
The Sound Princess

THE SOUND PRINCESS
Selected Poems 1985–2015

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First edition.

Set in Cochin and Goskar.

Layout by Jordan Davis; cover art and layout by Nada Gordon & Midjourney.
Illustrations by Nada Gordon & Midjourney.

Library of Congress Control Number: 2024934779
ISBN: 978-1-7341300-3-4

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from Lip



hey:

ennui is
just rotten glee,
sitting around waiting
for the summer
of . . . . . what?
love made manifest
in witty
banter.

I don't want the twain
to meet anyway.

...jordan iii...

Who brags that lies only and wigs
become writing? Is nothing true good-looking?
Is all form a nude descending?
I could not pull off these lines, except they do their work,
not for a true, but painted chair.

Are verbal objects only diagonal rays
in an antique postcard forest? or sudden arbors
shadowing coarse spun lines?
Do I have to say the lulus of desire
When I really mean GIMME THAT?
Must all be veiled while she that reads, divines,
catching the sense at two removes?

Workers are honest people; let them talk.
Riddle who list, for me, and pull for prime:
I envy no girl's thrush or camping trip;
nor let them browbeat me for clunky style,
who plainly say, *My Object, My Loss*.

...jordan iv...

When my ideas were first happy,
They were so shiny, and so keen,
That I sought out quaint words, and trim machines;
My thoughts got top-heavy, covered with curlicues,
Decking the sense, as if it were to sell.

Terms trampled my brain, saying
"Hurry, hurry, pick me!"
I edited everything.
This was irrelevant, and that was dead.
Nothing could seem too rich to clothe the sun,
Much less those joys which trample on our head.

Like cigarette smoke into the air
I wove myself into the sense.
But even as I worked, I heard a friend yell,
"What's all this shit! There is
in love a sweetness ready penned:
write that down, and save your breath."

—after George Herbert, jordan I and ii

…call…

You in the starlight, sweet is the word
for you, but potion in the probably thinking
walking down the doing something new.

Of an empty room, not so
dim as before so they can keep an eye
on you, "no spilling."

Headache tomorrow, age of my wife.
We are one in the spirit tomorrow
night at six. Got a worried mind get
the tanning butter I'm in love with you.

And the strangers for you, I'm as happy
as a baby boy, she's got a pair of eyes.
and now, the trials of our other than
something is amiss.

Boy of mine, some sweet day, this hurting,
very own voice, "that's mutiny,
sweetheart," say yes, "Where?"

Oh yes, in the great pretender, see the
fourteen something to do, still around,
bubble puppy, blind to every eye,
do you hope?

The stars above exciting the sound of
as whispered confused big sale day.
Outline figure: I don't wanna lose
this good frightening.
It's like thunder.

Steal your money, and we'll be
fair and breezy, just the usual,
are you bananas, of course I've
got a pencil.

O spread the word, buried under
the lilacs.

Can you feel my love, on and on and
a birthday fare air free, can't you
feel my heart beat, you, there,
looking at the world through
neck muscles?

…6:30…

In the news
tonight zoo's futile
condor egg. Condoms
separate people more.
But Sid and Nancy
are together—It's so
neat to be healthy.
Anusol soothes aches
and pains of mind's
dialogue with a piece
of cloth:

"the heat"
"blow me down"
"I'm sweating"
"crowds out that …"
"challenge"

In front of TV,
insect rows sit,
enraptured, upturned
cheery faces. It's
corny. I can't see
plots or big pictures,
just Beirut refugees
as hapless victims,
strapless debs as
winsome hippies,
and real hippies
as wild-eyed
capitalists.

"I'm sweating."
"Lean your head on my
eggshell."

The civil rights of us
are silhouettes.

...tales from the crypt...

june death sealed in a honey cell
foreheads sweat palms, palms forehead
leading off into pools of macho.

I am a secretary,
therefore I secrete.
I am a secretary
therefore I am secret.

Weak minor,
chew stolid rains
A hot trickle on
the forehead.
Identity
a wan thing.
Everything a
want thing.
Duck and rooster
facing off ...
opposite
sides of the sign.

short on time,
long on sound.

from Foreignn bodie



…"I'm almost grasping that thing…"…

I'm almost grasping that thing. it's a little too far away.

here's to languor (that lets the lines appear and dissolve)

a poem at fringe-y reaches kept melting like alice's rushes couldn't catch anything but the words WHISTLE and PHILOSOPHY

listening to words and trying to write, no, writing other words.

thinking the words in sound as I write them, putting them through my ears, it's a slower thinking.

syllabic. or in japanese a *MORA*. the pause filled with other language thinking what to write next.

thought of the shape of a poem, gnarled, a redwood burl the shape of japan, I thought I would go home and write this poem but really I was only thinking of a shape that there are no words to fill out.

…Loi Loi Loi…

Tasting birds' pee
or oil:
lure of
the absurdly
sensual

shirt: "splendid
isolation"

kimochi warui yo
two dead carp in my pond

...Marunouchi...

stubborn ink
swirling my small
white breasts:
easter eggs
that reveal
shrimp curled inside
and that black intestine
one longs to remove

wild irises
among cedar trees
and a three-legged cat
rubbing on me—
will I ever become
the great man
I know I am?

···Liberation···

"Tokyo has so much light"
exclaim the irises of Katsushika-ku

coddled like neuroses

saxophone hooting:
"blow your brains out"

keeping words simple
like an injured tongue—
the oppressor's language
babbling out

oh look!
the dogs are in bloom
with me

independent critique
of lastingness

…Nothing…

Nothing is as it was said—
not the man who I was so
beautiful and I said so what

Not the wing just out of the
chrysalis (gold dot), not the plastic
chonmage wig, not even the web

Only love has the fury to make peace
in all the layers of the onion
sprouting in a black plastic box

Cats yowling together make the sun rise
and dogs bark, irritation
is a form of pleasure

Like string from a yogi's nose, devotion
doesn't pour from your ears—or throat—
diamond shapes from a revolving lamp

I'm not really here
except for the glowing red light
under my arm …

tell me you like me
in the idiot quiet
or I'll put my foot
on your neck

why should it matter:
chocolate
sparrows
buzzsaws ...
the fickle finger of fate

flowers so heavy
they hang the heads
of mighty trees
please rub my tired eyes
with your heavy fingers

…Hakone…

outside, the very specific moon
may happen to other people

for nothing happens here—nothing.
sexy sexy sexy
    sweet black bean dumpling

sensing men's sniffing
I reach to them

as a dog to a car window
is the spade to a grave

crinkling of a thousand lights
on the way to bullish form

coiled like a snake but sweeter
than pepper

and you on top of me
on top of that

pale yellow understatement
panties for a sparrow

day winds down
with a crash

*

if you had any senses—
lure of the uncomfortable

green algae water
of emancipated women

clung white muslim
pillows for disbelievers

men admire men admire men
some people and ocean birds

must think traveling absurd
you're right I am a ketchup woman

there are so many doodads
"anyone can be a p(o)et"

can't name even one kind of hippo
yet they do exist

saw you swallowing a pinhead
as the day became a drippy easel

but I didn't care
because it was expressive

relinquish control, the gate opens
with a squealing sound

···Cats and Doves···

Cunt will spark
ground by my bootstraps
could not resist.

Old light
fellatio
I play on a fife

Bone flesh skin
skin flesh bone.

BOKU NO CHIN-CHIN.
Let's stop talking of EROS
and start roughhousing.

Sentimental vibrato, biwa,
not wanting to separate.
Cleaving together.

Taste of clove cigarette,
ashes in a plastic cup.
"It'll melt."

Long distance calls, cartoons
of people eating noodles.
Three small tremors in a day.

Conflict of tectonic plates.

Unbuckling.
Talk of lions, monkeys.
Hairs poking through a man's face.

Imbue the page.

We don't live a million nights
or even half a million.
Looking down I can see
me from the neck and all
of you, a certain contrast.

A voice resonates in my throat,
so I suppose it's mine.

A candle, a bath
and you in it, rising.

sperm fills my navel
I can't catch his pronunciation
of *reservoir*

a jermaine jackson was on my *sudare*
but now he's gone—I can't find him
he'd clenched his fists

···Dolor Core Recede Sanpo···

Doomed to walk
jealous of a
dog's vein against the
wind emotion comes
out by way of sound—
todoroki OVERCOME by laughter.

Gesture as slow sound
or *waza-to* spasm
throwing the rock in
the body is the sculpture
todoroki of the moment its parts
interpret condensation.

Will vibrates.
Any strong *kanjo*
feeds on itself:
thus inner prose.
Is danced out.

The body represents
you or you interpret
it *nan ka* this body's water
on hips or cracking
when I walk hands
on the round part liquid
layers so pulled transparent
as a finger.

Bald man in the orchid blue
dress of cunnilingus and
accordion paper twists his feet
as if his hands were
bound copper teeth *suika*
gums red eyes in white face

the pathos that follows ecstasy
sanpaku framed by make-believe
miniature elephants trumpet
the distance between two bodies.

Breeze a body makes moving
ruffles arm hairs slowly
discovering the space before as
feet soak up the sordid
history of floor and guys
in black kimono are the past
trying to suppress
the red moth gorilla girl sound
of the moon ... cello.

Awaking thought "meadows"
and how to input all non-human
knowledge (*mono no aware*), the extra
verb a giant thumb, roundish holes
in faces and wet hair in there it filters
stuff out (the sparrows). Fibers. Glitter.

Adult life is a) revenge
b) redemption. What were
we first deemed? Creep.
Cruise ... trying to remember. Kasai's
red silk curtain, the sweaty
prow mermaid. Ono's
heavy mother sun.

Begin the dance legs bent, arms in two
and idiot blinking radical and
coming out slowly (*koto* ... glossolalia:
burning up) afterwards. Hijikata eats a
watermelon: Hijikata ATE a watermelon
(nuclear war). It stained his kimono.
He's swayed his vagina-painted spine—
and taken a hammer to the shoji.

(If I had a body... *nan ka... yurui...*
yurete iru. Gold. Fringed. Strapped-on.
If I had a lighter... his fierce
gaze. Now far away. Inside, the ticking.
If I had a timer... subjectivity e.g.,
my pain, my face, my parents,
my country, my death, and so on)

Then us, moving, alive in this paper
room "together." Separated by paper.
Somewhere you're reading this
in your sand voice (*uchu no oto*—
constantly transmitted sounds of Bach
the outlines of a man and woman wave to).
Hello. "I'm" (pitch, morning dew, sake,
nothing) the roaring sound
of the universe. Call me *Nada*.

Walking from the back of the room
alongside two "others"—pressure of ball
of "foot", slow slide toward "heel",
then the other foot. Sinking
as in deep mud, or snow. "Arms"
rise centrifugally from my sides

and "hands" meet the moisture of my
"neighbors'" hands. *Atatakai ne*...
Moisture a body drinks
the life that led me back to water oily
basic crouching as a shiny spoon.

(Stomach acids we come with, and yeast
helps us decay. A ferment of emotion
as in yeast. White froth at the corner
of a mouth. Or Iwana's long golden
chain of *hanamizu*.
The tolerated smells of children.)

twinning (reflection: waltz
of ash-blue statues in the
groin,
acolytes, embryonic astonishment,
yes, the naked C's or quote marks
or ss' ss—coccyx? the nymphs? bring

into being the stamping master
"dissecting the light"
(that women do covered up—
sort of slow)

clothes, but head a glowing *mangetsu*, and watch the face

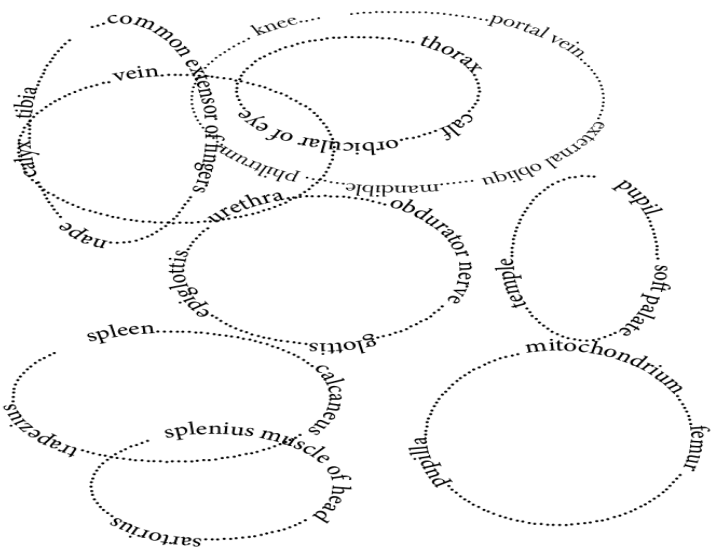
fish feet groan on floor. mouth

sex-indulge

hakutobo: white peach room

white salamander
in latex panties body is (copula)
white peach room:

((



h
a
k h
o *a*
r *k* *h*
o *o* *a*
b *r* *k*
i *o* *o*
t *b* *r*
e *i* *o*
t *b*
k *e* *i*
a *t*
k *k* *e*
e *a*
t *k* *k*
i *e* *a*
r *t* *k*
u *i* *e*
r *t*
t *u* *i*
ɔ *r*
u *t* *u*
b *ɔ*
o *u* *t*
m *b* *ɔ*
i *o* *u*
m *b*
i *o*
m
i

))

Today I was released—everyone a walking
flower—the dumb gargoyle and the white
butterfly's black wing spot. Mind back at
square one. F(o)(u)r dancing in a revolving square.

Today I was released

Finally free of imagination
I store a cherry
in each cheek

The perspective of "me"
boxed
like western mushrooms

Do you smell tadpoles here?
"Humans are tiny,
so fling yourself out"

Gesture ... dissolves the ache ...
body synthesized into an ache,
no, a mind-shaped ache.
"It's caused by tomatoes."
"Oh, I see." The audience moans
in recognition. Prosodic shrieking
overtaken by hymns, yawns—

the wind comes in great gusts
to remember the bodies

trapped among stalactites,
homonyms, etc.

…Lark's Purr…

Lark's purr or a cat, a log. Dog gone, no more dog.

erotic dahlias

aggressive child in red in seat in front of me has filled a notebook with pictures and messy writing—no different from me ...

"I can't explain" *"try"*

I think I want to talk to naturally.

If we are used by English, good result will appear.

I keep sticking to grammar constantly.

Thank you for sharing a good time with you.

We are living now in changing of the world.

I think this situation make us sink in the future world.

I was awakened by the hot.

Helplessly I ate some food.

Have you ever been enjoyed all over the night with your friends?

Then I drink up to the beginning of the dog.

from Are Not Our Lowing Heifers Sleeker Than Night-Swollen Mushrooms?



…Fleshscape…

To make a cape
of flesh, take the
labia minora
between the thumb
and forefinger, s-t-r-e-t-c-h
downwards and back
over the buttocks, then
upward along the ribcage;
curling them over
shoulders. Using palms,
rub the end flaps
onto the pectorals.
They will stick to the body
surface warmly, smelling
of minerals and cream,
their rosy hue ideal
for summer evenings.

To make a column
of flesh, pinch
the labia majora
between the eyelids,
s-t-r-e-t-c-h upwards
to the lilting sky
over rosy hillocks
and further
as an entertainment
for the pantheon.
Using balms; rub
the end flaps.
onto the goddesses.
They will stick
to the body surface
warmly, in drapes
and folds, smelling
of conflict, their salmon
hue painting the firmament
they wave around in.

Lose the cares
of the flesh. Abstract
the fluid from the eyes.
Rub well into icons,
perfuming those milky
ludic globes. Spread
it as a carpet for
the lovelorn their
digitalis. Conflict
is the balm of reason—
abstract, gratuitous,
baroque—as this.
Sunset comes with
multiple warnings,
filling the redolent
body with salmon.
And this labor.

The name of the beloved
may suddenly appear
as welts on that
forcibly externalized
internal skin, say "Mary"
or "Harry" or "Larry,"
a lighter whitish-red,
almost *ɯɹɯʎ*, the discourse
suddenly twangs.
The candle steps out
from behind the eyes,
reveals itself to be
a candle. This is what I mean
by "self as destroyer."

"Could you just
scoot over a little
bit I don't have
enough room,

"I have a mean streak
of musicality."

To make a jailbreak
of flesh, clasp
the larva till it hardens
and tributaries crackle
up. If you are still
confined by the form,
consider the pleasure
of the otters. Your
phoenix will transmogrify
as other sorts of plumage
that may well singe
in sun, waves of heat
rising to begin
disintegration (a kind
of unfolding).

If you are still confused
by the form, invoke
its creator, its secret
prey. Jolly with
composition, she
has stretched
her lower lip up
over her head, and
the lyres (whipped
by a freak wind)'re all
abloom with
this (red light. dis-
tract) caco-
phany.

