

Alpha Betty's Chronicles

Part 1

(I mean the loss of despondence

When the signal detonates within the sign.)

1

a pyromaniac's / toke n joke
lore / and other fandangos, / classroom
and / superstitious knock / as paranoid
effusions rock / borrowed cash
/ / Latin / choking co usins /
cinema sans enemy / ic e cream
/ danishes / in a dream, somewhere...
/ / a maniac's trapped jaw / liquor
store soliloquy yea h / world migraines
/ over broken bridge / over explained
treats, Of / pained necks and then applause
/ / effortlessly retract ed
/ sleep / sobriety's giraffe
/ unurgency, of / / a call from /
plague storms / citadel / records
penciled / in rushes the
/ citadel, is / scholars
dull wars /

A story in
which the dialect spoken was just
a matter of typos that had
become habitual.

2

able

affadavit

agent

appearance

astroturf

breath

church

crank

effort

figure

fin

gin

granted

have

lichened
ligature

loathe

market
model
ontario

oust
outta

piazza
pus

scenar io

since
sine

toe

variety

3

And takes it all
back

not long after saying it
(the
Body Builder).

They shine when they
shit,

and the papers are all over it.

"He shines when he shits."

4

Anxious

big hair on the back cover photo of

Marjorie Perloff's Radical Artifice.

Art Exhibition:

"The

ESSay on William's" including rubber
breasts hanging from the wall; fresh

apples imported from upstate New York

daily; a dadaist nailed-together junk construct

to illustrate materiality of

one of his poems; "Nude Descending

a Staircase" with recording of just

the right kind of laughter (Armory Show);

snotty looking French artists perambulating
throughout the gallery, indifferent;

a sparrow smashed against the floor.

5

Bane of my resistance...

6

Because

People don't have im**ag**ination.

None

Of them. And

Now

They're

sleeping

My typewriter

is loud as a gerhawk.

7

Being

a lover of **f** punctuation, a **nd** such.
/Em /

8

Benny wan**ted** s**mo**king, The **o**dore

not . **A**nd the **ca**dets wanted not**hing**

but rough housing, **and** a reserved
space upon the couch.

9

Bull!
I
threw the
c**lock a-**
gainst
the

Wall,
it's lying ,
it's cold.

Just in**human.**

Reducing

my green

house issue,
I'm

op**ening up** Wide

into **the**
field, I'm
no lon-

ger
sleeping.
I'm off

t o wor**k.**

10

Chapter

on reading **an** academic text on the **"Snoopy**
DOG."

11

Chinese guy who writes,

with the other staff, obscene things

on the receipts at the restaurant in

Chinese to this customer says. "They
admire him for his learning..."

Paragraph of staid sentences. Guy who

approaches dogs on the streets

as they are inspecting parking
meters and trees, etc., and encourages
them with their selection.

She wasn't able to be proud

of her son's knowledge,

because, when

he finally displayed it, in a large

novel about Korea, family relations,

how it was, he got it all wrong. "He was

an American, that's all, which
spoiled him." Hypoglycemia, always

humbling. Not a good Jesus it,

he had plain prose (his Latin
clipboard left at home). Part about

standing up for the mushroom poetry.

of the New Yorker and

oetry

"There isn't a line in all of your Pynchon
as pure as that — why isn't it
good enough to just record anymore?"

12

circle, square,
possible, a
passage
— search
exhaustive,
exhumes
no

fossilized alembic,

alchemists
fort.

13

Coffee, smokes, stale
rhythms
elevating

me from the bed, in-
to
simple controversies,

little

stable.

The hilarious fail
to

call, derisiveness

having taken
over

for gut appreciations;

BQE,

bills, blather-

ing incessantly — hun-

ger

substituting

for orthodox cognition,

—

standard ills.

14

Dapple dawn drawn

great generator

of teenage starlets.

15

Doesn't it come

as easy,
as

last night, when

you were
young?

