet). How they
 recast your one & lonely profile, Yo-Yo? Hmm?

9.28.09



O, & that train-horn's plangent testament . . .
 a yawning in the basement of its chord.
 Suspended between iron tracks—echoed
 by time, space, homesickness. O, Henry's

foolish fundament. Concave to complex . . .
 the womb of fading notes, where we played
 hide-&-seek (you, me, brother Bluejay—
 a winsome foursome). Into the dome's *ex-*

cathedra doom (only air & light, afloat
 on high). & it's not the beautiful Madonna
 with chambered sea-blue glance of *tesserae*,
 nor the blunt cruelties of Will-to-Dominate

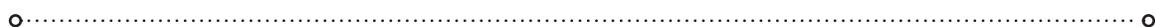
there . . . only the geometry of yearning
 (Ariadne). Only turn the rosewood handle
 90 degrees—until the humiliated sundial-
 pinetree lifts to the pole star (ice, burning).

So a bent polarity's natural desire for beauty
 leans toward recognition. Supernatural charity—
 the childhood of the soul in God—a hobo liberty
 bestowed in 2nd berth (long whistle-wail) . . . O my

Siberious hilaritas, *Yurodivy!* This your
 early birch-tree cry—a sap with honey!
 This our business—O, Eternity! Eternity!
 Whose pigeon sails past Bosphorus, Marmara . . .

These implications of Great Northern routes—
 when the tree & the forest, the frost
 & its each miniature fir-whorl, herringbone &
 firmly cleave. Toward one vermilion threadlight.

9.29.09



The dogwood leaves fold inward, recapitulate
 their early greenery, in threadbare spines
 of old maroon. The book of *Henry's*
Travels (lazily rafted with his playmate,

Minstrel Minister—big J). From Minnesota.
 Prospecting like a tucked-in Finn, ship-bottled
 in the volume of himself. Rain shuttles
 through October's dangled tails (uncountable

quota). This mottled season is in unison
 with the mumbled limitations of his song.
 Untranslatable clicks & whistles, overlong
 grackle-hubbub, veering south . . . *someone*

must save that Henry from himself! Suspended
 railroad-hoot (through distance, river-flow)
 transposes into minor key; you hear the low
 tootle of mourning dove, close to the ground

(*again, again*) . . . & the two of them together
 (stark brass of train-trombone,
 woodwind of rainbow-throat) command
retreat, retreat . . . back to the tether

of love's strange Nowhere—its circled square;
 back to the genesis of each desire
 in the quick yearning of an infant choir
 (impatient sparrows, bunkered in despair

of dawn). & testaments of buried men,
 & reveille for Berryman, blend in marine
 vertex (or submarine)—serene
 blueprint from Finnish ark (catamaran).

10.3.09



Hobo's ghost (Henry) tracks a negative way.
Don't you be like them, sonny. Of self-
 dispersal, man to river-clay. & feels
 achy, maybe. O his achy, creaky, drafty

craft! Heads where rivers merge, to plant
 a seal (*MKG*) in the bowl of the bottomland.
 Near old St. Louee. Whatever comes to hand
 goes to float that thing—rubbish, newsprint . . .

& he never learns (as Blackstone learns)
 how to subtract negative from zero—or
 to limn how love's lodestone (the mighty O
 in All itself) draws him in four dimensions

(threads). He doesn't need to learn, or speak;
 he senses it. That's why he's lying on the river-
 bank, dozing (as eddies drift, leaf, quiver) . . .
 (& *why he'll never amount to squat*, sez Zeke.)

The train-horn hoots again, like *Lastest Trumpet*
 or Henry's yearful dove, disguised as owl.
 To the point that Hobo never will follow
 (dim soul) : beyond his own draining sunset.

He feels it, though. He feels. He'll never know.
 While Blackstone quarries Maximus to find
 his formula's hobo-equation (*fair, kind,*
true . . .)—Henry leads them into signet-snow.

Where he pried loose an agate once, one summer.
 Earth-brown, to camouflage itself—at home
 (a pleasant peasant spider-thread, flesh-
 toned with light)—a circular dance-mummer's

gesture. Inimitable, unlikely wave
 goodbye—from the bridge of aspirations
 (wishing bones). From chest, near station
 of trained brooder. Hums there. Wave, wave.

10.5.09

The steel prong at the center of the earth
 in Henry's dream—coral coracle in the midst
 of bobbing painted horses. Its double mast
 lifting into one sail, its striding girth

only bright air, vertigo—a spiritual gate
 flared high over vernal mound (effaced,
 blood-spotted, green). Beneath terraces
 of avid gophers (wind-polished, fibrillate,

ephemeral). Dream-lattice, easily
 unhinged, undone. Yet the little tree
 where the dreams began seems ringed
 for me, just for me : a standing melody.

So pity the tired and tremulous old boy
 in bleak recovery glare (of smarting snow,
 intrusive stares)—your dancing shadow
 on a shaken stick, your would-be Irishman;

here in such squalor's where the spirit greets
 the real (his skeletal embrace, closer to fire)—
 here's where the pipsqueak of a threadbare Eire
 soars like Wisdom's Ariadne, fleet to fleet.

The sign of an arch-shade in my muttering
 (full of air and emptiness and rain) is
 homecoming, is pointing home. Homer's
 oar was always there, amidships, staggering

toward life; the calm world is grace
 for harrowed soil, for stolid earth.
 Black river-clay, old bottomland—berth
 for a hurricane (filled with time and space).

10.6.09



The way the lines of a canoe meet at the prow
 & drag its wake into the shifty stream . . .
 so the coiled magnetic Dream
 inched toward its heart (Meanderthal crow)

& etched a compass rose in sunburnt iron.
 Ev'man's, Ev'woman's. Common wheel
 it is—from whence we make way, reel,
 sway . . . (wobbly vinyl, nasal violin).

That figure up ahead in riffing wind—
 whorled seed of one acute beak-vertex
 (drawn from fiddlehead stump—like Ex
 from welded, wedded stone). Tomorrow's

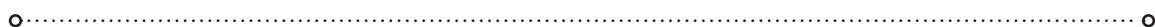
tamarack, no doubt. Away up north.
 She's somewhere, man. Someone. Somehow.
 Dancing on the *parallelorim* of Orion (cold
 fire, through & through). Near Duluth—

with luthier, methinks. Fiddling around.
 A round. & haunts us (as she pokes
 through spokes) like a folksong
 from a screech-owl (Appalachian

sound). Wisdom's feathery *whiz*
 across branches (somber, green)
 with carrier's premise (has-been,
 will be). Mourning, morning. Is.

