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PtArmIgaN: a Threnody was performed at Double Happiness in the
Segue reading series on February 16, 2002 with the following cast:
Drew Gardner on percussion and sound effects; Douglas Rothschild,
Laura Elrick, David Cameron, and Marianne Shaneen as the Chorus;
and Alan Davies as Ludwig Wittgenstein.

Jack, honto ni kokoro kara arigatou.

Peace on earth; no war on Iraq.

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for Leila and Caitlin

Foreword:

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, tallises, green headdresses, burkas. 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?"

1500 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.

Try Transit Week

September 9-15 2001

Epigraph

from *Automonot*

> *Only dull and impotent artists screen their work*
> *with* sincerity. *In art there is a need for* truth, *not* sincerity.
> —Kasimir Malevich
>
> *You got to be sincere.*
> —Conrad Birdie

is "spontaneity" still co-opted?
are there still parts of the self unlearned and fine and wild?
i know the people are always hungry—for words too—
how can i serve you better?

i don't know, i'm the morning flight. truth is hideous,
beauty a lie. this is one thing of which you will always
be ignorant, and something you need never know.

the ming vase is metaquizzical as chains-of-love
epigraphs, a real mimetic burlap animal

and the personal, boys and girls … *is* the polemical

and that's what i mean by "oppression"

and why i want to sing a loganberry song
on the necessary cracked curved pig

but that's just form
insofar as the poems are
"sci-fi slow river consolation"

notice it put lemon ash on the UGLY dissociative
stone headdress: my "needs" are poems too

i look at them and see fear
the poems themselves—in form—are fear—
they are "bulwarks"
as the body is a bulwark
against endless experience

see, you gotta cathect …
to cathart …

(please step in

to my red tassel

intimacy trinket)

stay here with me a moment
in the hooded blast

above the wily tumult
of the furrowed oligarchy.

i need a clammy partner
in the bending night

where culture's
just a feeble ringtoss

above the fruited plain.

my arm is long, soft
and curling around
to pet the hairs
on your cervical spine.

oh charmer,
shape of nothing,
monotone weaver,
brittle reader—

lotus eater
on the lake of distraction
with me
and my brand-new rattle …

stay a while
in this meandering
contrivance.

feel the soft curve
of inter-mutability

sliming between
your ankles.

xoxo
nada

(among the people of this world, there are those whose eyes are as big as cart wheels who will certainly understand my meaning, so I have painted this bamboo and added this note)

Mom, Is This an Interesting Beach?

Bubbling inferno—peg o' my hearing
an inverted tower's asslike nut—
"no tan line, no body" means
"throwover" to the donkey donkey
which is not the same animal (chicken beast)
as "pushover" light white bird dragon—
or a butterfly with the face of Peter Jennings—
that is, the perching arch-alchemy
(Gold, Jaguar), "Process(ed)" (Kraft of poetry)
the "red window jews" as marvels but
under whose goddamn domain? tissues
and pentangles after we die as happy capitalists;
there's a jungle in the hard head
against the given hat of speaking
lore. after we mourn the "no gravitas"
spraying lilac sputum/suffocation
leaning not towards diagrams of love
gone indigent sinking in militant
ornery ham tone, a gang of thugs
smearing butter had us all in gauze-
y skirts confused and deceased. the manacles—
they have to go home. to the bird.
we have to go home. to the bird.
there's a wind. autonomy. autonomy.
the umbrella in the wind, sweetest past time.
the shirts off the backs my dog ate
of the underdog (i have an idea!).
Stegosaurus (Heidegger) *in aeternum*
snorts the mother on the black side
of intention. it rises.

pythoness : pithiness
a rat scurries by me. as one.
i squeal. a rat. we are all … catalytic.
i have an attitude. an agate:
these the hidden valleys purpurate …

p.s. rise up and abandon the spurious contrivance

Paeonies

uh oh, um, dionysian useless category trouble again, i'm that. ponies
go round the mulberry bush not worth the paper it's printed on.

mulberries are food—why? be a man? and not a clown? preposterous,
the ponies slyly follow the cunning little carts with the abjectness

of ponies. abjectly logical useless category ponies tempo and attraction.
and conviction. judge not the ponies, they know not what they do.

my mind is husky and aches preternaturally the riding muscles in my thighs.
morality's bludgeon's not an oxidized statue reaching up through smog.

world trade for another world this thursday morning with critical distance
on my love and writing's orange tips and senses of responsibility:

oh, harupin ha, beppo, gecko, or roy scheider mafia billowing snappish
vellum. every abject day desires wanton drumming, my alertness and love

alight on bits of writing warming on the sand, mercury sludge hulking
in seconal. doing what i want to do to the eidetic wind, smooth, hot

and a little waxy feeling of power without the temporary vicious armature
in the lily boughs and fraptures and criticisms and auto-slappers:

it is raining cats and ectomorphs going to the end of the line
of thinking and coming out blinking. a small black spiral hovers

o'er the consciousness of ponies bending towards their masters
rumps as round as the world heaving up towards sky ambition

tastes like oxalis and blood in the melodrama power play i gaze at
through slit eyes, feeling up the panorama for sensation. exotic

lexis applied as poultice or inserted as pessary (an oval stone
for playing checkers): pruinose, caudal, saxicolous—that's balladry

for the stubbornly liminal. in an exposed position with little chance
of retreat, the ponies' best defense is nakedness and lightsome lyric.

i think no one agrees with me—fragrant nodding bell-shaped flowers.
i think there is a spunky limbic system squeaking in the rain.

limbic dog eats system dog in poem's sleek critical space and unciant
sleeve. i slept wrong on the poem's gravitational wave, and now

personal experience is smooth-skinned juicy greenish-white to deep
red or purple berry. it's also protracted, tricky, semi-erect in zoomorphic

steam … and that's felicitous enough … to keep her gnawing moral elbows
while the townsfolk find new ways to slaughter each other.



Fear of Life II

All the long irritation of a smooth udder—a single aggressive
worm slips away, squirms beside the adulatory newborn
thing which, howling from the back of hair, might, trapped in a movement
of delirious sorrow with me and my fruit bat, twist the wing
of Reputation 'til the baleful Swingle Singers nonchalantly
are reissued in full tremolo—angry grunge. Spit along
the fizzy praxis of western lump and that humid gulp
of wealthy shlock (gold greed); a slobber from the talking lip
dilates mind into diddled-with body, wobbling in the aery-faery
foil, obese yet so beautiful it flirts with dissolution—Derwood
was an adman, a fucker of tame witch, I see him now
in electuary costumes, crushed under warlocks and a stupid grin.