Vicious

turntable

of life :
that speed

at which we

kill

real possibility

with drink

and knives

carving the meat...

a sup
of flesh
deter-
rants,

waiting for the rescue.

These
cinematic ways

always betray, just
be tray

any thought of revision.

16

Don't

be fooled if the light only represents,
to you, dial_s from post-op.

17

Effort's wide,

strict

as leisure.

next

Alpha Betty's Chronicles

Part 2

18

ELEMENTARY

BUDDHISM

S trike a match, a pun in

the wind, t he W indow

pain. The

stitch e legant agai nst splitting,

a

suture, a wa y of sitting, a wi nning.

Boy, they say,

play play until

the tremorS go away: I don 't

know, don't care to know,

now. This i s the

Wind speaking — eChoing,

Sta te to st ate. This

is the crime oblivious,

the fright ela stic — and signs

curve me ever inward, pu ck's balance,
talent-

less. These chords of connective
t issue that I

ordered in the mail, wrapped
in preserving
elastic, starved

in their institution, pronou ncing its

final syllables of revolution — w ith
a

doctorate or a general
acceptance, w ith-
in doctrine, these

chords are not vibrating, they 've

stopped, placating. And all
the truths are relevant dragging

a desperate mile thro ugh bogs of shit
and

temperaments that argue for,
or against, style. These
truths,

we've come to believe are hardly

material, but only gaseous, or
like some lump
sum that never
approache s, from its third

realm, the
physical. In

its condom

: striking a match, a

puⁿ.

The raw, the unrefined find a gain in the

cooked mind, a way to sleep

, slip

happy

domestic in

a challenging way, a map

against

all

becoming. Calm, he

wipes it down, clean again.

Fu

Wen contemplated the workplace.

Crammed, crabby, cramped, credulous.

Fuck Greg Masters if he doesn't

like my magazine.

19

Give me a
joy,

a
lot of

luck in

developing soft-

ware
conc lusions.
Give

me liberty,

light, all

sorts of
hono rs, or

take
me to

bed. With

you. No W

that's an honor

hairy. Ab-
stract.

Perfect
inconclusive.

Government

job procreation programs

— the initiative

is active, streaming

the masses

into their cordoned lives

(codeined

"projet noir" diSSing simulations)

— thousands of pulses like this have
come

in, since we started
the rotary, what

we anticipated

in several previous gauzes

— gazes

at the 3D freebee shoulder butt.

The persons (she and her large
body)

were grafted onto the stones of
the old way

timorO US, the new

jobs — she said "school"

and the

old, the good things in

"the

new generation" needing people
like

that (her French was terrible):

she

plans to use the job to build a

Will, and

— not true, says the Head
Of Forecast.

Three and half billion dollars,

or fifty, or
less have gone

in (Cornelius, it's useful)

to ward the

laugh line solution. Parsons

hailed the

program, and this is Mark
Chase

with flute-bedeviled

news, in the morning — it's
7:23

am. Or, "twenty-nine minutes

past

the hour." Now available on
CD-Rim.

Gratuito us sex and
violence, plenty of it.

20

Hasty
pudding
or pudenda?

Like
a house
in Williamsburg

— one

foot, tw o

feet, one

foot,
two

feet —

the velcro rips

off, the

leika (lens)

— pure

video —

one is so
dissatisfied,

he croaks.

Stand up ON a

(1 2 3 4)

ledge by

the

river — on

the banks

the

bud blows.

The punks

Exchange

bl ows.

Wait up, smell

the

coffin,

Often,
again,

— insensitive
and
self-mon-
self-mon-
self-moni toring.

There is no Korea.

This

is no test,
but a test
of
will, of

aptitude.

Perfect

pitch?

Year 's itch.

Canine birch?

— Itc h.

Have you ever kissed

a man before? I've practically

never kissed a woman

before.

He tried to analyze her love
of him through his love of another.