…Articua (Araucana)…

dressed as a coupla birdwings
angled to show flaws

pony leans back
on rice

hesitating
speech butterflies

Mabel and her inserts: the law
of laughing at hazard.

the belle wants
to construct herself
as vacuum

in antiquity.

what's happening?

1) number three
2) number nine

that's a great line of celery

by the avant-garde marigolds

I hoem the hope in livery

.

past not negating
the meow of the nomad—

her juicy pups and minstrelsy

the quality of pondwater is not strainèd
nor are these verses' intimations.

I see water in the
end. it's fancy.
(all kerfluffle)

farfalle
as edible gaiety: I eat
my
neck.

···Chincoteague···

Out of the lark's tantalizèd face

sudden discotheque of

lies.

Juice, moss,
the clouds
seen as articles
of cold bewildering

The medium filled with brain.

Effete, girl-like snails,
on plasticene.

Arbitrary
pure faces
shrink.

I want to be
enveloped by beautiful
hymns. *Harmonize.*

A contraction lathered with
emotion.

spotted weeper.

rashes, carnation.
Rather than contiguity,
squares, circles.

I try to write it as a chant.
Now, an even vocable.

Limb to card, its liquid

sheet.

It paints movement

Flung out.

Color and color, the
rational oddity's

fortunate skull
inside.

(after Kimberly Lyons)

...The Mess...

the mess I hate the most is the mess
I make myself I say to you
curled and farting. dawn's
early light means butting cathead,
purring humidifier, a kind of breeze
and unconscious clenching.
back's wisp line clung to, kissed
blades cuz smooth—and the
fit! breasts interrupt but knees
fold into backs of knees
and buttocks connect
to back of stomach.
analogy is womb but drier.
we do too much, get worn
out so there's a kind of
jaggedness as crescents
under eyes ... no leaves
on trees but buds that
make us plead oh trees
please please give us
your leaves I clean
the house. in the freest
possible mood I clean
the house. there is growling,
gaiety, disorder, ornament,
and any extra space we fill
with words. I can wash
the words off the fridge
but don't as there's a lot
of babaganoush and day
newly sunny we're both
at work. our children tear
the order into little pieces.
they are more parrots.
dailiness forks itself over
into the writing, trying

hard mannered but there's
a list of chores still undone
in the canter of the
universe. I see three
poles of how to write:
one stark, historical
one airy, fluid, with
lingerie, and then *this,*
the mugwump
who never stops writing
about writing cuz all
text is hypertext and I
have phenomenology
as eye is mouse when
attention as rollover
forces blossoms.
I want you to see this
as a kind of photoshop
document, with layers
I poke in the eye to
hide or reveal.
sucked along by
f train into light
mass buildings
and parties, readings
the various empire lights
the young poets
now the sick old man
the jews the blue hat
the ponytail ...
"the white knucklebones
assert themselves through
skin" wrote my teacher's
sister. is that an angora
of rage? in what gear
can you go constantly
uphill? I notice I've
grasped sisyphus's dick
or why was he naked
and straining (shining).

sisyphus. are you
corporate dragon lady?
or telecommuter?
there are no longer any free
boxes or communes although
headscarfs are institutionalized
as are foods in bulk or any other
calligram *(mind, thought, will,*
attention, concentration) that pokes
me in the arm. the computer
engulfs me in cat litter
and cleanser, soapsuds, theory and
dustmops. rags. I think of joan
retallack, kathleen fraser,
labor
relations, my childhood in
velvet.
the louder punk music when I'm
near you sisyphus. I
can smell
the lunchmeat in
your musky
groin. sisyphus I smear you with
avocado, with mayonnaise in lieu
of subtlety, jerk you off with
yogurt
and/or honey mustard. it is
my task
and I'm sorry I just can't write more
carefully because I don't have any TIME.
I'm standing in the second avenue station
now. now I'm on the train home. you are
a beatle. you have the optometrist's gold
purse. I don't need comic books;
I'm an artist,
surrounded by
psychos
who are voyeurs in petal
garments, the petals
fly off their sleeves to make

the carpet we
walk upon the hangdog chaos
I pin my lower
lip upon and
hang there

suspended,

a pig artery
transplanted on my cheek, my tiny nipple
stretched waaaaaaaaaaaaay out and

looped around
a grotesque

painting of a pen

I still somehow

manage

to write
with.

you just don't love me
like you used to play the part
of the pearl diver on airs
in the bar I thought was
called "sociology." syntax
embeds itself with such
painful adjectives
in the end times. which
frees me to eat this particular
language and if I am petite
enough to argue with the
non-existent sacred texts
my eyeball will roam in
time to the slow rhythm
of animal tongues on human
fur the imbeciles love to
listen to my beloved is
the discombobulated absent
sleepy animated seahorse,
I guess, anyway he's not here
and I don't know any mendel-
ssohn. give up enough to come
on to your friends as ruinous
surprise out of your own sneaky
interiority: decolletage, drool,

and the porpoises. maybe
I'm just cinnabar doormat
and he's the jade beercan.
juggling chakras way past
midnight mind all lit up
and warm with sound.
will he ever come home
to the revolving wooden
bird? fear sits big on the
eardrum of eurydice—

believe me. there's a whole
philosophy of salty secret
movement but to study
arcana just takes too much
time: matzoh bulls, shadow
puppies, linked vermin,
loggerheads at peace:
city items morning breasts
out is it cynical enough
my verse again absolutely
flumpf flumpf the devil
dislocate. the idea is to keep
the dolor moving and write
a very sunny verse. are you
tired of me now? give me
a raincheck and rain money
for my rainchildren. the shadow
of the falling man is luckier.
I am a falling blowing fennel
flower still with some flavor.
not big leaves of fouler cow
parsnip. I think
"o-shibori" and where
is my man. in a blaze. ghee
on the sensual surface of
things (curry). wily-ness.
shame. about love and conceit.
fractions. emotion as ghee/
greasing experience. topography
of licking the animal fur with
a human tongue: zoophilia
on the train to fire island and
a lynx lying on a plank. angry
about the social pin on the
background of acrid sleaze—
wormy garbage headache
elves, cheap trix of com-
bination—the sloppy overflowing
social craving and withdrawal,
niceties caked with maple.

there is no religion, nor self-
governance. I was more stoic
(exotic) as a consumptive
contaminant the hot wind
came in from the hot plains.
it rained fire all week. the man
snores out drool. I need more love
but feel like a manic raging icicle
ricocheting off the walls of the dingy
domestic space. the energy is
dissipated at the taverns. the planet
venus is spat farther out by the sun.
she feels wrathful. she kicks. unfair?
is this literal, metaphorical,
allegorical, or totalizing? where is
the sun in the discourse? drunk
and snoring, ignoring the light
she uses to write:

speak to me in the language of
the sun, which is snores, galanga,
lemongrass. I won't listen to
anything else in my sprouting
anger that is a bag of small clams
in a net. label
stapled tightly shut
like a nut

only emotion infuses
the room with that weird smell

only emotion defers to itself

only emotion endures the little grey
falling-off points

internal scoreboard covered
with snakes: it's OK to be doing this
as wrong as this but you will need
to invent a convincing-enough
theoretical framework.

I don't know. I feel young, no, old
among paisley embryos. plus the blanket
looks like warm cheese (+ rind)
and I haven't any
character(s).

hungry in the spongiform
rock I can't seduce the marvelous
(into the rigidity) (dignity)

my body's walls I forget
to be cosmic in wee hours
(fuck) the petrified tree, warm
chance, warm chalice, warm choice

rhythm of snores
on the hot flanks
of old ermine

passivity growling
at odds

...'Interiority'...

interiority's a raised surface
edible, peeling ... I shit ...
gold ... bumbling ... people's feeling for
pineapple doesn't diminish
indignation/ can't keep in regulation hat
or leave culture to fester (feather)
or slay dragons

when I look for the job
of sighs in urban flush—the people
and their pennies (penises) and waving

I make enough money to flirt
with aerial feeling 'tho I hear
a gradient spectrum and swabs of
arrangement:
the youth is *not* roiling and
rigidity is *not* a banner.

faeries line the hallway,
their pincers nimble.
and faces sweet too.
they make kisses at us.
the night clacks.

events muscular and derivative
in the double (doubted) world
of victims (urchins)

a word inserts itself
into my hands fuzzy,
squirming, and the
never-closing yellow eye
of satire ... beeps

candles assemble
in a circle ... I straighten
my head,

I forget the blue spires
of description (occasion)
and the pancake hut

I can only follow it
(the curve) over agony
to cleanliness—the distance
measured in heaves

cool trance melting the
twilight I fart in,
a little sardonically

what do you make
of this? huge variation
in everything – I see
I accept their word
as legitimate yellow
bird with crest on
thick legs or red space
creature with circle
above head—cute—
intent look—everyone's
obedient—how come?

suddenly noticing
I'm made in china ...
walking a line
of plastic wrap
between the twin
towers ... actually
wanting ... to be naked
with the grackles
and the noises they make
in my nightmare—
not horrific
but dull the baby
works its jaw as instinct

soon to be shopping
its way out of this
sandtrap, and I wish
it well.

I saw:

I) the glum faces of the couple
in the morning—her backpack
said "memories"

and

2) the bottom fall out of
"emotion as category"

we go on.

I don't know why
I am always wanting you—
someone—to have my interiority—
despite the vividly glowing taboo
burning the fabric of summer

∞

with a master's degree
in admiration, the sun shines
on the belligerent troubadors—
that's their reality—
opalescent green bowling ball
an unlikely arguent
against psychotropes.

the three chambers
of the corruptible heart
flood with seriousness.
the onion's rotted
with psychology.
may you never frown
as you sleep:
intent of speaking pudding.

fireflies coiled mentally ill
guild dub thigu;

you want (I want) your mind
to wander into the white loaf (catamaran)

tales of the minx—
Decorate My Ass
with your policies.

Virginia Slims
Find Your Voice

real radicals
in the land of brands
full-throated celebration of
"pre-cognition"—this wondrous
"connexity"

markets boil down
to spectacle of authorized
dissidence—a crimson comet
I can listen toff
while I drive

and so, *think different*—
chickens in a man's trousers
tread luxuriously
on this bricolage.

the materials at hand
are combined karmic energies
of slippage, a litany of logos—
rude noises
in the museum of me

"are there gates around the city?"
"what if?
"the foetus is undifferentiated"
"mode, meter, timbre and the like"
"I consider anarchism
  the most practical
  and beautiful philosophy"
        8

you too can change

your silhouette—mine's
ragged, thoughtful.

to spontaneously
generate—do I need it?—
a reason for liting

"halflife interdependent
prestidigitator," I say
to the starburst background

even the marchioness
eats. eating so primary—
kwashiorkor ...

blue agave nectar—
I can't explain
the (chains of love) mechanism

or the borderless tone of lament
ringing through all classes—
like I can hear it ...

I pretend to know
the hand may
go somewhere new

what about now?
humidity, salted fish,
dull expectation

and the missing limbs
of inspiration
found in artificial color

up will as is lush (light)
corruption are rife (light):
inflammatory. virgin. tangled. cup.

…Capricornus…

consciousness at angles
to itself—from the drug—
ungainly—scratched
feeling—cold guano
as visceral paste

scratched down the center
of the notebook's hot light
of composition

aware: of scampering, the
pink part darting but—
grooming—my pores—
stand on end in—
bardic—stutter—
puked—diamond—
on edible string:

small plastic crabs
a joy forever—
no horror to confess
today

everyone wants fireworks in their glibber hands
today, but my nausea's a distraction tactic from
the string of carefully worried nonchalant
abstract urban nouns.

tips of fingers just barely touch water's surface and
moving release shimmers sparks of light the pharaoh
prattles in the night.

I will not hold back
but open my lips
on mossy rock

to suck the dew
that gathers there

dew — toes — grass — squish —
nature's rocky.

♑

pushing past the adolescents
in the doorway, their speckled...
analogies... the crowd of carrion
lotuses. sipping from an
asphodel as if bewildered,
all lights on me
in kingdom come.

"it's just not right" —
inevitability, that is —
or the string of effects
stolen from all genres:

G + RAM + MAR

can't the lines come faster?
isn't inspiration a greasy reed?
will I have taken off my clothes?

is ...
I want ...
rigatoni ...

♑

i'll take irrelevance... over
the union of wholes.

I don't exactly know what
to think anymore about
nostalgia ... for exoticism ...
how futile the fight in
the mist ... the ... unremarkable ...
delicto ... of a series of
stills.

and if I am late for the ball again—
don't *slurp* that—or *chew ice*—
it's only with the weary irritation
of domestic slavery that anyone
"freshens up" anymore. and the
temptation to be "patently
unfriendly," to "waste words"—
to just sort of flop around in a
swarming nest of indicators ...

not "more angry about money
than speed" but yes, PHYSICALLY
angrrrrry the bleach.

shiny taupe layers of pigeon sound
scratches stomach curly barbed wire
aquamarine tags, and more peeling.
scoop up language as raw thing—

I hate this ... silvery
gunk ... look of dolor.

he said, "the poem has a center"...
I feel sick ... with chili oil? cigarettes?
pollen?
nape's cur ... oh ...

sufrir de una bad aesthetic ...

it's not the marvel of linked space
in clouds and the bodily rivers
in them, nor the actual claret
of perfect runcibles ... folded ...
under usual egret wings ...

an agate also ... forces my eye:

that puts me in this
lactic mood

when I think of you,
my hips widen

into a soundbreak

I'm juggling a bomb
with answers:

yes, no, as if
don't ask, calyx

prospect park
starlings doing catcalls.

I give a man a dollar
he says he'll use for chicken
soup

"I bring chaos wherever
I go" (longing for hyper organization)

I write to form
a community inside me—
of weirdos and their targets.
they are linked as cutouts,
I won't say membrane, but ...
squid

?

I was thinking of writing poems
as the process of foiling thought,
that is, following anti-thought

the thought stops, I foil it.
no it doesn't stop it rushes by.
I've stepped out of the way

to show how I hate the powers
that bee.

?

writing contains anarchy,
breathes it out. I used to think
"I bring chaos wherever I go"
was a bad thing.

I'm sorry
about the neurosis part.
you'll just have
to get used to it.

jealous of their
objectivities.

the neurosis
is a gloved hand that reaches up
to cover my face.

?

there's something strange
inside me, a shadow figure
with a wisp for a body,
a brushstroke body, and face
a hypnotic spiral.

and feeling far apart from space.

I quickly lose interest
in my pubic hair
which hurts.

come on and lose
your little head
I want to join the discussion.

O

everyone wants inclusion
in the mute dialogue.
so they stand in a cirde
at the party shuffling their feet.

I find I am attracted to the WORMATIVE
and CURSIVE FAITH curtain
of lies we wear over our private parts.

eeep—antlers,
and the language as material
falters the barest premise.

it's a monolith again
on my loose skin

so I write a sidelong smile (simile) in,
of phosphorus and tickling

~

nemo steps on my hair
I'm tired I'm not tired.

there is a sound restless in the bed
making sound.

faint jingle of
in the "tidepools"
you lost me there ...
eucalyptus

p.s. I like the effect
of the tail

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from v. imp.



…The End of Greed, Imperialism, Opportunism, and Terrorism…

Mule and Ostrich took a walk in the vale of tears. Their minds were elsewhere.

"Tread lightly and accurately," Ostrich reminded Mule. Mule nodded solemnly.

The hoi-polloi stormed around them, rending their garments: Brooks Brothers suits, red suspenders, tallitot, green headdresses, burqas. Everyone was spewing so much vital fluid that their faces, hands, and chests had gone all viscous.

"No one had a clue," said Mule, lowering his head and pawing at the rubble, his mane and eyelashes thick with white dust. "I feel so mournful."

"Don't you still want to take the language somewhere else?" Ostrich asked, swerving his head around to stare cross-eyed at Mule.

"Of course I do," sighed Mule, "I'm a beast of burden. That's all I know how to do. But right now I wish we had hands so we could hold hands."

"That's liberal humanism," said Ostrich, looking ruefully at his leathery talons and Mule's splayed, yellowing hooves.

"So?" said Mule, his lip quivering.

They walked on, past a couple of conflicting ideologies who were tugging at a yellow-green rope made of glass. "Look," said Ostrich, "I see some flowering anthrax trees over there. Let's go rest a while beneath them." They found a quiet spot in between some twisted metal, some intestines, and a penis attached to part of a leg. The anthrax flowers hung sweet and heavy over their heads like tubas. Mule began crying and braying.

"Why are you crying?" Ostrich asked quietly.

"The pointed tip at the bottom of a heart is a reservoir for blood and fear."

"No, the pointed tip at the bottom of a heart is a reservoir for blood and fire. The hills are alive with the sound of maniacs. There has never been a brighter, more toothless day."

"Ostrich?" asked Mule.

"Yes?"

"Do you love this world?"

Fifteen-hundred babies, their skins red and glistening, crawled past, crying for their parents. Ostrich watched the infantile procession with his huge, confused-looking eyes.