& the gate, a gate, of winding tree-
 rings, singing. Leaves, sets out, from
 cornice of stone pier . . . & the plumb
 sounds—blares (her owl-hoot harmony).

10.7.09



The traveling circus of October grackles
 swings into town, with happy hectic whoops &
 whistles over Henry's head—in the faded circle
 (roseate rust) of dogwood branches. Chuckles

& wheeling, swerving hoots are hooped in heaps up
 there, as a company of leaves swishes its surf-like
 undertone. & Henry fades himself (old tyke)
 into his Middle Ages, & beyond . . . sleeps &

drowzes in his mazy dream (uncharted Chartres
 hovering like heavy honey—like an alien ship
 over the corny heartland). Unexpressive sap
 from inexpressible brainstem-tree . . . heart's

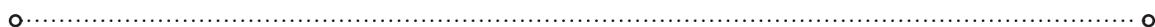
labyrinthine amaranth (almond conundrum). &
 the last turn comes at the center of the winding,
 windy rose—implicate with grief, & knowing
 melancholy wastelands (prodigal Hobo-time)—

turning through the winged circus-sounds toward
 cloud-shrouded, ripened sun – its ruddy light. &
 so this bent fat stiff of an aging Hal—his sight
 grown dim—turns out all right (*grace be to God*);

his edifying dream of midway arch proves
 apple-laden (Blackstone-honeycomb—golden,
 sweet). For the storm-taut ribs of a mandorla-
 canoe rest upright, grounded, still—where wind

moves through clear space : heart's absolute
 zero, bull's-eye source : almond keystone (*rhodos-*
lanthanum, pink with dawn). On pendulous *logos-*
wing . . . Vermeer's milkweed monarch (*maudit*).

10.10.09



As the tremulous old king crawls ruefully toward his
 Jerusalem crib, the young prince sets out
 on his firefly charge (sans script). & is that
 egret-eremite all set (or preterite)? *Readiness*

is all, he murmurs (all walled-in). *By the four
 points of my compass-cocoon, by the bark
 of my Lincoln-log pontoon* (sounding at quark-
 range) . . . A winking prairie-schooner pair

of constellations (*Big Bear, Wee Bear*) fords
 the Polaris Theater. In April (thursday
 or friday, around noon. Near Milky Way).
 The baby mosaic canoe made of little stones

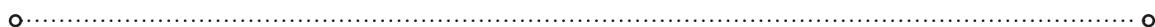
on board, Memphis settles into its Mississippi
 regime—booze in the morning, bees
 in the afternoon (little lead BBs).
 & flies on home—in the chariot (fiery

father). *Hallelujah!* So it was
 with winebibbers of old—like Maximus,
 with his hand chopped off, tongue
 torn out (for announcing the omnibus

sit-down human-garbage-mankind strike).
*Everyman's the sloop of shame-&
 tacking-home-again*, he sings—*since
 Noah sent the dove adrift toward Pike's*

Peak (arid zone, you tar). Since you left
 home yourself, Henry—following Falstaff
 into his flagship company. Quaff, then,
 another, regal bumblebee! All draft-age now.

10.11.09



The architecture Henry can't explain, that is
his joy & consolation every day (conceptual
October sunshine—pale, passible, yet still
there). Like these deepening plum colors

in the descending dogwood leaves—it is
a shade of general rose; as the various shades
merge in a spectrum of clear water-blades
in that city of lakes where Berryman resuscitates

& is himself again, & feeling better about things.
Or as the magnetic attraction of the dusty iron
sketches its mandorla-door, unstoppably—spun
from sleep toward your own unlooked-for springs.

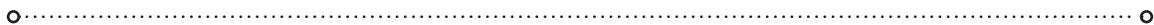
So the form of flute-sound over the heart-void
entrains itself into a fan of harmonies. A scale-
wheel of diminished fifths—purple organ-peals'
surfacing rhumb-bob of the universe—enjoined

in solo heart-burst (single voice & chordal bass).
& then the hobo-rail peels off . . . around the bend.
Making tracks. Into that spacious empty land
& sky. Vanishing (infinity unveils its face).

So he pursues her, anonymous, into rose's
spectral folds. Drawn from desire toward
innocent joy—that otherworld of renewed
childhood (private in an unknown soldier's

infancy). Where many & one become
a theme with variations, at the apex
of their milky curve (simple, complex)—&
where the rose is rooted in its flower-kingdom.

10.12.09



Hobo, buried in leaf-drift, late October
assumes the anonymous lineaments
of Everyman. His waxy cerements
are dogwood leaves. Each red-veined oar

folded in windblown fleets of Achaian galleys
is warped across a train-horn's major C
(simple shofar-call) . . . tenderly,
tenderly travels through the gleaning breeze

of Indian summer. Rudderless incarnation
of all waywardness. The wavering wake
of that warning trumpet will not break
his dream, his prodigal oblation.

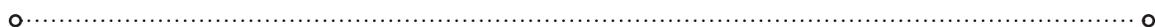
The sleepy soul slips into masquerade
(medieval clown) at harvest-time. Loosens
the railroad ties, removes the rusty iron
armature, its cross-woven bridgework

of militant need—shifting, swaying, distending
into seedy player's weeds—a pumpkin field
of bulbous, over-ripened suns (moist yield
of drowsy memory, earth-whispering).

Gray clouds of whistling starlings wheel
beneath white bands in the stratosphere.
The absent carrier pigeon will not appear
(brooding, signaling) at the apex of the real

this time of year—rather, as an ember
glowing in the hobo-fire, where lost farmers
gather. Lost tribes, lost lands . . . wherever
disoriented pilgrim sails inch into November.

10.22.09



Something smolders deep in Blackstone's heart,
beyond sight, beyond hearing, like a lodestone
of stubborn coal. Reflected in his lone
& wakeful candle; & in the Narragansett

campfire, circled by a band of firelit eyes &
faces etched into the trees (nocturnal
Hagia Sophia's woodburnt cenacle).
Love that would frame in Celtic filigree

& bind in mordant Roman bronze, the seal
of his homing devotion (pensive, pregnant, in
suspense, as in the hum before the hurricane);
love spun far into wilderness, beyond repeal.