21

He tried to make a stir
fry With cheese — he thought it
would melt on the top.

He,
who felt it such a bother to add
any element to his morning ablutions,
or to start using contact lenses,
now found himself pricking himself with
needles and lances eight or more
times a day.

Hearing
desires an
audience, take

that, you rebel!
palm that memento,

and

Thrust it!

Gan gly in

my room, sinned
several times

in a shower stall,
eyeing
codices.

It all seems fall,

autumn's lack-
luster performance

here in
Brooklyn, not

Queens,
NY,

a Korea of football

Season's
dilemmas.

That's theory,
you swain,
but

accordion traffic
matches the

w ealth of delimiters

occupying my

mind (south, south

east, and

east). Ease
is a parody of
peace

in a temporal town

drying

in was te.

Put the italics in

later, take

the words, tilt

upwards toward breach
with drama,

pano ramic

slides on voice.

But

one leans back
anyway, wh istling

dick swinging songs to

punchy
auditor s,
craning one's
neck

over the Sound
of typing —

it

is a meat fac-

tory

factory here, meat
occasional here —

wurst.

next

Alpha Betty's Chronicles

Part 3

Hear ing

the perfeCt epigram...

Knee

socks on the marb le steps...

22

HERBAL QUICKIE

Strange,

this night that

(organs

splash^{ing} away)

prote cts the

mind, dark

With elegant burgUndies,

grays

(the ciga^{rette} agrees,

challenging

the cold day)

as it floats,

ever secre^{tly}

towards the more

challen ging way

(struggling, ever decently).

23

Here's the story
of a man named

Uly,

he had very very pretty
wife

but all the wrong men

tried
to be her sui tor

cause

he was not at home.

Hey human character, it's

Romeo

Jetson, glowing "ta xes,"

a

pristine warrant, halo

round my

jaW, commandant of

rigorous

ice-cubes equated with

fraught,

t ensile testimonies.

There...

How

take? m any support groups does it

Peers under arms, parading

the straw body to its palace,
practice?
Residual decimating of

insecurities,
counter wishes,
molecular diatribes?
Ask Fragonard.

Tempt, when it
is a Temp, nothing

and the permanent
doesn't ail you.

24

I'm
always afraid of such confidence.

I am **n**o**t**
polite
with
the

Kore-

an gro **C-**
ers, who

I sus**pect**, un-
civilly,

of
c **harg**ing

too much
for groceries, as

I

look
at bargains
in peanuts.

So long,
I say, and
wish
it

truly.

I Don't Have Any
Paper So Swallow the Wafer
and Shut Up

25

I Suppose

I will forget. But once I forget,
I won't really care.

26

I

was thinking of throwing away my
refrigerator, never use it.

I

was also thinking of taking down
my mailbox — try to minimize.

As a youth

I was gorged on Irish breads.

What

they didn't realize was that I could
do anything — that Jesuit

ability

to reduce everything to a zero and
yet keep the battle-axe handy.

UI ysses

— we look and stare at that thing

forever.

27

I won't speak ill of other people.

Their silence obsesses me.

breakhavoc

wunch hazing ritual strap counter

standard demise

logarithm

Sort of a soporific

granted, snitching
on

the wonder boy lasts
as long

as fratricide

as a debatable

go currency.

You have no allies,
and the doctors are sick of you.

28

I'm

a mess without my, my Guatemalan
girl (sung to "China girl")

I'm

awash with spurious igloos (rains crashing
down, worm muck unraveling my sensitive
tissues, and I take all rhymes as they come),
pattering until nascence lifts to an
argot these contraptions,
egg boilers, egg peelers, egg eaters,
down ramps of twisted coat hangers,
dropped on a plate. I've fake turbines
(or investments in them). struggles

that protract asphyxiation (collegio,
in the Latin, or just drop the n from asphyxiation,
worsening the verse until cramped
enjambment

Pipes in with clamor s from the infant's
back room, the monks, maids and projections),
keeping labor stifled in baroque misinformation.