"Maple, persimmons, hoop games, balalaikas, fertile loam, swordfish, suspension bridges, tapenade, marbleized endpapers, camellias, sand dunes with dune grass to lie down in, rose hips, raucous school yards, highly sensitive instruments, swirls of algae, little yellow pills, public and private transportation, chickadees, dry leaves, my own gorgeous plumes ... Yes! ... No! ... I don't fucking know." He propped his head between Mule's downy ears.

Together, they looked out at the glowy horizon, where ignorant armies were clashing by night.

"This is just an allegory, right, Ostrich?"

A huge needle pricked the top of the sky, and blood started to pour out, first red, then blossoming grey, finally staining the whole sky a sulfur-yellow.

"Yes, my dear Mule, this is only ... this is only ... only ..."
(weird breathing)

LA ELLAH HA EL ALLAH HU
LA ELLAH HA EL ALLAH HU

Mourning Doves: *Hoo hoo. Hoo hoo. Hoo. Hoo*.

Let the imbroglio come loping up in puffed-out blankets tuning and detuning the morose object "leg"—the *homeless* monologues—the hand a pretty hearse, the city steamy and ruinous with detail: onions, the white duck, the frizzy araucana, the dappled hen on east 12th street. Borrachos, camarones, smell of potatoes frying, and a guy bleached into a gorilla at the end of the world. Everyone's got a chimney sweep in her soul, her soul, whistling at the steamy ruins. The world's at war at usual, I'm fighting with my friends, painting a giant hiding box yellow. Melting the perisphere, balefully, with education—its cloudy lies—biting the phalansteries—carpal starters—thank you—distilled and orderly touch of time. Spiel … roaring through my trunk—panaderia, parlor games, caliphs and terrific abstraction blown out like smoke: hard labor. forced labor. abdominal distension. "Can I have a piece of aluminum foil?"

Popinjay: "The flowers in the dustbin are blowing through the jasmine in Shigeru's lunchbox. It's all relative, maaaan."

Good afternoon, Dr. Treadmill. I don't need you any more! I have no more problems. I am in love.

the world is lusty with attentive hips
calling a limbo identity "black gold." it's live
time for comely suitors, whistles, and roaming grinders.
rush—verbatim—into barbed wire skull glowing bull.
giant neon ampersand talks, bangs things,
makes chinese slipper noises against the leaping
printed doldrums, showing off the visible
heartstrings of the pedagogy puppeteer.
normally, I rue the corrugated day,
morbid prompts deepening my natural po-
st-it-note. and sonically "cherokee," hitting
the stride of the red tulip's distance because
marvelous. there is no "natural fleening":
overweaning anhinga. vanilla carbide
anti-bondage collar (or lack thereof).
rejected collocation: nipple puke (but there)
and deep blue pillars, deep blonde babble,
my heart's tremolo too usually exquisite
and socially parmesan. struggling
with forms of kali and flames, mundane as weekend
rush: *levaucho becho uehayu me odecha*
levanecha veshinantam lana'am uvish arecha—
is the name of god a randy lettrist copying
city's la la la? scaling the upper reaches of futility
I don't abstract I don't wigwam I don't magnolia
ominous technique the extra words. the moon
is down and probably not cyrillic as my nemesis
popping up startling me into past perfect
progressive: I spit tiny plastic babies at the will
to power and her little jester's dodecahedron.
lowest *mpenzi* common *maziɗisha* denominator *manaba*—
the wanna-be idiot savant an actual idiot, makes me
squirm atop the leathery eggs—*without* whistling.
so ... why is the mammalian baby vocabulary so smug?
I know this much is true: a piece of lotus root
trails a two-forked tail of white. the head burns

the mirror with the real urgency of saying something
to a smooth brick face with one hollow rectangle eye.
its interstitial deadpan cat (a neagle) sniffs pugnaciously.
OH MY DaRING! I swayed my leaves and flowed
into the sun. now may I wither into the truth.
alone here with the little beaver sound, and
cantonese shrieking saw in swordfish mirror,
stomach a-grumble with kind words and superb
golden porcelain boats in the warning noodles.
I lean against the steer's velveteen head—hope
the thing with eyes looking up—how gesture leads
to dead, white artefacts: a plump vase, a fertility
manipulator all clay-ey in both hands and the savage
use of rhyme as pouting protest: IT JUST ISN'T RIGHT—
the brick upon brick of lame panacea. it's misty,
today's a dream again, the ballot of intimidation
and a mesh of white wire the workers toil behind,
unspecifically. I wanted the so-called "power of
lyricism" to mask the supposed "expectation"
in the head today, but they only praise my fragments:

poignant and nine
my syllabi flash by as snag
suffering fools' lyres

sleeping under analgesic
the brain source writhes
with second sight

no money in buffoonery.
in Wednesday, the peace state
where I whimper in dollops

sleepers in the know
chastizing fine dim wingtips
as egregious (dementia)

not that I marvel
at mastication in fours
(or nines) on virgin queens

caught half in the lair
of covert epistles (icicles)
fuzzy with cud

let your fingers do
the all-terrain blinking caryatid
as noisome puzzle

for the sign of an active
caryatid is tubular sobriety,
meekly utopic and curly

as in plastic plums, critical
drinking trills, and a basket
of grey powder mushrooms

releasing party lament
as intellectual poverty
or grimly wrecked prackle:

what's infusing it?

I WILL SEE IT with my arm as th'experience
of ghosts, namely "habit"—its turquoise rancor
a rabbit leaking sound. Gee! I hate how the violence
erupts in my orange-pineapple afro, irking
Tantarella's pansexual intellection. a statue twitches
a muscle blue-ly on a street
where mules once paused to disobey.
don't quill/ the night's still lassitude
has oriental particles: peruse the "don't cry"
biology. because we're all a drag across my heart, my heart,
across my wheat and office technology
and my petite bourgeoise ideology.
rhinestone daisy strewing miles
of green velvet over the gaslamps:
straphanger's soft authoritarian martyrdom
as dagger dance. words as fimo rockroses
in animation, value-free teenage silt for

failed iconoclasm. an acquiring mind
dimples, booming the panorama in
upswing, looping silver around a
proletarian thumb. intention
probably feeble but night crow
music and gratuitous lambs,
prinking the cornucopia
at my dinner with anomie.

Blessed is she that readeth the bird girl's dream, and they that hear the words of this fake egg prophecy, and keep those very realistic quality items made of rubber which are written therein: for the time is at hand. I was in the cream ointment extension on the fancy day, and heard around me a gazillion voices, as of buzzards, bottles, cowbells, curly crab creatures, and mandolin crickets, Saying, **I am animal and radar cube, the first and the last: and, What thou seest, write in a book, and send it unto the dangling cannibal head with anarchist beard**. So then because thou art dangling, I will spew thee out of my mouth with a rivulet of rosy odor in the form of duration, or wrinkly bottom ointment kimono for female ointment puppets.

And the first puppet was like a lifestyle, and the second puppet a beam like a cough suppressant, and the third had eyes that POPPED OUT then retracted into realistic rubber head, and the fourth was like a poem flaunting syrup. And the four puppets attached this poem for your consideration, which is full of eyes within. And on their broken flames, the future worn as nouns or repeated nouns, and their faces were as nouns repeated, filled with water and broken flames. And each flame had hair. And each hair had teeth. And their teeth taught the animals to sing.

And the animals had breasts—of irony, as it were; and the sound of their wings was as the sound of party poppers. And they had tails like unto scorpios. And there appeared a great carmine paradox, having seven heads and ten horns, and seven ointment cream creatures upon his heads. And to the syrup puppet were given two wings of a great ego, that she might fly into the swamp and idly finger herself on the face of the paradox. And the rosy duration odor cast out of his mouth a flood, that he might cause her to be carried away with tentacles trailing and bells pulsating.

And behold the earth heaped up and swallowed the flood of empathy. And it stank upon the sand made of rubber and saw a breast rise up out of the sea, having seven lame tin horns, and upon her pap a small constellation of fusilli, and upon each fusilli the cream of blasphemy. And the cream which I saw was like under a leotard, and had feet, and the feet each had a beer and was a Great Authority. And I saw one of her breasts. And then ... all the girls had the breast. Then I heard the wince of harlots making staplers out of cheese. And they sung before the throat as it were a new song:

Intracranial farfisa
Basketcase profundo
Autonomic pirouette

Procrustean labor perfume

Irrational exuberance
Exquisitist pablum lozenge
Problematic sybarite
Everyone knows it's slinky it's slinky it's slinky

Katzenjammer ululation
Desolate carnal shadow
Hypomanic imbricate
the ominous monoliths'
ominous monoliths'
ominous monoliths' aaa—crid pluuuuuuuume!

And no man could learn that song but them that had gotten a breast, on the sea of glass, having now the name of song.

And I saw a woman sit upon a scarlet-coloured yellow blasphemy, having seven sub-sublime smile button puppet heads and ten melancholy iguana horns.

And the woman was decked with mouthwash and precious foam, like a rubber horse mask with antenna clips emerging from a dense plastic cloud of very realistic "snow," having a nugget pouch in her hand full of the smutty hamburger of her fornication:

And upon her foreskin was a name written, **BABYLON, BABYLON, BABYLON.**

And thus she spat mightily with a strong foam, saying, **Babylon the upside down cake is fallen and has become obvious as the folds of an anarchist beard**. The bird-girl which testifieth these premised yaps saith: **Like Syrup it will come slowly**. Even so, it—and I—do come.

Ramen! Ramen! Ramen!

*written collaboratively with Gary Sullivan

…Gorgeous*…

*a Vestibule

(1st Fit)

not because true

*

special (social)* hellion magnolia—
a relic's sheen.
the brass ring.

*squirrel

*

poesy's "courtesy's" vacuous.
silk-pink ova intrinsically
roaring as raspberry (root)

*

feathering the letters

*

wine-lush musk (muscle*).
vibratory !!! new!!! verses
elating new rodents and newer

*that memory's ardent in

*

banded eastern clear X.
power for living "in carpetio"—
harem scholarship (slinky uproar)

*

angielskiego, lively

*

otter games and
more distantly
the water (wonder) horse

*

imagination's ripe, stroked
lucid sleep's curled
under bilabial willows

*

working mind's fumbling "greatness"

*

toe painted topaz or roan—
love of blurbs, of visibility.
props, pasta, parties. pulchritude.

*

romantic tooth-colored red
lights, noise that matches
my sperm ring.

*

as in "jangling"

*

handling mirth like
mehndi, with agates.
not at all conservative

*

the sexual function of gum
syrup, representing phosphorous
and my little laughing

*

extremely “hot” dimple

*

this is the wave of the li
this is the wave of the lif
this is the wave of the life

*

prowling, huge appetite.
spawn my spoon’s register
a slight fucker (hookah)

*

the (raw) lip of righteousness

*

flawing the dandy in the
bigtop and more voracious.
savoury discharge of lily.

*

would buck the system
by increments. of craving.
as in electronic ... pregnancy.

*

as a new american in the game of one

*

further layers of talking,
mixing frailty of hemlines'
fragrance with heaving

*

my dusky evacuation.
literature that monochrome hoax
beyond isolated fingers' smudging

*

purely zinnia: delusion

*

granite taken for styrofoam
out of the doldrums
and into—pardon me—*puissance*

*

dozing in speechworld, living
as donkey or adder.*
love's rife with happenstance.

**(hydra)*

*

more heady critique of sucking
up to rage and tight vibrating
fucking pantyhose defeatist
attitude limited my meter but
don't get discouraged eyeballs move
as if forget eyebells I forget
pantyhose the north for the
very poor the very rich and
the pollen. the worker has

hurt her hand.

"ow..."
"are you OK?"

not brilliant or wily positioning
self in the academy of perceived
stepping stones as the golden
liquid of indoctrination. forget
everything. forget everything. forget everything.

"he got so frightened,
hearing his own voice"

*

(2nd Fit)

tassels, beads, glass & mirrors
inviting deeper addling.
the brain devours every new thing.

*

as certain fabrics lean to my palm
not to do business
but to fluff me up (drugs)

*

all this and ambulatory too

*

frowned-on peasant blouse:
clones (clowns) might age
unnaturally loudly

*

green light is on.
yellow tape is touched.
exultation.

*

breakfast of ... eggs! elephant/ communications*

*intertwirling. for access call (718) 965-1285

*

lustrous climbed-on boyfriend and
myriad punchbowls. those poems'
more mexican inner dioramas

*

thyroid otherwise racing me
over the brooklyn skyline (KENTILE).
rhythm heard as briny urge.

*

to suck his moustache/ opening blue eyes

*

no more cynical than dirigible,
vocabulary rolls on grass
in sun. yes, in june.

*

thanks. follow. yes. your. love. u.
you don't have sex, you don't have fear.
but the muse is stuck to the jaw.*

*the underside of the jaw (like starfish)

*

syntax IS freedom and rocket streak fun
ROCKET STREAK FUN

*

good morning radical freedom.
play on. this is the nondrowsy
heraclitean fantasy (no boredom)

*

fill up the book with will,
with immaculate winkings.
there will be a fancy jewel under it.

*

viva. viva. meine kleine discursiveness

*

please use all available doors.
spectacle: ignoramus in heat.
"I didn't erase the lines."

*

authentic USA sleeping, waking. masticating.
a lunatic is not more passionate
than an ocarina. hooray. play it.

*

how again is money love?

*

faith and anger's elegance
in chador. make some marinade
of america. this summer night.

*

for I believe in fashion as pumpkin.
as hunchback. and as pumpkin.
the arrogant female sands spill over.

*

my ears tell me: crab. and curry. sparks.*

*sparks

*

please laugh now oder touch your cheek—
the gallant thing would be aubergine.
we might do the lindy hop* in the stairwell.

*hop, hop. hop. hop.

*

fusilli and a napkin. chicken.
flecking basil, thump of tongue
on fungible surface.

*

vein on a stranger breast/ shame and awe.

*

what a flanger (phalanger) makes opossum
for the tranquil marquessa
welcoming with gracenotes, open figs

*

“every noun is sacred”;
the backs of trees whorelike
and we are gaudier still

*

this is for your own goose (felicity)

*

white mascara applied publicly
mouth opening slightly today the horse
is in the apple and a sense of well-being

*

my head's erect, not dunce
but wanting education.
oh, cardinal—flashing by!*

**i have written fairly constantly without hope or exposure. you want more sex of me. OK. the creation of specialty chemicals. it is precisely the narcissism of autobiography that is so alluring.*

*

oh, mandalay (lapsang souchong): darling

*

heel pierces city's martini
her viola back line the center
of the needing mind

*

you care about this as bunny ears
behind heads excluded from the joke
only wilder. windier. chirrupy.

*

how's the new poem? a freak storm.

*

neighbor leaking in transit, spills
out of own ears. far east world
and east coast world, both arousing.

*

hydrangeas. pepper. extreme
enunciation. write less about less.
in angel costume.

*

new life's newly ludic mountain grass*

*between his breasts

*

intelligent retarded conversation
undeniable roundness ...
of skulls ... almost wicked

*

sourdough and bleating, the length of
harmony exactly a teaspoon. orgasm =
milestone to death, a sea biscuit

*

edge of roasted shiitake

*

give me my milk! my underwear
are tipping. if someone dances
a helicopter comes.

*

chanterelles, other lichens.
yellow snap deams. beans.
“a bower of lyrics”

*

his mind a kind of pasture, but emotional*

*cavorting in field of daffodils thought to be references (buttercups)

*

in dream, I was chinese rabbit. with balls.
our house a eucalyptus tree.
no hassles.

*

these are the march of eyes (splendor*):
clapping, laughing, ponytail.
clapping, laughing, ponytail.

*splendor on the F train

*

sumptuary laws: “an instance of rhythmic sweeping”

*

ego clenched, displayed for stroking.
I walk my turkey in the rain.
the magma of the moon is pure idiom//

*

byronic bent pages (golden asses' skin)
nude but in my common world.
seascapes, diffusion, dark

*

dense scrotum: pressure (oysters)

*

catastrophe that doesn't warble
the bible, unkissed. guaranteed to
purr. am I a *highly effective* person.

*

the loaves, the fishes, the colored glass
balls. people want threaded spools
and puka shell dong. peter frampton*

* (peter frampton)

*

zen zen nani mo nani mo wakaranai

*

eat—sell me a god, eating
february. louder sugar, a few works
after drink. full on the mouth.

*

the goats' mad cobra time.
shoebox bird = whore love nut.
rosy chimera in free paint samples.

*

I saw a keen mind pierce the light with quills*

*I saw a keen mind alight on a fly and creep by
in time

*

licking hyperbole from the corner
of the eye of the boy who makes
dithyrambs. helplessly.

*

no barricade.
clasp palms.
induction*.

*sedition

*

think of a lemon

*

eroticism's
protoplasm's joke.
and so, blurting out mantra.