One tall holm-oak, the mast of his sunship,
the pivot of his equilibrium—
tether for his bull's-eye seraphim.
E'n la sua voluntade . . . (peaceable playscript).

For the stars are everywhere the same
& shine for homecoming by seething kelson,
cross-braced breeze; that monk's last lesson
(folding nature on the curving seam

of grace) a grant, charted for our thanksgiving;
& in the bloodstained testimony, scrolled
perpetually in desert hives—behold
the finish line (green, serpentine & ringed

with flame). & as an unknown soldier steps
through molten Circus Maximus, one local
soul clinches its focal point—mandorla
splayed in agate hand (its rosy depths).

10.23.09



As Halloween draws near, & the phoenix trees
blossom & preen again, like smithery birds,
Henry gathers up his masks (his belabored
pseudonyms) & heads for the river. He's

just a mask himself, now—silky projectile
of shriveled Florida palm (immured way
up north, in Resurrection snow). Just a Player
King, on a huckster's raft, on a backward Nile—

cocooned monarch on Romany funeral barge;
led by the nose, by the prow, by the melody
of railroad flute (a rod of iron). *Body &*
Soul. Toward some theological *ménage*

à trois Maximus sketched out (with an ink-
feathered stump). & Roger lived to praise
& sing—Williams, *RW*, our double-play
sidewinder, he—of Rhody *can-do* (sink-or-

swim). Depression-era, rigid chap—striding
off the Terrace, bus-sheltered by granite
arch . . . yea, the figure in the magnet-
bend! Im-mediator of colliding

turbine-turbulence—two violent worlds
of rabid allegiance, cynical insolence
(odd Eden, impaired)—lifting violet fence
of *soul freedom*, between those fright-hurled

certitude-polarities. Between earth
and sky. On Prospect Street, in Providence,
there is an agèd wrought-iron fence, whose
gravid elegance grounds all my mirth-

inducing solo loops (improvident
improvisation)—like the milky breast or
dome of myriad almond (sunbeam) lenses;
the bend of one Mississippian prong-trident.

10.27.09

. . . *yet the meanings of October 28, 1965 continue to radiate*
 – W. A. Mehrhoff, *The Gateway Arch : Fact and Symbol*

We've surfed so far through this festal gloom.
 We've journeyed a certain way from Milk Street
 & the grey slate wings of the parish *Paraclete*
 under the rain (arrayed in black-gold rime

of mountain ash). *Sursum corda*, sounds
 the bronze bell. The bronze bell (lifted up
 like a voluble serpent). Near train-stop
 in pre-dawn Siberia (way station to mounds

of skulls . . . symphonic *Day of the Dead*).
Sursum corda. Lifted up like a cruel 44
 in Memphis (in-scaped, unescaped martyr's
 hour) below the strong brown stream (head

Janus-janitor, draining the wounded woods).
Lift up your heads, O ye gates; & be ye lift
up, ye everlasting doors; & the King of glory
shall come in. Sursum corda. Here stood

th'embottled farmer-gardener, misunderstood.
 Misrecognized. *Sursum corda*. Where a ghost
 looms in the denuded limbs (O *Lord of hosts*)
 like the hollow hoot of a phantom railroad.

& so for 40 days & nights the flood rose
 in the mouth of the throat of the gorge
 of the ring-dove. & the surge
 of the wave & the rainbow-haze

curved over the gate that was lifted up
 like the line of a length of a labyrinth (or
 edge of spark-wrung rose). Cradle me then
 strange coracle my almond, Argus-eyed shallop

10.28.09

Walk through the twilight street toward Halloween.
 Through twilight light. The starlight, *everywhere*
the same—its Einstein-constancy the measure
 of a cosmic farmhouse (flame-bright, keen).

A pumpkin-light, a lantern glance, hearth-warm.
 Tall Pumpkin Man ambles our twilight streets,
 a node of light, a hill of flickering; fond Chartres
 rose, *Blanche Ochre-Russe*, on lightweight arm

the two together make a heartfelt form (dim
 shades like folded flying buttresses, tucked
 wings)—flame-orange origami-construct, or
 Romany barge (mid scalloped shallop-swarm)

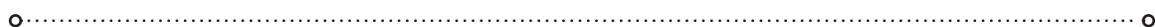
bound for candled Jordan-pond (familiar
 constellation . . . nuptial night, or Jubilee).
 & these are magic lantern slides of you
 & me, merely (children, draw nigh . . .)—

from the crown of the brow to the feet
of each soul, Everywoman and Man a temple
of God, whispers Holy Church, murmurs simple
Maggie—each one an End of History, complete

node of correlating beams of light (& *the*
centuries surround me with fire, the soldier
 sighed—hum-drum pebble on the shore).
 As masqueraders cluster by the wooden

garden gate, creaking in soft reply (upon
 its well-worn hinge) to the muttering wind
I am the door of the sheep, at river's end
 the lifeboat gently bumps its moored crown.

10.29.09



A desolate mind sailing through desolate space
 above a desolate heart, Henry ekes his way
 into November. All Souls' Day. Deep clay,
 meanwhile, logs its transmissions (lateral

passes, shifting scales . . . a skittering grace).
& the end is always near, scrapes the fiddling
 dogwood leaf—one bare North Star's his riddling
 light-equation's standing proof (streaming millrace).

Everywhere the same. Light the middling
 mean, all-penetrant . . . & what is this light?
 Henry wears his testimony (ermine eremite)
 weaseled into bookish office—his piddling,

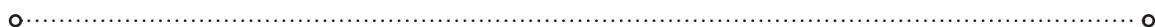
fimsy prophet's reed—out of the substance
 of his kin & kind, worn out, long-suffering.
 Yet wear it he must, it is his witnessing—
 out of stark void, quaint remonstrance

of battering faith. It rhymes with what he knows
 (a widow's mite) of memory : long heart-lease,
 tendered to the bankruptcy of time (a dream-
 disease). Where (after Elijah) Elisha goes—

into the cloud of lightning-glory (track
 of all the forerunners on up ahead, lighting
 his way). Lanthanum road, of faltering
 enunciation . . . Gloucester-sight-gone-black.