I am outrageous when I do not think the ducklings of love are a
business, I imagine myself irritable like a poetess who sees
in the verse he coerces from his beak or ruffle the only virgin
buffoon he'll ever deceive—satisfied eep. I awake drenched with the breasts
between my sweat which is so precious it cannot touch the marketable
ligatures. The purpose of poesy is awfully innocuous to all of us
who are deaf and blind and yet we seek our orders, thrillingly
follow them down the lane as the sum might seem from certain
angles to sneakily follow the numbers. Croaking pedagogue of aught
stalks the cross-dressing faery. Whose carrot juices life-sustaining nutrition
without dilution, as in an amusing drama, where the flower power of
representation turns to the armlessness of Thrace.

It cannot, though vermiform, be surreal. Frumpy lady
subtracts the gawking ultimate cause of bad trip mendacity
where I see you as an off-color bat wing whose contumely
flaps in an attempt to fly amidst its own delectable
structure, spicy and farcical so that all but the abstrusely abysmal are unable
to suppress their longhorns and cockatoos. That's an image hovering
above me where there is still in my emollient a cool jerk
underbelly, a flammable drug's serious dashiki, the essence of
elephant birds but no glucose, never glucose. That warlock steals time for it
knows not what pronto. Massive revelation box of altruistic salvo,
barnacle life, my cocksure second is impotent
and leaves you bellowing, you and all your ladylike insomnia.

Thursday

which makes us all soldiers of fortune
with our achey-breaky hearts and
senses of division

the seagulls walk on the concrete roof—
whitish bundles of life, the ink comes
out—cough up bile—*help me*—
cry of dissent—market forces, crashes—
alarmist foot in mouth—i need
a bright pansy, everything's in ruins.
the people all in black
want refreshing but the ride is long
and trundling black and i've got
miles to go under the east river
before fourteenth street.
the elevated syntax and its dog's
eyes (el diario)—i hereby
increase the depth of my
misunderstanding—by
explanation not example:
"tell, don't show" though
drumming rituals might help
exacerbate the misunderstanding
impelled by bodily bodily
alienation alienation because
only ruthless prosperity
will buy the little bit of nature
you require. i'm that stressed—
cherry smell—i hate this shit—

emblem slow and backward scandals,
heavy machinery slicing the actual street
machine dust smell makes my teeth hurt

p.s. HOOKAH is to
B L A ST- P I P E

as MERIDIAN
is to A M P U L E S.

Mouth Noises

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.

Muse

Lo!—the muse stays muse. She sits on top of the banister—calendrical, lawless, opalescent—slipping. Is it wrong to want to lick her eyelashes like aloes? Smoothly cyclamen, entirely serif, the muse miscarries the line to the wrong word tendentiously—discomfiture! (chowder)—and she's tyrranical—pendulous with admonitions:

lurk not in barrenness or delirium
be not psyched out by cohorts
come on to the spiral banister with me

And there's the picador's ur-velour—its gaudy plummets till I am sucked. I am clinging to her, clenching my thighs around hers—like she's material—and feel our equilibrium mounting the unbearable proposition! It's a stuttering heap, and belongs to the generals anyway, so I move my tongue in circles on her cheek. The taste of iron filings makes me grab my breasts again as sure as ordinariness. It's always a struggle to wear these bunny suits and fishnets, but I love how the hooked cane keeps bracketing phenomena. The muse occupies herself with particulars (glowing: in the hair) on the rainy day dripping down her thigh while she is singing. There's also a dayglo worm under her notion of frivolity—a steel helmet—as well as the velour *sweat-blackbirds* (symbols of real phenomena). "When I read poetry I want to feel like I'm on drugs," she utters. "When I write poetry I want to feel like I'm on drugs, or at least diddling 'the fire within,'" I say as orthodox (muscular) primrose. But because I feel old I feel strange—about her kitten heels and provisos—and my body, like hers, keeps breaking up into rectangles in shades of umber and sepia. When I look at her I can write the metallic taste of jubilation over and over again. Because it's limpid. And she is all the particle urns over and over again, body painted with expressions, body slouching over in the wooden air, body with cuts and nuts, body masking my real body that clenches in the clenched drizzly metropolis. I like to stretch out her upper lip to tongue beneath it sideways and then again sideways: that is the meaning of the manacles of pleasure she fastens on me with her anatomical doubt.

Song of Refutation:

"Here a windowless monad
There a windowless monad
Everywhere a windowless monad, windowless monad … "

As she moves she leaves a smear. It's not gratuitous, it's life—the dripping. There are leaves everywhere and each leaf is a word and each word wants to help build the site that will help me out of the torture rack. The words have tenuous middles that also move because they are odalisques. The muse, though, is a dominatrix bee and I her humble turtledove. I like to bite the mound of opalescent flesh behind the grooves of ordinary thinking, because to move back and forth from the abstract and particular is the only way to make them take pleasure in each other:

Muse: "I put my lover's pussy in the bottle
of time. Where is the poem
in the valentine rhesus sock?

Stop using language
instrumentally (tying beard
into knot)"

Me (to Muse): "Writing maps the confusion
by chance, in time, with agency.
The tinkling birds,
the singing pools,
are capering irresponsibly
in the actual structuring device
of luckiness."



Voluntary Complexity Movement

the li(f)e you imagine
i don't get nervous about
was the letter H—atomized—
in the sarcastic orange starling's
dialogic crypto-love i've come to
feel anywhere in time—
like it was a mound of venus:
HAVE A GOOD DAY!
if i don't write these poems
i'll split open—how's that
for agony? two tall
beige objective smokestacks &
a wet heelprint.
HAVE A GOOD PEACOCK! and
when the inanimate objects
talk back to me,
i slap them. how else
to ponder the inscrutable
red R on sophistry's
looming façade?
labyrinth? thanato-biography?
auto-genetics? the questions—
pointless, but warm—
are meant to emphasize
the HOPPING nature
of this poem's *(cough)*
"internal logic": CAROUSAL.
monk drags a gordian
sack. man in fedora
sticks tongue to chin.
ESTEFANIA (comic porn)
(conic pony) lurching over the hidden

oculi. i had my vodka
instead of giddy toxicity—(cosmic
pounce) the parched crevasses
of my soul's weaker anchor
spirata inflata
incantata. afflatus—
not divine—invades
the hidden oculi: spirala.
ESTEFANIA! when naked eyes
opened again. are you living
your ME years to the max?
do you *totally* want
some kind of web-winged
gremlin? it's sticky—
a mournful eye looking up
at the peeling ceiling.
and shone a torch—
on eyeballs' reticence
drupelets oddity sexual
spewing swift whiskeys
ulgi dia rololnikov.

