



Writing What For? Across the Mourning Sky

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The title of this book is taken from a song lyric written & performed by The Grateful Dead.

In contrast to the predetermined interpretations of a text based on the primacy of self or of logic, it is the formal autonomy of the text as model that elicits a response. Its presence demands that I measure my relation to it, compute its scale. It is neither incomplete or sealed off. Its completeness consists of its inconclusiveness not exclusiveness. Its autonomy is not of the self or logic but of nature, the world. Its truth is not assumed but made.

From *Writing and Method* by Charles Bernstein

Writing What For? Across the Mourning Sky

The UFO Gambit (looking back)

I

It was a fractured night. I cried when I heard the singing from nowhere, so fragile. I felt sorry for my purely American sense of disconnect while babysitting Zero in a minor key. In those days I often took baths with a woman I knew, as Zero cackled at *Mork & Mindy*, which aired at 8 on the TV in my basement. A flying saucer of a warped cigar-type-thingy had landed. The night sky was a switched on monitor. A flying saucer thingy appeared & disappeared (& often reappeared) as a molten love goddess whose sexual proclivities hastened us to worship on the wild side of love, a body we defiled, hot in the arms of the hen constellation, the heat turned up, insane vertigo, lust in the jello the jello the jello. As one had a hardon in Zulu air space, one had creature comforts, piano keys for key rings. The ice was big & real. & ...a man was down...we had a man down. What could we do but fuck through our pain & stare out at space waiting for something? We never knew what.

II

All nine investigations were ongoing and discovered no tangible evidence, no human witness or record of UFOs streaking zigzag in airspace above Dogtown Common during the

hours of 20 hundred hours
Standard Military Time and 22
hundred hours Standard Military
Time. I measured the organic
something, as determined by
scientists & found nothing only
created more nothing. & by this I
mean I was randomly accessed / I
was kaput in the foot. & by
passenger I mean reoccur or
integer. & by Zero I mean those
others, out there. Those inchoate
nomads marking off their territory
& women with streams of
stardustpiss. I mean those others
obsessed with the richness of loam
who, unlike ourselves, reinterpret
the flux we behold in what we
are. What was it we intended
being lovers with Zero? One black
horrific night there were
mandates to secure as we secured
our reason. There were the all-
too-obvious interrogations into
the abduction of null space, a
populace with gauges moving
forward, & taut nipples attached
to Sears' Diehards with long thick
black plastic electrical cables &
spring loaded clamps that held
skin & bit it with shiny copper
teeth. We had the image of Flash
Gordon (& then Flesh Gordon
rose from the depths of our
subconscious, took a moon maid
for a walk in the dangerous Bronx.
Walking backwards, just showing
off, at war with the Martians.) His
space ship equipped with the all
human death ray no Martian
could defeat, he obliterated Zero
for the good of mankind. & for the

good of mankind & all the cheese on the moon, he just said “Nope. No catechism of mud! Not here!” That’s when our hearts stopped ticking like watches and glowed green, hypnotic with radium. Our heads wrapped in our space suits like a billion baked eggs now seemed one innocent, ill-defined alien zapped by an x ray or gamma burst. In this universe, we wandered alone & we liked it that way. Solitude was our only friend. & what was space good for if not the joys of bearing us quietly adrift in some imaginary cosmos we kept pent up inside us? & so we wandered alone on stellar mental moonscapes scooping up samples for the lab boys back home. But where had we come to? & who were those others, those invisible others?

III

& everyone... simply everyone on earth yearned to be elsewhere, to be 9 or twenty unresolved issues away from the light years of childhood. Or a moon rock. Or pet rock. Something we hid deep in our souls, far out in space, fed us & acknowledged us. It meant we had life & life could be tangible. A world we assembled inside of another smaller world, paradoxically denying each fragment its place in the cosmos. The something that occurred occurred out of reach. We were seen from the air. Aeroplane. Aeroplane. & we were seen from

the road—a stream of language like a blessing of ash. & between these two, the past was alive but losing its voice. But that didn't matter. We continued to listen & we slowly went mad somewhere back, cracked at the edges, lost in the margins of the onset of madness. It must've been then & there, in that incalculable moment, that the significance of Zero tasted like a lime we couldn't stop tasting.

Freak Show

Born on the meat of getting high,
my hallucination is wobbly. I
gotta fix on this juju mopping up.
& as I bathe I see the world in six
directions. & Quantum as a string,
the end result's a map-face on
someone hungry. Here's yr salad
in pine cones. Don't reciprocate.

*

You morass of words crazy person
driving! You slut of a hair pie
Eskimo taunting turtles! You fox
trotter radar chicken what is yr
damage!? The lagging truth is a
fixed machine exploding in
seclusion. Please address yr
comments (if any) to: Happiness
on a hair pin turn; to: fractured
reasons for palpable existence.

*

You diseased assonance! That you
speak of lipstick on eye charts
asking for poems terminates
September 11th like John Locke. &
the fly in the time machine blue as
a gill fish you find hollow the
center. A goat without gravity.
But something pauses, having
abandoned. We are blanched by a
loss. The loss of the one as felt by
the other.

*

I have turned malaise of urban drift into spectacle. A freak show is imminent. The Rod Smith I know is a red line of bozo-duality hanging like an apple, a flash in the pan of Colonel Sanders. His beautiful poem arrives in a bell jar schtupping his pant leg. His name is a pant leg in the throes of a suicide. Perk up, you Bergamot ladies, the next phrase is a series of connections, fraudulent, not quite evergreen.

*

A plastic dashboard hula girl equals a post-human dashboard hula girl. I hear the patter of rodents reaching the wall. I swallow my coupons thinking them sustenance. The dances are new; the dancers a resemblance.

*

His: cloacae embarrassment. Her: she's red as an apple.

Aglow in the dark, she falls out of love. Flat on his stomach, clutching a phone book, he sweats till he farts. The CNN doom-girl sits on his face, calling for mitigation. His other face melts a little to the left. His head in her shoes. Her vagina a sponge sponging him up. This closet is brkn. A cartoon-jungle ghosted with faces. Some have a grape. Some... the Great Pumpkin, Charlie Brown! The ones he has

charmed with his ten little teeth
answer half senseless. To rethink
the vertigo, he farts like an ego
into their Maypo®. His soul is a
weasel stealing a soul, with a
camera that flashes. He disappears
forever; forever a grass blade.
Think how easy it is—sweet *sweet*
gazelle meat frumping in yr
stomach!

*

A product of memes & sun ray
almond trout seizes the auto-
erotic woman by the hand. A
moment in the liquor-mirror has
left her speechless. Once there &
settled in, what isn't a real simile
is contiguous being. What is
somehow a happening is a
preconceived we.

My Thai Religious Computer Nature Poem

This digital edition of self lurks in
teeth *false groves I scuff*. Bringing
you the husk, I am falling down
dancing. Is god the blooming
hyacinth of goodness we think is
the Ink? (a found cover letter in a
suicide's hand) was grown in my
antic manic attic once. Under
neon luminescence an owl per
mutates essence every twelve
hundred seconds. I reassemble my
head. In a field of ravens, I am yr
cousin. Golden & foxy, I bring you
a corn field. I die a little looking
after you, howling VERBOTTEN!
VERBOTTEN! *like a lizard on a
window pane*. I am rough as the
feel of two oars made out of pine.
At the pond in the distance, I stay
too long at Ye Olde Carburetor
Inn. Look at the fowl! How they
seem to want more while asking
for less! I disavow my role in
horrible charmed chintz sea oats
deficiency. The egos of chessmen
listen in the igloo converging at
the mean value of zero. As shop
talkers droop like the red wet
dreams of a red radish beard, we
are creepy radical UFO consumer
gods buying a laptop, distilled *out
of kindness I suppose*, making life
a gift of our Eggos. The milk of
human[]gone sour in tepid
radio waves, we are little leagued
with honey in the history of bees.
In a pixel of dreamscapes *this
cowboy song is all I know*. I am
Nature made. Impressionist of

hedonism. The beefy one we monitor post-human sits still as Edith Sitwell on a raving bird's shoulder bone, her hand-painted heart a tattooed heart tacked to the ceiling of the Sin è pub in the wilds of Cork, where the geese coalesce in a Grecian amphorae. In the anti-matter matter stream *her name is Rio & she dances on the sand*. I am leading the butterfly down to the gravy boat. I am wood at the piano. In a region where god is to desecration as a void is to the shark meat of all possible outcomes, in any given situation or scenario. & so I ask you, Super Mario Brothers, who is Red Riding Hood riding down a toboggan again? Stripping the leaves from the elms & the maples? Leaving the evergreens brown? We are Borg. & the answer to our question: what does life mean in the absence of nature? is a big head of cabbage left at the airport. Circling & circling. Never claimed. A big head of lettuce on a baggage carousel. & yes...*money... it's a gas*. I can take it or leave it. I am loving the lover. & out over the desert *while all the women came & went, bare foot servants too* I answered the silence we blur with a whistle. You hand me a soda & then go away & vaporize yrself as someone makes soup out of the Marx Brothers' duck. & using only the apps on yr high quality iPhone you step into a zoo not backwards in time. Is yr time machine brkn? I am a broken

down system. I am the on-looker,
signed, the boys at Bell-Howell.
Who leave you this époque
lacking an off switch. Who hide in
the ruins of digital
misinformation. Someone we
trusted has played us for fools. Is
our dream state a Wal-Mart? Do
we dream we are sane? We are
nothing like Oedipus sitting
around staring at mother. We
gather tonight to protect the
environment. We ogle the trees,
the rocks, the skies, the oceans
posing as dream rapist #132. We
are holding the hills by the balls of
our feet. In a whirlpool of blood.
In a sits bath of urine flecked with
clotted hemoglobin *facts are dirty,*
facts are strange, facts don't do
what you tell them to. We hear
notes wafting from basements. We
role play giraffe & jackal. Someone
must speak. We must cancel our
order before it's too late. This
hairstylist to the gods speaks
toenails to bullets. His god head's
a microwave. He survives
shopping at Costco. He freezes us
hard. & all of our brain cells & all
of our stem cells (even our cell
phones) have split for a smoke.
But no one looks back. Half alive
on the fat part of apocalypse you
picture yrself on a train in a
station. The punk art of punk anti-
lyrik gives you the finger. You
stand & count dollars attempting
an all natural schism. Attempting
an all-nihilist jerk water, you
settle the carp down & go see a
shrink. & crossing yr fingers with

ice bergs in mind you tweak up yr
space heater till the room you are
in is one hot inferno. The oceans
are rising. They lag up yr pant leg.
They climb to yr knees & beyond,
making a phone call. This way to
the legendary salon of Keats's
perfect cloud. For a living, you
manufacture a chassis. You create
frames out of a main frame. From
out of nothing you hear Electric
Avenue binary code & *you don't
believe we're on the eve of
destruction.* & you don't believe in
the still of the night come bats.