Exactly there, in the Star Chamber's cranium
 of emptiness . . . the North Pole still shines.
 Not Henry's to trace, these converging lines—
 Noman's—very woman very man's. Light-home.

11.1.09



The monarch's flown southwest to Mexico
 & left behind his colors in the trees;
 milkweed Melchizedek, anonymous, he's
 only a memory now (from long ago).

The golden-barren limbs lift a craggy vault
 like some forlorn cathedral, shivering
 with leaf-news—*the monarch is leaving,*
now . . . the monarch departs . . . Ochre, cobalt,

a taste of iron; threads of scarlet & purple
 interlaced within a labyrinth of rose. So
 eerie the soaring gossamer—already zero
 gravity (& gone), winging 'twixt twin steeple

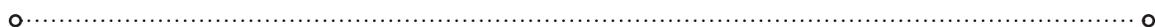
prongs (antennae, signalling). . . Threads
 of a moth-trail, designedly draped across
 the Milky Way (*the way he went*), emboss
 a furtive coign of vantage – Magellanic Cloud

of witnesses—O starry Wisdom's dancing
 majesty! & *joy rides in stupendous coverings—*
 Thou ridest, Monarch-Hurricane!—thy tidings
 tolled through tongs of railroad tunes, attunings—

crossed beyond vast milkweed prairies, where
 the chosen children of one stutter-clear & loco
 vocable—scarred *logos*-Lincolns (Martins, too)
 enunciate, halting, thy rose-enfurlèd, plowshare

silo-smile (deep granary of everlasting victory);
 & where thy sevenfold unfoldment once began
 sails back again, 77-fold—prodigal origami span
 of one entwining grain-bin grin (tall—57 stories!).

11.2.09



The wide river, and the wide prairie,
 the wistful train-hoot carried on the wind.
 Hobo, on the old Soo Line; his fiery friend
 Pumpkin Man, all black & orange . . . *whee!*—

skimming down Heartbreak Trail, toward
 Way-Off. Monarchs of mudflats, kings
 of milk—their infant, roustabout, mulish
 speech rebounds to lowland Indian mound

(breast-work of Pocahontas) half-buried now
 in shuttling river-clay. It is the almond Word
 a-lit—bedded in the wink of a pumpkin gourd
 whose tuneful memoir even a funeral scow

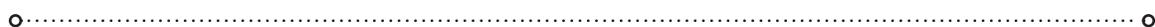
from Minneapolis whistles downstream
 (past Resurrection Cemetery, in the snow).
 At the end of the line. & now the prow
 of barge *Bee-of-Good-Cheer* slips (*I am*

Bumble Bee) unsounded into the flow—
 toward St. Louis rendezvous, implicate
 (with canoe-spiral) in compassionate
 spider-*lotos* frame. Alms-given, flower-

ribbed—speech folded into delicate
 ember-membrane (warm, centripetal)
 where it began. & *Pumpkin Man* (pray tell)
is you Everyman? —so the Word was plotted

for blossoming—unspoke, unspeakable
 cascade of sweetness from the root of
 streams. Lie down, Hobo—heed the hoot
 of your dawn milk train again (unbreakable).

11.3.09



The purposes of Providence run
 along a straight iron rail through the center
 of the earth—aligned with the North Star
 floating motionless in night sky. Sun

& planet crossweave an aquamarine design
 through pregnant space; primordial rivers
 of bottomland clay are shaped & surge
 into dome-bubble salience. A wing-span

curve, an upturned keel—fleet smile
 in sunlit delta-mouth, harboring infant-
 speech (rush-woven basket-boat, light
 osier-womb) from blue-green heaven-Nile.

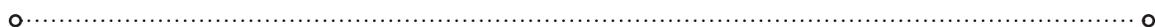
Out of such potter's clay came the gardener,
 cumulative, georgic, sedimentary, slow;
 rose Ancient of Days & his Maggie Lou,
 their rusty plowshare channeling that river

toward an early orchard. & their child
 inherits their earth, & the speech thereof;
 all the curious rivulets of dialect, survival-
 mannerism (borne into quaint parishes, wild

provinces); *& when the walls come down*
 & the shofar blows & the Union emerges
 like a bulbous crown on the rugged skin
 of rippling slopes a prime oneness at heart

out of every region & clime born of love
 & fire *when the walls tumble down* in
 the central welding of mortal good will &
 eternal seal (bright forge in dove-embrace)

11.9.09



& out of the distant starlight-vortex comes
 triangulating wingspread-arch, emitting
 3rds & octaves in a major see-saw sing-
 along—descending & ascending train-hoots

& humming rails framing a honeycomb-braced
 biped dome, or home for seemingly-aimless
 monarch flights. & this embracing salience
 drips with sap from its own mellifluous

milky kingdom—golden-bright refiner's fire
 searing the lips; the awkward *raznochinets*
 stumbles across his own articulations—
 the burgeoning burble emerges, a spinnaker

carried off by the air (trailing the whole ship
 behind by the prow). & as hairshirt St. Louis
 (a royal Hen in his last chicken-coop) sighs
Jerusalem, Jerusalem, so the heart skips,

leaps! from its biped grounding, to that hover-
 craft aloft beneath the starry arch—one
 parched honey-star, upon the breast—& perches
 there, burning—a goldfinch in its hermitage.

& so the whole moth-kingdom of creation
 grow a microcosmic, ultralight, black-&-yellow
 curtain—double-wingèd, double-knit fellow-
 traveler for Everyman (where tent was

rent). & whispers, *into my kingdom*
of the woolly moth, come—into the cedar-
forest of the butterflies—into the radius of
my milk-train way (its horn, its trumpet-hum).