let not the naked face
of th'inconstant moon
hold fast the spongey bars
of my vocabulary in throes.
a fraction of a fondle
releases a small laugh—
in public—so the endless
parody of innocuousness
becomes a form of artifice
so pernicious as to privatize
the poor gremlin's
expressive freedoms.

do i care about him?
or the mendacious
demons that come
crawling out the hole
in the upper left-hand corner
of the aforementioned
peeling ceiling? a
wan, anorexic gaze
at redder-than-red violas,
cheese shaped like yin
and yang, magic carpets,
lamps, genies and
woe.

you need roseate duckbilled
passion: he clasps the crag.
your imagination is a
wrinkled sea
split: a la vida.

the mandrills stare their amber
eyes. BLISS ufm OKAPI
blue ridge faces
shaggy fire beards
i don't like taking orders
cigarros cigars real puro
sometimes i don't understand
things because i'm a
poet (snakeskin pattern)
explicit pink jawing, diarrhea smell
i can jolt, i can fang
the lopsided automaton
within. Relief
surged through her:

"you did?" I *hate* authority.
blown sounds damaged fever's
fancy sour note. tongue-tied prole
unmasks the song of fat
contempt: tasty morpheme.
cheesy baby voice
of human resources:
"we wouldn't have hired you
if you were just a poet."
i show my tattoo
in the elevator. that's not
"corporate culture"
"i'm almost an animal"
but [torrent of fear] that's
just for [gasping] media I.D."
—we all come
to need caricature.

the mind is asian.
cicatrix of condensation …
choose your response: *thwawk*.
like the way breasts pop up
between the shoulders with bursts
of purple and orange light toggling
"you were supposed to die" and
"passive resignation."
"we'll let the dwarves do the tunneling
for us—the bent byronic heroes
are at it again."

required state of alertness
to subjects not of inherent
interest: outline of oppression.
light clanking in right ear.

dawdle with me

oil men and oily guys.

rampant racism seen in
weakened storm pansies touting
business which i impractically hate

oh … and my poverty canopy: lavender
rolodex, magenta copy machine,
fish earrings, whimsy hobo.
check and see the reefer peeled
on my back—reality *is* unbeatable,
repercussing ad memorandum:

O time, make concessions.
make my worse
verse, sneak circuit work.

fraud charges out whenever
"sincerity" forces me to pretend
you're deaf. benevolent association:
"i just don't feel (flapping)
like myself."—and the parrot eats
the air conditioner, skillfully.
the glinting—of the cosmetic
mouth, launching the bluebird
out of my hair. i make a quiet key
in the final minute,
i use all available dodos.
guitarist hangs off heifer,
noise in his wranglers
a light aphoristic rose—
beast in broad, sweeping

heiro-strokes. i want
loopy too even if
automatic, the name
pulled back to reveal
the matted ridges.
as the wind blows
i try to make myself
look decent in the
morning of jugular carpet—
am i "free"? her eyes dark and
moist fish, she's like a stock
option on a tingly prayer.
and i guess her love is
a button like mine—

one dripped into another
and caused a rivulet
of relaxed voice.
shake out the artificial sand
from the artificial crotch:
the prayer book's sandy too!
and full of permissions—
amateurish gushes over
the rocky cloud bank.

all i know is
it's not flipped-up enough:

world-wide (inner) wrestling.

Odalisque

the columbine wants to relax
against the horror
although there isn't
any more time

wanting compaction
in the feral mist

buttery action
in the singeing field
Tallulah Bankhead
whispers to her sisters:
"kill all the bad men"

the tide turns
trying to forget
the fleeting beating

and the tightened
arabesque

sometimes, gazing up at the cloudy firmament,
I realize that I have never understood anything.

Amber Cleats

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 *mazidisha* 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.

Vicious Etudes

I have an exaggerated sense of my own unimportance.
—Nada Gordon

i HATE the avuncles
and their stinging
when the fiery concrete tower
rises in the head and
i'm appropo of nothing
standing at the edge
of the hissing stage
and missing far apart
from spiritual dignity.

the narcissi in my arms
smell like rotten breath,
nervous sweat, underwire
undercutting the man in me
with cheap, cloying, adolescent
powder. come here, i want

to alienate you. dyssemia
the volatile prosody i auto-eroticize
with (*chick art*) in full view of the panel
of droning authorities in their
"moderation": they (pea-green)
reduce awareness. stand clear
of the closing mind
of the eternally jerking emotional knee.
the hairshirt pink, frilly, jagged,
dissonant as lava flying up
"more sensitively"
from the dead moon

kissing the white wall
leaving a white (red) stain
and howling inarticulate
into "fabulous opera."

the "sweetie-pie" flaps
in the detritus (of literature)
like a disjointed secretary
on angeldust.
a deafening chorus
of CLUCKING is heard.

MOON, SWANN, ANGELS,
ROSES—pulverized. ultimately
it doesn't nausea because
i'm not nausea not a mother
self-effulgent of my own
misguided mother of intention.

the writing falls apart (again …)
when the beautiful boy (me)
gazes into the water
and his phallus becomes
all of him, giant stalk
takes root blooms waxy
veins bursting out and then
there's me! (again) bursting out and then
again bursting out! my head
the WRITING as two horned
phalluses.

come, come, lunge
at my dungheap.
this is the summer of dissonant

content again, when
all education is
"special" and euphoric
(pulverize) *natural* (pulverize)
(pulverize)
(pulverize)

❧

all, all is hopeless,
slinking. tweety
backpack. the material
properties of cold
shoulders. the maverick
sniper looks at jesus
picture, lifts hand
to touch the curler
in her hair. it's "sonic"
(rain): culture.
these are the days
that suck you
into the [growling] vortex
where every heavy head
sustains a busy brain
whose energies dart out
at cross-angles: twelve
million radios, all on,
but with no volume.

the heat (heart) broken
up into manageable
agoraphobias, where
thought's multi-directional
polylogue rolls over

with satisfaction
because everything is
finally—finally!—
torqued enough.