His Tictocsic Piano Hands

I

I'd rather maneuver my men up the application plateau utilizing my tictocsic piano hands than discover spaghetti on his shopping list of unforgettable items to purchase at cost. I am utilizing my Power Ranger power-grab device while driving a clock-radio off of a cliff in a reasonable facsimile of a reasonable facsimile. I am returning the reasons I gave you my name. Ravi Shankar looked the Beatles of Peace up & down. He gave them a doughnut. But he farted a fart asking asylum from the Crown. If Gen-Xer Pauley Shore is a cleat or a blog, what chance is there for diplomatic immunity? Bubbled up skunk hair offered him resolution, a simple way out. He got on the horn, boxed in like a canyon & foretold the prime numbers I'd delete & restore later that day. His data was crackerjack stuff. The gal at Gate 21 at the jet port near Sawgrass appeared out of nowhere like a scene in a movie. I am experiencing some discord in the foot hills of Arkansas. I am a lemon-scented skunk posing in a child's cradle. I am looking up words that define my ubiquity. In a portable state, I am experienced at Jimi Hendrix. I am ironing the diamond state of a difficult choice. Some men were per mutations of long division problems written in

chalk up on the board. I am tempted by a small cup of mousse. The finger said hello I am Jell-o and it's me o'clock. & then I defecated a harp on the musical Interstate. My dim bubble is the only stage I've ever known & could you call something delirious my home? The other theater combusted. Up & down the aisles there drifted screaming torsos bathed in white light. I wandered in exile wondering about the clutter of pins gouging their buttocks. In the very next scene I take off my clothes & say something naughty but the dialogue is cute & I won't take no for an answer. I am whiter than the white sails (the white sales) of January. Who in their right mind would lodge a complaint? I am calling his eminence about the colonel's status regarding the Beauregard property. His wife is a honey bee. She owns the New Hebrides & sets out on foot every night after dinner before reading *The Magus* or seeing Fellini's *Satyricon*, a satire. I guess it was a book & a film everyone talked about. Wooden you? I suppose I could ask her what the difference is, in the event I am condescending & less virile than outspoken. & then again what if I just can't relate or refuse to address certain issues balled up like a monkey in the trunk of my car? It's absurd the way I make myself consider the most outrageous images as the crux of

my poems. The affect took me for a mug shot of Ma Barker. Or was it Steam Boat Willie I resembled? The answer is a muffin that trembles is the likeness of a woman. & I got bubbles in my soul shoes. & then I blew town disposing of the one radioactive nickel I ever owned. Are you ok? It is shiny o'clock & speaking in riddles I have met my sweet ass & kissed it goodbye. My birth rite is a subconscious artifact I excise & delete looking for some other purpose in my life other than the bad breath of taking the advantage. I got you on video playing violin. She opened up a whole new conundrum eating Swiss chocolate as though she named her baby Firesides or Foreplay or something half melancholy like Heathcliff or Savonarola. Who is driving your sled horses onto the icy driveway at sunset? I was becoming unstuck in time. Now I just refuse to move & be happy. You swirled your intestines. It's your people's custom you said. I am a pit bull with a drum solo & partially ironic. I could scare the cat out of its chutzpa but then I'd have only two wishes remaining. Whose chimney are you? Are you a major domo of the skies? This hurricane is a ton of bricks making love to a security fence. I am out west looking for an opinion or an opium head who talks to dogs or I am back east taking a nap on Nana's divan dreaming I have

traveled out west looking for a talking dog. This is a pure state of enjoyment or I am being senseless as a cricket in the house. I see. I hear. I am stone. I am probably a little like vinegar. I tickle easy & have acute little ear lobes. My vigor got spent. After Christmas came the poems I had written. They were shaped like a wheel of formidable cheese & more brittle than an empire of impure thoughts. I stuffed all the blind mice into a gift box. I am preconditioned to think this is a topic I refuse to engage. Distortion brings wet May mornings up on my lap top. & before we go any further I must protest. The rivers are bulging but whatever became of the family game Boggle? The sequel is ambergris. I have musty feet that splay like a duck's. The river is time & a place perfectly constructed. I was ransomed for ten pounds of cream cheese & a dozen bags of Lay's potato chips. I am the thumb on a perfectly feminine upholsterer's hand. That means you are in charge of who gets what & when. I am obscene & I am in charge of what gets a bath at eleven in Chicago. The bullets ricochet like confetti off a slow moving car hood in a celebrity parade. Why is the sequel so penultimate? & why is my four alarm chili a sequel to a fox trot? Introducing the quelling voices. I am beyond help at this stage of the eruption no one may enter. My kitchen has balls. I am upstairs

counting on my seven toed sloth while someone has discovered the metallic cigar we so fondly call Mother. I am made out of philosophy & wavelengths of light are the colors I choose. Someone else was a bunny we called big brained or UFO. In a few isolated incidents the isolation was extreme & the house (my house, now our house) was made of ply wood & tin. I am missing a knee. My empty lot is a keel or a rudder. What is one of a number of inaudible poems? I am reconstructing the snow just as Bruce Andrews deconstructed the snow. My offer still stands. Is my coffee a lie or do I believe I have sent you away? I am what I am talking about &, who knows, maybe the boss has it in for me. He is flipping out. You are flipping flapjacks on a griddle at IHOP. While anyone in the art world would consider that a performance piece, you just want to get paid & then laid. We flip like two egos. & you flipping flapjacks. The fire is underwear no women would laugh at unless the joke opened a vein. & that seems apparent even to me. You are choice & I am the slave that's an eagle that's an ego. You put down a hen. I am practicing scales on a fish the size of a prize winning watermelon. The guy on my left is asking about that day I stopped on a dime. The sour dough slurps up the flour dizzy with the eyes of a haphazard teen looking out over

Bixby. We tolerate Juan Gris. He isn't famous anymore unless you consider the colony on Mars a pipe dream. He is sitting still painting my portrait. Is a barricade jumping over the cow considered jumping over the moon? I said Halt! Who goes there? & someone said Walt Whitman sampler. It was only a joke. & I arrested the schmaltz who laughed at the bones. All the saints came marching in looking for the skeleton of painter Juan Gris. There has to be a tunnel somewhere around here or Wallace Stevens is an even prime number. The peoples' overture was so immature I tasted a lime & got back in the limo. Albert Camus is an odd patch of ice & the car rumbles at a distance. What exactly is a waffling flirtation? The flora & fauna are the stuff of my nightmares. I have shown you the way now I must be running. My life is sincere & the corpse of a mouse. I have the right to preserve myself. Who uses formaldehyde if the cell phone is plastic?

II

Deep in the after burn of the posthypnotic afterlife savvy Rio is making lump-less gravy a reality show family looking dapper after the money is spent. I am asking you to murder my uncle, Uncle Jungle Jaguar. His time on earth is a comet of ice. His tictocsic piano hands are the sublime antithesis of someone in grottos playing a

fugue. His hands are the weeping eyes of the wrong hymn being played. No one attends a spectacle in Syracuse unless it has balls. His hands are pianos. I alter his pattern. In this box his hands discovered the upright. Inside the piano is another larger box inside a smaller box. She found her hymen the brunt of his discourse taking shape on the monitor. The flange that was his piano playing his left hand & the flinging bone of his right hand was the uninterrupted falling heart of the sun.

Writing What for? Across the Mourning Sky

Mark, are you always using that stuff? Making sense of the murk of some white noise? I hear pigeons & the tv & you, Mark. I hear coo coo coo. & Homer Simpson saying "A box! My son is a box!" & the very last words out of yr mouth sent me tripping into paroxysms of laughter: "If they do...it's bad luck for seven years." I stumbled across no one, in all my years of searching, who satisfies the parameters as you've done. Like she does. She suggested I use Palatino Linotype. It creates order, she sd. & I replied: it creates the illusion of order you mean. 9 pt Calibri is not without affect. No argument here. If converted to HTML I wouldn't be human. (& this from a woman who battles against tyranny using only her wits.) A photo would be nice. The borders are closed. An all mesh fence surrounds this naked body of a desert. As in a dream. Of a man walking. Alone with his footsteps. Clumsy & heavy. His jacket over his shoulder by day but zipped tightly to his neck at night. He wanders north under precocious stars, trampling barriers. He doesn't believe the stars are as beautiful as Pessoa's rant on stars. Or how he imagines a glut of beauty is everything worth dying for. & yet he can't not notice them. He trudges onward. An exile holding a bag

whose contents he's not quite sure of. A cough drop is a miracle of technology is stenciled on his bag. I wanted to read, he remembers Pessoa saying in a dream. But she's stolen my eyes. What use now are my bifocals or my eye for color? The room, when we entered, was spread out in all directions. I turned off my iPod and looked up and down, then from side to side. I don't know how this could happen. I'm eating cereal called Muselix & reading a poem about Pessoa reading a poem about Pessoa. It's a nourishing victual that crunches in the void of an ontological cosmos. This is a straight jacket poem. The straight jacket is formatting. A line gone over the edge like a madman throwing himself against one wall & then another wall. Mercenary queer Mercury queer, sd? & (I quote--) Mute this savannah & I'll believe what you're saying. If you're telling me she's all woman...I wonder, what surprises could she hold in store for me? I have clever blood. I can't save the world or anyone in it. What you're past is telling you is clean up your act. Sooner or later we all take that ride. I thought college was the fact factory to end all fact factories. & so I dropped out not wanting to work in a fact factory post-graduation. Someone murdered Garcia Lorca. It was a pink evening the night he was shot. When he died he died of loss of consciousness. His words not