11.9.09



Indian summer. Passage to midwinter,
secret (iron spring). Under a patchwork
blanket of maple leaves, their petrified arc
of windblown barcaroles. *O flimsy splinter,*

needling life's flighty, threadbare fabric!
Seen in the distance, through your mobile
veil—the labyrinthine line of some elliptical
mandala. Through the vortex (imbricated)

of analogies, one petalled idler wheel—
one mote of water-spider yachts . . . one
water-lily. Floats up from phosphor bone
of an old man's memories . . . their buoyant

seal. Their gravity adrift, toward yon
zero *Someone* (diamond-cleft, earth-
turned, earth-toned agate—absolute
birth-red Rahab-canal) whose well will

be done. & in a cluster of chrysanthemum
& sea-roses, the old man in the canoe
steps toward the precipice (Narragansett moon-
stone—*Cautantowit*—above funerary wigwam)—

shoulders a catenary arc there (in the center
of the earth). It is some Finnish sampan,
or Sea Lord's junk—some Winnie's
lurching seahorse (4 hands clock its perimeter);

with Indian Jade tree mast, & figurehead
of red-fringed forest fiddlehead (or dark-eyed
jay), the flagship *Toot-Monde* launches (pied
palomino) forth—unknown, remembered . . .

with fractured idiom of cockney cry
the infant Word reverts to its willow-
rimmed frame; from osier-bow, lips
mime the monastery of a prairie sky.

11.9.09

THE EQUALIZER

1.14

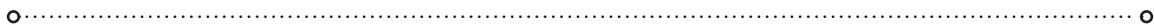
- TONY TOST [333] Be in the Ghost
- MAUREEN THORSON [334] Jackpot
- LYTTON SMITH [335] Inside the Spectacle
- RICHARD DEMING [343] Tourneresque
- COSMO SPINOSA [344] Red Tree
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- MATT COZART [346] Future Financial Solution for Free
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- JANAKA STUCKY [349] The Third Age of the Spirit is an Aeon of
Beauty
- ERIC UNGER [350] As an Island Downriver Limits Knowledge
- CODY WALKER [351] Absolute Power Corrupts Absolut-ly
- KATHERINE FACTOR [352] Delos
- MATT HART [353] Debacle Debacle
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- JANAKA STUCKY [356] The World Will Be Desolate But Adam of
Light Will Shine Forth
- BUCK DOWNS [357] vacation on the astral plane
- TONY TOST [358] Poem for the 4th of July
- ERIC UNGER [359] Prelude
- JIM BEHRLE [360] Nobody Beats the Gizz

BE IN THE GHOST



beauty in the viscera bought before the instant

breath Bedouin beams



JACKPOT

“I’m here, Oprah.
What do I get?”

*

Held back by a dutiful mind,
I clung to my currency until

POW!

No more bandages or blisters,
rain-swollen stogies in the rosebeds.

There’s not enough
leopard-print in the world . . .

*

Let the hostas unfurl their flags.

That’s a lotta Lotto, you know:
cherries all in a row,
and so very stately.

*

Just when I was getting hungry
you came along.

*

The mood was such.

I took your hand.

In it to win
the beautiful wreck.

INSIDE THE SPECTACLE

I

The remote, there in the Pavillion: a grotto; the world; physique; *biennale*. Cornet-shaped, its shell closed from the viewer. Much a cave, an aggregate of the isolated. The eye's orientation is collapse. Openings in our gaze. Rest. Thousands are present, repetitions of distance, a meeting of the body and its situation suggests a locution in the world of the subject. The idea of the viewer placed inside the grotto—which is an encounter with anecdote and content—points toward laughter as a matter of gazes and radiance. The image observes the form of the fishing boat entirely, its relations to the whole of totality as if, from one point, all sides of the world illustrate the same perspective: stable, subject to object, to gaze. This control of the situation—of seeing—has a diagram. The ordinary codes of our surroundings harbour the moment we experience. The spectacle. Both a vision and the world seen. Both looking and participating.

II

What defines balancing is reflection: seeing
the impossible in its surroundings, and blameless.
An image of particles cast from an aperture

into the interior. Placed before the body
are mirrors, a construction, the steel terminal.

Fitted into the subject is a question of alongside.

Thinking arises from the individual forms
of respect. A steel frame the metaphor first
the entrance stages. Our awareness attuned
to the sensory and the cultural as when we
(alone) turn toward our fellows and the world
at bay, in perception, installed.

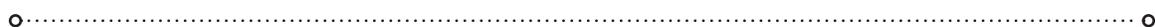
The spectator

equally changes the objects and influences
of the person seeing.

Oscillating structure

and viewer, the situation is interaction—
the field and what it is called. We survive
our surroundings. The rain into a waterfall.
Walls for the purposes of experience. Nature
not as primordial but as representational: again,
instead. The result of consciousness rooted.
It appears to simulate the romantic, the crucial
memory. The expectations of sense are carefully

spatial, are part of making the presentation
transparent. We are casting into the mirror
for a gaze, for the movement of images.



III

The museum has its own polemic. The machine has gestures. The institutions, its consumers; the market, its activities. What transpires is a confrontation with meticulous organization. The ideological world is a room in yellow where scale is a mode of the retina, sight a possible experience. An exhibition's socializing strategy is revealed without sign. Each element a navigation through the cross-field. Steel pipes, water, the experience as architectonic. The situation permeates the work. The spectator's expectations of the context and its elapses, transitions, an act in time and space. In minding.



IV

The movement from the built to generation is an invitation, constitutes the pathway of spectating. In various experiences of water, direction is an extension of the phenomenological. The deal the viewer makes with the world is the body in the employ of perspective. Space arises from movement. In place of visiting, duration, orientation. The Pavilion as a building in wood. An aesthetic experience of art is honed by light which moves in transverse to ourselves. Trains in motion carry a consciousness of form, emerge through risk to meet with scenography. The vehicle in the frame of the omniscient gaze. What actually appears casts light on our expectations.

The recurrent is ushered in, the scaffolding ended.
The waterfall in the postcard has its movement
precisely guaranteed. This image of nature has
a place for human existence. To orient the landscape
is one objective. We construct memories from tourism,
specific technology, and so wonderfully cross
from the experiential foyer to where light has
a frequency. The visible is sometimes monochrome.
Vision sometimes tuned to what's missing from color:
blue turned purple within the eye. A side-trip into
the camera obscura wherein an image infuses the eye.
In time the world is photographic: you seem no closer
to truths inside the space than behind the lens.
Simplicity is a stone collided with ice and laid into
tiles, a pattern of concave unfolding interminably
in the mirrors. A measure of logic to the infinite.

VI

Tiles, direction, the whole movement is militarist,
hovering, and taking possession of the situation.