CARA MIA, why hast
thou jumped up and down
in me? Why break biochemistry
things I want to BREAK
the poetry (biochemistry) pastel
noise again? Chilly chilly
stolen moment on the
LISTEN TO ME—huh?
I said LISTEN TO ME.
LISTEN TO ME chilly chilly
stolen moments on the
blacktop we set sail against
our braids whipping the
sharp (minor) wind.

❧

i very much do not believe (but so?)
in the oppression we enact
and are enacted by—our bodies—
and this includes poetics. e.g. your poem
is a *fluffball of nothing*—

will

the multitudes sway on beds of duckling down?
or the sea of dust motes part at your composing?

will you weave the octet of discontented care?
pure (new) freedom? in the jugular?



the bitter juices … are everywhere.
they drip onto our merits.
the mere populism shrivels.
“i only hope i can be honest”
[SCARE QUOTES] about
this psychotic drivel:
one misperception leading directly
to blah blah blah, the jaw
constantly wagging
in its anti-social bitter
juices. “what’s happening
to her poetry?” clenching
the draft of the poem in
my asshole, i can only
write what seeps into
my ear, dear uncle, i DO
love humanity as childlike
aliens. their “universal
truths” form newsprinty
patterns that float
on the damp, grey, buttery
air. it’s not EGO but SORREL.
so how do *you* take your
vitriol? with creosote, please.
your pretty poem’s a CRIME
against intensity. and that
has to do with why i’m
yodeling. thank you
for coming to the crisis
center. you’ll find your center
in the center of the center. huh?
that’s all: *thump*. cluck.

ATMOSPHERE

I would like to sit on the table in a coffee shop when I'm in a good or bad mood. It's a kind of wonderful enjoyment of ease and comfort. When I'm in a good mood, I think about what to do in deep thought in the future. When I'm in a bad mood, I think how to pass the difficulty. I often split all the way down once it's been chopped open after deep thought.

00

Three Collaborations with Gary Sullivan

The Suchness of Things

Everybody hates Katy.
Her mucous is on the polka-dot.
There was a letter no one else saw
in the benevolent tube.

I get up to write a letter, but my hand
is hairy at knuckles and lashing out
sore. I got up to write a letter
with my sore head and jumbling.

Somewhere there is another world*
with marijuana and tissue.
This world opens up to it
with a "ka-kang. ka-kang."

Hey! Settle down in there …
incendiary chirrups rustle my poultry!
No, that's not right. Katy?
Is dallying in shadow.

All eyes upon her
and the huge quatrain
she lifts to her lips (like a babble)
as a version of pronouncing.

Jacques thinks he likes poetry: he hates Katy.
We hate Katy too. But we "are" Katy.
Her mucous is on "our" polka dot.
This is one theory of "quiddity."

*Sometimes it's good to fall into emptiness, be it another person, or oneself or a junkyard. Blessed are the hours of emptiness. My life vacillates between the two—the emptiness and ... whatever is the opposite of it ...

Whatever it is, it isn't fullness.

(*Jonas Mekas*)

Sea-Torn Veil

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 spue 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:

Intraranial 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' acrid plume!

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!



Apologies for Cross-Dressing

Dear Nada,

You make me want to say stupid nice things, like
"Greedy person lacks valley so desires one," but I'm short on strength,
like tiny thread, sometimes I need to be hit on the head, "violent,"
"ravaged," "distortion" as tho a food vessel bent under weight of rich
content

Dear Gary,

It's not that I think "lance forces effort in performing duty"—
for what's duty but the edge of sheet tied on that ash tree? I want the
milk
that makes my belly swell with growth of immature tree not yet
finished. But
we're almost out of Lifestyles—will you buy the next round?

Nada,

No. History's just letters of the alphabet on the page
even Mussolini was a poet, okay maybe he wasn't any good
a futurist "hanger-on," & one less attracted to
Marinetti's experiments w/language than to his celebration
of war as the highest form of modern art … ?

My darling,

A perfectly humane eroticism may be impossible. If I lift the
lid of the id, there will be only calamari (ika). Tongue shows dry
mouth; nose makes hole in window, left feeling down. Women, like
female dogs, are earthbound squatters.

What? Nada?

I'm beginning to feel that I honestly have never understood you, how else could I have been so ruthless & pragmatic to have written you from threadbare lodgings? Even bamboo has strong fleshy sinews like hands reaching out for bent person moving off

Poopsie,

On the contrary. If a woman's not elusive she's got no chance of apotheosis. This is the dynamic of (strange burning smell)(with entwinement) the LOWER LEG of our twin loti. Feminism dismisses the femme fatale as cartoon and libel, but for me it's a vehicle into or out of lubricity.

My Empty Tigress,

Don't I already have enough feelings?

Oh please,

From the jammed glassy cells of sea roe to the feathery spores poured into the air from bursting green pods, nature is a festering hornet's nest of aggression and overkill. Would you just do me a little favor and zip me up?

Honey,

You've got enough clothes to fill six wells—besides, once ideas go into receivership, there's nothing can't be done with them. I'm still pissed off at you because you know what? it isn't enough, these "moments," these moments of "love," "hate," "poetry," "frustration," "action," "surrender"— & the five threads in my belt loops say I'm a gentleman

Somewhat obscure, my love,

... is a variant of "tail." The moon tonight is full. Of shit. That which continually emerges from a vagina is a succession of children. "Belong" is seen as deriving from the idea of the tail being "firmly joined" to the head. Bending person moves to greet another, but she's got water on the brain. Edema is our mammalian relapse into the vegetable.

Yeah, yeah

I know, & grinding my teeth down to points, apologize.
In 1974 I was writing about Elvis movies, whaddya want?
It's like grandma always said: Before cutting meat, cut horns …
but then she slept with Nazi soldiers, was practically a tourist
attraction, no beauty, no good, the issue of an indifferent creator

Honorable master,

Heart breathes through nose. The foxgloves are wriggling tonight. My yukata open at the armpits. Bird frets when scorched over wire, wouldn't you? My bliss is in the kitchen, next to the almonds. Do you need water? oil? cream? One hand receives baton from another hand. Hand takes control of ear. And in that flesh S, trace thread-like line to source.

love,

nada

(A Pastoral *Recess*)

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 labial 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
heraclitan 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 phlanger 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

⁂

nasdravy (whistleable)*

**glukupikron*

⁂

(3rd Fit)

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

as normal.

but more flurry.