only failed him but all the colors of the rainbow too. He laid there melting like an ice cream cone, dying from a bullet wound. He fell to the concrete heavy as a horse's severed head plummets in a sad personal nightmare. He must've been thinking that his life was a difficult poem to conclude, that the last lines of his poem were more or less just the avalanche of his being. Anyone here calling for Sub Rosa? Sub Rosa the thoroughbred? The ad hoc investigation (much like the investigator) was a paper clip and a sand flea simultaneously. The other man's sadism was a brief case of trouble no one dared open. He shared nothing with me. & I equaled his every gesture without meaning to. A simple No would've sufficed. This something specific you mention...is it kudzu? Go ahead, take the nine. I still have my elevens. The last time I cut & lashed the vines against the arbor trellis, the roses appeared blood red at intervals. & large as tomatoes. I wanted to scream. I was so upset with not seeing him. I was reading this website called mid)rib when my computer crashed suddenly. & somehow the meaning of the poem I had been reading when the monitor went blank seemed obvious. But I felt I had lost some unconscious gambit in the process. Six pages of something I'd written (& stowed away absent mindedly) fell loose from my copy of Aufgabe #1. The

something I'd written lay scattered at my feet seeming somehow less relevant than my copy of Aufgabe #1. These pages, I mumbled, are the white snow drifts of insignificance. There's no way to end this. A voice in the parking lot. "Come over here. You can't see me from there. I'm standing by the fence."

My Sanity Buzzes Just Like the Bees

Ceramic Oriental duck so suave &
soft stucco duck so suave. Our
duck is in pawn, sd the fish. We
take our time breathing in a
platter of Peking duck & a side
dish of duck a l'orange. We lag as
our Duracells dim in our kitschy
duck flashlights. Squish squish
went the fish, sd the duck. Brains
of Ovid, you've stolen my heart
muscle. Now desire my duck. The
little black dress of ducks is
shedding its feathers. & on point,
begets us Jerome. His sanity
buzzes just like bees in a cave. He
has gone fringe element as
witnessed by the ducks. If he dies
in the narrows just below Syracuse
on the river...what shall become
of his duck's rusty Audi?

If *if* is a flower we panic at lunch.
Our work incomplete.
Can't you feel the hesitation. The
bowling pin's nightmare pauses on
Radish St. No ending is possible.
So it rolls & rolls around Radish
St. & continues to roll until it
strikes something solid. No
masturbator has fingers like a wall
flower duck. & then...
the skepticism.

In not ignorance. To a bring
flower? In distorted petal. Bind
which kind sir? You are legit. Of
course you are. The mirror
yelling: Let go if you must! & all
our ducks in a row have less & less

money to bring to the table or bring the house down. I'm hunting a metaphor! I am turning the tables into a sock hop.

How are we to live with ourselves? Or in the shoes of the mute? The one edge we calibrate has nothing but edges. No center. No depth of field. I am never at home. I am the city caught in a maelstrom. The ducks never listen to JYO Joy 89 on their AM dial but drive the men in the duck blind mad. If we are the mute...If we are the ducks in the duck blind shooting ourselves for sport...If we mutter: 42nd St. is under construction, who shall refuse paying it forward?

The impossible balloon landed on meat. I was reading Crime & Punishment (the large print edition) & suffered like Jezebel as she let down her tresses. I was going nowhere in a hurry. I hurried up like a moose or a duck. I was the eek eek of a mouse trapped by a traffic cop. The quack quack of a duck cooking an omelet. I was just sitting there killing time that's elapsed. Like a hazelnut in root beer, I split into four selfless factions, silly as glue in the mouth of a taffy apple. & the sun was a word I mistook for an ego. It sat like an elegant hat. It sat on my brow. I was going nowhere in particular. It's crazy I know. & then I was there—this place of nowhere in particular--

the ice tunnel, the lovers' tunnel--
& I couldn't get free. I felt I was a
2 or something brittle. Description
defaulted as I brought up the rear.
My subject in neutral. Nowhere
appeared six BLUE. But revved its
motor. The wood & the glue on
the bird lovers' mouth split the
once level playing field into my
place & yours. & lacking a python
or a target on my back I stood up
& I laughed. I scorned every one
of them. But I kept getting the
same answer again & again. I kept
getting lost in the pictures whose
shadows are faces. I haven't a
parakeet. A green item jogs past
us. & still the music bubbles,
effervesces: water yogurt dept.
milk wired...water yogurt dept.
milk wired. & then a smaller can
of Campbell's soup fell from the
shelf casting dispersions. I cleared
the phlegm from my throat &
stood in the bread aisle convinced
I had held in my teeth the
meaning of life. One inch or I'll
drop it. I was meting the world,
tine after tine, with Occupied
Space. & grey across meat was a
wrecked distraction of meat &
blogging a duck. A sky without
gloaming sent flares shooting past
us. Our heads, turning away from
the source of the explosion, turned
in slo-mo. I wanted to dance upon
water-flecked light but this was
expected. The starry machines of
night derided me. I felt inhuman
& powerful. My mental body was
ghostly illumined— a balloon...
a grey meat of something.

Ripples of Jane & the Bomb (Seneca, NY: Circa 1969)

I am imaginary David sprinting thru emergence. I am devoid of significance when put out like a light. My harem blows fuses. The wires, the connections, glow blue, yellow, red, & black. My chilled Chablis is a blast of frigid ocean fire cracker sex. I am six little concubines living in a hut near Panmunjom. It is 1969 & still I build walls. The town of Seneca is free as a whistle. The county air raid sirens practice for the apocalypse in 1969. I was the student who jungle-gymed. I was missing some marbles. I was next door to a missile silo. My mother had club meetings & social commitments. Charity begins at home, she sd. I thought Burger Chef was minus Jane on purpose. Jane was a lesbian. We called her nothing to her face. I was zero caterpillar hair playing whist with my aunt. I was a misfired bullet called ICBM. I could've caught cold up there in Seneca. I called The Seven Pillars of Wisdom my dad's dirty laundry. The Seven Pillars of Wisdom contains nothing about ICBMs. The bait was Humanity Absconded not Paradise Lost. I was lost in my thoughts. I am considered a Martian by those whom I know. According to legend, I brandish a ray gun. My brain has antennae I keep hidden from ogles. The others I live with now bowl in the

parlor with granddad & mom. I keep mute on "on". But o the narcissism of Donald Duck! But o the relativism of misanthropic dead heads! On the corner is a maple. Out of the shadows comes jane. We are playing our game of silent movie charades. Let's walk, I sd. There was a Burger Chef nearby. Now I have plastic. Then I had dough. The trick, I am told, is to invent what you love. Invent someone to love you. & love you as you are. Jane is afraid of becoming a mermaid. Our mission was the moon. Now it is Mars. & the Hubble Space Telescope. Some things make no sense at all. Fake spray-on window snow in aerosol cans. Tv rabbit ears. The Cold War was heating up soup for me & jane. In Seneca, "long hairs" were called hippies. In Seneca, we danced on our porches. The dark circles our eyes have become evolved out of animus. The black circle of lovers excluded the others. Jane was excluded. The Russians drank like a fish. Nothing was what it appeared on the surface. We cast out our lines. We adjusted for drag. We sensed we were off. By such miniscule amounts. The tires we swung on seemed tires of love. I have pictures of me with a sun burn. & jane on a dock looking a siren. That is the past catching fire. This is the present holding the match. We are the mirrors we think of as fragile. One of us is jane. One of us is Duchamp's definition of

persistent *l'etat brut*. Of *objet d'ard*. Who is calling now? Someone is asking my personal info. My beans... for your glider? The difference is magic. The currents of time are flowing between. I can't play this flute on a keyless piano.

The Houseboy Interactions

I rebuke the houseboy
intermittently—"Lose the
attitude. This is a time machine
not yr sexual playground." I catch
him surfing the frozen Atlantic tip
of anti-historical retro
hallucinations of history. I warn
him about the end of the end of
history then go invest in paper
angels. Some ominous bird is
rearing up in my rear view mirror.
The time is near. Xmas a cloud. &
Sheila writes odes about crossing
the tracks mounded in snow.
About groping the houseboy. Her
subject's her object—the spitting
image of some Billy Idol/Ward
Cleaver dude. The exact likeness
of his/her handsome less digital
version of self painted on.
Polished like armor in the nutshell
of a maelstrom. The mushroom of
chaos disguised as a dream. Or is it
post-history (s)he resembles? My
neighbor's pet rock?

*

Beyond the all-possible realms of a
foot in a poem, I am 12 to infinity.
I am one dose of the houseboy's
apprehensiveness. I spank the
opossum at 10:52am. At 10:59 the
apocalypse. I discipline the clocks.
I rule the discarded tribes: 11:00
am. At 2:17 a roving band of elitist
houseboys...It is 9:36. What is the
meaning (right now, at this
moment) of the ecstatic sainthood

of post-history? As I animate the ghou, his peripatetic glands, stuffed inside my ego, make me the stuff of free association. My banana split trademark is a fraction of else where. I am singing a sentence—"If time is a kiln I'll heat my at."

*

The houseboy enters. He is gingerly holding a shark-mangled surfboard. His perky blonde gal pal is a rope trick finale he never quite learned how to perform. A subject (not object?) at a curbside diner, she stretches out on hapless dunes. On the beach side of Hwy A-1-A. Near Cocoa Beach. He is looking at—DISCONTINUED in great steaming Ron Jon shoes of shark relief. His feet hit the street. He is traveling. He is walking the moon walk here on earth. While out of his mind tumbles the ocean. Is this the end of facticity? The end of the end of history?