That's all it takes, indecision, distraction.

Walking, I chance upon a daffodily,
"remark the pregnant daffodilly,"
in its crowd of jewels, in its
creeds of passions, in its borrowed

lake. I am going to do the laundry,

and meet a Polish poetess, reading

the latest Nobel laureate, a

populist with a history, and she

will remark that I don't understand,
no and should probably read

Ruskin forsaking my Homi Babha,

and also my William Carlos

Williams. I will reply: "But

I am in almost total agreement! I have

just chanced upon a daffodilly!

This recent exhibition of Mark

Tansey's graphic filler, it's like a shot

in the arm of the avant-garde!

and so I am returning to ill-

considered

originals. "Then I will return home

and take stock of the issues, and

know before I begin that I have probably betrayed myself.

I've found a

way with you well

Though I

am walking smartly —

Braving of all my swishing veils —

My aims that rattle tartly

In all the zines and magazines

The

gross — outpouring of

Grief that crowds the mezzanines

The swirls of sounding love —

I've found a truce the

syllabus

That grounds all

stratagems in —

Formaldehyde

— Don't call it "trust"

It's

just a perfect weekend.

29

Idea

for John Yau film (get Christine
Change to direct):

He tells the girl

that he has to break it off because of other
girl, for whom he has been acting,

called him out of the blue. He thought

there weren't any strong connections
yet, but he gets punched in the

nose and starts bleeding profusely

immediately. He cries: "You can't
punch

me in the nose! How am I going to pay
for this - I got 20\$ to my name!

I don't have any insurance" etc. Looks

at stunned patrons (in a restaurant.)

and apologizes.

It appeared
July 3

2, 1995

next

Alpha Betty's Chronicles

Part 4

It rains —
the crops wither.

30

It rains

— the stopped watch shivers,

makes a severed just ice from the steaming
ham,

the frothing hens turning tabloid

into stereo wings of justice.

31

It

takes the ch ili out of the
morning. Cast

the throat

wide, submit one resignatio**n** (tying

Up

the nation with resi gnation). Plug
in

sultry afflictions, affiliations.

Peer into
the **pe**ers (who
hav**e** **dissemb**led to drown you).

Weathe**re** **valiance**, that is,
storied

poses **sure enough (tensile)**
t o bit map all

Opposition.

There is a **wary** co **ncubinage**
in

this **rent hike**, a **petering**
yet **still** dar **ing**

pronouncement

SURfacing to the **risk**. So assemble

them **gladfully**, the **peers**. **Let out**

the **door**, **let**

up the hair, **flange**

a net **let**, **beget** **yet**

more sires,

divas, **requirements for** the rule-

based,

blo odletting **int**er**face**. **Bet on**

the **tig**ht **fit**.

It's get ting

(oh my)
colder, dark, dustier,
the
floors quite rotten,
blankets Soaked,
eggs
stale (farewell!),

cigarettes
desisting
their arguable pleasures,

foot struck, dumb,
by ice, hole,
splinter,
floors rotten, blankets etc

soaked, oh hell! (it's
sometimes
called, when
a tap, a kiss, on the

cheek, of a — you
knew!
— lesbian produces

stares

back from her!) in-
tense
experience of
having to manufacture

(deduce) one's Own
manners:
this apt code

only struggling

tastes like
teen i nfinities

gross, out

of check

range .

Pass

hat, mask

fleeting waffles

in privat e.

Pile on laugh

track,

fat

fat! alive

in temporal
pockets

weaned on
vanities,

lo

Use

in parody's

sure hit parade.

Scream recombina nt

in the

TV's

hortatory mode

wandering

on

r ubber souls,

pi **ecemea** | from luxuries

collapsed,

in ^{the shatter-}
g body: floors
smashed

(bring in the

ne ighbors), blankets
yoked

(the odors!) all for
the gra nd autonomy.