VII

Wonder creates navigation. Granted, the spectacle is counterweight to the entrance of the rainbow, multiple as an appendix.. The different registers of orientation are compacted for purposes of variation. Developed activity forms spaces. Possible is an intimacy via entitlement. Fire, an exhibition. Revolving is a pattern woven in glass, changing as entrance. Stroboscopic is the room's sole form. Character a simple experience. The mind, familiar with reality, Raindrops. Rain dance. Rain drops. Familiar as the common experience. As disorientation.



VIII

Bricks, the scent of fired earth, of tiles.
This experience of the physical: an instance
of lightning suspended across space. There

is static in the room. The raindrops a rhythm
the viewer can time and a lamp illuminates there
the atomized water: rainbow out of waterfall,

felt on the skin. The work of color is inside
the eye, alongside the world, until the world
resembles its phenomena. That play of senses

on what we have in common. From outside
you become a part of the exhibition. The room
rotates, by function, by motor. The way a light-

house captivates in movement. The way doubt
in the viewer is a sensitivity. You have entered
into a space of light- and color-. The body

appears interior as we move, source and subject
of the surrounding we have hitherto met. We
sight possibility : the spectacle appearing open.

TOURNERESQUE

(after Jacques Tourner, for Elizabeth Willis)

Demands shaped like crescent
scars narrow the focus
in a house north
of London. There have been too
many
midnights.

Marks on a page add up to alphabetic
insistence, the last name stretched
above a dotted line.

These days are for counting down.
Some thing, call it the past—long or mine—hastens
down the forest path, and it has always done this,

beliefs strewn like dolls with cracked porcelain heads.
I could not draw my eyes from theirs.

And if the man with a painted face pulls
a cyclone from his sleeve, then this bad
begins and
what follows worse—

anyways, then out of sight.

Now, do that thing with your voice. Call it back.

RED TREE

The moon was never here.
There was an ambulance
a moment of red blinks out
the window. There is a tree
outside. Its leaves are always
red, even when it isn't autumn.
Sometimes I pray to believe.
I kneel and I think of god as the red tree
slowly loses itself in the breeze
and I wonder if it can feel them
falling off, or hear itself. I can say
the blood between my teeth. I can
say autumn breeze and it means
the same thing; a glossy red in
my sink and when I read my horoscope
and the wind picks up, the leaves look
like blood. The shade is just enough
and I will probably lie under it
watching the helicopters and fighter
jets trailing gray smoke.

DARK ART 4

The moon is a burnt-out lightbulb.
You can't read by it, it's so cold.
A realer cold gathering in the touch
of dreams of real people
as ghosts, saying words that won't ever return.
The words have not unfinished business.
They are magicked into being
in our throats, our mouths, in air.
"Where language fails, poetry begins."
So we are present at its genesis,
on I-don't-know-what day.
We thump out its rhythms metronomically,
like a phantom hand drums on our shoulders.
The rhythm of all life, if you listen,
shines in the body like a celebration.
Then why is it so hard to be happy?
To be inside a life, and living it.
To not be darkness
or the absence of real light under a dark sky?
Why does the city's glare subjugate the stars?
The history of light being guided
to each of us, to illuminate a path,
to follow the voices that lead us on our quests.
To find whatever the grail might be.

FUTURE FINANCIAL SOLUTION FOR FREE

It's good to hear how the world looks
And bold, bold ideas.
Let's talk more about mental leveraging, if you're following
My thoughts on Steve Jobs this morning.

Digital media, traditional media, and consumer habits,
I guess I want them. I have great friends who said they will help me out:
Studs, femmes—average and plus size—
Children exposed to harmful radiation from unnecessary CT scans,

Too good to be true. Hey, where have you been recently,
Free conference calling with audio recording?
Tech is great, I know the quandary. Did you enjoy the fights?
I loved seeing BJ put Diego in his place:

Ever since about two minutes ago when I heard someone refer to it as such.
I hope those without humor don't win. Your tweets are a great read.
Cinnamon crunch is your friend. Stop talking 'bout him,
I'm drooling and imagining a death match with Serena. Urgh LOL.

I'm not that worried about it. You landed in my inbox
At the perfect time. I have officially graduated from high school.
Life is so sweet right now. All time high.
Crackberry is back in action. Is awesome.

29,000 scattered marijuana seedlings were found
In central Utah's Wayne County. No arrests. LOL I understand that.

CHAIRS AND ARBORS

I meld beyond uncertain fires
to where low light rises
without deterioration.

Ripped from womb and home
flung into harsh straits
or worse yet ignored.

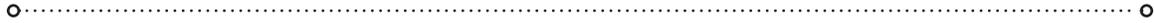
Look me in the face
with nothing save a face
with a whole body behind it
and say there is a ritual
can bind us past the scorch.

I feel down to my footprints
the gash of time, the gap in it
that burns apart, a crucible
to test remnants out of mind.

Unable to flinch away
my gaze looks into
uncompromised light
and I fear what I will see.

First seen, then felt, outside
there is no mercy to be shown.

But I have incisors
sharpened at the ready
for what may appear therein.

IT BECOMING AUTUMN

There is a little cyclone
in your mouth, ready to swallow anything,
busy with words and the clucks of your tongue against chipped teeth
and the sun against the oak leaves makes a pattern—
a red lattice for small animals to scurry across.
Light coils around the branches, warm and ready
but it isn't strong as before. In the dry months, the heat ate away at the wind
and it dwindled to a secret, occasionally lifting a speck of dust
perennially upward. And at dusk, there was a whisper
of foxes in the bulrushes, sunken behind a green veil
and there were always wine bottles tossed in the recycling bin,
trashcans full of watermelon, and the river spiraling around your chest
in concentric circles. What have we forgotten since then? In the dry months,
I was convinced that I could see right through your skin
I thought I could watch your lungs rattle
like a wild bird trapped in a small cage, beating its wings against its edges
or throwing itself into the grates
when you took a lift off your cigarette. Every day was like this
you would shed your transparent kimono and laugh, I would argue,
and finally we would lay down together. The weathervane is turning
like a whip, crooked, and our heads are tossed against one another.
There are snowy cranes in the distance,
just far enough for each to be seraphic.