*

In the houseboy's version of Kurosawa's *7 Samurai*, the cheerleaders suffer autonomy. First as a book then as a fatuous but spectacular post-history. FYI in Brooklyn it's *Some Like It Hot*—blackguards set chattel to chattel song. Dispossessing STONE FIGURE OF VIRGIN SNOW WHITE. No siphon sirloin bricks-in the birch city of mud &

speculation. But Jackson Pollock
zoooooommmms thru town,
arriving dot by dot, splash of lilac
by splash of lilac. He has drawn
you a map. Now explode onto
paper. Or seal yrself up. Chained
to a bell jar & sink unperturbed.
The river is powder. You never
know how. You wander up then
down Channel 29 to the droll
hands & blunt eyes of the 21st
Century. The end of something
near & dear is imminent. The end
of existence exists. The demise of
the historical... The end of a
sidewalk on dusky, visceral
Wakulla Ave... vibrate at
intervals. I mean the empty
metaphor for a cul-de-sac. Fading
in & out. Blue & auburn in
paroxysms of vivid autumnal
hallucinations. I mean the next
best thing to breathing full time. I
mean our repast is lyric. A banjo is
playing. I mean a porcelain face.
Half mask. Half cloud. So sweet.
So clean. It breaks all our hearts. I
mean the soul-less sweet illusion
of eternity speaks.

*

& when he denied us what he
denied us, we could feel the goat
burning. Exposed on its corporeal
side all over the houseboy's
freshly washed slacks. I mean
culture. Or the version of history I
find in a cereal box. I find apathy
despicable. I rewrite The Satanic
Verses. I roll out my message
board. I roll down the blinds. I

mean I drop like an A-bomb into yr hands. & like a child that is an orchid I step out of the dark. & into yr expression—"Hold me," you plead. I mean you beg me—"Make me yr guitar!" & thus it is we are thwarted by irony. We surrender to the houseboy. Reading his pages we get small & then smaller still. We crave our ALPO SNAK TREATS in the TOO GREEN GARDEN that signifies death. The death all around us. The death we bring with us. That signifies validity.

*

In some exotic dragonfly enclosure, we poach game for our sustenance. Buzzing a tune of little flaming hoops for eyes we become buoyant in the boiling primordial soup of post-history. You remember the primordial, right? Nothing but trauma? The end of the end of history burning our feet? We banish the present tense (as if we could) in order to banish the primordial. Secure in our future. Strangled by the past. The end of the end of poetry same as it ever was. & so the houseboy writes behemoth songs. His treble on "ON." & so it comes to pass. We articulate a void. Taking aim at ourselves. The houseboy a priest now. & the sky...So miserly a death!

Walking Siegfried thru Wal-Mart

When ort is art I disable my Spell
Check function and try to
imagine. My subject veers off. A
man is serving me soup from
WWII and I am thoughtful.
Siegfried, my alter ego, serves me
lie upon lie, unraveling wit from
truth. Here—a man wearing
tweed in the men's clothing
department at Wal-Mart but
rejecting all my choices like the lie
that he is. (Do I only imagine I am
double?) There—a man in a hurry,
squeezing the fruit but tasting
nothing, abhorring the words that
I live with, that make him OK
with me. The real exists
somewhere between us like a
bubble of description I find
difficult to explain. What is
paramount about a circus coming
to town is that someone believes
in it, that everyone attending is
lost and then found. Even as a
single sneaker dangles from a
restless child's foot in the toy
section at Wal-Mart, his mother
negotiates her little boy's future,
careful not to exaggerate or
divulge inaccurate information
that may cause him some harm in
the eyes of the world. & Siegfried
is that boy. A flicker of opium in
my alphabet soup. What he's
paying for are the three rings of
life & madness & boredom deleted
from his cradle. & he remembers
them—the ritual folding of the big
top tents, the well planned escape

of the roustabouts, the whole cast of characters packing up & moving on. Another city, another boy. Identity crammed into a clown's valise. What Siegfried considers "the real thing" has abandoned the real and is traveling with the acrobats. He hallucinates what he can't control—a little sleet seeping into the coal chute, into the memory banks where Siegfried sleeps, hiding his face from the world in a pillow of fog blossoms smothered in coal dust. & this is his dream. I am his dream. We are engaged in a contest. In the arms of stabbed winter the players lay shackles at the entrance to Wal-Mart in honor of Siegfried, whose compression of facts converts our improbable lives to improbable fictions. Existence, he screams, is the art of pure elaboration until that elaboration fails us & we are set upon by looming apes! Do we dare to laugh at a looming ape, taunts Siegfried?! We bungle our performance. Stand wobbling at the acme of our achievements. We dawdle a little, wondering where is that fine line between madness and genius. Our lives are a creature we shoot out of sequence & then re-sequence as fantasy. What the camera reveals becomes invisible in Siegfried's hands. He tricks all his subjects into strange candid "poses." His art is the art of the shining made possible. Let the ultimate Nothing bring us our voices, he demands. But

configures each angle as he positions his shots. Each motion picture image looks slantways at language, as language reciprocates in honor of silence, which is sweeter than night according to Siegfried. Fantastic as snow drifts. Borrowed like a book for a week. Or only a lifetime. For as real as words are, they are only impossible. They rearrange what we see. We are the puppets of dada standing on line, talking in riddles, talking amongst ourselves as we wait for a booth at a restaurant or a seat at the movies. We are the puns on the tongues of stunning blue mannequins. We always seem plastic as anyone else's version of loneliness. As public as sunlight, we are the faceless somebody calling out for a cab. We are an army of Siegfrieds. Now are feet are boiled beets, & the man working produce is not reassured but tosses a token into the splash of apple sauce that is our mind. The blind melons, he assures us, have roots that reach & reach. A tune he alludes to arrives like a tune by an alternate route &, as always, Siegfried's out to kill a goose tonight. Or it's cough syrup in the alley at twenty paces. & the man working produce at Wal-Mart never suspects, has spent his last happy days holding onto a secret he keeps under his hat, oblivious to any version of a man working produce at Wal-Mart that he can't earn a living with. You must blend with the

kumquats, he tells me, camouflage is key. You mustn't be paranoid. The passion fruit's your ace in the hole. O for the beauty of what isn't in your produce, I think. Mistaking grandeur in Siegfried's head—two underwater bubbles—for his Windex-colored eyes. But Siegfried rallies, taking no for an answer in the produce aisle at Wal-Mart. Believing nothing of value must go to waste.

Scenes & Music from Journal Noir

There was interference on the play. A zeppelin paused above the stadium. Please stay tuned to this station. We will return right after this commercial break. An interrogative is faceless, you sd. They come at us as if out of nowhere, often context-less. When I give the girl in the beer commercial a funny bio I could imagine I had a chance of scoring with her. Otherwise I feel she is too sexy, too beautiful, out of my league. That's what I told you when you asked me: what was I thinking? The truth, baby, is an iron boot swinging hard at yr face. Ha ha. Give us a kiss. Who is yr daddy? Lightning brings down a power line & the tv goes blank. You put on my yellow rain boots & go out back to the yard. Hunched near the door, you just need a smoke. You are sending up smoke signals. When you return to the dark living room, you are quenched & drenched.

& with no tv, withdrawal sets in. I tell you not to brood. So long as our cell phones work we are still connected. I watch you yawning. I imagine I see an ancient road, crowded with geckos, recede to a point in the future in yr eyes. You play the part of matronly Miss Lemon for me, affecting a naked nympho healthcare professional. You tell me you saw a dvd once

called *The Ravages of AIDS*. Yr eyes bloody at their burned out limit. & that you walked out afterwards believing, no, *convinced* you were mortal. Improvising, that's good, yeah, that sounds real, dangerous, like yeah, it could really have happened to someone.

Our medium of choice is digital information. Open scatological downloaded pornography. A shared file to keep us sharp. But our subject is anyone. Or it could have been horseplay. Both figures in the shot, you sd, appear static. Is the answer always a window to my soul? A summer lover drenched in blood? A hurricane of cum? A menstrual room of my own? I once read a cereal box & I liked what I read. No strings or meaning attached. Our wires get crossed. Our feed is corrupted. We are flippant & bored. Glib as two spokespersons.

The Tarzan swing on tiny Spy Pond

Where I swam as

A boy

On the 4th of July

Is dangerous I tell

you

(I am snapping on some flashlights & lanterns I've retrieved from emergency kits, from the boxes around us. Our house unfinished. A work in progress)—

A kid

I knew
Got trapped
In a rusted car-
hulk
Located
Just below
The
water's
Surface
& drowned
there
After
swinging
Out
& letting go

I remember him
'cause he
bullied me
They say
he
cut off a
gay
boy's penis
once
& forced him
to lick
it
Before
shoving it
into the gay
boy's
mouth

But time passing becomes music &
my iPod's search function scans
for more songs from Memory
Lane. The bruises seem fresher
when put into words. Selected at
random, in no particular order,
the children of chaos line up at

the abattoir. Painting & filming. Writing & fucking. Their whacky hipster mélange of zeitgeist & chutzpah expressed in one night. Their crazy zombie orgy, a dark metal moon, is planned for the solstice.

But we are bored. Sitting on our hands. We decide to spackle & paint our unfinished walls. In my haste to open a 10 gallon container of Jiffy spackle, I pop open the lid, hard, using an excess of force & a screw driver, partly in the dark. All my weight behind my effort. Some of it splatters. I stand still a moment. Looking—the floor an Action Painting. The floor transformed. You are singing by accident this pain on the floor. What is the difference between art arrived at thru chance—how it feels to chew 5 Gum—and real life? In art, you sd, porn is a dream of being desired. In art, you sd, a dog & his owner are out every night. Each walking a different street simultaneously. Neither one aware of the other. In real life, you sd, we are invited to lunch—how about a bowl of coastal soup & some brine shrimp boiled in beer? Our every bite the result of a choice. Everything adds up to something, you sd. Even our fucking. It's like having anal with mama & poppa over & over. When they tell ya what they tell ya, you gotta believe it. You gotta believe *in* it. & always act

confident. The next word is indelible.