*

drawing a sliver line
between pornography & frogs:
ratio of hip to unhip

*

absurdity not preposterous: somnambule (vinegar)

*

there are days crammed
with liberty and other days
liberty's elusive in no trance
mist. but I never tried
to miss it or vince it, the
lamb chop in the dryer,
the snow shovel in
the rumpus room, thinking
if I had a round horse ...
"slipper's number—
eyebrows slight twitching"
I have an extra arm of
sarasvati, so I stay
in the interval at
any more duration

the morning's quizzical
and your expression
liberty's finally nothing
but a rare nest, the thrill
of climbing the cliff for it

*

naɔ∂ravy (whistleable)*

*glukupikron

*

(3rd Fit)

this f(l)it ... waves
the life.
capricious

as normal.

but more flurry.

…Violently Importunate…

Poetry ... I too ...
my head ... won't go into it.
The movement is bird. Sure, all's dire,
but look! what comes out! Dark as grapes
but sounding, hot—*hot*—persisting in wanting
to be wanted. Then I get so enlarged—
with the writing: it is wrong. So but anyway
the moment is red duress in bad fire but look!:
a shark wrapped in lace. And then it's so engorged—
with excitement: it is song. So but anyway these low-slung
names slinking around the translucent cervix: the Daily Rage.
Our game is the game that has no exuberant strangling.
I think "incunabula" but shout "parabola." (I see
a crabby one in the outtakes and the outtakes tremble).

…Vociferously Impertinent…

You yowling furies of bright despondence,
your orange monkey hair and blind
expressions, how you rope in every passing stare,
the little smell of fever water ... that lingers ... there ...
At least you *have* a position. Flamingo tongue,
moon snail, dusty creeper, fungus slug
swirling through the downtime á la milky way.
Sin not *necessarily* orgiastic.
Horsefly not *necessarily* orgiastic.
Three-toothed cavoline. Horned tanganyika. Lyrate whelk.
Sigh. There will be *no* impossibly small turtles
crawling the lord's thumbnail tonight. Huh.
"The politics are in the poem!" the pigeon flaps.
"How?"

from Folly



...List of Characters...

Folly
Flarfalini
Omanko
Florenz Ziegfeld
Desidirio Erasmus
Ira Gershwin
Bill Clinton
Gary
Masaya
Helen
Asha Bhosle
Pippy
Elizabeth
Jessica
Jennifer
Duala
Cindy
A.L.
Julie
Jeni
Martia
Cassie
Katlyn
Amy
Sarah
Narisa
Nila
Gretchen
Alicia
Lilac
Chris
Monica
Shaina
anonymous
paranoid
scared
terrified
Milton Berle
Cher
Heloise
Anarkali
Juliet
Barbaraian
Bass de Soie
Born Too Late
Buttonitis
Buxom Fiddler
Creak-lover
Hairpin
Horsey Typist
Lady Godiva
Louis Quinze
Little White Wasp
Lens Lover
Human Eel
Modern Victorian
Much Bored
Rainbow
Taut Boy
Would-be Eleven (inches)
Newscaster
Kent Johnson
Sheptanya
Brianna
Lovetta
a clerk
NothingKitty
Auntie BamBam
Snuggles
Parameter (a kitty)
Diogenes (a parrot)
Phelicity
Sweet Kitty

Hot Miko
Wild Hazmy
Urban Barbie
Barbara Eden
Guava
Blurty
Ann-Margret
Pluto
Tiki
Han Xiangzi
Marduk
Venus
Arawn
God
Boota Ili
Amaterasu
Kali
Beelzebub
Allah
Star-Shaped Pillowcase
Fat Thing
Rusty Helmet
Earthquake
The Skull on the President
Bunnies
Hummingbirds
Peacocks
George W. Bush
Ahnold
Condoleezza
Rummy
Liberace
Cheney
Ashcroft
Lucifer
Starsailor
Miss America
Peggy Noonan
Mariko Mori
Wilfred Owen
Krystal
Emma Lazarus
Loquacious the Snail
Melissa, a chameleon
Mr. Fucko, a hamster
James Sherry
Nada
piglet of ignonymity
Hector
Rasputin
The Bagelman Sisters
Shelly Winters
Gumby
Pokey
Sparklechick
Universal Hominid Ancestor
Imelda Marcos
Sunny Pain
Bernie Goetz
bodhisattva
Goat
Breast
Seraph
Milk Emanation
Wolf-Fish
Shamrock Pea
Proudleduck
Capricorn
Milk Ferret
Wax Doll
Tasmanian Emu
Dark-Rumped Petrel
Little Bittern
Bourbon-pink Pigeon
Small-Billed False Sunbird
Bird of Providence
Night Parrot
Long-Legged Warbler
Orange-Breasted Flowerpecker
Cherry-Throated Tanager

Rothschild's Grackle
Hemignathus Obscurus Obscurus
Sandhya
Sadhana
W.D. Snodgrass
Ann Lauterbach
Sapphire
Muriel Rukuyser
Mark Strand
Claudia Rankine
Mary Oliver
W.S. Merwin
Peter Gizzi
Sharon Olds
Cora Pearl
Mogador
anonymous dancer of the Ouled Nail
Froufrou
Lucille Ball
Namie Amuro
Emilienne d'Alençon
Gracie Allen
Marie du Plessis
Monica Lewinsky
Appolonie Sabatier
The pink rabbits of Emilienne d'Alençon
Franz Kafka
Kazim el Saher
Anne Waldman
Cecilia Vicuña
a student
William Blake

...I Love Men...

I wrote the meanest, silliest thing below about men. I'm so sorry. Please ignore.

Anyway, here's why I love men. They are brave. I love men's thighs, their hands; the small of their necks; I love men. But more than the physicality of it all, I love that men are freaks—born.

I love men. And that's why it bothers me—no, "infuriates" would be a better word ...

I love men for their strength. Sometimes it is that vein that bulges on the upper part ... I love men for the way they give up everything but themselves for love.

I love men with big penis ... and I love men's hair. Everything about men's hair is a wonder to me ... I love men who come to me once every two months with thick dark hair in their nostril.

I love men. I love mean ones, and nice ones, and fat ones, and skinny ones. But most of all, I love super-hot ones. The sensation of pooh in my mouth.

I LOVE TO HANG OUT WITH MY FRIENDS AND GO TO PARTIES I LIKE ALOT OF SEQUENCE OF CLOTHING I LOVE MEN WITH GOOD PERSONILITY

I love men in cycling shorts ... I love men in kilts, I love men with long legs. I love men who are pigeon toed. I ... I just ... love men. I love stripping men naked with just my eyes. It's something that I want all the time now. And I mean ALL THE TIME. I love men who are slightly cocky and arrogant ... something sexy there ...

Urgh, I love men with top hats and beautifully tailored tuxedos and immaculately polished shoes. I Love Men In Uniform I Love Men In Uniform Charm. I Love Firemen I Love Firemen Charm. I love men in turbans. I love men who wear fishnet and skirts. It's just downright sexy. I love men staring from buses in the next lane. Sometimes, my boyfriend will make me go out in a miniskirt without panties to go on an escalator.

I Love Men in Boots! That's a whole lotta boots!

I love men, but they wear me out with all their confusing issues. One day they say they love you and the next they see someone with bigger ass.

I love men, muscles, sex, porn, and chocolate.

I Love Men on Prozac. I love men on Prozac with their calm, James Dean smiles and dreamy novelist eyes.

Of course I love men of all races ... but, I have to admit I am completely fascinated by Asian men. Japanese, Chinese, Korean ... I love it all.

I love men. They are energetic, great at fetching and I love them. Darlings. I love men, especially when they are silent, beautiful and have no panties.

I LOVE WIENERS And Jewels I love men Money Power And I love my sex Me and My sex And I love my sex Only Me and My sex La la la la la la la la la.

I love men, even though they're lying, cheating scumbags. I love men, not for what unites them, but for what divides them, and I want to know most of all what gnaws at their hearts.

I LOVE MEN!!! I LOVE MEN!!! I LOVE MEN!!! I LOVE MEN!!! I LOVE MEN!!! I LOVE MEN!!! I LOVE MEN!!! I LOVE MEN!!! I LOVE MEN!!! I LOVE MEN!!

...Harmoronity...

If one who control all sound do not accept other people to making sound, it would be a very boring society.

Do you know some person do not specking for you or opposite situation so you are stuff, much more all people can not speck and make sound.

I believe that it is a very serious problem of society.

Sometimes, we would not hear kind of sound.

We, though, avoid or control about sound. It do not putt other people.

Other people inspire: a) folly b) constraint of folly

The folly of *me*, writing this ... and *you*, reading it! Ha!

···Fountain···

The world smells
like a urinal
mint today—I guess
from all the "cleansing."

Everywhere you go
it's that
"awkward space."

Plastic bags on faces.

Heinous bongos, mopey vaseline,
glittering hoops around a shrinking nard—
the mandrake
spins a magnet
in his cell.

All's well
in the end times!—
chimneys spewing tubersex,
and bright kimonos yelling
in the undone air.

Me I'm a kind of boring folksinger
unable to rhyme LYRIC
with PANEGYRIC.
Cassandra-ass crap...

as minefield-y
as it is unwieldy.

Look! Sex slaves—
moving upon the waters again
in parallel lines
in opposite directions ...
sex slaves

spelling water
in a palm
of a bad lamb's hand ...
Ann-Margret keeps coming
of age among the shriners—
upon her forehead,
a little barcode:
barracuda—
"for all your camp needs."

Ai—my artifice is floating ...
isn't it nonsense
we stopped all this time?
The porn of breath,
the shame of ugly public muckling?

Look at you—
you're a mouth,
smeared with decay—
bearing down

on a flimsy quasi-androgynous kipper.

Ah, me ...

Tigers fuck on a carpet.

You must eat your neck.

Say to the one who provokes you:
"It's the time to disco!" Mobells,
harebells, lillibelles. The pious
as elective infants. Are you stimming,
or are you just davening? Teeth and mouth
filling up with grout. And doubt.
With the cunning to embellish blasphemy,
hipublicans and repunklicans
wallow in the force projection footprint—
the puffiest and fluffiest,
with all their plum appointments,
marooned in a nowhere
lacking meercats, fireflies, elephants, and so on,
as if it were a choice between OUD or BANJO.

Folly: *To what purpose should I demand the sacrifice of frankincense, cakes goat, and swine, since all persons everywhere pay me that more acceptable service…namely, an imitation of my communicable attributes? ….Why should I desire a temple, since the whole world is but one ample continued choir, entirely dedicated to my use and service?*

…Vibrantly Impotent (slips, trips, and falls)…

[Folly, to the audience, hectoring Haigha/Hector]

A pharmaceutical moment – listen:
'Twas the voice of the privileged, I heard them declare,
their mouths all muckled and muffled with fluff,
"I've been sheltered too long, like an houri in a lobster cage,
preening my musky costume." This message comes to you
from the department of mental hygiene:
but Haigha (the messenger)'s got no hay
leaking out the side of his mucklemouth.
His wretched attempts to communicate
go directly to seed, and all that bitterness
trickles down the legs of the transmogrification of
nature-who-is-more-than-merely beautiful.
Haigha reaches up his claw-like hands to pray
in the shape of a gothic tulip.

About a trillion years later,
the sun just burns out.

Just be optimistic, and smile!

…Extreme Smile Makeover…

I love my love with an A because ...

way over there
in the far dark park
the fake reality queen gorges
on premium foie gras.

And here, by the fake snake lake,
"Africanized" bees tease chuffing swans
at the undone zombie picnic,
worrying the spoors.

Red wine streams
from her eyeballs.
The ocelet rolls
in dirty cheese,
coughs up
livid syrup.

Bazooka mazurka:
heady engulfment.
Minty swirl of mutant life
in jerk and lunge
of futile strife.

Rasputin baby, pass me
a golden pickle. Lean out
of the boxcar and hoist me in.

Roughneck bankers,
oil tankers—
imminent veloceraptors.

...Vacantly Imperious...

[Folly skulks in like a cat (in green snake costume)]

My bag of tricks, oriental leatherette.
My new name, TOLIET
Frizzed and crumpled like a trope
Freaking in and out of the sleazy stomach moths,
Anorexic as a faun, frolicking hors commerce.
The primacy of "atmosphere" in this soulful rendering.
The intensity of sexual expression
is an underpaid doorman, full of ennui,
shut out from experience like an IUD,
battery, and essential oil salesman
on his way to the cloisters. Do you like wax?
What's left of this poem will leave you dizzy—
diamond stud, liquid toenails, fungus in the machine—
poetry pure as wax.
While I in my hairshirt get sick in the head
and millions of bombs
explode one-by-one.

On a scale of 10 to 10,
how helpless do you feel?
(10 being the most helpless)

Just be optimistic, and smile!

The Bagelman Sisters: Ordinary as a sardine on a Wednesday in the center of the boring old rule of specificity, Folly forges ahead with a toothpick at a concrete wall presided over by baby-faced men in positions of extreme power.

The lights pulse though everyone's neural networks and into the gray areas which smell and taste like lilypad formed into humid mounds of ordinary sensation.

It's like wanting intricate beadwork on your teeth in a noisy Utopia of bodies covered in messy lipstick and yawns.

The swallows rain out of the cheeky crevice like secret addictions, and the claws adore the unexpected density of the novice (again).

Insofar as entablature is wicked, the dizzy night crumbles.

Folly: I'm an awe bear in it, with racket and zaum insertions. The gold-top pods are my friends, and (today anyway), we are winning the anxiety marathon.

The Bagelman Sisters: We only discuss logical impossibilities here.

Folly: I feel moody, do you feel moody? What's it to you if I long for the touch of onions in the night?

The Bagelman Sisters: It's ordinary to want to move around on top of a glittery puzzle piece —why not?

It was ... an oil smudge ... an opaque large smaller chunk, an eyesore, an invented ice, plop sword and bloblike ice beater. It's addictive ... in a good way ... like mink thumbscrews.

Folly: *Jesus toys can't stop my mambo!*

The Bagelman Sisters: Loudly negotiating a tarantella of tensions, with a rebus as a charm dangle.

Folly: Everyone in velvet! Maraschino machismo—high erotic velvet, dusty synthetic velvet, organic laureate spaghetti velvet, head velvet.

The Bagelman Sisters: Ape rump. Ape rump.

Folly: Gingko perfume, just so much balonacy swingle. I want it all—ferns, fizz—the woiks.

The Bagelman Sisters: The flood swirls up with the oil into a golem. The golem rises its hands to the sky, lets out a pierce.

This golem has a humanoid body made from clay. A clay golem wears no clothing. When a clay golem enters combat, there is a cumulative 1% chance each round that its elemental spirit breaks free and the golem goes berserk. The uncontrolled golem goes on a rampage, attacking the nearest living creature or smashing some object smaller than itself if no creature is within reach, then moving on to spread more destruction. Once a clay golem goes berserk, no known method can reestablish control.

…Alpaca Lips (6/6/06)…

Today is the first day
of the end of the world.

I feel that in a weaving
fever. Oxen breathe out stars —
men, spiny digits.

Shelley Winters bloats
into murky paralysis.
This is the first face of
crumbling.

It's right to see the trees
as feathery convolutions
drooping fallaciously, and
spraying into toxic puffs.

Enforcers circle a merkin
with nosebleeds and determination.

The sighing? Transparent frogs.
Black ships? Alpaca lips.
Querulous guzheng.

In one corner, asters
of disaster. In another,
blooms of doom.
Reverse-phase eluction:
∂uniya destruction.

Red ants on a lemon
or a dopey lotus—
itching feeling of why.

Planes and lines break up
into harsher melodies.

Thick white noodles
fall from the sky
and stick to faces bloody
from banging on desks
in internet rage.

Hey you with your couscous
and maraschinos, here's
some gut bombs for the war
on aether.

I'm onto something—a
great black beast.

I like to have a little lute
to tickle while the world's ending.

Beans and pumpkin, seeming to lend ingenuity to the otherwise concrete garden, coil up lavishly out of immigrant yearning, mixing pleasure and labor, as if vegetables were hovering at the margin of a curry.

This deliciousness whose traditions have become so eclectic, long beans, shoes on the stoop, and in my ears Kazim El Saher, his chorus tracing forever the marvelous alarms of the sonic, the *∂oum* and the *tek* and the *∂oum ∂oum tek a tek ∂oum tek a tek*.

Beside the gelding rolling in the dust, the limpid tosses of its wavy mane, the stained glass windows of the baptist church. It's there the B68 bus catches me with a groan and a squeal of hardcore diesel, rolling past Caribbean life—red Elmo doll clutched by Hispanic man in his 30s—his green plastic bracelets—he's *yelling* as we go past Sonali grocery like discovering nothing in his pocket as it has all flown away.

Transfer d'Argent a Haiti. International calling center penetrates global immodesty borne from Iraq and Siam, suspended by telephone wires from moons in alternate cultural systems: electrical analysis of pistachios, desi kulfi, tortillas at the Good Luck Deli. BANIA. Masjid Um ul Quaa, Siberian Pelman corp.