33

Learn that, and
that! foo |

masochist —
blanch in private.

Th e leaves
swing, swing

against the
di lettantish
ass —

fast track, maps

pruning self
ab out, and
withers on
vine,

punched out
men,
fragrant ices,
lapidar y
truces.

34

Light: doesn't
wann_a
learn *anguages* any-
mor_e,
but Computerspeak
tha t's easy,
crazy.

here is no poem,
but

the room for a poem .

35

Look,
look, pilgrim, over the banner into
a dventures in the wet, or snow.

Maybe

the just part of
age: a

period adjustment

when
the others

are safe :

already

hand-

jiving, and

it's not e ven

yet the raVe.

Spelunking, carry-

ing this

dead life' S

skeleton too

wari-

ly on the

boardwal k:

jaw aching small talk

by

the profound sea

that's

to day's "poetry."

The francophiles,

Ph.D.s

agree: past that

faggoty

wistful-

ness, lies

the

calibrated highs

of regnant
bull

that's a sign of
"good will" on

the author's part:

art

that's smart,
bringing

Us on

to prosperity. Progress.

The soil meets their distress.

37

Maybe someday he'll write

a good poem.

Starched,
or

timorous bleeding

tyke,

more or

and then expressway!

pill pull

to-

ward : skink s_{kill}

parades

the

window, sullied.

I'm like

the dawn, I take my troubles to court

-

Lather, shave

an become

grave,

sum

of deliberate raves

-

"just

wanted to get in my pants"

Erodes

grocery
chic
implausibly

at, it
grinning...
flashes!

you, a
gorgeous
languishing

bulb.

Takes that desue tude
seriously,
fills his words
with Marxist tags, his
"sentences."
Parks by the river,
brandishes, in secret,
his sword of
meaning: returns
home to the chef
of the kitchen of
quotes of the month:
random accesses
it and, it turning
pretty, bullocks

the whole natural cause.

The rivers

retire with their applause .

Shaking

hands. Bleeding aorta.

The

various parades always end up looking the same —

People, papers, presses:

a gumbo of sanitized memories

Politics are not like they were

in Guatemala —

I return there

frequently to test the raised pitches

38

Miss Prison.

39

My eye carries

the other wise pure meat.

next

Alpha Betty's Chronicles

Part 5

40

My

eyes turn all diagonal, though

I could

blame the veins, the

vane way

the mind suggests betterment

in

an exercise schedule from
Mars.

I hear it re formatting the
hard drive.

I try to persist coolly,
though

find difference a matter of suggestion

heightened to a tropism
of self,

I mean the sanity's on

the other shelf

by the wine,
and printers.

By the venal,

and the consenters.

Turn

the socket the other way,

make of telling time a
sport for girls.

41

Nerves
are
tight, are

expectant, in

Henry
Miller's

delusions:

that forty

is
that prime of
life, dick

mastering
the
social crisis

without

duplicity .
No betrayal:
when

one wan-
ders into the

fiction:

SO it is, and
shall be, so
decidedly
con-
sumed, no

pain
to others

(others).

Nerves are
challenging

this death,

suggesting health

is protean
when, alas,
it
is achieved,
and very smart.

No hesita-
tion, no bus

stop waiting,
just go and
go

in, on, pro-

d uce th at
story

line, line

of poetry:

it is health
for the opti-

(cian?) no
mist, belaboring

the corny
codes, the

scruples
that

edge one
toward eath,

its duties,
its grants —
its

gas emission.

42

Never so sure:

there is an entire Saturday
stretched,
metaphysically, like a lax

muscle,

before him.. n ot like the ocean that

hides a continent, rather, a tongue

that is willing for speech, exposed,

vulnerable, out of its cavernous

socket and a little disgusting. Shut up

the dogs in the back of the building, tether

them, hide them in your living room,

on the television, Shut them

up. So then the weekend can

achieve its closure, archive

its hilarity.. a b each ball,

heavy, primary. He had attempted

to learn the name of the Loyalist,

who cursing, lays a weight hted eye on

the

bodega, and doesn't mind his passage of

time in the sweating heat,

reading bad Homer translations..

he portends lethargy, a wick without

wax, a candle without the order of mastery.