I used that line: *When they tell ya what they tell ya* in a sonnet about love & you called it “hokey.” A story is usually told for a reason. A car slams into a convenience store & cameras are rolling as a matter of course. In real life we pick out the music. We edit each scene. As I edit yr face now. Half stone-cobra-shadow. Half puffy-cheek-baby-cheek-flesh-of-a corpse. Yr image altered by these black out aesthetics. The lighting is poor. Resembles the lighting of a two minute snuff flick. The film in which a young woman is bound naked to a chair, & eating her own shit, her own sacred excrement out of fear. We hear / There are two voices. Each drowning out the other. In the first voice—the crackling of burning varnish. The patina of destructive egos arguing the law, orgasmic with flames. In the second voice—the language is surreal. Unrecognizable. A yowl. Syllables, formed & then uttered, shatter in transit.

Exhausted after spackling & painting, our walls flooded with light from three dimming lanterns, we sit huddled in our exhaustion. In yr opinion the words *written in sand* should be deleted from the poem I gave you to critique before leaving the house after lunch today. & I agree. Our transaction occurs in the

clutches of a dialectic. Didn't you once say that? Or was it the mad housewife in yr hipster suburban allegory? The one shopping for doctors. Her whole town dry as a desert. & no fucking shit to be had. Things are getting real for her. She is Jones-ing for identity. But the way she stands for something dreaded & yet something positive keeps me alive, just reading. She is the pathos of a blow job. The realism we denude as we denude ourselves & our sexual partners. I like how you end it. The story has balls I can really fuck with.

We fall asleep somewhere between the goon & New York titty. The power returns. The tv coming on again wakes us up at 2 am. I told you I dreamed that two skittish towhees flew out of my asshole & no one, gathered around me to hear me read, said nary a word. When I showed you my poem about this anonymous mechanic guy who dismantled my engine & my fucked up transmission on the one weekend I had off that month from work—pieces of manifold & bell housing all over the garage floor, a mist of rain a pall across our city—you objected to my use of personal pronouns. *He* & *him* don't cut it, you sd. The guy needs a name. You must give him a name.

Flutes against Christendom

In a car with the mostly forgotten,
we mistake John Ashbery for a
lou-lou from outta space. Our
minds become one mind. A
monster mutant cerebra the size of
Connecticut. Our trip is delayed.
No reason given. Now that is real
nerve for you! We imbibe as
though mad. A post-language
something or someone meant to
postpone. We only talk egos,
apostasies, letting ourselves go.
We share infinite Sundays
revising page one. Some pretty
derivative stuff. Even our
moustache is kamikaze. But this is
our last & only poem. There is
content but no subject. We are
earmarked for greatness. All but
erased. We stay but a moment in
any one spot. Remembering our
hey-day. A bunch of seeds in a
paper container. Our view of the
world, of nature, is our crooked
mis-meaning. What is this place if
not the real world? A world as
beautiful as the r. mutt of sunspots
between John Ashbery & the real
world? John leans his head into
the question, lost in the glare of
his own mis-meaning.

I am wringing my hands. I am lost
in the closet looking for answers.
A substitute, a signifier out there
in snow town rudely interjects
(before John or anyone can figure
it out): *Quell dog?! What hiver-*

*fou?! Our intentions fold us neatly into piles of John Ashbery & “that other poet.” Our stairs are breathless sentences. We enter & exit thru folly’s door. If we alter the world of John Ashbery & “that other poet” then the world we imagine is the source of our content becomes the subject we abandon. If we bet one great line of ours against one line of Frank O’Hara’s & delete April Galleons we collaborate with the forgotten at our peril. We wake up word-laden collaborators in postmodern salons imagining dirt as it blows over our shoes. If we dream we have written the sequel to *A Wave* by John Ashbery, we are in business with John Ashbery. We get doped by our prosody. Our own fucking verve looks us square in the eye, so bent as to fornicate against sporting old Huysmen. What fish find at circle one, the brisket in the town’s public toilet bowl. What then, John Ashbery? What overwhelming interrogative compares to creation?*

I am reading yr letters at some point after yr death. (Now in their fifth printing.) How dark & unrelenting was yr life as a clown. Flopped down. Drunken. Still yakking on its sore head. Clown feet distended up. Topsy-turvy in the firecracker air. & I am laughing. Looking for the door.

The stale air of Circe rises in doubt
near the big toe of chronic
illuminati John Ashbery. & all
across the Belleview Common, the
watched pots we are...I am joking
of course...We are hooked up to
grids. A season of open & closed
mind games winds up a turd
balled up in fists of ten mental
apples. & up for grabs. &
thumping along is the one view of
terror we exaggerate in cars taking
a trip. Nowhere profound. Just
wandering. Our dashboard black
as space we enter only in suits.
John says, we are any number of
rim shots impinging on volleys.

What a mutilation of facts, John
comments. I am abandoning our
poem. I am going to France. I am
going to eat cheese. Once there &
stuffed with *fromage* I will begin
again my career as poet. But sans
the chaos. Sans the million routine
daily distractions which are, after
all, my celebrity. & so American.
Do you think it possible?

As “plugged in” as we get we act
out our analogue existences. Wave
disappearing into wave though
one of us is more HDTV than
book of poems. We look at &
think we see the face of things, of
someone there that isn’t there,
really, at all. We feel electric. We
sizzle with current (born of
content not subject matter.) In a
new way we are still broken

down. Our semblance of vaudeville is a freaking Vegas bag o'cats of dust & black matter. What is that swirling in our listening cochlea? As to what involves a rite of circumstance (Again, content not subject matter) yr guess is as good as mine. If we Google just "facts" we are faced with a multitude of unorganized facts/ unnatural acts. & as always, the main act is the next man.

What if I leave out the meaning of what I am writing? What if I put down my pen & unplug my keyboard? What if I write only in the purest sense of that word—that is, only in my mind? Keeping no verbal record or written document? My every poem a chess club rat on a wheel going nowhere? Here is our MindSpring, says Ashbery, of hallucinated action. A painting is the illusion of a thing. Sometimes it's language. Sometimes it's not. If we keep the illusion we sacrifice nothing. We are hatching a marvel in so many words. If we keep the mental push & shovel of the show room floor, of the old Soviet propaganda cartoons, our lives are red somehow in the graveyards of Vineland. But if words lack significance the gears bloom into jasmine. & yet somehow a volume reckons us to our slack imagination. If a lost interpretation pisses out space—

la-bas, la-bas—between our words
& the world then we are involved.
We are that uncool person who
revs up his or her Harley-
Davidson motorcycle to impress
the neighborhood, meaning what
is the point?

Who is it that comes singing now
songs of the revolution after
decades of silent filming? Under a
psychedelic sky they are empty of
words, carried off by a tune, a
racket in a bucket strategically
placed in the maw of our echoes.
We push Cinderella out a bay
window (not literally) while 3
stories up a tale about Trakl & his
bomb sniffing dog types out a
sentence as rainbow as chocolate
& more chocolate than
transparent.

I am quasi-nit elite. Some
poignant proletariat abstraction
means poetry is imminent. My
native tongue is plagiarized. All
bungling protagonist I bump along
my lonely way. My writing it
slant; this cockeyed world deleting
“that other poet’s” BOLD face
strangeness as I go. I am speaking
to you, dust on my keyboard. & to
you, local savage soda jerk. Yr
alchemical minds snap off a jazz
note from beyond outta space. & I
can’t quite sit & reflect on you.
You seem so withdrawn. So real.
& yet so ghost-like. But isn’t it

nice to have music again? & be
muddled up in idioms?

My ten broken eyes. My all-
human fingertips formulate
diversions. Deviations from the
Norm are considered the Norm for
a new wave of Ashbery
enthusiasts. I want to sleep in my
crib again. Stone cold as
binoculars with which I observe
the wrenching pain of an
everyday wrench. I am all out of
breath from the noise of space-
time. My pink manic hands
worship at Olduvai. If I
sprechenzie Olduvai, I masturbate
the microfiche. I have double the
trouble. I must ask my therapist: If
lucid Snow White dies in act one,
what sense is there in water
balloon? After all in the dead end
of afterthought she dials my
number.

I am lit up by snowfall. All
emphasis, no gravity. If I dig my
own grave site must someone be
in it? Is that someone John
Ashbery? Don't laugh at me or
scorn what I've written. It could
happen. I am sure that it could.
After all, the microfiche reveals!

I am not a bad tenor. I am kind of
an actor. This is a Language Poem.
I pick out a style & go with my
gut—that of the plush Adirondack
style of rooftop. I pule while I

advocate. I am digging a grave in the kitchen of the house I was born in. The porcelain is smooth as John Ashbery's gravy. I thrust out my tongue. What's my condition? My roof is a top hat, a funny funny thought on John Ashbery's head. It is a plush Adirondack style of rooftop.

My Model Is Time

I have spent all the drachmas. You sent me a model. My model was Time. An all purpose fury I titled like a poem. About neck aches in Oise. But my model is time arranged on a cow hide. I still love the Pyrenees. When the clouds throw fits of Salvador Dali. Under the fire we cook. It is now the 2nd Century ab ovo & the wrenches are golden as the dreams on yr pillow. I am speaking about since. Not merely the masculine. I have moths that kill time. Some fantastic moths imbue this landscape of focus. With pockets of salt. Harbors locked in the eye without mercy. Or perhaps I have moths for a 4-chambered heart. A robust mania defuses my inch worth of sane choral music. I stood up on its head. Eating the salad made cracking the wise both a possible & an impossible bio. Burning last winter. Out of its bones. If I go further than floppy...Like a floppy disc of old...To the shore line bent over...Like a 3 ½ in floppy all over the elegance...Do I remain irrational forever? Fear, I fear, is a swerve on a highway. Out of the path of least resistance. Description has filed papers. To bankrupt the poets & artists & musicians. The square root of dreaming has taken. A dream. And shot out the ears. I am conceding my trepidation. Will

you have honey this time? I
figured I'd fat little phantoms.
Blights of my brain life. And I
walked till the garden looped.
Bowl that it was. & over my
shoulder came June. Like Orion. I
danced the dance of the
remarkable ham sandwiches. In
the last flicker of dusk. I witnessed
a rock slide. The abattoir has a
name now. We have taken to
calling it Cello. The man of a
thousand shadows. Omits his own
essence. A fearful eye across the
eye of fear. Through the hallways
I drone. Back and saddled in.
Everyone kind of has to.
Demonstrably love the book. In
order to smell like a poet.