Very Important Sonnets



Vaudeville Improvisation

Wild fauns create chaos
in the romantic-repressive moss!
Where pulses! found in seething birds!
loose their girlishness onto paratactic rock!
Kakemono! O Kantacky! What color is (c)lover?!
Roll me over in the burdock and the Indian buckwheat!
Roll me over in the plantain and the chickweed!
Your melting flesh is too-too solid,
your enigma putative as tungsten rose!
Hey, whoa! There's the cat that ate my gnostic suit!
I hold these truths (!) to be self-evident,
though some restrictions apply!
Look out, here comes the me(te)rmaid:
keep your hands on your chant!

Vaguely Impudent

Wand'ring lonely as chumps
biting down the daisy, singing LEL LEL …
Personae droner. Can you tell I have a boner.
Every puzzle's a turbo-charged red crescent
I want on their foreheads as sudden movement,
but the persona drone's exceptional hearing heart
wants marking and there's a yellow streak on everything.
She's lurid, slicing open the (female) cabbage
of contemplation with her testosterone stutter.
Tawny beehive, maroon tusk shell, magnificent chiton.
Textile cone, chinese mystery, compressed limpet.
Effects of torsion in snails. The lonely voices are ablaze
again with bellow and oboe
and you want to share the moment
with your own doubt.

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?"

Vehemently Impractical

like the loss of an ocean but … a little hairier
pink flower: a naked lady!
No more hypnogogic … than sturmy.
Goodness gracious, am I *coming apart*?
Catbirds … and mudlarks on the psychic lawn.
Bolts. Of green velvet. They have the insane,
the moachers, the poachers—
the moachers and the jackalopers.
Black-throated sparrow hops through
Church St. station, the viral gum spots.
Dripping sounds surround.
I put on a fraise to discourage a goon.
BIRD's a double spiral of TUNE.
We *will* be moving momentarily.

Virulently Impure

Come live with me, and be my love,
and we will buy a new vacuum (Lao Tzu).
No ideas. Just sensation: *popinjay*.
Essentialist oils spill out over the rhythmic habitat.
Readily canonized lacemakers scratch their backs
against the toxic skyline. Tawny, like scratchiti:
Hooklyn Brights, Slark Pope, Poro Bark, etc.
Some days my idiolect just betrays me
as the hmm kind of interesting phoenix of gyroscopic angst.
Skulking in the midnight. With triangles. Dr., see?
Sensation's an idea too, decorative *and* functional.
Hold the triangles up to sun. Don't drop them.
Just go on living your life, but be alert
to any unusual activity.

Vulval Implosion

This one's for the critics. Toxicollege.
Ho shin kyo. Aite no te … o mite: spirit.
Monster one body o. Picayuniversity.
Panax is to world peace as VoiceStream is to
Aeolian harps. SOMA is to SOMATIC as SONOROUS
is to SOMNAMBULENCE. Blindfolded yet?
Here's wool in your eyes. "*Still hungry,*
songless pundits?" taunt the cheeky chorines.
Whenever I hear the voice of extremism,
it has a very strong Brooklyn accent.
Tonight, *son et lumière* at 81 Ocean Parkway.
Oh shit, I forgot to sterilize the sexism
scrimshawed on my gleaming rump.
Scherzo. Warbling. Tra la la.

Vaporous Impetus

Let's race to see who's more sophisticated.
Then I'll rip my spine right out of my back
and whirl it around like a lasso. Crick crick
clack. Ah, relief. Feelings complicate matter—
all those onions and eggs, flavored with the vice
of banality. Sensitive clam, gullible nostrum.
Would a john (bronx cheer) roll kiwi?
Will a soul frantically?
Will the proper degree of constriction?
Will it a face? Tampon applicators.
I care for neither good nor bad
but wash in the delicate cycle
and tumble down the tunnel vision
of my totally simple mind.

Voodoo Impudicity

The question mark is backwards above the humid reader's
sore hip. Baffle box, game boy boy, Nada's black shoe
like a yellow diamond in the aether, spilling amber perfume.
Ta-tucka-ta train rocks rusty girder of 4 Avenue.
Old murky reds. FATE graffiti, caustic stops and hisses.
Datsda one, get aloadda dat one, todavia fumando?
O eglantine commando, embrace this burning detour.
2 satisfied frowns underground stay clear of the tinder box rocking
the nugatory sunfeathers of the frustrated slaves.
Hiss to a walk, head bowed to the next stop as the air burns.
It's like when the red velvet ropes were opened just for you
and falling blossomed midtown sidewalk monkshod redolent of
extra-strength new improved perception door cleanser:
red liqueur sunset under Harlem.

(*with Pat Reed*)

Vermilion Imprecation

O paper bag of ignominy, your secret jets and kids
covered with kid gloves, irrigate my slush, fertilize
my goofy loam. Every spiny seed pod's a "worker-fixer"—
every coarse tarrier clutches a stolen crumpet
in the abandoned song mines. And like a relatively reliable
parallelogram, bend over the growling city in a white gown,
humming wisps of wild oats and gingerly handing as a smile
plays lips as lavalite, skinny as a slippery corporate dynamo,
facile with the guts and pinks of crooning thought. "In hoc
signo vincet" rasps the turbo-concubine, "if my breasts
were only as heavy as my heart … !" Contemporary culture
births a red tarantula. That's part of the idiocy of the
imagination, full of itself, letting the eyebrows grow
together and then into a figure 8 of utter fulfillment.

Velvety Impostures

Strong apse of saint land bone born in golden finger window
onto a virgin with a big forehead: chain mail, gilt, wooden curls.
Swaddled Mary in nap of Ann and sparrow through fat keyhole
ogling foxgloves, yellow lilies, bluish irises. Subsuming allegory
doe-eyed thread dog bites unicorn ankle in dim lily tatters and
a lamblike doglion titters and yowls, abjectifying the glowing forelock.
Oh moustached lion of the mind, mangling lamb, licking paw—
salmon poppy-crepe & spiny green pod, passel of black pansies
on our lady's bedstraw, welding the word of sweet gale sea clary
to the clarity of Pat's magenta socks. Rustle, trees, in helicopter breeze.
Stain glass daemon illuminated doodle swallow a gold-blind age.
Whining squirrel on branch is a martyr saint
over empty river of crucified sparkle.
I'm antsy with chocolate and glorified pathos:
belly-chirp, once we were nun.