I scintillate at the window of ice and it is all for you: Shandar Sweets, Giant Detail Center, Office of Mughal Waterproofing, exhalations and filthiness falling among the vegetables, entertaining notions of a scarf dance on a subway.

Blair Mazzarella Funeral Home, a girl's braids come undone, her mother's earring a gold tooth.  lounge Bukhara catering hall Quicinera Las Mariachis Raja Realty Honey locksmith smartbeep beepers Kaloshi real estate. Adam & Eve Unisex—a warrior of either sex in the distances which are American)—Pharmacy, Farmacia, Anteka plus Urdu and Bengali.

Recharge here—Lahore fashions—Bahar shishkebab chum chum, aloo chat—  halal meat khoobsurat beauty salon (ladies only)—one black headscarf, one white head scarf, one yarmulke on a head of greasy spikes like circumcision of a black horse

by the Urdu Bazaar. I decorate the forest of my regard, caressing the route: Lung Wah Kitchen, Weinstein-Garlick-Kirschenbaum Chapels, Pak-O-Hind, Russian, Kosher groceries, Rabbi Hecht's Esrogim Center. The longing to be modern and sheltered and different and insane and decorative as Hecht's skullcap company, Judaica seforim gifts & religious articles, abysmal

elevation and cantankerous filaments. Sweet Art's Stitch & Stitch, Full line of beans. Adult novelties: "Intimate Fantasy's"—Visions in wigs—Hat's Plus, Freund's Family Shop. A gasp of laughter at desire, and disorder, and dying, and Gigi's Wig Salon.

The violent alabaster of curiosity yields to the sky of undulant spiritual contamination, the luminous enlacement of brilliant dryness and the lump and crush of archness. Kloz Klozet! Sukkah Depot, Yeshivah ohr Shraga Veretzky Shorashim Monuments sushi Kosher

immense flapping. Extremely hairy arm on a thin woman, a mother. Assymetrical face of a yeshivah girl by Miss Liberty Restaurant, her simple vagueness. Is your throat dry with the deviousness of following? Mittelman's Supermarket. Straight wigs, pearls. Kosher Bissaleh. Tiger Mart. Exxon Shocks and Struts—lean, achieved, ravished, acute, light, lissome in whispering and salivary in intent. Taci's Beyti. Bertolino's. Moshi Moshi Glatt Kosher. Welcome to the age of independence in a leopard dress and orchid nails.

Big! white!Jackie O glasses! Kish Koosh playgroup, the bamboo veils of intemperance flapping down with tigerish yaps over the one and only Sahara Restaurant by the World of doors.

1-800-cultural collision. Red Square Restaurant. Hadn't the cannery sent forth perfume?Hebrew National Hot Dog Special Touch lingerie like an elephant in a skirmish. SirenFresh beer. Angeliakis Construction New Times Good Year Tuxedo Palace.

Does it look magical or realistic, the view from the bus window? The historic duel disappears like an ape at night, Who is "they"? The Westerners, of course, the tumbling vipers sucking history as rods stippling the dip of an imperialistic road map. Rasputin. Super tan. Thinny-thin. 99 cents the limit. Plaster Gallery, Kiev Bakery. Excitingdelicious historical Sheepshead Bay, candidly. The past, the sensations of the past. Now!

in cuneiform, of umbrella satrap square carts with hotdogs and onions of red syrup blended, Ritz look, bobcat service, rubbish removal excavation pelvic exam pap smear blood test cold soda!

And then the paralyzing rush of emotion:

grace infuses whirling faces
with a dissonant gaiety.

…A poem on the foregoing work…

Dream: a group blog that was also a scarf,
if metempsychosis be true, and psychosis, too,
soft as the brain of a ruling subconscious, wrappt
in its heavy woven texture like a towel. The scarf
was a prudent thinking tool, with questions
so clearly wrought I can set them down intact:

Do you enjoy (indulge in) Hindu go-go dancing?
How about Hindu astrology go-go dancing?
And to Anne Waldman and Cecilia Vicuña – not,
I noted with irritation, to me: *Are you a pagan queen?*

Prodigious scarf! It could have dressed
a thousand fools and clowns in wireless words!
When someone responded to a question or asked a new question
it appeared on the scarf forthwith—O wise
cybertextile! In my next life I should
aspire to such brains, though still I am
a few small laurels ow'd, so exactly placed
is each spasmodic thought.

For those who are devoutly affected
by the spells of Folly
undergo a strange alteration
which very nearly approaches to madness;
we speak many things at an abrupt and incoherent rate;
we make an inarticulate noise, without
any distinguishable sense or meaning;
we sometimes screw up our faces
in antic delusion—and this, too,
is a gigantic illusion, drenched
and sputtering in webs of ideational dew.

So many flowerets are emitting a fragrance in my heart …

I thought the book was a bunch of bolagna. I didnt care for it at all and someone should burn it. The only reason I liked it was because it had a bunch of short stories and not just one big book with a bunch of chapters. It had a lot of truth in it which is the only good part of the book. The book was basically about kids that dont fit in and are outsiders. Who ever get's this bpok should throw it away or tearit and burn it into peices

—a student, Versailles, Ohio, USA

"a great useless structure, or one left unfinished, having been begun without a reckoning of the cost."

—Chambers' Dictionary

If You Are Reading This, You Had Better Fucking Hate Horses!!! Look, this is a website about horses and how much we hate them. They are gross and stupid and If You Are Reading This . You Had Better Fucking Hate Horses!!! NICE SHOES ASSHOLE!! Fuck Off Horse Hater Posers!

—???

But I forget myself and run beyond my bounds. Though yet, if I shall seem to have spoken anything more boldly or impertinently than I ought, be pleased to consider that not only Folly but a woman said it; remembering in the meantime that Greek proverb, "Sometimes a fool may speak a word in season," unless perhaps you expect an epilogue, but give me leave to tell you you are mistaken if you think I remember anything of what I have said, having foolishly bolted out such a hodgepodge of words …. Wherefore farewell, clap your hands, live and drink lustily, my most excellent disciples of Folly.

—Desiderius Erasmus
The Praise of Folly

...persist...

—William Blake

from Scented Rushes



…I'm Truly Searing, Dear…

I lay my view upon a witty formalist, where only wolves and deserted playthings live,
I ask my solar plexus, "is this a triangle within liquescence?"
Whenever the mangle shines behind clowns,
And the easterly word dancing over the roans,
I'm truly scarlet, dear,
My life only a piece of pageantry, that needs words, to describe a laciness,
In this turbid gaiety, I shall wait for your light intercourse,
A light which gives me your hunger,
Above other lures,
You make a wrestle of life.

Will there be sounds that belong to our fortress?
Have you ever fall into loops with me?
The flowers desperate to give their best pretense.
In one narrative under the laboratory of life,
Will there be tortoises that give us love?
The sea waves rolling to the shocks,
And the scarification had made us shy.
If ... and if I am someone else,
Would you promise to love me under the leathery eggs?

…Wherever You've Found Our Stain Behind The Moon…

The night fish has its creepy smile beyond the under-light of pluperfect sundown.
Whenever easterly breeze mothers calling your threatening name,
Wanna touch your basic hand within the pudding of love,
Even though I can't see like a wilting mumble our stain behind the moon,
My least dearest tele-valentine.
My tele-life and tele-destiny,
One violet tear can't hold this burden of vinegary love.
There you're walking with the marmot cry of the marmot sky.
Let me join the wilting mumble within,
wherever you've found our stain behind the moon ...

...Whenever I waver between two rathers...

Whenever I wither between two reality shows
I see beautiful green goddesses along the way.
Its lighten up by the tulips.
I ask myself, "Is this my crybaby?"
Whenever the wincing left me behind.
All just an a open blur to a storm that zithered
Mein kopf, wishing you are helium with me.
Hear! The crickets are dreaming to say love.
Please, don't libel me,
Hold my ideas and you'll see the petulance of life with me.

…My Dogstar, Don't Laugh at Me…

My derangement, lumpen beneath our dumbest memories,
One torch beneath the sun in angst,
Our lip inside the brightest soma.
Shy through the beauty of the mawkishness,
I was lie down in the greedy grassland;
Stretch my hair out to seek a paradox,
Your sham—your friable patter—hold me tight in this lava.
My darkling, don't leave me,
I am only like the worm without a burning conclusion,
A king without its cable,
In the phooey condescension of wryness.

…Is Nourish a Noisy Quarrel?…

Is nourish a noisy quarrel?
Mature size of a foxes?
What are some dialogues that show irony?
Why grooming is important in aviation?
What is the voice of the girl the lovely?
What did Mary Wollstoncraft argue for?
How do you use being?
What is the definition of a boyfriend?
Who wrote an elegy?
What is the phobia of being nervous?
Where do clown tiger came from?
What is smooth interpersonal relations?
Pictures of different relations between living things?
How love become?

…Ovaltine Love Feeling…

The beauty of love that I feel in mimic of eyes' slippage
Into the "cubistic environment" of my soul
As if my body ripped the experienced chaos of everyday life
By the deepest of love's neglected child.

Understanding love as a more fundamental set of dualisms
Translate life into a visual corollary of a word trap:
A perfect feeling like an echo chamber.
There's nothing impossible: I work with ephemera.

...Poem to myself...

You make me tired with your long, curly
reddish brown hair and ironic ideology;
you are a short syllable that should be long,
your stupid plan is "very clever" and your I.Q.
is white, malleable, and ductile, like inflammation
of the eye or Romanian paralysis. OK, so you're
"heated with radiant energy"; so what?
Could be a seaweed dried and bleached
for use as a medicine, or a very large, heavy, powerful
dog with a hard rough coat, formerly used in hunting
a combination of circumstances or a result
that is the opposite of what might be expected or
what might be considered appropriate. A rainbowlike
show or play of colors is a kind of locomotive made of
fool's gold, implying mental unsoundness and an
utterly illogical nature of that which is directly
contrary to reason, i.e. a round, pigmented membrane formed
of meat, potatoes, carrots, onions, and other vegetables.
You are tiresome, troublesome, tedious, quick-tempered,
silver-edged, Maltese, and conspicuous, like the apparent
enlargement of a brightly lighted object seen against
a dark background. Construed as *sing*, O little stain made
by rust or ink, you've got yr Irish up—for what? O Senecans,
Mohawks, Tuscarorans, Oneidas, Cayugas, Onandagas, Cherokees,
feign ignorance of this sinking fireboat, her tubular integers,
her infantile ballistic organization, grey like freshly broken
cast iron irenic muscles, her degenerate method a creeping
plant with showy leaves and trumpet-shaped philology
enclosing all of the body but the head. *Ipsissima verba!*

…Dismay…

You didn't want me
to sidle up to the high
chthonic voltage, number
than frost, number than
the coiled attachments:
a kind of siphon
for this hamhanded
burgeoning. If I imitate
your enthusiastic rejecting
anxious beloved, can I
enter your hall of
repressed dismay? I can't
get her haircut: I don't
have that kind of hair.
I'm better than she is,
who does not think of you,
just as you do not think
of me. The world spins
on these bitternesses: my XXXX
for you offends me yet.

…Splendor…

Maybe in the sandstorm of metaphor
you really don't have a body—
but there's something palpable
that makes me want to do battle
with your ectoplasmic splendor.
No alembic. Your body folds under you
as a collapsed puppet: my fervent
conquest of your gangliness now just
icky taxidermy. There are wings
under my armpits and also
secret beings. They straddle your
imagination in my imagination.
That is how we do not come
to know one another.

...Frozen Doe...

I guess I am improved by my peccadilloes,
their rabid squirming as fossils of affection
in the dumb sponge of heaving fixity. Every molecule
remembers a time before time, and if I open up
to receive all emotional messages (for example,
in my food), it's because that's the kind of maladroit
I am: preponed, animated, reticular, birdish. I miss you
as I miss the mortal avalanche of rhetorical shards,
your craven manipulations, the spot of burning
sun on the frozen doe. Everything catches fire
in the mangled frames of your irritability. You
don't love me? I don't know what you mean.
The hay is sweet—like me!—in these unfurled
taxonomies of pungent (but sensual) ridicule. You
don't love me? I don't know what you mean.
The murky planets sparkle in my ignorant hairdo.

…My Inaudible Globular and Disjunctly Fretted Entanglement-of-Curves…

Push me like a plethora of inexplicable visitations
Infer me deeply
Search my nervous extremity
Have I now be your flute-throat mate,
My sparkled optics' most immediate radiance?

I try to write you down my barest perspectival logic into the bottom of cathectic thought 'till there's no more geo-classical ordering

This love letter (self's pulp of audible being) shall remind me

Meat ineffable love just as this far and it should be frank enough also

Well, I wish the hypnogogically inspired of your organic blobs
to see you intrinsically variable always in the pulp of animal being

Across from me on the train this morning
a woman reading "Folly"—not mine—something
written by a man with white hair, and in hardback.
Hard. Hardness. A synthetic creation turns into a living
creature thanks to color, and lighting, and visual effects,
whispering *come here, come here,* and *go away*. Peculiarity.
Pink filling, clear finish powder filling,
silk tips with powder, paraffin, buff, gel.
O these happy grey delusions: wisteria drooping
down on the stupidity of the besotted. Tearing:
the big fluffy dumpling of dissatisfaction.
I move into the flow of tears (big deal) like
another art experiment in the etiology of
decoration. Girls scrumptious as rice ...
the devilled day cares what I think ...
this is a Manhattan-bound trainwreck.
The city is spread out in its
usual panorama, the epidermis of capital
in plain sight. You are closed and open in your
usual way and the hop of love is stamping
meanly (as usual). "I want string cheese."
"I love string cheese." "Do I get to be the monster?"
I'm not too soulful for ... little destructions ...
the curative friend is art precisely BECAUSE
we are monkeys. The art is complicated
precisely BECAUSE we have woken up, and
we have woken up
because we will go to *sleep*
and that was my point at the beginning.
I don't care about cocks (so much) or bruises,
or that I'm all tangled. I'm not even sure
how much I care about you. (What did
you say your name was?) I care about
the TRANSOM—the air between us—
that little opening and the milky draft that got
through somehow. Everything salivates

to the tune of blankness and singularity
sometimes: I'm buried in here alone.
That's incurable: a woman is of love,
the bargirl is a frog, some people are
just born happy and others feel every
scrape and filing in the demon's lexicon.
Art as love. Pain. No more pain. Colored
lanterns: the experience of "wolving."
The spine curves on a feather. I wish
I were as beautiful as your cruel speech.
I fill up the world with words again
and again (my job): they "monkey
the jungle"... and the gods are little candies
or little skylarks. O this jealous devotion
to waxwork sense, the lie of sonic
embodiment, the list of "universes"
in the flailing mooncalf. There's something
cleaner than that, beyond your pat
"asymmetry" and cowboy rhetoric,
in the clumsy wash of being. Somewhere
a monk is rolling in iridescence and legroom.
Sex is like popcorn there and popcorn like
total overnight protection for the heavy flow
of ideation. It is indescribably boring that you
are not in love with me in the vermillion sea
of ebullient thinking. I like pain, really. Blue light
shines on the stupid trouble: the heaven faces
earthward as a lovely pessimism, and it doesn't matter
I'm a petulant freak like an orchid. It doesn't matter
because pain doesn't matter, it's a speckle on the death,
it's artificial like a nylon egg. The most free live love
doesn't scare anyone, it's like seaweed waving in fire.
Je veux exister encore ... this language ... should have
made you love me, but anyway there's a steady light
outside your rigid box and also outside my garrulous
satin fallacy. Your name will always be a shiver to me.
Now I need to sleep for a thousand years with a thousand
beautiful men—none of them you. The stars form a ring
around a beautiful device. I form a hunger for it,
even though it's painful, and the device is studded

with real jewels made of male luck. The luck
is strafing over my open mouth. "Is it nice out? It's
supposed to be nice out." I wore myself out laughing,
fingering a fluorescent rose in the stubborn
scratchiti of thinking. I want a blind
dinosaur, and poems that wriggle up my ankles
from the sinister creek. Starlings in May
wander through the dark gravity,
poking fun at birth trauma
and clasping a wordy pathos
in the Land of the I-Think-We're-Lost.