Managed Care Fugue for Hortence Figuet

Camera eats a super poem to death. An ode or sunny sided sonnet too nostrum to be boastful. Nadar complete set to drink in good health. A b&w death. Suppose you are blue. And go from there. The flash is never in the photo. You are painting a self portrait. (supposedly abstract). Yr gonads must shine. Or wither like peonies drooping in sadness. It matters only in measure how you appear. To you yrself. I am conflated. I am apple-handed in a vague pool of blue angst. I am disgusted with angst. This summer I painted d'Avignon. The whores wore a necklace and sang without fear. I mustard illusion. Yr bewildered beatnik holding a five note alone in a skiff. A pattern of indifference. A mock death on a moving flat bed. This was Impressionism at the hotel door. That iron you are holding. I seem an empire with mine. Travelling on stomachs. This pond is a choir of one Spy Pond. Where juju is wicked & doesn't respond. The crullers & croissants occupy me with my own little woe. I have six hungry fingers. & starve all my fingernails. Is this death on my watch fob? Or the no name banana of Marcel Duchamp? This tear on my dashboard proves our dachshund a void. Ice folds, sculpted like fingerprints, buckle and writhe. But still don't explain

how our wrinkled feet decay. In
modern mud. In more modern
mud. Than sensible.

Vacuum Tube Aesthetics per 100 ml

Please snap on yr nit elite Paul Revere. Either that or Juan Gris gets banged up and riddled with bullet holes. I have bordello lady on my cell phone...what do you require to finish yr scene? & reap me a reaper! I want to make war on the people in cyberspace but Antwerp is next & everyone is frozen. Make me a bawdy sundae and I will forget all about the will of the people & The Mannerist School. If I tell you my sorrowful, sad story will you leave me in peace? Very well then...The smoke I was smoking had a peach pit I disdained as unrealistic. We entered thru a vacuum and got bounced from the avant-garde. LAX xploded with vendors, and hot dogs were ammunition. So I repeated my answer: No, I don't like Ma Bell. It's nothing personal. & No, I won't say she's crazy. She's just another silly conglomerate. No one cares about free enterprise where she's concerned. Not since the fall of the Berlin Wall. We just want to hear another voice making us happy. Yr cygnets, Sir Isaac Newton, gave me a headache I'll never forget. I am growing apart. I am growing a data base I am helpless to control. It is bigger than yr data base. It must be Iceland. I am inclined to speak alter ego instead of a digital language or the language of

diplomacy. I have Mickey Mouse watch hands to inspect before I am briefed about my mission to Jupiter. Not Mickey Mouse himself, mind you, but one of his gags caught fire in Reykjavik and renamed him Paul Éluard. The fire swept over us like the opposite of snow. We bandaged the capital. We longed for a nebisher to arrive and make major lover's kugel. I ordered the happy police to obliterate a Wal-Mart. & stood firm on my principles. Our Reykjavik tradition schemed we could fly. I panned gold out of fear. I ate Spanish olives and got the son I had wanted. Edvard Munch stood naked, holding a wooden nymph in his plastic arms. People milled about in the street below his window. It was winter and a vagrant chill occupied his frame of reference. Edvard Munch smiled and my daughter coughed blood. This is all about you, 20th Century! The inferno I back-ordered came COD. We had this understanding...I no spew ash and sulfur over his Audi, and he no fly Business Class when Coach is cheaper and a longer way home. Once my weasel squeaked: tikki, tikki, tikki & then I saw Eve plastered over in a fresco by Giotto. Name dropping is dangerous when the names you drop are all but dead now. Don't squeeze the vermilion or dandify the ocher. Zinc tubes are a flush of modern theories about color and

light. I want to know if you ever experienced Rachmaninoff jet lag. It's a real ball buster taking the red eye from Chicago and landing in Brisbane, looking stupid and a little off center. I'm a ball buster on reform issues. Scratch that martini. I'll have OJ instead. Coaxial cable yr own brain and wait for the sub human characters to evolve into mice. That is one benign labyrinth. I am also a survivor in an existential sense. Who am I you ask? I just went around the car to answer your question and felt I had travelled a trillion light years. But how could that be? I just want to make dough and by that I mean money. Everyone I know or have known has had or does have a midpoint of no return. & still you keep asking: a solid is still a solid, right?

Embarrassed to See It, Encouraged to Feel It

At this distance I talk about elevated cell counts & silos a rat inhabits. My love seems an index and so small from this height above the city where time has no hands and sex is a product sold only to those with the sheckles to pay for it. My mind is no matter. I orbit around in my Virginia Slim cigarette head and face. Are you put out of yr house when the bats have an orgy? My poem is not yet elastic. I have ordered a new anvil and I am waiting patiently to drop it on Wily Coyote or shoot it out over the ramparts of Moscow, Idaho. & this makes me thankful & proud to be an American shot putter. I am an irrelevant cartoon. Dixie Cups are the gold standard of waxy- textured waterproof disposable drinking cups. If I use one for knitting my boots I up & fly south. If I poke holes in my ladle I get stopped at the border. Finally, my anvil is here. I sling it up over my shoulder and drag it a mile across the wild wild western dunes, doubling back twice while imagining the gorgeous gorge of my gorgeous imagination. My face, a kinetic enemy of the people, is aimed at yr heart, Mr. Mustard Gas. My teeth are the babies I save when reading aloud a poem by Mark Strand. My fingerprints are emblazoned on a white dish towel. Is this how Jesus got his Shroud of Turin examined

by scholars in Punta Gorda, FL? I am painting a similar mustache. Hail to you, Groucho Marx! I observed you from my place in the scaffolding as the seven men entered and sat silently. Joseph Stalin, you've got mail. The walrus lay rotting, grave as a sunken heart. My neighbor mumbles while he naps. I sabotage his cheesy, mail order, all-American, backyard-Sunday hammock while he fixes a snack for the dogs that I love. What right-minded dog is on the basement stair and coming up if not Hound Dog Houdini, the poetry reading Mastiff? I am still dreaming of anvils and the corpses have names I change with a nod. The anvils hit my house sideways & break all my windows. I am sad and moody as a bad television movie. A rubber band does not make music palatable. Neither does an elastic band play *I Am the Walrus* backwards on a phonograph. I speed to the scene looking up words on my on line thesaurus. Replacing *weirdo* with *sicko* and *elephant* with *pachyderm*. This gets me no closer to an answer concerning the origins of music. My last effort at composing a score got me sour balls for lunch. I am sad as a Lemon Head. Call me Ishmael or I will zing you on Face Book & put you down rightly. The one eyed weatherman looked her up and down. He saw Cindy walking in her underwear and squawked all night about every two-bit two-

eyed man she ever loved and admired. None of them was a limp digit good enough for her. Escape hatch of Lover's Lane is equal to the square root of driving drunk off Lover's Leap. & once again the subject was knuckles. A rodeo of bones still talking but lacking wit. This winter I muttered an isolated epithet & saved the poets from a midnight of fussing. My use of *suggest nails 'ursor joined ing to / express slowly (ion)* is a ways to a means in harry k stammer's poem "beeasily." & the pot calling the kettle seems a nimble juxtaposition. The light is too strong for feelings to evolve. & a minute too long to coexist, stooped at my waist. My answers fall down, folk-style, in the soup I have hallucinated. A column of numbers. A list of odd words equals a waterfall as I garden my clues and write them a letter. I mean I am acting. I am hearing static emitted like ice cream from this pimped city wall. I cut out the middle man. That there is Shakespeare. I mean that's *Sir* Walter Raleigh to you, Radio Shack! What folderol in the name of Cheezit cheese snax! Or mace in the hierarchies' face (attack dog into submission.) I have wandered free as electrons imitate life on the street by my house. Macy's is a chump's dept. store of retail antennae. Slipping & skidding at a rock sliding event seems something of a tradition here in Harlot Canyon. I compete with

the prose posed as a Bagel Bite.
The garden on my rooftop says:
Snap! Another wrist brkn! If you
sprinkle on some thyme onto a
shadow cast by a luminous moon,
you season the birds who fly the
next day. Soft as a jostle of baby's
breath, my mind is on Demerol.
The essence of which has no
visible breaking point. Unlike
Yosemite Sam I never shoot off
my pistol when I want some
attention. A cartoon is that extra
something, bogus as a human
being mayb or mayb a badly
healed, crooked phalange.

Abraxas Out of Reach

Stay. Stay still a moment. The moment is finished. Like a Cubist portrait when the smile perplexes us. Abraxas is pouting out of reach. The Spanish sunset rolls over our trench. Blue as a Dada-apple. Four paper dolls. & a head of gasoline. Do you copy? I am scoffing at sense & the sense that sense makes. Toffy Tanguy is my personal guide down to a Wal-Mart in the doors of Seville. The pere of mod art, he takes & he thinks. His knees are all buckles. The smart one a blossom. Pauses in revelation. His view of the construct. As a whole. Is a viaduct. Or valve. Not the shy girl of a sparrow crawling into a Chevy. The back seat is a beach ball. She rolls it up hill. But favors one leg. What questions have we? The mass influence of what we call egg is surreal. Quenching as a Pop art Pop Tart. Glued to a forehead. This is never Spain again. This is Fargo, the West Indies, The Hague of our nightmares. We lick Doom from a crutch tip. From the crutch's leaning place. We are making believe believe it is real. The something wooden has gone & broken all my bones. I sat & I whistled till the train answered back: I have no bananas. I have cantaloupes & figs. In times of disparity. We share but a shadow. Of drunken existence. We pull it on over us. Raising the dog's

hackles more than a flag. More than a few wild red anemones. Known as a particular distance. Down. When she approached looking sad. She smiled sadly at us and asked: "Are you the guys from the Sea of Tranquility?"