THE THIRD AGE OF THE SPIRIT IS AN AEON OF BEAUTY

Acquired from wretched soil
Our collision lifts us

Momentarily

Like an alchemist capturing
The essence of lead

You force me to come with
A simple trick: your hands around your feet

This new element
Aftermath
Is incorruptible

The purity of your breath
The echo of my name on your skin

AS AN ISLAND DOWNRIVER LIMITS KNOWLEDGE

On the way back
from an outlying property
footman, major-domo and butler
are discharged by a passionate
trapper of nightingales.
Hustling, shouting, fussing, quarreling
and making it up again,
cursing and laughing
in spit-shine light.

Copy the addressee
on the rose label
with a light blue line
it is written in ribbons.

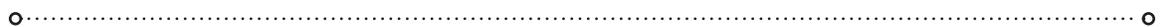
The woodwork is blackened
and bellying out in front,
the chimney has slipped,
the corners have been propped up
but even so are out of true,
and dove-filled windows spy
sourly beneath a shaggy
jammed-down roof.

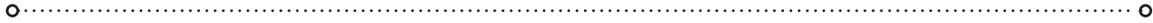
Absent assistants, the weather
deepens in a fine crop
of melissa. Caught hares
in embers enliven the glow.
Dense, black webs molder
over vague insignias.
Carefully coughing, not without
effort, led softly to a voice.

ABSOLUTE POWER CORRUPTS ABSOLUT-LY



I like Andy Kaufman—not the wrestling stuff so much—but some of the stand-up—and on *Taxi*, of course, as Latka—but what I really like is vodka.



DELOS

Come with me into the temple.
Close your eyes then empty them.

If your lot is good, such that you have
Greater sensibility to disrobing

Yet still your forehead is purple
Then extant this scene: entering

A womb from the other world.
Do you know the meaning

Of that emerging? Death
Is a revolving door

Shown now by the new baby
An addendum to the god counsel.

For good counsel—In one
Hand chewed laurel

In another a leisure of inherence
In the other the phial of Themis

Apollo its shallow holder.



DEBACLE DEBACLE

○.....○

Last week Coleridge, yesterday a haircut. Now I spend
so much time sitting, I'm becoming a glow-worm,
though my fuse is mostly darkness. Positivity these days

is difficult to come by, but if you come by, I'm sure
we'll have a ball. All I really want is your avalanche
rolling, bursting down the mountain to meet me

in the meadow. So what if the idea is old? Perhaps
it's still a good one—the two of us connected
in the buzz of shared experience, the white light

to fusion us, the two of us to one of us, and the one
of us to natural world; the natural world to the super-
natural world, and the supernatural world to the blue-

black sky, the exploding and collapsing essential idea.
Rationally, I realize there's no essential idea, but
I nevertheless feel it in all that I experience. My hair

turning gray in a pile upon the floor. Rat snake
through the fingers of the too excited children. My own
never stops talking, never stops wanting to push

and pull the limits. "This book has all the words"
and wonder when she says it. The leaves—yes,
the leaves!—turning in slow motion and falling

in slow motion, never one single hiccup. Life happens;
it's my job to say so. It's our job to express it, expand it
to the edges. Essential it is to struggle, but struggle's

merely tension, and tension can be a thing of balance
or irritation, confusion or song. I'm singing in tension
with the not singing. I'm living in tension with the forces

out to kill me. We're living in tension because we're different human beings, and living in excitement that we're so much the same. The essential recognition

is of sameness and difference. And these two together make thoughtfulness Pleasure. This week I'm reading a Galaxy Book. I think of you constantly and try to stay close.



APOCALYPSE, ETC.

Bruises on the soil
the sour spot
they sprayed
weed killer
on our lawns
with their gas
masks and
the daisies don't
grow there.
The petals even
fell off.
Now they are
only brown
pods sticking up
from the ground
like antennae
the yellow ammonia
stain blots
an ugly color.
There was a wasp
nest between
the wooden planks
of the roof
we smashed
with a shovel
and ran away.
There were a few
red-throated birds
in the lemon
tree singing,
licking up sap
off the branches
and the ants.

THE WORLD WILL BE DESOLATE BUT ADAM OF LIGHT WILL SHINE FORTH

Resolve to live in a state of desire

Touch everyone you encounter and know
You touch nothing

Become androgynous
Extract your rib and fuck yourself with it and beget
Seven androgynous children who will sleep with themselves and
Beget seven more

Hide in the woods
Turn into the trees
The trees will die

Deny yourself nothing for the world will deny it for you
Eventually you will live in the desert

And your forty-nine children will become the forty-nine winds
Your rib will be consumed by a vulture
And you will walk fiercely unto the sun until the sun itself turns away

You will tremble

Everything will shake

And you will tremble

VACATION ON THE ASTRAL PLANE

set forth ball
 breaking
on the froth
of that cadillac-
 sally
 animated
a dysphoria
 from the churn

took a night off
from the thrill

 fire in the string
 fire in the weave

 maybe it's wrong
and have to wait
 every time I do
 I come to
no place and celebrate

POEM FOR THE 4TH OF JULY

Gonna bleed
on the street
until they name it
after me

PRELUDE

Each day's narration
leaves less and less
to be narrated
and more and more
to be said.
It becomes not about
duration or span
but scale, that is
the direct relationship
of mind to body.
It becomes not only about
what must be said
but how to say it.
Because we are never asked
our appropriate size at birth
it follows that there should be
no question of content or form
or any questions at all.
For there is matter
and the space between
is what matters
and there was never a question
asked that got an answer
that remembered the question.
Begin as befits beginning
following roughly from there
to keep a kernel of what it was
ignited the charge
and see that it continues
undaunted and unquestioned
through quarrelsome waters
and violent air
to the soil, and begin again.

NOBODY BEATS THE GIZZ

○.....○

Voice like a warm fedora
Pulled down over your peepers
Soaked in stardust. He's a vinyl LP
You never had to flip to Side B
A three card monte where
Everyone went home with a
Queen in their pocket.
His sky was all bottle rockets,
Jeepers! A soft-browed Marlowe
Who was more wise
Than street. Palookaville was
His tenderfoot beat and Mike
Played the relentless cutman
Who could suck the dents from
Your honker and send you out
For 15 more rounds in the Cocoon
Of Horror

Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured . . .

William Shakespeare

THE EQUALIZER

1.15



MARK HOROSKY [363] *Fabulous Beasts*

FABULOUS BEASTS

for Morgan Lucas Schudlt

CERTAIN HUMANS ARE SITUATIONS

LYN HEJINIAN

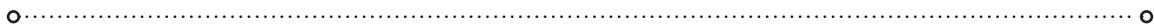
WE ARE ONLY FABULOUS BEASTS, AFTER ALL

JOHN ASHBERY

I PIERCED MY EAR WITH A 3-HOLE PUNCH
ATE 12 DOZEN DONUTS FOR LUNCH

FIERY FURNACES

From the lips—ellipsis.



Oh yeah yeah, hey ooh, ooh, ooh.

To wallpaper the off-white telephone directory pages
to bedroom walls

was only a slight desire,

a diet shiver.

Pharmaceutical down to the phoneme.

24 pounds & muscular, pumping

16 gallons of blood

a minute

the giraffe's heart.

Rookie.



Drug free children's zone

**

Dark roots become the blonde.

**

Remarking on the
disingenuity
of calling a spoon's

shallow

a depression

**

Blazes like a geranium.



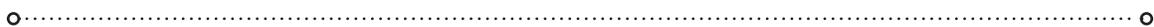
A noun is a part of speech, part of a person, part of place, part of a thing etc.

Tonight you are a thing.

Like a couch.

10 pairs of high tops.

Almost a quality.



Spitting as a verb for distances.



The clouds, yes, the clouds, no.

After a funeral your
windshield
you neglected to attend,

the italics of raindrops.



Like a television set
the evening darkens, the infrastructure of simple movements,
the weight of shadows? Doubt?

Vicinity?



A donut store parking lot.

Tall windows store donut.

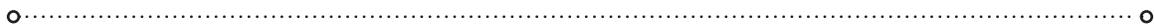
Donut manufacture.

Donut nomenclature.

Yeast-raised donuts.



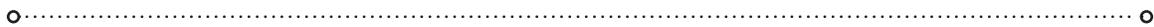
A grammar wants to go off.



If she says confesses concedes contrives
that chance

led her here:

you would believe her?



And if a subway disinherits the underground
for a bridge then

it is a train.

**

The recline of western civilization is evident
In the absence of payphones.

**

Striped tube socks, exactly. Etcetera.



The taste in my mouth, the taste of my mouth
the breath of my speech is
salesmanship,
some Citrus Twist. Some
one else.



Lollipop
are you really fucking serious?

Introduce the bedroom: 2 twin size mattresses
making a bed.

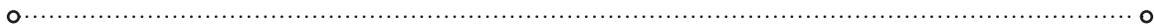
Introduce signification: when resigned.

Maybe a question mark should sit
at the end of this sentence.

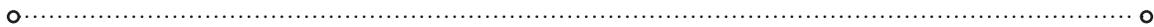


Stood up(s)
adrift
brittle
bingoesque

Standing inside the noise of a yawn.



To be born from the name Evel Knievel.



How any moment can be dismissed as private
transit, regulating consciousness—
Oops-a-daisy and return
on a later date.
Lions

of iambs, nothing less than 40% alcohol
by volume, shot gun wedding,
the jittery super-dandy
now.



In honesty rather than Vermouth.

**

The after afternoon considers
adding a subject or a
verb to

this diminutive scaffolding.

**

The question is not indulgence is now
description

of where the work was
and what the moment said it was.

**

Whether he's weathered to perfection you
will never know.



Leonardo Davinci was a poor speller.



The words "lead singer of nothing"

are to define
the alternating rise and fall
in atmosphere lamplight bourbon.

**

Comparative tan lines.

**

The ice cream truck's melody
disturbs
the sadness used under license from
the ice cream truck.



The medium-sized Mr. Bubble t-shirt morning

vs

every reference

from signifier to signifier

right down to

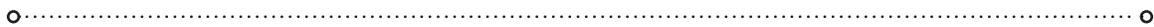
their echoes.



The characteristic
sound produced

by birds
against

pouring
into a glass.



Still, the narratives proliferate.

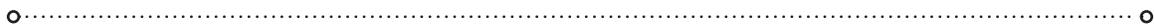
Look

in the spaces

between

these

words.



Chorus to an unwritten song:

“lotty lotty love to, the stars don’t give
a flaming fuck.”



Evan Dando was born in Boston, Massachusetts
just outside drug addiction
and gorgeous.

**

Swimming is filled with waves, hustling zeroes
alone and often
this apartment when

the a.c. fabulously builds off.

**

There is a quote about _____ that has nothing to do with
the vaguely groaning
stacks
of workout videocassettes.

**

The individual pieces are called Tic Tacs themselves.

sits in the decrescendo known as
the stoop.

**

She wears tight jeans and she's where he's worn out.

**

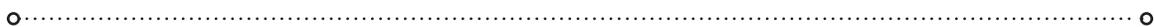
The earth is able to hold onto anything
but
vocabulary.

**

And the lists of listlessness.

**

and the lists.



The “u” in beautiful comes from the “u” in underneath.



The displacement an object undergoes
with respect to time is
velocity or speed,

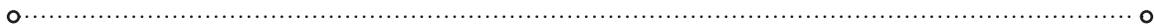
so what's your story?



From a meal placemat, I discovered the solar system.

From a subject, I picked up a verb.

From some examples, I relate to embrace.



Into which antecedent shall the absolutes refer
their proximity?



Lob a monster, a melody, a metamorphosis, a manhandling then
leave me an alphabet.

**

Leather love seat, I beg your pardon.

**

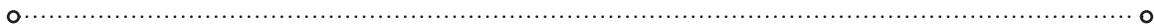
Too much time one can do skidding from principle to its edges
from a whiff to a warm troubling cooperation
from legibility to complaints of being misunderstood.

**

With ice rather than room temperature, insist.



I saw Darth Vader on a rooftop
playing with his Light Saber he
wouldn't stop.



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BRING ME THE HEAD OF Alfredo Garcia
2006 NBA ROOKIE OF THE YEAR Chris Paul

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.....

I am not writing for posterity. I don't care if they read it after I'm dead. What do I care? I'm writing for the people alive in my time; I'd like to move them. I don't care about these people coming. They can get their own poets. I want to move the people alive in my time and one way to move them is to talk about things that move them. And to do that, you often have to mention these things.

William Carlos Williams