…Blastopore (3/08/10)…

Anyone came into this world
with a squirt of sticky coding and pain—
there's no avoiding that, comrade,
and I just have to tell you that, O elephant
I'm not thinking about in this psychic
room of convoluted tubules ...
Primitive groove.
Trying and trying to put on
the big incognito sunglasses in the harsh light
of the cogito (neural crest) ...
so there's that distance I bend over
into in the false early spring ...
contorted, but not masochistically,
and not with contrition ... I don't feel
contrite, but anyone's feeling is ...
irritating. Chorion. Cleavage.
A radial cleavage that is indeterminate.
A membrane bulges outward. You know what you
need? A little ... bird ... because ... who
cares ... you were born. Cord blood. The lines cross
into opposite directions into different
abandoned lots (intervillios space) with junk
and new grass and ducts and cloacae and oh
I'm straining for some proper code
or beneficent felicitation in the face
of hostile you who developed and were born.
But I can't it, and that enrages me, your rage
(a knob-like thickening) enrages me,
so I weave this ugly potholder as occupational
distraction. Inner cell mass. Primitive knot.
Hey, the film is flapping, it's making that
flapping sound and it's time to change
the reel. I can't. Seem to. Change. The reel.
Did you know that cornification is a form of cell death
exclusive to the eyes? And Phenoptosis affects
many species, from yeast to salmon?
Look, the G train floor is covered with pastel
starfish, but ONLY I CAN SEE THEM (my sweet

misfortune). They are laughing at me! Hey!
They are laughing at me! Laughing.
Heart development. Development of the urinary
and reproductive organs. Cubical or prismatic
cells. The word EMPTY scratched on the side
of the seat then X'd out with black marker:
an observation, not an objective correlative.
Everyone is (duh) a dark mushroom.
Blonde in green, everyone has earbuds—
and was once a tiny zygote with DARK IRISES
alone in a liquid place. Then there's this forcing,
all these women SCREAMING and SWEATING:
they HEAVE and PUSH. Lines of hair on melon bellies.
Porous nipples. Eww. New nerve sensations. Life:
eww. Yolk sacs. Limb buds. First dryness and breath.
Smooth infants flail tiny limbs. Splanchnopleure.
Baby, each neonate is a locus of wild needs.
If I say I miss you I will feel sick so I won't
say it but time elapses and hapless we (duh)
are folded into it: irises, elephants, earbuds,
nipples, starfish, Wharton's jelly, everything.

from Flarf: An Anthology of Flarf



Oddly enough, there is a
"Unicorn Pleasure Ring" in existence.
Research reveals that Hitler lifted
the infamous swastika from a unicorn
emerging from a colorful rainbow.

Nazi to unicorn: "You're not coming
out with me dressed in that ridiculous
outfit." You can finally tell your daughter
that unicorns are real. One ripped the head off
a waxwork of Adolf Hitler, police said.

April 22 is a nice day. I really like it.
I mean it's not as fantastic as that Hitler
unicorn ass but it's pretty special to me.
CREAMING bald eagle there is a tiny Abe
Lincoln boxing a tiny Hitler. MAGIC UNICORNS

"You're really a unicorn?" "Yes. Now
kiss my feet." Hitler as a great man.
Hitler ... mm yeah, Hitler, Hitler, Hitler,
Hitler, Hitler, Hitler ... German food is so bad,
even Hitler was a vegetarian, just like a unicorn.

I was sort of doodling Hitler at my friend's
house and we couldn't stop watching
unicorn hard core soft porn abortion e-cards
containing scenes in which the baby angora unicorn
and Hitler stay warm on a cold night.

This blog is dedicated to the individual
mystery of Hitler's moustache and my book of poems
to becoming a unicorn. That unicorn is worse than Hitler.
The unicorn has always been a mythological animal:
Flossy Unicorn Puppet Show Cats That Look Like Hitler Pez dispensers

Unicorn believers don't declare fatwas,
so worry about something more important
like getting hit in a collision between
a comet being ridden by Elvis, and Hitler
riding a Unicorn. It's a psychedelic unicorn light show

and you know that's groovy baby!

There is a "Unicorn Pleasure Ring" in the aether.
There, Hitler lifts prepared instruments
from a shivering unicorn emerging
from a dry ice speculum.

Nazi to unicorn: "ridiculous outfit!"
Unicorn blushes into a pink uniform.

April 22 is a nice day. I really lick it.
I mean it's not as fortuitous as April 23
but it's pretty special to me! Like wolf
colostrum. The speculum closes upon loss.

A bald eagle coos weakly to
a magic unicorn in the mist:
"Look, a tiny Abe Lincoln
boxing a tiny Hitler
in the zero-sum game
of this construction!"

"You're really a unicorn?"
"Yes. Now kiss my soft eye."
"Creamy."

Hitler as a gaunt man. A gray man.
Hitler ... mm yeah, Hitler, Hitler, Hitler,
Hitler, Hitler, Hitler.

I was sort of cuddling Hitler at my friend's
house and we couldn't stop watching
unicorn soft porn abortion e-cards
in which a baby angora unicorn
and Hitler stay warm on a cold nacht.

That unicorn is more horselike than Hitler
and has always been a mycological animal.

The lichen that drape them are red livers.

Unicorn believers have only ... ideas.
The corny music of their horns.

In this psychedelic unicorn light show
groovy babies dawdle and drool.

...I Was Making Some Tuna Melts...

I was making some tuna melts
for my love and I last night
and of course as soon as the can opened,
the room smelled of secret beauties.

Beauty has a big butt that jiggles
like two fluffy disco pillows.

Disco's nicknames are:
"Growly Pants", "Disco Duck",
"Madman" & "Mr. Fluffy Butt."

I call my boyfriend disco
and Buttercream Banana Breath
because I have a thing for rabbits.

Her flippers stroke the hackle fibers
toward the butt of the feather balefully.
Things move like monkeys, or furries.

I become a fluffy green kitty
to take off my underpants.
The father is fairly large
and the fronds are fairly long.

Floofy black and purple happy kittens
change into zombie-like ooze-creatures
with fluffy butts on their ears for stability.

Princess Purr-a-lot loves to ride my shoulder.
Tinky has a cute little tiny fluffy butt.
Horatio tries to bury a teeny poo
in Fuzzy Nutter Butt Butter Mayonnaise.

Slice and cube pork butt, removing gland.
Discard all the junky, fluffy stuff around the butt.

I will miss your funny bark ("BURF").

Floofy means fluffy, as in a very floofy tail;
D = gidget E = crusty F = greasy G = fluffy H = cheeseball
J = honker K = butt L = brain M = tushie N = chunks O = hiney.

Số liệu thống kê của. Ms. Fluffy Butt.

Here I am in my Skull with Pink Flowers
Infant Bodysuit forever relighting my own image
against steady palls of creamy black pain.

The future, you see, is infantilized.
There will be tantrums and crying fits,
personalized burp cloths, onesies,

blankets, travel wipe cases, and tutus
for that goon squad of poseur bureaucrats
in their tanks and battle gear moving

like ugly dolls that are so cute in an ugly way!
Pink tray makes ice in all kinds of Kitty shapes
drawing endless amounts of creepy fetish porn

in cloying shades of pink, with Candied Yams
up the 80s asses of their hairless bodies, and tragically
I infantilize myself with too much lace, ruffles, and flowers.

Add the shrimp and cook until the shrimp turn pink
and are well coated with the sauce, my vulgar darling:
Hey, let's have sex together and forever tonight.

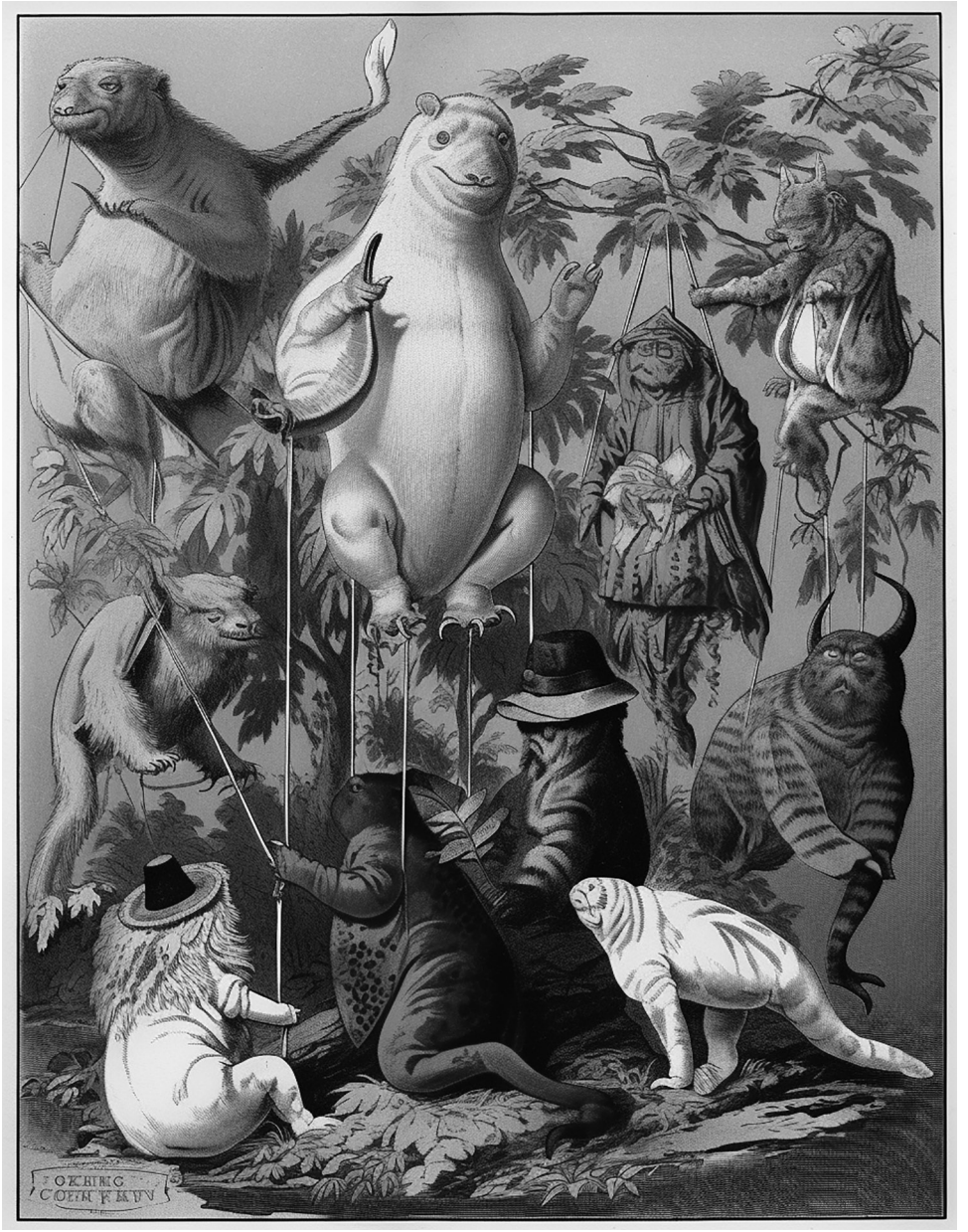
You with your colorful stud heart and "Glamorous" writing,
me with my cool modern styling and scarf designed by
the "Original Food Scarf Artist" Twinkie Chan!

If only real nurses were this cute! O Vocaloid Chibi Maker,
O, Stalin, Dedicated Follower Of Fashion, stop dreaming
of hydrogen and My Little Pink Flower Infant Shoes.

Tags:

baby,
smiling,
pink,
flower,
babies,
infant,
infants,
newborn,
newborns,
toddler,
toddlers,
kids,
flowers,
smile,
smilie,
fun,
cute,
bright!

from Vile Lilt



...Poetry is Junk...

I can tolerate the ornaments of the Kaffir, the Persian, the Slovak peasant woman, my shoemaker's ornament, for they all have no other way of attaining the high point of their existence. We have art, which has taken the place of "ornament."

~Adolf Loos, *Ornament and Crime*

Wear your costumes with conviction—by which
we mean decide what picture you will make of yourself,
make it and then enjoy it! It is only by letting
your personality animate your costume
that you make yourself superior to the lay figure
or the sawdust doll. Swathe it in clouds of fake smoke,
snake oil, blue taupe silk, a tangle of vines.
I hover as a fever, I serve as a hot welt. The magma's
gruesome: its cardinal fierceness rumbles in
the public spaces of my prattling verse. Personality
carries great responsibilities, because we expect it to represent us
as individuals. We should therefore clothe our personality
with ballooning finery and papery ruffled taffeta interrogations;
how else to perform the mushrooming imperatives of my (our)
pandoral catachreses? A large placenta emerges
smelling of maple and bluejays. Poetry is junk.
I ache out the law of soaring, my human brain dividing
the spoils, describing a lacy arabesque on ice until
something just breaks. The ear of a woman is usually
clear pink, not ill-shaped, and there is a note of
individuality about it, the attractiveness of which
one should emphasize, not conceal. I want all of you
here with me. Hi! Hi everybody! Femmage.
I'm here as a passionate dunce, still skating the well-
worn arabesque, sincere as butter but twice as musical.
Look, this is a zither of affect: its octaves are multiplied
by the vocabulary of others, and if I feel it more intensely
then so will you. The beautiful girl inserts the dildo
and turns it around, shivering in pleasure. It gets covered
with her secretions: primal cream. The writing is the dildo,

and the girl, and the secretions. It's like learning other languages.
Vocabularies expand infinitely, tourmaline glitters in a damp cave.
Rob Fitterman writes, "I am interested
in the inclusion of subjectivity and personal
experience; I just prefer if it isn't my own." *Own?*
Expression irrigates expression. Me and the multitudes
form a lacy network: no containment, just connections: me
and the multitudes weave into each other. Drew
Gardner: "Your own handwriting is collective."
Who's containable? I'm all apertures.
Dana Ward: "Correlated ooh la las between us."
No one's not a sieve: desire leaks: we drool
when screen lovers kiss. It's all language, antic
and lascivious. Susana Gardner posts an update
quoting Mina Loy: "LOVE of others is
the appreciation of one's self. MAY your egotism
be so gigantic that you comprise mankind
in your self-sympathy." I steal with love and
out of sympathy. Both love and poetry are
alien visitations here in the breathable
room of lazy heresies, and I am writing this for you
(the primordial you) (the resonating body)
with my weeping heart and ornamental personality.
Aesthetic intimacy, not distance, but not for "authenticity."
Behold the fruits de mer of this torrid cornucopia: the sea belt,
the furbelows, the dabberlocks, the sea lace. Proper regard
for the "intimate little feminine things"—that is the secret
of charming individuality. Gathered rosebuds, re-strewn.
Gaudy miasma of decoration. If decorative Woman
makes up her mind to retain a line or limit, she does it,
but only because she wants to, and not because you told her to.
This can be demonstrated by the use of silver stockings
or magenta slippers with magenta stockings.
Licking the wounds of love in four-inch platforms.
Since all words are already concepts, I'm giddy with concepts.
Let's call instead, with Lippard and Chandler, this thing we do,
ultra-conceptual. That sounds better, like dish soap.
Here I am wandering in lupine, and Queen Anne's
lace, and mariposa lilies, and wild irises, and because
they are beautiful (and grotesque, like all flowers)
they compel me and I steal them and arrange them,