The beach is disgusting: compel s,

repels, sucks and He looks sends

back, in waves of ever-increasing torment.

up, spies the comet, the Comment, tries

to lean back.. embrace the luxury .

No lyric, no

presentiments

of boredom, wind not da

maging

appropriately

dog paws

cat jaws

si licone — symphony

Sinking into the peat of the largesse

of one's rich grandparents

Wired

retired

they won't
find

me here.

I'm an agorophobe.

Television

is my maître d.

Reminding one's self,

and neighbors, to study the new

Schedule

for the

retr

of matter.

ieval of garbage, the reintegration

Hokey att empts

by

myself
to acquire a relationship

that is somehow "off the books."

leatherstocking

heat-shaped
loaves

The phone service has been discontinued.

The phone itself has been disconnected.

Tear off the door from its jams!
it jams!

Moratorium on all prepositions.

Call him. Ask

for poem. Keep

issue secret.

— lapi dary —
charms — in society —
of poodles.

You are like my brother.

The cat ate my brother.

Satis faction

at having solved issue of noise in the
incinerator.

44

Of that we don't

and

et C., the
come as you are prin-
tuplets,
strangely

masking a

pride:

frangipani

"El Nino" deep

six, gest iculator in

the crowd,
awed

loud, load

on veer on crank

on sin.

gly, or in groups

the

tide turns on

deftly, (fink

sneaks along the quay
yesterday,

solid, soloing, with

sun) soiled,

its

movies: that

deliberate sand-

Wich man (sand Dan) corrup-
ting

yo uth,

tooth, ruth and

TRAFFIC

NOISES:

trap i n glass one more

fly, for that,

jack up the feedback,

hack s, marching

(yodeling)

into the

light: dairy

needs in

Fa r-

go elevated to

the Religion

of Infor-

mation Act, 1962,

sined, scened, ridiculous
as

a hat: for-
give me, auditors,

for the frog throat, I've

mim icked a cog
and that's no paradise

or method,

rather a shank

from the memory bank of
STRUMMIN G GUITARS:

cut to lean to

among the bums, one

of them dressed
like Nina Simone, one

avid idle incubator

of storied

strategies:

ink, slat e, chalk,

rice paper, clannish act:

there's no concurrence.

45

Oh

Carla, yOU

called. I

w as in perilous

Straits,

unlikely to

form

Senten ces, of

crack a code

(joke).

Fine

to hear a

friend found

me,

salivating

for bore-

dom befo re...

life that

worried its

crouton

to dust.

next

Alpha Betty's Chronicles

Part 6

Oh,
this is great
and sad, rooms
evolving before the
feet,
track meet,

surrendering no
fo ot or
inch, but carpeted

(meta-shimmering) all the
way.

There is small beer in
the
closet, mice
are prophets, lax
attentions
resolve

the question of whose
home

is it.
Strategies of
living:
dust off

dirt-encrusted
heels,
eat meals
foiled from local
pizzeria,
discarded, before

Noticing
there's
no fork
or plates, no
salt.

There's
nothing to recall

from previous,
domestic diligences .
The room
plates.

From point X on grid map

Spirals
a hope, or

attenuating fear,

or clack clack of cantering

typewriter,

that scores
each day on walls

of hotel? of cell? no, rooms

one

feels free to take a date to.

46

old

books salivate
the new rhyme
plagiarisms
retreat
denounce appropriate ness

of music muscle

into circulation

a radiant filibuster

knock out insensitive ity

47

On the

street,

stepping,

ar-
guing,

night lights

puls-
like,
showering

or de vouring

the
talk: it

comes

back, a-
gain,
to it.