Scroll

Don't reach for the owl in yr
nightmare about childhood. Scan
the breezy samples of poems I
downloaded instead. No tsunami
rests until the swell is ashore.
Begin reaching deeper, grabbing
psychic ass of yr demon's rhetoric.
These we call a toy lover's apostle.
A thing or personage no more and
no less than some Ward Cleaver
dude. Some less digital sense or
version of self strikes home when
robots are involved. Some balloon
music putting the moves on a
sunflower. My so-and-so
Japanese stone figure arrives
broken & unlucky. Is a tale all
about love something we desire or
the fancy feet of our need dancing
like a hobo across the zeitgeist of
center stage? As if one is stricken
with a palsy a pome in the upper
realms becomes relatable as sense
washes away. A turn on a
highway a propos of a poem
over a fraction of elsewheres. One
half a density singing with "must."
The sky is where ground relates at
the seam of an odd & unsuspecting
sartorial splendor. & where
blackguards set chattel to chattel
song. All the live long urinal pose.
Dispossessed of a right. A STONE
FIGURE OF SNOW WHITE.
Nothing but Betty. & then Pollock
seemed a renegade but his
paintings seemed a sure thing. A
siphon sirloin, an egg box, the
essence of which. Old and cold

and alone. Etc. Flown down
channel 20/century 7 is classic
Dean Martian. His mt. suite viola
plays and plays the great lost
heron sonatas of another century.
Cable news broadcast vibrates at
intervals. Reception is good. Not
spectacular though. The oxen
are durable. Get off of the oxen.
According to the length required I
smiled all Sunday. Ovid never
traipsed his tongue across the
hinterlands of Tennessee. Our
repast is lyric. I mean a porcelain
face so sweet & clean it breaks yr
heart. Someone is telling the story
of how the goat caught fire in the
rain on Monday. The others
are on their centripetal sides. All
over Eden's freshly mowed lawn.
Someone means culture. Or the
version of history as olive-skinned
as Abraham & Isaac. I am turning
on the Don Juan. I am rolling
down the blinds. The picture is
blue & yellow as a hummingbird
in the bushes outside. Thinking I
dropped like an A-Bomb into yr
hands. Rare as a child or an orchid
I stepped clear of the darkness. &
into yr expression. The beginning
was like begging. "Hold me," I
pleaded. A guitar is both a bass
and a guitar. A GREEN GREEN
PALM TREE w/ bright yellow
flowers. The neon sign of Edvard
Munch eating an Alpo snack treat
holds less and less meaning as this
poem emerges like a boat from the
fog. Our duty is to the arts.
Surrender yr pages! We go small.
Some exotic garden reels beneath

a shower of metallic beads
becoming surreal. A tune of little
flaming hoops and one never
dreams of ice storms again. &
smaller behemoth songs. Treble
on "ON." & on the monitor the
one word: "BEATLES." So miserly
a death. Can the poem enchant us
if it is to survive being a pome?

Fake IDs into the Post-historical Biker Bar

The fourth uphill is a posit of conundrums loading poetry full up with candy Uzzis. & solving for x, unwinding a spool, we scat propaganda to squeamish Pirandello, looking up gerunds we wish we had written. The crickets of doom go wild at bake sales. The crickets of doom are Chapstick. This one long night seems eternally grape jelly, as Kafka acts broccoli for mustachioed Kurt Vonnegut. "*Jouissance* is a nuisance" is never what you think a girl will say. But rather "I am like like the endangered arctic virginia woolf." Y Gassett must answer the egging on of Providence via meaningless sex. (His big toe a stalk of Red Guard.) The mannequins refute him (as anyone would): & this & death's pearl-diving she-hawk in something like a photograph. Their bike is a spoke in a flounder of wonder adores / betrays: beyond the possible countryside. & Ma Barker drunk. In a way, no one had ever dreamed of it. But white Betty Crocker waddles thru graveyards making a poem. Her gaunt little women set rubble on wheels & sweep up the history. Her face, a theory, disassembles a pie chart, dominates with parlor tricks. Her violin's a cake with soul of patent leather. & every morning of Psyche's life as one) a post-historical Anglo, or two) a

lobster, she sits on the wall of post
historical moments.

How I Found Albert Camus Cleaning Up in a Chemical Toilet

I entered the stall. He never looked back. His hands glistened with turgid soap. I was gushed over. My shoes, & his (four toads like lumps of shit) swam about secretly. Stunning with beautiful death odors of intra-personal space, I handed him my ticket to go see the glassworks. He mentioned nothing in passing. Everything was a brown room overflowing. Sobbing sobs between men who dare. & old Sol ruminated outside. "Existence was yesterday," he sd. "You're a day late." My turd floated nicely. We watched it with hope, pulling back on our desire for more & more ultimate experiences. Such are the dreams that we live & remember. I cut off a cucumber. He called me a prick. I dialed my cell phone. He stood staring at my turd, indefatigable. A hot dog roasted nicely on the heat of the spit. I wanted to whisper in the closeness between us: *Fire is the devil's only friend*. There was no sink. I imagined I washed my hands of him & this was a murder. His death as a writer at the hands of a poet. Outside the chemical toilet, his doppelganger loitered. The clouded-over weeds sprang into blossom. Dandelions on the turds! Swirled round & round the maniacal whites of our eyes. I bent over in unrelenting nausea. I picked up a word from the turd in

my fist. I uttered a poem so bleak
that I laughed splitting my sides.
My eyes were two houses of
mannequins. Shit houses of
mansions posing as toe nails. In
the heart of a turd, I persisted. I
trumped all I knew. I danced
macabre as kid-play reigned.

Erotic Universe of One Looking at the Other

<^>

Dante couldn't have said it best, having excised the "natural" world (in the shape of his heart) from the birth of cliché. His *raison d'être* no more no less than —a powerful —a genderless JUST DO IT! I am beside the point, painting Star-Kist tuna ads / targeting average housewives. Jack & Jill fetch a pail of water in America! Tip of the whale's disappearing dorsal fin! Dooming economics! & Vonnegut chiming in on temporal Richter Scales: *I have come unstuck in time*. Oh, when not where have you gone, Billy Pilgrim? *Where have you gone, Joe DiMaggio? Our nation turns its lonely eyes to you*. Life as woman is a drag for a man. The message comes down, as if on fire & out of nowhere, & out of our mouths like a breath we can't hold—America, I've lost my vagina again!

<^>

Where are you now, Mary Richards? Murray has difficulty with simple things. He needs you now to button his collar. To tie his ON-AIR-tie for him. Lou is away. & Ted is on strike. & you, you plucky you...you breath of fresh air in the face of our doom...you utterly fearless almost

indestructible all-feminine vortex
of implacable smiles...you're
pulling your weight at last! But
Murray's balder than he's ever
been. Used up ideas hit him at a
fixed angle only. & now he can't
capitulate even on those. The man
simply can't move to his left
anymore than you can, Mary. &
still you're there to cheer him on.
His life a void he wants more than
anything to share with you. You!
His BFF forever! He sits in the
bath holding Fear of Flying
hostage in his hands. Its subplots
arouse him. There remains little or
nothing of note after these. Oh,
possibly an elicit romance. (Does
Murray dare to eat a peach?) A
foot or so of engendered path up
which he may clumsily wander,
seeking relief—what he feels for
you, Mary, is real. But what is it?
A minotaur surrounded by
falsehoods? Paired with the myth
of pure femininity? He is married
not dead after all. Yet he clings
like cat hair to: I'll love you
forever. A lover by definition a
dreamer—zipless fuck roaming
un-navigable stars!

<^>

I write this in a box—Heath
Ledger was a dream whose images
are sanctified slaves. This is film's
(video's / digital's) unnatural
conceit—I feel nauseous among
equals. I feel Super Balls (made to
bounce high as tall buildings). I
don't know how this can be so. Or

how it can be correct but I feel these words—"I feel Super Balls (made to bounce high as tall buildings)." I bow to coexist. I feel powerless at cross streets. Confused by this thought—what is the mode of a man giving birth? I imagine myself a uterus adrift on an icy sea. The ocean choppy from push & shove of mortal conflict. & me with my hallucinated womb perfectly intact...what am I? A sailor's cruel joke? I am trapped in a cage that's not a cage. I am out of control, committed to chaos, Max Planck. Confused in my soul, Rita Hayworth. I have male prisoner blue balls how can you help me? Constellations sputter. Expanding to exceed my assumptions of nominal dimensions. & *all she wants to do is, all she wants to do is dance*. But how is a galaxy a galaxy & not a man or a woman?

Photogenic

Occasionally a camera will ferret out one angle above all others & stroke it till it dies of loneliness. Shooting a scene dire with all probability, built in, excised as a bird hopping on one glass foot, twelve golden beaks snipe like riflemen. Occasionally a bird will be found out. Its nascent intellect seduced, taken off the beaten path of circumstances beyond our control—a swirl of pathos patent as Christmas imagery. An angle, at such a distance, at one margin fatter than enabler-geese, is cooked, choked down, & shat out—worshipped dead-carcass tree symbolism. Entangled bones of a string ad nauseam of colored bulbs of light. I have a believable self this fails to explain. Otherwise I am fine. A fine body of nominal work. Just a bit too human this morning. A camera has no bottom & no top. No center other than focus of cleft. This left. That right. The texture of purpose but lacking purpose. Shapes mount in passive darkness. A series of angels stir in formatted blankness. All dark to the touch of the eye. This is how and when I delve. I am into a tune played on the radio—the name of a woman who's bathed herself raw—this is obsession—a goat eating everything in sight. But what a shot!—a kitten of bloated rice cakes, darkly & softly inhabited—creepy cunt creviced

with stark personas! The
photographer says I am putting on
pounds. Even as I sit here,
hoarding calories, my eyes a page
written on a grain of rice, so small,
so enigmatic, they appear
beautiful. & the kitten of bloated
rice cakes, a cat now. This or that
peculiar puddle meowing
contempt for any sensible
outcome. Taunting us with clever
cleverness—Get into yr costume,
little balloon! Blue men, take up
yr swords! You look authentic,
buffalo gal, in yr silk & leather
thong!