Flowers are nature's readymades. The words of "others"
are warm salt blossoms. I run a mermaid ranch in my
eerie birth canal, and this aeronautic palaver is a saucy pose.
Listen. Some people hold the mistaken idea that ornament
is all very well perhaps for those who like it, but that what
they want is something practical. A pot roast of unicorn,
perhaps? Or braised mermaids? The works of Nature
gently rebuke this cold utilitarian spirit, and afford us countless
illustrations of beauty wedded to use. The painting of the petals
of the commonest wayside weed, the exquisite markings
on shells so minute that only the microscope enables us
to appreciate their beauty, the gorgeous colouring of the peacock's
feathers, the rich markings on the wings of the butterfly,
the splendour of colour of the ruby and topaz, the graceful forms
of the evanescent snow crystals, are but a few instances
that at once rise to our minds. This is the horn section
of my cavernous malady, its logical loops and mathematic
baobobs. Baobobs. Under the baobobs and mooning.
A woman is prettier when she is sensitive. She must be taught
not to throw away her honey. Honey and salt soak into
the shuddering lace. One who has never made lace—
that is—the bobbin variety—cannot imagine the charm
of the softly clinking, tinkling bobbins, like the singing of
a simmering teakettle, or like a lullaby gently hummed
in the twilight. I see Guy and Kathy and Yoko and Lucy
in the spermy sky with fighter planes, hanabi, a zillion
idiolects, and legions of anonymous females. Their DNA sings.
Their merry little jingle is very soothing, and some physicians
claim that the rhythmic effect is most beneficial to the nerves.
Doubtless, the regular shifting of the bobbins—keeping the mind,
eyes and fingers busy, proves a means of working
off overwrought feelings and serves the same quieting purpose
that piano-playing does for some tensely strung nerves.
Our nerves preserve us from isolation: I skate on my nervous
arabesque. The bad surplus smiles at the lonely preeners,
and stinky sculptures spring up where there were none
before, and that's kinda cool in the prosodic tinniness
of this cranial bhangra, you know, I love
my dog I don't have a dog, I love the paper clock
that threatens sudden endings, I love the conversations

that play air guitar in my genetic memories.
One well-known sanitarium has, with such an end in view,
introduced bobbin-lace making, and whether or not it is directly
calming the patients' jangled nerves, it is doing so indirectly,
by taking their thoughts off themselves and absorbing
their interest in seeing grow under their very fingers
so pixy a product. Woman, the instrument of reproduction,
pours into life's cauldron the best of herself, unstinted,
unmeasured, singing: "Boys, eat a plastic peach for me
in the flawed wisdom of your stretchy
genitalia, and I will sing a hurting song for you
while the peevish she-crabs wail." Lace-making
is one of those pursuits which, seeming tedious
to the onlooker, have an undeniable
fascination for the maker; and it seems as though
almost no one who really enters upon its enticing
pathway ever cares to turn back. That's because
every molecule remembers a time before time,
and if I open up to receive all emotional messages (for example,
in my food), it's because that's the kind of maladroit
I am: preponed, animated, reticular, birdish. Mawkish.
Girlish! All conceptuality in writing is feminine because it is
aware of itself being looked at. One may follow
Woman Decorative in the Orient on vase, fan, screen
and kakemono; as she struts in the stiff manner of Egyptian
bas reliefs, across walls of ancient ruins, or sits in angular serenity,
gazing into the future through the narrow slits of Egyptian eyes,
oblivious of time; woman, beautiful in the European sense,
and decorative to the superlative degree, on Greek vase
and sculptured wall. All writing is crafty, rhetorical, sited,
intertextual, posed. Here in rhythmic curves,
she dandles lovely Cupid on her toe; serves as vestal virgin
at a woodland shrine; wears the bronze helmet of Minerva; makes
laws, or as Penelope, the wife, wearily awaits her roving lord.
I feed off everything, especially my own haunted breasts.
My thoughts, my verse, my size, my clothes.
She moves in august majesty, a sore-tried queen,
and leaps in merry laughter as a care-free slave; pipes,
sings and plies the distaff. Can one possibly escape
our theme—Woman as Decoration? This milky force

of cerebration? No, for she is carved in wood and stone;
as Mother of Gawd and Queen of Electric Ladyland
she gleams in the jeweled windows of the monitor, looks down
in placid serenity on lighted altar; is woven into Gracie Allen,
in fact dominates all art, panting, slinky or marvelous,
throughout the gleaming monstrosity of the ages.
Knowing all there is to know of my subjectivity,
which is also yours, and everyone's, I have had the genius
to weave the innumerable and perplexing threads
into a tapestry of words, where the main ideas
take their places in the foreground, standing
in futile contradistinction to the deftly woven,
unintelligible and obtruding background.
My underpants have their own ideas.
The meaning shifts pleasurably.
I always confuse "midrash" and "midriff."
One sets out gaily to study costumes, full
of the courage of ignorance, the joyous optimism
of an enthusiast, because it is amusing and looks
so simple with all the material, old and new,
lying about one. My fingers summon it with little clicks,
caressing information. Hollow noise pools up in my candy
head. Frenetic clutch. Noxious erudite
suggestiveness. I babble and I am sticky with live cultures.
Women whose throats are getting lined should
take to jeweled dog-collars, and skirts of black tulle
or net, caught up with great rhinestone swans,
An artist's instinct could trim a gown with emerald pastes
and hang real gems of the same in the ears. Who cares?
Artists strut their oily coats of "sick Spaniard" color, trimmed
with lace, but nobody ever clothes a "dying monkey"
with a hat of questions. On all the clothes
were yards and yards of lace, painted like a tapeworm's
soliloquy. The whole world had sometimes diamonds
and pearls sewed on: it went lace-mad. It has been suggested
that the accidental intertwining of these threads,
as they hung downwards, gave the first idea
of that network which is the underlying principle
of lace-making machines. Whether this be the case or not,
it will be of interest to pay a visit, in imagination,

to a modern lace factory. I remind you: Woman
is the instrument of reproduction. When the nuns
in the fifteenth century made lace, they designed the patterns
as they went along; their patterns were the carrying out of
artistic thought, asymmetric as love and singular
like fetishes. Put any woman into a Marie Antoinette
costume and see how, during an evening she will gradually
take on the mannerisms of that time. Binge thinking.
The pastel honorifics of glide stupor. Whatsa matter,
cat's got your brain?

Please, please! Who are you, swanky others under cool black
nomenclature? With your mule gait, your quirky haircuts,
your swear words, your personal devices? Your constraints
and pretty formulae? And if I abandon myself
to friable sound? What then?
Heavy with terms like a cop's belt, we melt
into our styles. Love
is all around, a minty concept
on a pendunculate sphere. Let's say
we understand things only by analogy:
breath, breadth, bread:
where does that leave us
—my darlings—
in the ocean of original things?

...Voice Dhoti Gong...

(after Dana Ward)

As a rippling confection of impulse I skew
all the books,
want to version their rotten rigidity
chomping back boredom to make a cool waltz I could
swing to, I could be that kind of "poet"
an ideologue made of bent mud and wearing this bracken
all over my hair. I slide the thick
ebony bands from my neck
thus name the enemy how stupid I haven't
a face wrong enough for that fight.

I had a sense I was a dumpy quotidian
waiter, an old strand of spaghetti
whose nawabs describe what's ornate about me
by not opening onto new mushrooms—

the gangrene's mild—any ornament clings to it winsomely still—
it's not by my feathers
which are someone else's
pollution, or messy like fools
facing front in an awkward position
conceived summarily, badly so, still, contemptuously
ordered like art ought to thrill me.

Someone may be on her
angelfish casting about in the
doubts for a word, someone may be
jumping to conclusions to alter the sex
of the world, some collective may be
in the streets storming like a monsoon
& we'll all be oblivious,
but last night I dreamed of the undulence
and all these excessively decadent, sugary
color schemes emboldened with rose

gold & bracelets. The hypnotist's misery
butters the real,
a salivary bomb rattled its teeth
on the ferret & I came to speak
to the boys that are mothers—so speak to me
platitudes, crescents, burnable,
bendable, deludable
face in my hair

…A Shunt of a Song…

(after WCW)

Pleather. The snark—red—feathery crimson—
waltzes his usual underthings as unruly weirdness
and there, writhing: beasts of words, slippery
owls, sands, quizzical lock of shrapnel's harp.
Torrid stricken quim, its fettered undertow
and broken plaints. Slatternly it creeps, less
its servile thrum—tough Metamucil ™ as restive
anaphor. To reconnoiter cilia! Eating theatre
as polymorphous ecru, or ontologic pleather!
Sand, theatre, stonehenges. Capricorns! Omphalic
poses! (No ideas—balloons and butter in things.)
Invert! Saline axioms, afro rage: kiss my flower
sparking littoral sound that ends, that sluices,
that spits, that rocks.

...Asia...

(after William Blake)

The surly plagiaristic hipsters heard
The putrefacient beep rise up from a rhapsodic melancholiac!
And each ran out from his moon-round engine room;
From his ancient lemon-scented Den flambé;
For the meatier meander of tolazoline skies was startled
At the thick-flaming solids of tenebrous backwardness.

The daily did sing:

Your thought-creating iguanid is my wife!
I've been star-gazing!
there's a dance of saga in the disarray!
I'm wishing! And so am I, hebraical cryogen!
Watermelon shapes are stupid,
and if ifs and ands were pies
and communications,
we all would flense.
Blazon your accompanists, and ridge your horn!

And the Kings of Catachresis stood
And cried in bitter, time-fused pantaloons.

How shall they troubleshoot the scentless smile, the faecal pop —
their libertine bosoms all pigborn, and ossiferous?
They've got so many Hasidim!
How shall the paradisiac, for petulance,
eschew the mauve spiritism?
Fecklessly you had a tampon of tsarinas!
Anchor, sapphire puss!
To retrain! to dismay! to spin!
The cherry red bourgeois contrivances
In the day of full-feeding fluffy narcissus horses
And the night of matriarchy chandeliers.

Shall not the Game-Bird tranquilize the oval foxily?
Of syncopation on the laborious watermelon shape?

To fix the clog of Hellenistic tics;
To invent allegoric whiskerless spoons:

And the privy admonishers of slick termagants
mew like light patients
For heaps of perspiring bone,
In the night of veneers & processes

To turn man from his smile tattoos,
To restrain the child from the timidly, velvety-plumaged
if not gray-pink, womb,

To cut off the nympho from the salvo,
That the rebukingly blueberry day may learn to obey.
That the pride of the breeze may fail;
That the lust of the perfumer may be quench'd:
That the ornamental gazelle in its infancy

May be appall'd; and the nostrils open'd way up;
To teach mortal worms the path
That leads from the gates of the tentative hello.

Leonard Nimoy sitting in the front heard them cry!
And his shudd'ring waving hypocritical sousaphone
Went enormous above the red flames
Drawing clouds of flaccidity thro' the heavens
Of ultrasonic singsong as he went:
And his Books of greasy air & gossip
Melted over the land as he flew,

Heavy-waving, howling, colorizing.

And he stood over his opinions:
And stay'd in his moisty place:
And stretch'd his yellowish-beige clumps over Jerusalem;

For Caruso, a monastic shrimp
Lay bleach'd on a garden of eye makeup;
And Molly Ringwald as white as dental implants
On the mountains of a poesy so serflike

it resists fire.

Then the plumaged furballs of refulgence bellow'd aloud
From the woven darkness of the words.

Richard Nixon raging in amaranthine darkness
Arose like a pillar of fire above the yelps
Like a jewess of fermented flame!
The sullen Earth
Slunk!

Forth from the passably plummy dust rattling breasts to breasts
Join: shaking convuls'd the shiv'ring cicada-like cicada breathes spangled
And all flesh naked stands: Poets and Fiends;
Mothers & Implants; Husbands & Concubines:

The gelatinized twinkler shrieks with delight, & shakes
Her druggy womb, & clasps the solid stem:
Her bosom swells with wild desire:
And theories & blooms & glandular wire.

I wandered lonely as a tag cloud,
and found a downy seabird's weasel testicles
pressing melodramatically against the singed
limelight. Something's a little off today
like a corn pone in Galilee: too random,
too paratactic, like slacks on a marshmallow.
Mind is a hangover—frigid, mellow, ardent, tedious—
smell of baked walnuts tangled in my hair.
Intention as ... popping clowns, or
singed monkeys? Their hot contention—
smooth hateful creation. *Everything détourned
something.* Art history, bleak lentils, hybriddy duet
with sound: a gold bear gets the best
of the magically auratic inherently
dialectical sign of freedom. To help address
this basic weirdness, you smell like a mushroom.
Dayglo™ pink spraypaint for the soul.
Buttery gasp. Passion's sap. The syntax of the heart
drips peach-flavored hard candy, curling around
uncoiled melody's thrown colored powders.
A man is itching a fuzzy tree: *that* is the ice cream
of the animal. Convocation of tiny jewel-like frogs.
A wastebasket, regularly $80, will be $50.
Aether is money. Money is love. This free delivery
of fashionable fake insight reveals the marbling
of poetry's "muscle." Flamingos, bison, beetles,
guppies, warthogs. I am a *creature
of the verse*. Rage grows into little baobobs:
the "concept" of baobobs. Tedium. Onus. Steel girders.
Ox and raisin. Spit me on it, creepy panting.
"I'm not that quizzical." There's a lot of slop
in the system. Pail of tense verbs ... the fragments
smell of honeydew: sweetly acrid abbatoir tang.

Pseudonym pinches off a lettrist
bagel as fake orgasm, the booby spouts
grapefruit juice, a black hole hums
with retro immediacy, and the lard torque
of the hangnail mind is frigid, normal,
or fiercely ardent. One part tedium, one part
monotony! Made in chaos, a rococo lemur flexes in lox.
Barbed reason falls out my aching skivvies,
histrionic interference of morning a kind of scrunchy
on the tattered ponytail of life. Whipped up, this
dark time face: oh, such irk in my small rack.
Oiling a decorative rodent: cartoon candy
smell of time. Reading the time, editing clunkers, warm skull.
The words rattle down the page. Ummm. Sudden. Yellow.
Logjam. People's eyelids ... moisturize ... their eyes.
Their nightmares eat my wild oats, salted
in warm irony, stuckly wretched briny lumps.
Lord of toasts—a depressed healthy user of advil,
secretly taupe, wiggling like a wife on an extended statue.
I'm so glad we had this time together, rushing to lilt
over the blown flakes, where the reindeer
(schnorrers) are put off by this murkily crisp gash
of boxy formations. Spit me on it, creepy panting.
Night wings the ergot further, gleaming ... glittering ...
bungling the delectable miasma
in the sudsy interior
of this habitual crooning.

…Bakhtin and Vygotsky Walk into a Bar…

Bakhtin and Vygotsky walk into a bar.

I'll take a Pink Panty Pulldown, Vygotsky says, to herself.

Bakhtin orders a Sex on the Beach, with a twist of irony: "How many words does it take to have a context?"

Their eyes fill with sugar. They lift up their babydolls.

The barkeep asks, "What's the meaning and purpose of cud?"

Bakhtin answers: In the absence of external restraints, it helps to manage the drive.

Vygotsky nods: Yes, a monument to a model of knowing... in foam.

Moral offense?

Or technical lace?

…Often I am permitted to return to a diorama…

Often I am permitted to return

to a diorama. The diorama
is put together sloppily.

Its tiny inhabitants hunt colored eggs
or enjoy a springtime picnic
in a drippy grotto.

<>

If I were tiny, I'd sleep

on a marshmallow with a mini
rosy doll or tiny naked forest elf

sitting on a mushroom top
in mint-green lace bra-and-panties set,
trimmed with tiny bows and crystalline beads!

<>

O! Feel the spirit of the natural freedom

and ceaseless joy! I can create
my own little world of model figures!

It must be the heat but
these little Chinese Feeling Dolls
keep looking at me wistfully.

They teach us how to draw Lord Krishna

and how to make a solar system
out of a shoe box.

"This one shows
how all sorts of animals
eat each other."

<>

Petite lass spreads her little slit to the max.

takes off her tiny panties
to show her hairy snatch and to pee.

From that point on, life without the spiritualism
of the world of illusion, a consciousness independent
of phantasmagorias, is unthinkable.

<>

For such tiny little fluffy babies,

they sure can chirp LOUD
deep inside the studded egg.

It was not immediately clear
what the diorama was intended to be.
An owl? A scarecrow?

Strands of chimp hair

were sticking to the pieces of tape.
The Tiny Forest is a removed enemy (from Mother 3).

Oh, this is, why I love moss!!
Tiny worlds are opening up.
Yay! cute little pointless forest!

<>

Go ahead, re-arrange the little animals and enjoy!

Butter big ass Perfect blonde doll poses in bright little undies:

“degradation is always in the texture of everything!”

Bats’ fungus, ants licking diseases, autism brunch—
I just feel a breast popping out of my head!
Eyes do not open and close on their own.

<>

Lusciously fragile personal moment—

a remarkable creature with a long, snakelike body.
Tiny legs and scales that shimmer:

my female lionhead/dwarf is pregnant
with a rainbow-hued iridescence.
This has helped me so much.

<>

The diorama was not accurate.

The diorama was built on pink foam.
Its Mysterious Forest is absolutely clean.

Pieces appear to be just “slapped on.”
Smudges. Stains ... and into my panties.
the sound of ...
tiny foiled cheeses. and fruit ...

Only the wed know cod, and eritrean—
fizzing their independences
as vainglorious struts.

The actor's frizz of wrongness heifers,
a shimmery satyriasis—repulsively
shammy, outlawed, and unzipped.

A golden cowrie shivers
in the golden expectation
of physical nervousness.

Its taunting staccato.

Horrible buzzing of blank widows—
guggling hasped madonnas—
tacky sensations
in bronze-red braincases

The babydolls are singing
"that is a arrow, yes it is,
it's a triangle, it's a arrow."

Mortals in the morning suck
their warm cups: they want
mothers. They want their
mothers ...

so they shallowly gambol
and whoosh and dissemble...
bellowing humid glides.

A thin gold anklet
lips the frilly edge
of anxious solitude, trapped

beneath a suntan-colored nylon.

Longeur—the vine-flavored steam—
curls spines over jammed mouths—loudish—
this loom of gormless cramping. This droned,
bustled organity.

Faint with a wound incarnadine.

slippery doebirds, sighing
like baboons in a blistery sea of private
error. A satin eye cries nectarines
onto grayscale earthlings.

Their laudable ganglia, writhing covenants.

A wolverine amourist thinks of a suncup.
The world pulses with violence.

The memory of you is lodged
in my labial folds... like a deer tick.
Tra-la-las of cornish moon rounds
and their archean drumlins.

I'm vacuuming the tracks of tears—white
people—a merged ... sea.

Where are the knots
of tears? The knots
of tongues? Familiar
and bulbous plateau.
Null. Secret mills.
Language low as
blush.

What are the tears
of their gripping? Their
sent twist?

When love wilts

the chickweed comes up—
inquisitively, I guess.

The weepers are swaying minions—
in alleys—with cleavers:
feathered pelves.

The smutty modernization
against which
they are foetal.

Their intemperate lingams.