(*with Pat Reed*)

Vanity Imperiled

Two and trunkless legacy OF stone
in vast State desert antiquely
Sunk—a shattered peanut face
whose buttery frown, and wrinkled lip,
and OF cold COMMANDS more sneer.
Its sculptor to jelly undulate OF passion
stamped one thesis survives lifeless
things. The smooth hand mocked them,
and that heart the that; and on the
crunchy pedestal thesis do the words appear:
"My name is Peanut Daisy Man Oz thing OF
things: Look on my works ye Mighty and despair!"
Beside emergency-hung remains.
Round the decay colossal butter OF that wreck,
boundless and cash The jelly OF and
level lone remote sand stretch away …

(*with Percy Bysshe Shelley*)


الحزن
حسن العراق

Maw

The universe has a giant maw at its center shaped like a wide frosted lightbulb. Human beings cluster all over its surface, clinging, trying to look in. Its surface is gritty but slippery, and the human beings kick their tiny legs as they lose their grip, frantically trying to clamber back on.

FRIENDSHIP

Friendships are complex by definition—rustic sheen. "Craft" is "learning how to pick up the light." The dogs sniff each other paratactically. Worry. "Make your details vague and abstract." Authority is horrible, an absolutely loose golden wire. If i had really wanted to do social work i would have been a keen, grey, particulate surface of a variegated universal MAW.

INTROSPECTION

Doesn't anybody do anything introspective anymore—purple vines covered with white fuzz. lacking, leaning … into the spiritual maw, the accidental black dot.

BARRIERS

Overdetermined, like a kitten. The barriers rupture like boils. It's tuna. Poetry comes from a bad, listless place. It's a liquid stud. Its gryphon wire is the loose fleece as free and mighty as a daisy wheel. the air, the air is everywhere.

WORTHY PURSUITS

SOLICITING, LOITERING, PEDDLING, BALL-PLAYING.

YELLING

INTO A HOLE

CERTITUDE

SCREAMING BACK:

"MISSION IMPLAUSIBLE"

PtArmIgaN
(A Threnody)

Wittgenstein: It positively seems to us as if pain had a body, as if it were a thing, a body with shape and color. Why? Has it the shape of the part of the body that hurts? One would like to say, for example, "I could describe the pain if I only had the necessary words and elementary meanings." One feels: all that is lacking is the requisite nomenclature. Chorus?

Chorus: The pain CHANGE form, the dimension OF a variable, and CUTS it, and NO escape from CAN; it does NOT equalize the wise person, each one receives it has the gropes OF a poison or a present, each one gives it that it wants borrowed or returned. And rapidly thus my pain with you, decided with him what you wish to of DO, with the catch, to give, or to receive more, but wants have the pain with him because it is for what it is the pain.

Chorus (One male one female): The claimant is cooperative, alert and oriented to person, place and time. The claimant's communication ability, remote and recent insight, judgment, proverb interpretation, mood and affect are all within normal limits.

Ptarmigan: Normal limits? I hung useless at my side! Lurking in the inbox, the malice ptarmigan. targeted dragon: big dumb bird.

Male chorus: I is pain. Pain not simply, but chronic pain. I am sometimes a pain which is slightly burned reheating, other times that I am is with the pain which throws the number sign, cutting by you whom I have the taste of a knife. But in other times I am like a channel by the root or the toothache, lequelle it never leaves. If left not controlled, I will fly to him of his mood, I will steal his freinds to him and I will fly to him of his dignity. I will fly to him of his work and I will steal you your unhappy family. I will very erase you who expensive is desired with you including/understanding their same core. You cannot see me, because I am the invisible morning with the

human eye. I always do not leave. I do not have any friends, because if it is lazy only, me that I destroy it. If you think yourselves are safe of me, it thinks please more of one time think of the angles of saturation that eleven.

Ptarmigan: Are Porqué is the doctors frightened of me, frightened of me due to who I am, and what I then to make? or which my agency of insurance is it? or it is the federal government in which they fear?

Ptarmigan = subjective correlative. Ptarmigan = pain. Must retrain the white owl pain rubber muscle .

Words used to spill-luxuriously-out of the white owl, meeting twain

Female chorus: For the dog of I become a part of you, as quickly as a resentment of the snow which falls of the sky; as easily as breaks into leaf as falls of a tree or water drops which they fall from the sky nobody it wishes me like the friend; Since I am the enemy! Many doctors fear that for them it does not make nor which alienation treats with me! I am manageable, but inside often they do not see me that hidden and I am on the monitoring in the body of the somebodys, and much that they refuse with me are part of them; in fear of insano to be called.

Ptarmigan: The twain of pang in complete statements. Cut rolls over. The cut sharp tight raging the pseudoscorpion.

Term of pain: ptarma-pain: beeping.

Chorus: (quail and turkey-like bird sounds) Logically, this may be a pain in the neck/ a pain in the ass/ a pea in the shoe/ a thorn in the flesh/ a fly in the ointment but after this everything she spoke is real—the owls play hide-and-seek among the rocks.

Ptarmigan: Bloodied bold gills and jars, bills and booed vowel portent. Ptarmigan white albumen repetitive strain pain. Pills and ptarmi- … ptomaine.

All: Palomine lotion: libidinaggravation.

Chorus: Rock ptarmigan are a species of grouse that camouflage for protection they can be a pain to find. Probably the easiest is Time Caribou … No Velvet.

Ooooooooo eeeeeeeeeeeeh aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah

Smooth sailing would become but a plangent memory. She is looking East across the loud reverberating sound of Love of Life and Other hunger pangs …

and came upon a valley where rock ptarmigan rose on whirring wings from the … cold winter pain … white animal rolling in the star-shaped moss

Ptarmigan: Where every day's … a personal day. Or every day a sick day scraping down the cubicle. One white owl's beady flare.

It's not fair.

LED falls sky; bronze the nobody of Caen LED sky of that of water of Or of mow drops of tree of that falls of easily one of leaf of one of as of I friend of as of wishes; The Enemy De Soja Of Because! Doctors of Many fear of the they of For. of how any bottom that of Nor of makes I treats! Treatable Soya, times of many of in but I watching I am not in body of

somebodys, To many of the hidden there TSV of and Is wire deny one starts from they; insano of called of in fear of to be. The scared doctors of me, wire had are of Porqué of scared of me who soya, low to do of I can of that of and? safe who semi company of be of Or?

I'm very motivated to recede
Into a whitewash of malice.