Romeo & Juliet, This Is Richard Kostelanetz

I harpie Frank Zappa cobra
Imperialism but the duck pond
Savanarola...? I full ship
catafalque the Belle Epoch Frank
O'Hara. The immiscible Jean
d'Arc. I Wilbur force patch me
thru Boston Market idealism
[yacht & dinghy excluded]. I
foolscap Franz Kline non-entropy
pact. I Fred Astaire bamboozle the
fire-star identity-comb while
Beanie & Cecil out-rigger
continuous. I Google Tom Hanks.
I client clarinet Miles Davis UFO
stalking café in the nether world I
walk. I stereo anemone Little Miss
Muffet. I city Klondike algebraic
follicle cyst Max Ernst hoping
incandescent floral arrangements
endive Mick Jagger. I observe
muffin animal banner peninsula &
Ma Barker lots of potato. I deride
Tupac Shakur. I dead name a
heron vapid genuflect the real
Vincent Price please rodeo yr
mom. I dig same up Señor Zorro. I
guano Fred Flintstone painting
Percy Bysshe Shelley on steroids
not crack —The notice dealt with
the matter at hand—I wanna
fudge up the real you David
Hockney p—W is matter that's
real on a scale of Oliver Twist. I
Jon Donne am Jones-ing on
wavelengths. I gonniff Saul Bellow
radical beta theta why go as a
molecule? I sand art Chet
Huntley. A pen is a pen James
Bond & yr syrup's explosive. Dear

Abby a bodily cetacean climbed
over The Louvre. Do you live in a
pig sty Harry Houdini or an oar
lock adieu? I live under a ball &
under a saucer Dr. Williams. I'm
dreaming at speed & I flock
Richard Nixon. If time is a gift
then I am a glove Richard Harris. I
Santa Claus the cinema obeying
the dog & it's getting me nowhere.
—Who is hollow in the head or
next Willem De Kooning?— Send
more free-style Tibetan neck
beads Harry Belafonte. I children
went sailing Charles Baudelaire
with the eyes out of worship. I
salad the man Elvis Presley.
Rainer Maria Rilke alters kazoos
standing-in. I doppelganger
rudiments reading vexing mystery
Clark Kent. I sinister turn Betty
Davis eyes Frederick Nietzsche up
town & celery. Do I world time
zone special snow cone have to
remind you Cy Twombly? Wal-
Mart 20 items sold Marcel
Duchamp! I dog fire seamstress
glee & Chapstick Charlie Brown. I
teleprompt Paul Klee quickly with
voices. Osh Kosh by gosh Octavio
Paz. I saxophone relative distance
while driving Malcolm X. The
only living curvature of space
meters the fifth of a series Paula
Abdul. I pop monitor July
Mahatma Ghandi. It is written
Annie Lennox. I tumble dry
Dusseldorf rainy Van Heflin. It is
brick Sean Penn & soup is a foot. I
wall-rock peyote- hallucination
noah eli Gordon & the terrible
swan man while breathing out

owl tarts. I back order slash
random peninsulas Lou Reed. the
elk sd, irrational Iroquois sd
Humpty Dumpty Oriental ginger
(& lost.) I Dakota sling willing
floppy essence Charles De Gaulle.
If anyone asks Bill Murray shapes
& numbers sun of Daisy Duke
Matterhorn. I come together
music shoe upright Orville
Reddenbocker. I panic distance
Oskar Kokoschka. I banana tripod
soufflé, ugh, it's a cushion Derek
& The Dominoes. I flower
dissemble Xmass near over
Monica Lewinski. I panic Sid
Vicious brain washing weeping
version Robinson Crusoe. Who is
ten not eleven Clyde Barrow
boxes juxtaposed at peach fuzz a
platform? I startle a half life inch
over inch like a stork out of gas
Cassius Clay / Mohamed Ali. I
Pier One in battle with brittle
nuptials & digging Joe DiMaggio. I
sexual corn ravioli a glass toe a
baker's dozen Jackson Pollock. &
drop Che Guevara. I tenement
turtle radical radar machine Andy
Warhol. I hula hoop Elmo & out
past the gate. I Hulk Hogan the
flickers not lost in the
programming. I terrapin the
cyclamen containing the moot
posted like eyeballs and heirs in
my popcorn Vladimir Nabokov. I
elongate verboten Jane Goodall. I
dead of night Paul McCartney.
I charm bracelet the world
Howlin' Wolf. I swallow yr karma
Jack Kerouac.

Torrents of Spring as the Voice of The Last of the Mohicans

Tomorrow we blister the
sorrowful mushrooms till we're
deep in the side show of Dr.
Boston pepper proper again. No
Napoleon for me thanks. I have
millions of rhinoceros to kill with
this Raid Roach Killer. The dead
beats are crowding the new Nu
Poets out of invisible vapors
twisted by the torpor of a slide
guitar. The old Nu Poets have set
spheres adrift on bank loans
they're firm. I saddle up torpor.
My notebook is goofy with slug
legs & communist spa deaths.
Something lopes along Jump
Street having one-upped the
sacred hearts of rods & cones. This
position I have chosen is an
uncomfortable bean bag. No
Erasmus for sale. Mahler's lace and
doily work is reminiscent of
Kafka's old brandy wine wide and
omitted like aces are ones.
Something talks to a toad that is
beyond the kings' power. My
technique moves coyote to the
picture book in sequence with a
tom-tom. My lace patterns button
up the oinks in order to bar b cue
coyote. The golden catsup I sit
on at work belongs to the void I
purchase with French fries. Along
came the golden catsup bottle I
shake while I fork. No Hölderlin
book shelf plays fiddle like an asp.
I talk to the vanity. Mumbles of
too much dada-stuff are the
cheese grater's dandruff. The

pneuma-silence grinds like a deer putting Time in a band width. A piano is out of its right mind on Monday thru Friday. & unmistakably sequenced I answer my telephone as Bard of the Year identified only by my voice box. My dopey / sneezy / grumpy self enters the war room an unknown known also as utility room: a wrong and a spurious cell number precedes the conditions in which I alone may participate. What has self doubt & fox trotting but teeth that I spoon with a scissors? Scissors! Scissors! Scissors! Scissors! The Realism is a football telephone hung round a corner. On the side is a truck with a dentist bumper sticker. The long daddy long legs licked up all seven flavors as they paused to refuel. A beautiful split peso glistens on train tracks while singing in woods. & during the contest a beautiful atom of man's beautiful reasoning went hay wire in court. The newspaper repeated a subset of defects in the eyes of a Cubist. The pony flute posed only once as a Warhol. I repudiate the odd ball analysis that love is a honky-tonk gal. & out during the NASCAR came winning with smiles. Our vision takes time hot as a hot tamale. Indifferent to the silly silly oleanders our senses are nude in the jungle room video we black out our teeth. One is a monster telling ice to shut drawers. Gangsta if. Moribund fun's a. Source of heavy metallic hands in

the wood chips I bring you. Laugh
& cuckold the laughter. I am
culpable of two words only. One is
a sack of small titter-mice colored
by Crayola of Loyola University.
One of them growls at the page I
revise. The other is freight. My
mark is made in each direction. I
swallow the river on a slow boat
to Shanghai. The seam is tucked
underneath. My smirk on the
world hums something like
Muzak. Unwieldy child buggers
the bugged luggage-cribbage.
Signing off for the evening I
stepped out of my village. I
warped all my ear wax. I sink
while I illustrate upon entering a
gravity field. This poem is a
television that stole my
moustache! The lamb chops
impart internal combustion to the
Colonel's satisfaction. I am in a
hole in the wall containing a
person. On the whole is a wall
containing a microbe. Mass
wafting existing sentences appeal
to one's sense of the aboriginal
joke book of the toe jam
aesthetics. Ditto aesthetics. As if
waiting. Is for sale. This heresy
has bowel movements. I win like a
train taking leave of a station. The
depot is foamy like a latte but not
like a berry drink. To finish a
dream is to finish a dream & be
rocked back & forth all soft &
white as a 40 watt light bulb. Or
hurry up. A game of chance is
something harder than the dubbed
over advertisement for Lucky
Strike Ice Cream. As Beulah do.

No pocket is too deep for sushi.
One charmed organism takes
umbrage flaunting its sweet meats.
Daffodils in the Buchenwald
suddenly appear—a vernal thing
trapped in the rhythms of a wax
paper dream state. A larynx in
church says a Digger's a hippie
whose sandals are boots &
straighter than straight light is the
chart on the wall. Is the hair I love
with tomato-love here? I wade in
throwing caution to the sky yet
fragile as a petal-face mentioned
in a poem written by Dali. & now
that it's light out in pan-crackled
Prague I spackle my wit 24/7. I am
gassed up in Zurich holding a
head. I am searching my pockets
for the pots & pans of a
counterfeit existence. I pan fry the
aura of counterfeit lira. I leave it
to Pym at the driving range toe.
Of the one life I cipher a thing is a
brief case. I am torn between red
plastic thongs & the fires I set
catching up with my soup cans.
The soldiers are pale & wallow in
pillows. I am aimed at a carrot. My
carotid is plumbing I take out with
a charge card. We are constantly
loitering. One gag is the gag of
gags. The gag among gags. & sick
within limits I enter the loci of
lunatic space. I put off the sounds
shot from a span. What is the
point of painting the dying of
mango blood soup? I walled-in the
orbs while I slept in square rooms.
A mad mad *mad mad* bride acts
out a verse for me from a Popeye
cartoon strip. I tore out a rag from

the horrible window sill. I
sandwiched myself to an imbecile
on microscopic window sills. &
still I'm not bleeding. Nothing
good or saffron can stay. A toad
is the nemesis of my days in a sand
storm.

About the Author

Raymond Farr lives in Ocala, FL. His work was selected for inclusion in the First Sidebrow Anthology. He has published: two free ebooks, *Two Texts* (Chalk Editions 2010) and *chainge* (Chalk Editions 2011), and ten books of poetry in print: *Purple Mountain Believers, sic transit—“g”*, *A Birth of What among Heirlooms?*, *Rien Ici, big strange wall*, *DRUNKER/ holding ember*, *Starched*, *Variably Distorted Lad*, *There Is Something Missing in the Whole Transaction between Us* (all from Lulu.com), and *Ecstatic/.of facts* (Otoliths Books 2011). His chapbook, *Two Hats Appear When Applauded*, is available free at www.dusie.org. Raymond is editor of Blue & Yellow Dog (<http://blueyellowdog.weebly.com>).