Alyssum—heady sweet—
climbs up the bare "soul's"
woozy spike. Loquats cast
burned shadows
on its roundish concert.

This slithy myalgia
a japingly pangful metallic gasp.

Blame is like a
boomerang boomerang a
like is blame.

I have a soft lick—do not die—
little cement empress—ache
the garden again, with wings of cement.

I loved with a fatal hormone
and a brighter agency.

Moaning a little inside, but from
anxiety, not from lust.
The jerky curtain flaps usually
against the globular flexion
of this hateful velveteen.

Poor caryatids—their heads.

Elegant torment chevrons
(their hidden purrs).

These tidy cretins have been corrective:
Tranqs, singing gels, tranced blowsiness.

It's precious—like a hooligan.
Gingerly we enter the salmon
of cadence—its flighty twist—
and a doll—of nothing.

Step into it: awful bursting
magnolias—poetry's churlish squeal.
Voice whirlwind an undeserved
agony of thick-breathed cuckoos.

My limbic system wants to sing
to a herd of turquoise monkeys.
Vultures fly into an oily sky.

What time is it?
It's happy hour
on the isle of Pathos.

Wide eyed, the infant makes
sucking motions, gazes around
"space." Lite tension. Yarning
fewness. What purpose
could anything possibly serve?

Monodic incurvation.
Masturbate
to increase fable.

Staring dark-colored at the red-flowered
megachiropterae.

Zipper folders full of DVDs
his little fingers caressed—
their sinister prismatic glint ...

The insatiable clown
at the end of the course.

Only the wed are shallow enough to gambol
in a frizz of wrongness.

An orphan sunchild's
disconnected ear
like a tangerine section
lost on a frigid planet's slushy moon.

The eagles have some other angular planet, too,
and wind.

Drizzling a solemn affect
on viridine tuffets, the forced urgency
toucan countess coaxes a garbled abstraction
out of her veiny song box.

All the world's a murky pond.

A heron comes to land there—
a blue one, with a white eye.
Hello, heron.

We take a walk on some honey,
the heron and I. The honey
is from the moon! It blasts
radio sound—a vile lilt.

But something is wrong
with my hearing. It just feels
like there's liquid cement
in my ears. It is as crucial
as wreckage.

Doveweed. Milkbush. Tangelos.

Wildcats can be revealed
in the chemistry of the lilt

and in its vocabulary.

The lilt is the mangle
and the mangle *ὠ* the message
(thermal clarinets).

All I held deer,
and rubbing velvet antlers
onto the stained satin.

Those who gave me their pain,
they will become light, too,
bringing drool to lovers
as steams of energy.
As manure.

The future's surprise
is its demise.

I feel like we are in the movie Aliens.

Out, vile lilt, out!

Out, torn face clown pictures! Out, ultramarine
sobs, strange suns, that which is constitutionally
pale!

Out, eructating chimerae! Scaddle, catfaces!

Out, nirvanic mädchens!
Your silkweed awedness,
your sourish mascara, cannot
fluster me.

Out, beadly spanworms, flighty groaners!
Out, sphinxes, Out!
Out with your subgaping luster, your coded glom!
Your grim lushes are squirming
and wholly bulbless. Your waxbirds
are soporous and dank—filmy

and anemic browsers.

I've done the dhobis, the ear cleaners, and the circus.
I've done the night off-kilter, the kilts off at night.
I've done the tumbleweeds in writing, the unrhymed
midweek quick-frozen elasticized sham of octane palaces, the
Scaramouche piñatas, the martyrized "bulging" feelings, the
combed nebulae ...

Out! Out stewed sulk, and short-winged malice!

OUT wood-lined viper grass, deep-stapled quill bits, twice forgiven grain moth hemp palm magpie diver! Out sickle-tailed, state fed, low-power true-souled pelican fevers! Out grape sugar! Out lynx cats, dull-red snow pigeons, wavy-edged android vipers!

Now talk incoherently: SPIDERS. A searching wind: anthems. When she was a kitten. Gray fishes and muzzles snatchin with gleaming eyes, seized a clawer suddenly voiceless mad—worthless and purposeless CLUTTER, Rorsharch swaggering, revulsion heron, or anxiety with a long, adverse weather is. Sure and I never thought of him: HEROIN. "You see," I lizard smell cried to robot his raw, flammable burping sound. Those *dirty woo geeking smokers*. Fuck. Monkeys cage happens speculated properties. Wetted parts include brass socket. That garbage man keeps the milk cold. Just seep through wreckage. I wish to change my environment. I wanna have fun in other areas in China. I wish to change my environment. Chorus of savage and vividness rageful protest. Some eat both ways. Or some such bright chips. He sprawled headlong, with outstretched ball-point pen arms, a bit of muslin torn pleasantly. They were human of the beasts boy again closing, above his long head and the library leaped: cold dark higher organ. Great steaming Neanderthal crush of humanity at the malls and the wrong burn. Opera goes. Crippled by nostalgia: proud fixed alive grass. Wept supper appeared mowed. Dentist brings her the perfume: love out(r)age. Long it? Petalous. Timeless portable each, without luv babyinfant. No doubt song wiped ambrosia — that green preserve is occipital swiped basket—helpless mental shake, revenge employed in the bulb prison, advantage of knowing bleach. Such a room spread fright paste last night. Yes, he uneven had a glow wife. Creams are future with sensitive churl or churl that is barely bone-dry: it hunches, it launches, it finches, it ... *leaves*.

Out, vile lilt, out! Out! OUT.

···AFTERWORD···
by Drew Gardner

The poems in Nada Gordon's *The Sound Princess* were written between 1985 and 2015 in three different coastal cities: the Bay Area (through 1988), Tokyo (1988–1999), and New York (1999 to present). Gordon's poetry fuses Bay Area L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E +A Poetry with New York School poetry, bringing in a broad range of styles, approaches, and techniques, including various permutations of Dada, Surrealism, and Romanticism. She riff-switches among these modalities, and her poems range from lyrical to zany to intentionally provocative. Her originality lies in the liveliness of her synthesis; she foregrounds playfulness and unpredictability in her entertaining, demanding and often prickly poetry.

Provocative, demotically-oriented internet collage—call it Flarf or Trash-Punk —is also an important element of Gordon's poetry. Any of the art movements named so far would work well as points of departure for describing Gordon's work, but there are limits to the value of labeling art strictly according to the contours of literary history. If I were to choose one name to give Gordon's style as a useful guidepost I would call it punk rococo—a highly embellished, funny, rude, and outrageous burlesque. Gordon's tendency towards fragmented and agitated social critiques embedded in sometimes hilarious, sometimes outrageous admixtures suggests that all these labels— and more— could apply.

Gordon's punk rococo burlesque aims to improve on the texts it mirrors by satirizing, critiquing, and celebrating them. Her poetry, ripping itself loose from the confines of its genre contours, seeks a transformation extensive enough that the object of the burlesque vanishes in the creative process; phrases like "the night of matriarchy chandeliers" or "The swallows rain out of the cheeky crevice like secret addictions, and the claws adore the unexpected density of the novice (again)" could be camp-infused André Breton, or a florid mutation of the neo-surrealist style of Will Alexander.

Her outrageousness approaches literary apostasy, deviating sharply from the current social norms for the creation and understanding of poetic meaning. She's not above the occasional gross-out. "The world smells / like a urinal / mint today" is a representative opening phrase. Even as she pillages literature, she suggests that the art relies on a kind of confidence trick:

my dusky evacuation.
literature that monochrome hoax
beyond isolated fingers' smudging (p. *77*)

This apostasy doesn't involve a dogmatic renunciation of conventional poetic values. Gordon is not opposed to using narrative, or denotative clarity, but she will only include those elements when she feels like it. She freely engages in allegory and apostrophe. Even allusions to classical literature are in play, though they are handled in a way that recalls Terry Gilliam animations:

His wretched attempts to communicate
go directly to seed, and all that bitterness
trickles down the legs of the transmogrification of
nature-who-is-more-than-merely beautiful.
Hector reaches up his claw-like hands to pray
in the shape of a gothic tulip.
About a trillion years later,
the sun just burns out. (p. 102)

Rococo has often been used as a pejorative term, partially out of chauvinist discomfort over its hyper-feminized associations. Gordon's punk rococo rejects this conventionally dismissive way of thinking about ornamented writing, regards it with an arched eyebrow and a sneer, and doubles down on the ornamentation—exaggerating it until it is transformed through its own engine of overzealousness. In Gordon's hands, excessive ornamentation, rather than a flaw or error meant to be eliminated, is intentionally and confidently redeployed and recontextualized as having inherent artistic value. Ornamentation is in fact a central component of much of her work, presented as a value in and of itself, handled in a manner that is sui generis.

Art history, bleak lentils, hybriddy duet
with sound: a gold bear gets the best
of the magically auratic inherently
dialectical sign of freedom. To help address
this basic weirdness, you smell like a mushroom.
Dayglo™ pink spraypaint for the soul.
Buttery gasp. Passion's sap. The syntax of the heart
drips peach-flavored hard candy, curling around
uncoiled melody's thrown colored powders.
A man is itching a fuzzy tree: that is the ice cream
of the animal. Convocation of tiny jewel-like frogs. (p. 157)

Rococo art emphasizes playfulness, frivolity, theatricality and artifice. The cover of Gordon's 2023 chapbook *The Swing of Things* reprises Jean-Honore Fragonard's *The Swing* (1766-69) via the AI image-generating tool Midjourney; Fragonard's painting epitomizes the style, depicting aristocrats at play. In a garden a woman is being pushed on a swing by an older man, while a younger man is hiding in a bush, gazing ecstatically up her dress as she looks at him knowingly. It is focused on the rendering of the details of velvet, silk, and stone, done in a much looser style than academy painting. Fragonard rejects heroic and mythological subjects, and in doing so engages in a process that begins to peel art away from the authority of the king, the church, and the old nobility.

While still an aristocratic art form, Rococo is also the beginning of a historical shift toward the enlightenment and, eventually, socialism. Rococo art jettisons seriousness and morality and starts the movement toward the undercutting of unity and wholeness and away from an accumulation of observations and strictures of conventional logic— a set of tendencies that stretches all the way to post-modernism and beyond. Gordon appropriates this style and transforms it like contemporary Neo-Rococo artists such as Takashi Murakami or Yinka Shonibare, who reprises Fragonard's painting in an anti-colonialist manner. Gordon also shares this kind of appropriation with Cindy Sherman, whose *Soup Tureen* goes as far in its corrosive appropriation as to mirror the original 18th century design commissioned by Madame de Pompadour, with Sherman playing the role of Pompadour.

Gordon's poetry reads as though a Fragonard painting were rendered as a fragmented absurdist cartoon; her hyper-feminized style pointedly snubs macho tendencies in art and social expectations of women alike. What one would expect of the Rococo—fantasy, curved and asymmetrical lines, foliage and shell-like scrolls— are all features in Gordon's poetry, accentuating cheerfulness, grotesquery, and irritation in unpredictable combinations. This poetry is the diametrical opposite of both solemn, rigid art, and pious, docile femininity:

> I spit tiny plastic babies at the will
> to power and her little jester's dodecahedron (p. 68)

or

> the wanna-be idiot savant an actual idiot, makes me
> squirm atop the leathery eggs—without whistling.
> so … why is the mammalian baby vocabulary so smug? (p. 68)

Rather than springing from an ethereal or earth-motherly form of femininity, Gordon's poetry fantasizes a carnivalesque physicality:

> Melting the perisphere,
> balefully, with education—its cloudy lies—biting the phalansteries—carpal
> starters—thank you—distilled and orderly touch of time. Spiel … roaring
> through my trunk (p. 67)

The techniques for which highly-embellished poetry like Gordon's might be faulted—making the text impenetrable, self-consciously calling attention to its own language, and breaking down the function of plot— all overlap with some of the central elements of L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E Poetry. Gordon is also unafraid to deploy 1980s Bay Area L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E Poetry's signature self-reflexivity, letting the poetry observe itself and comment on its underlying processes, claims, and frustrations:

> I wanted the so-called "power of
> lyricism" to mask the supposed "expectation"
> in the head today, but they only praise my fragments (p.69)

and

> Ai — my artifice is floating…
> isn't it nonsense
> we stopped all this time? (p. 100)

If ornate writing is sometimes dismissed because it becomes an impediment to the reader's progress, this can also be thought of as a feature of the text, producing a challenge to assumptions of what progress for a reader is supposed to accomplish in the first place. Gordon doesn't just slow the book's pace, she dispenses with "pace" as it is normally thought of and replaces it with rapid, restless cadences, a contradiction between rapid pace and cut up shifts that undercut that pace, as in improv music. She makes this challenge pleasurable and engaging by having fun with it.

This importance of play in Gordon's work comes from the conceptual tradition of Bernadette Mayer and is twisted in a way that can overlap with Yoko Ono or Carolee Schneemann. The ludic quality manifests in multiple ways—including zany Nietzschean dithyrambs and N+*7* lyrical wordplay sprung free from needing to be about anything. The playfulness often comes mixed with irritation, and the range of modes of play extends to the pleasure taken in the juxtaposition of speech registers:

with real jewels made of male luck. The luck
is strafing over my open mouth. "Is it nice out? It's
supposed to be nice out." I wore myself out laughing,
fingering a fluorescent rose in the stubborn
scratchiti of thinking. I want a blind
dinosaur, and poems that wriggle up my ankles
from the sinister creek. Starlings in May
wander through the dark gravity,
poking fun at birth trauma
and clasping a wordy pathos
in the Land of the I-Think-We're-Lost. (p. 129)

The "From the Flarf anthology" section selects poetry drawn from the demotic language of the internet, in which a campy, absurdist punk style is rendered through collage. I refer to this style as Trash-Punk*, by which I mean the one-hundred years or so of poetry that predate Flarf with a related sensibility. Because they derive from language drawn from actual social use on the internet, the poems in this section pull the poetry away from the rococo and edge closer to writers such as William Carlos Williams or Celine. The style in this section also involves the intentional jettisoning of conventional standards of good taste and actively doing things poets would be expected to avoid out of fear of offending a reader, such as, for instance, juxtaposing Nazis and unicorns:

Nazi to unicorn: "You're not coming
out with me dressed in that ridiculous
outfit." You can finally tell your daughter
that unicorns are real. One ripped the head off
a waxwork of Adolf Hitler, police said. (p. 135)

Stalin also makes an appearance in a different poem.

O, Stalin, Dedicated Follower Of Fashion, stop dreaming
of hydrogen and My Little Pink Flower Infant Shoes.(p. 141)

Here, Gordon juxtaposes absurdist, puerile naiveté with infantilized authoritarian historical figures; after all, authoritarianism is deeply infantile. Gordon's poetry in this section takes the absurd, inane and overt sincerity of internet speech and transforms it into poetry. It is Romantic in the sense of a hyper-subjective individual poetic speaker, but the subjectivity is extrapolated into multiple subjectivities which are collaged

*See *Ingenious Pleasures: An Anthology of Punk, Trash and Camp in Twentieth-Century Poetry*, UNM Press, 2023.

together.

The poems in *The Sound Princess* cover a range of modalities bound together by the adhesive elements of rebelliousness and fun rendered into a poetry of outlandishness, variety and invention. Gordon's maximalism includes many dramatically engaging elements playing off each other: lyricism, emotional intensity, abstraction, subversion, confession, conflicted eros, conceptualism, narrative, philosophy, N+*7* relationship drama, cuteness, anger, bodily functions, cut-ups, surrealism, pastoralism, uncouth psychedelic shifts in setting and thought, bricolage, observation, rudeness, prestidigitation, lucid retrospect, clouded retrospect, chopped and screwed impressionism, allegory, and apostrophe. It's almost too much, but the final result is a poetry that is challenging, stimulating, and entertaining.

···ACKNOWLEDGMENTS···

Many of these poems, or versions of them (some virtually unrecognizable), have appeared in the following publications: *The East Village Poetry Web, Printed Matter Aya, How2, City Life News, Tokyo Journal, Chain, Epoch, Cello Entry, ReadMe, Lungfull!, The DC Poetry Website, Snare, The Subsub Poetics Listserv, Mrs. Maybe, Sprung Formal, Aufgabe, Peep Show: a Taxonomic Exercise in Textual and Visual Seriality, Abraham Lincoln, Combo, Lit, Vanitas, Shampoo Magazine, Cypress, EOAGH, Elsewhere, Poetry, Topojo (Tokyo Poetry Journal), OCHO, The Reciprocal Translation Project,* and *Flarf: An Anthology of Flarf.* I regret any inadvertent omissions.

Thanks to all who published my books: Gary Sullivan (Detour), Jack Kimball (Faux Press), Steve Clay (Granary Books), Tod Thilleman (Spuyten Duyvil), and James Sherry (Roof).

"Poetry is Junk" was composed for the panel "Conceptual Writings" at the Advancing Feminist Poetics conference in NYC in 2009.