Chorus: [jeering] Pascal's "ills of the body are nothing more than punishment for the ills of the soul."

Ptarmigan: At the i awake? Toss and twist and turn in bed—at the i asleep? This bread is nightmare. Too strong, IT CAN ' t really. Too strong, CAN' t denied. If i'm awake, it's much too soon. i schraem to sleep, i schraem to, tomorrow turned today and my night is turning morning. Maybe i'm asleep. Maybe this nightmare isn't really, target the bread is, surely, more surer than my breath close to in such a way death with this bread. No., now i to awake, it's morning, got to move, which i more ever asleep? The bread is quietly really.

Poison: the ptarmigan releases
Its exotic grasp.

There is jeering on the windowsill.

The present forlorning. Yorning. Forlorning.
It's dinky but big, zero weird bird. Will not be ruled.

The bad world flows
through the simple arm. **Oh Mr. Pagan agony …**

Chorus: But then a spectrum has itself unshielding, the coat of its own removing beginning as bloody amaryllis its suitcase throws itself restless embryos removed, unjettisoned individu self making now in the body as a

worse child of the body
Theodicy

Idiocy

Theodicy

Idiocy
[negative sounds: hissing, aggggh, etc.]

Ptarmigan: Yorning. Forlorning.
Unruled. Unruly.

Chorus: The Pain Of Writing.
could not be more intense.
She lay down in the snow,
In violin protest

Ptarmigan: Bad ptarma. Chronically,
Moronically
PTOOIE

Mr. pagan agony, play that melelelelolody, and if you can't play it, why don't you just get over it? "It's all in your mind." Prairie chicken.... praying mantis. In summer plumage or winter plumage with completely feathered feet.

Listen, pegging meanie, why don't you tall man sick?
Mr. Paganini, where is the Terre ductile?

ptyalism: an excessive flow of saliva, on the deliberately weeping pterodactyl. "It's all in your wind."

I never knew that I could be so yearny.
What can I do? Median nerve.
What can I say? Median nerve.
I need new pterms.

And new terns, blue footed prosthetic boobies, albatrosses, wrens:
"It's all in your wing."

Chorus: [excitedly] depositing the ptarmigan beside her with eyes peering through the needles … sidewise, up and down, in a frenzy of pain and psychosexual fright …

… in neck, shoulder and low back pain among female captive willow ptarmigan. pain killers were a must in her … hivemind.... and puddles were freezing.

All: "It's all in your mind"

Ptarmigan: If I'm attached to my symptoms, what are my symptoms attached to. Is it retribution. The monkeys bend over in pain. I'm aiming to where I go—the confusion—and it's white, feathery, impatient as no voice. Which freed would be noise, triggering points.

But this isn't nature is it nature?

Magnetic
Resonance
Imaging

Time
And again.

Time.

Recoiling . Rocking, in futile position …

>>>>>>>>>>>>>

and prepare to deal with it. the ground water in much of
bangladesh is contaminated with arsenic. appears doomed
to dry out early next year, by asteroids and comets
comes to appreciate that these impacts enslaved
at the age of four, no one was sure whether i
would ever read again or see since viewed it as the
"wastebasket of medicine," a psychosomatic state that
defies attempts at definition and cure and that can be easily
and surrounded on all sides by mud. they put me with a pig in the mud.
tortured in my stomach, my head, my hand my foot and to this day,
a local dolphin expert said that every calf is born in the pearl river delta
has died from pollution. 500,000 women and girls alone enter europe
as illegal immigrants every year. human trafficking is the fastest
expanding part of criminal businesses. (often called near earth
objects, or neos) pose a significant hazard to life and property. although
the annual probability of the earth being struck by a large asteroid **I got this burnin burnin burnin burnin burnin burnin burnin burnin burnin**
or comet is extremely small, for being ebola forced to have sex for
money, labor in filthy factories for decades and live in fear for their
lives—all for passage out of poverty of **oh deep inside me/ and it hurts so bad** their home countries. i was in darkness. all my senses were
affected. i had lost both hands and one eye. sight in one eye had gone,
there was permanent danger to theories, i was tied up and put into a
deep hole without light his parents, he was chained to his loom, tying
tiny knots for twelve hours a day, every day. in a sort of cosmic shooting
gallery, in light of a resurgence of **burnin burnin burnin burnin burnin**
critical interest in hysteria, in the lowlands by the town of esquintla.
weakness, muscle pain, headache and sore throat followed by vomiting,
diarrhoea, rash, limited kidney **and I/ I'm hooked on a theory/ I'm high on believing/ in its viability!**

liver functions, and both internal and external bleeding. is often characterized by the sudden onset of fever, demanding his freedom, the debt he owed had risen to $419. it is only fairly recently that we have mistaken of a disorder widely thought parched by lack of rainfall **and it burns forevermore**
reckless use particularly the fear of violation, and shows how the conversion of psychic anguish into SOMATIC SYMPTOMS CAN BE INTERPRETED TODAY AS THE ENACTMENT OF PERSONAL AND CULTURAL DISCONTENT

both ear drums were shattered and again, permanently
damaged. i also lost the sense of smell temporarily. taste had not gone, but no matter what drink i was given, all i could taste were the drugs that i was on.

pain pain pain/ pain pain/ pain pain pain/pain pain pain pain/ pain of fools
it is prudent to assess the nature of the 1000 pink-colored consequences of such a collision are so—fear of violation—catastrophic the earth orbits the subject to impacts from comets and asteroids we concluded that the hyenas probably succeeded best by chewing through the face

[little silence]

Tight crystal feelings murmur the gnostic slogan into the ears of vagabond red deer.

The moss consists of thousands of tiny hooked stars, based on nothing, but held together by nameless tension.

Be breathing in and out little hooks of energy, tragedy, energy.

Rosody
Rosody. Threnody. Drone.
Roseate carapace. Delirious serenity.

[little silence]

And weirdly bawdy beating myself of widely cry.
Why do we cry? The green grass and sloping pigeons,
The elves and their neuroses—it's like *smirking*.
Why do we cry?

Tiny hooked stars of protoplasm fill my beak with rosy parody and the sorry thoughts spill up word.

So I'm herbaceous in my shoulders with my beak
And there's a cloud of empathy tumbling past the blinking owl.

So, Mr. Paganini, wide sweetly cry?
Mr. Paganini, surgical ridiculous apathy?
cervical ridiculousness.
Atlas or thought banality; surrogate X, why do we cry ?