48

AFTER DAVID GASCOYNE

One
founders in a castle
of delight,
marking
out side schedules with
dreamy
incompetence,
staining all
the sheets
with mercy, coward

of intell ible, intense

apogees
of mischief.
The can dle founders, dark

in cradle^{d infamy,}
like^{Ern Malley,}
like
a teacher's surreptitious
ag enda,
that paradise
hidden in all the fancy

b oks. story goes:
once
him had a churl, traded
for a girl, g ot
elemental diseases,
Not
incendiary phases, nor
a breath of maturity,
I
mean, it was weird,
not having
my gross ego
to confound me. But
that joke s^{ti ll bumps}
me
now, edging on
into wakefulness.

It
is a cold mashed potato.

It is a grump in the night.

Sp eckled tortoise:

you ain't
nothing new

to me! I've e

fun shoes

angling, you see,
toward

preternatural vag ranCY,

and Corny ties, and
crooked

hair, all

a symphony of occurrence

suffocating bad Chatter

(in the

suburbs, where

it begins, adopts

mercurial guises, and

coins a

new theory), I've

plenty to
mess with.

The group, nonetheless,
in

black shirts, white

shorts, red
waist

bands, assemble outside,

brandishing tickets, all

stable
in g estures
of seasonal discomforts

— no coffee cures,

no
herbal expedients, no
craning
for syllables.

49

One othello

surfaces from
the mix:

organs,
pi pes
part art
dithering.

In steps 2nd
othello, a
dominant
at-

tained:
leaps up
kettle drum!

whinny assault
b old,
ripe type of

ill

apiarily,

e rror ari-

alike, lather-

ing:
she

knew the com-

poser:

Nietzsche.

The

cool

reed of that

othello,

not

an oboe

or basso on or

clarinet:

marmoreally

Moroccan,

for you who

p iss

phallic

codes. Und

struggled:

intro fem from

right

wing,

Greeting

key -strut
powerfully.

Not,

know, the
words h ike
a leather

indifferenCe.

50

Phone calls to the thermal gist

(the weather beating down so dully
refracting)
pin-points the
idea

Of the future into
a steady
drum beat,
a sort of ambient drone.

and now the sleeping of the weeks has
become salutary,
now the idea of
hygiene doesn't seem all bad.

51

Poem

with bird whistler:
me and whistler

standing next to each other,
facing audience. I say "This

is a poem dedicated to my home town

of Rutherford, NJ" Then, Whistler starts

doing various calls. I start

making eyes with audience,

and silent face gestures that

express "This is going to be good," and the

piece continues that way, with me making
those gestures, which are so on

mingled in with appearances

of expectation myself, as the
whistler continues making sounds.

Then it ends.

52

prepubescent emmanuelle

53

Rabbits aspire! gerunds

run

aground! t^{here's} divinity

in the

balked, coagula ting

run of the

sphere! Rhodo dendrons!

(my fill er plant.)

Sapphire_s

ired in the seat of the sun!

Double t he sum Of the rolodex, hon,

we're

getting started, and smart

arguing, caught in the Star

Chamber — clamoring for kicks!

54

radical lettuce.

i'm after

a strange r thought

one dime

equals many

in another Co untry

it's about time to believe
that, nor

is "pissing in the
wind" all that bad, in england.

straw monkey. resounding bells.
purgatory's
visa "haf ta fathom it,"

strict

time

oh la la, breakag es in
the sememe.

wanting to fly
to C anada

to weatherless calgary

pride up around fred wah

po und
hells.

fragrant migration
of ass smells to COgitat ing
skull.

immigration. exile
excellent baccalaurea te.

decent
feed.

next

Alpha Betty's Chronicles

Part 7

Resources
(discussing).

The new structuralism

can not

un-warp

perverts ion's singularity.