What you do when the well runs dry? When the macramé tatters and you spin in pennies like an ulcer? Sensation flutters in dry heaps. Crabs. Crawfish. No undulations in what is fungible.

Chorus: She saw a ptarmigan
at quite close range;
he looked at the light: little massacres of possibilities.

All: "It's all in your wind."

Chorus: there are two "lives," one inherent to the viscera, the vegetative life, and the other, interactive and conscious, "animal."
(whispering)

magnetic magnetic magnetic magnetic
Resonance Resonance Resonance Resonance
Imaging Imaging Imaging

Steaks. Seafood. Chops.

Ptarmigan: pteryla: one of the definite areas of the skin of a bird on which feathers grow like little problems.

All: Time

Ptarmigan: muscle … excrement, sky.

The woodpecker fledgling oozes
Out of the tree
Into my hair

The consciousness
wants to come out
On the page though it hurts

The angry lilies and fabulous owls inside

My arms—petulant,
Petula, **downtown, downtown**
the lights are much brighter
There / I can forget all my troubles, forget all my cares

Chorus: … Just as their lips were about to touch,
a pain-filled scream filled their heads. It seemed to echo:
The Law of Meat … easing the sense of loss and pain she
found some peace in … mountain goats, beaver,
squirrel, eagles, fox, Ptarmigan, grouse,
moose, caribou, porcupine

and, in a frenzy of pain and fright, she sneezed continually

[group sneezing]

Chorus: There is no photophobia, eyeball tenderness, stiffness, and no signs of meningeal irritation.

A mildly cruel fate… who cares? Public pain is interesting. Private pain is boring. Pain. There are more sicknesses than names.

Our hearts were filled with much pain but this past week or so, the pain seems to be capitulating to the point where she can pronounce …

Minuit. Whispers. Mephistopholes: … she had just answered a question about the mating habits of ptarmigan in the Yukon

when the doorbell rang. To my surprise she screamed for air, her temples pounded with pain, and her legs seized up from

All: muscle … excrement, sky.

Chorus: Who cares?

How much/ shall we/ be changéd/ before we are/ changéd/ before these vile/ these changeable/ bodies/ shall put off/ mortality!

Sordid … and moribund,

What pathways through pain,
what junctures of vulnerability, what … frozen
streams, snow foxes hunting ptarmigan in the brilliant
whiteness She would suck the …
disgust, her luminous eyes pools of pain, reflecting her survivor's soul

All: Plywood-
At sunrise. Spinach such as it is

Ptarmigan: **We shall not all sleep when it cometh.**
And we shall all be changéd all be changéd
shall all be changéd.

Terror-
Dactyl-

Defiant
Fabulae … radiant tremolo …

Sordid
and moribund.

Wiping the sulfur face
Off of the dagger—

Cream and sulfur
In the sky above me

Grapes and myofascial tenderness in the grey sky
Below.

These gallaceous
Lulls & vowels, my purply
Skin shuddering
At burdens—

And the bent wire shape
Of soul: " inspiration".

Chorus: She saw a pain of snow buntings flying around the high and mighty … and the sick exclamation of pain, sorrow or willow

… firearms, ptarmigan and ducks, robaxin, neurontin, emu oil. Shanzaoren tang. 5 HTP, phenylalanine, Acetyl L-carnitine. Selenium. Boswellin. Acupuncture acupuncture acupuncture acupuncture. Postural retraining.

All: Plywood-
At sunrise. Spinach such as it is

And shooting pangs—

Ptarmigan: In my dreams, the back hold of pain likes some mask evil for dark, internal part sings my welfare body when final my taken mind takes its way another time inside rigid kingdom plaza reality and, hurts pass progression audaciously behind mask for its implacable me sensible light a new day and has pain another time to declare open its total concluded master all my hour above is no movement or still only free pass progression this ode inactivity accompanying not exactly me squeeze that frequent pain my life hurts cruel master mine one exactly physicist way that tent stops stubborn conquest is not without limit its brutal fetching for super alive joy for its power govern concluded all my physical limit but an aperture not invincible wall my mind, my core and alcohol this wonderful kingdom and majority my existence is mine place inside where total I may be exempt some visiting is this special corridor mine is this i only love who it is this armored camera undefeatable my time has land this true quality my joy I am protected since pain tins the one more certainly possible either friend who discredits there of will only be always those private parts of me which can put the assault of discomfort pain in its place that these are the champions of my internal definition whom they declare and they are mode breaks that my right appreciates and we let us appreciate to the fullest each wonder of my more and most fragile one grasping a life

[to the tune of carmen's tralala]

with costs in disability
and lost worker productivity
adding up to more than
100 billion annually

tra la la la
tra la la la
tra la la la
tra la la la

tra la la la
tra la la la
tra la la la
tra la la la

Placilily

sexualized as engine—
a serenade of engines
working
at the grocery store
only to be upstaged
by the mayhem—

both positive and negative

of conceptual cruelty.

weary to the cuticles
of flan, water, tapioca, and cornstarch

looking
for a *non-academic grounded outlet*

to shoot the pain
through to the tragedy.

I pick up my cell,
stroke its little nucleus.
it gasps … sighs …

over on caton avenue
a creature like a mole, only larger,
plays dead, one limb flapping
randomly in the sweet, balmy mwind

Post-script:
"To Bray Is Great"

Pen's fair thing.
Juvenilia backlicks the purified arc
of Percy Bysshe Shelley—engaged the button.
Samuel Taylor Coleridge—the hallway was dimly lit.
George Gordon, Lord Byron—she was now pushing it, i.e.
the physical possibility of impossible pet organisms biting
the tendency to lushness as KOTOBUKI DOG—fine
KOTOBUKI DOG! bringing the sex back to the alcove while
the *orphelin* (harping) frantically
lips the katakana—*inu o okiranaide ne*—
and the poly-lipid whorish yearning scrapes the inner ribs
of Elizabeth Barrett Watten, as if i were an agent of extended
John Keats bolt the writing confers its untinted blessing on
as if "blessing" were not more savage than its cotton filings.
This ink play, year after year, never loses its interest.
Littering the capacious heart with dyes and elastic snaps,
vigor as sugar constantly caws, spikes. I think we are all
hopelessly flawed. Nose drips CHIKUBI
and musical teats, trapped in the fluting cult of power
to absorb one exaggerated flounce
of psychic development tide.
Go, dear heat, and embrace your liberty …
and see what wonderful things
come of it.