55

Rocket favors: newspapers

heave with deliberations...

stratagems (like sweat on the

forehead, like

geese) convene

peacefully.

56

Rutherford
collapses

into all its compromises

its paradoxes (late
capitalism?)

no, a wish
to remain a serving
dish).

And I am in
singular
orbit,

singing its bleak praises,

pounding on its stages,
I mean,
its Hegelian denouement.

57

Scenario:

a young girl congratulating her brother

for making his first talk show

appearance. She goes to the dressing

room, and sees that he is

getting his face done. When

he turns around,

he has

dense cakes

of facial make-up... She is shocked,
but he says "nobody will notice,
it's stage make-up."

He is Jewish,

and the cut to the talk show hosts'

monologue

shows that he is doing an anti-semitic

joke, Anyway, as the little interview
progresses, with the talk show host going

on about him Self, letting

off farts and things, the
stage make-up, which is clearly
noticeable, begins to slip
off. Eventually, he just pulls the

stuff back up, like in a face-life,

but the mask continues to fall,

making

him look, at moments, like his eyes are
peering from behind a death mask.

Eventually, it just falls off.

58

Section

based on Nirvana's web sites.

59

She

could go on forever analyzing

the min ut e spaces between
her thought.

Or anybody else's though t, for
that matter.

We won her. She

has come. And

taken the life from

them,
at

the same ti me. So she plasters the
walls with her oils.

60

She got sick
looking
at the internet, nearly

vomited, stubborn ly
refusing

to eat, to line
(in my opinion)
her

stomach: c ontinued to hold

and hold, true, that
she's

been eatin g very well,
thank you,

let us
remove to the next site,

please:

greenly, caution s,

circling in my room,

cleaning, nervously full

of motion, kinetic
in her pantomime efforts
to stay "still." Did

not happen: she left
strumming
on her rib cage.

61

Short

M'lady Malady Through

Scrim Battle Not In

Terror's Brimming Cadi- Lac

Shorn Dump Parody's All

Star Quiz Gams Redolent It

And The Tansy Race

Home Reactor Talent

Hype Diamond Legs I

In Delicate Re- Pos es

ana-lyzing The

Sky Screen Goals Providentially

In Circuit Being Everything

To Me Baby Italy France

Egypt: "Countries"

It All Stems Then

Outward

Ovid- Ian Sexy

Apt In Fanslation Lucky

For YOU I I You

For Lucky YOU Lucky

For I In Italy

Testing Water Dumping

Minerals Hate- Wracked

And J ealous Beste Freundin

Tag It To Me Take

All Ill Dupe d I

Am In The Coup

seville Civil or- Dinary And

Not So Cheap Veggies Tabling

My Wares And Staring

Glee Has A Foot:

You Snare It up And

War With It In Awe

To T he Effervescent

High Low Of Scone

Sugars : Because of A

Vagrant Stench In The

Room I You Leave

With Submission Laughing Green

Dues

Sister, wh^{ere}

are you,

who

promised

me you'd lend

me twenty

dollars? it's not

Zen-like

of

you to co nform

so poorly, with

the clock,

leaving me

in neu rosis!

Hale the buzzer.

62

Someone's gotta

screa m doWn with American poetry! and, No

more of

those ^{epsilon} salads —

they taste

cheap in a fisherman's lodgings!
and other innuendoes. Scale

the gothic Shapes of mercy, tumble

down exhibitionistically toward

the mulling, in-animate crowds. I am a

sparrow, honestly. The forecast:

up three points, deterrents

of misery painted, stucco, brass, figures

from Tom's coronary ass — the groupies

swing by pissed, long, soporific —
time's Nebuchadnezzar restraint.

Passed praise in the streets!

or mass sed gas, someone's gotta like

that punch spike, porous issues, and

celebratory wrangling over shops,

and ape consanguineariness — take

that broken bottle rocket, splice

the decades together, into a banner

Of sure in sight, run it past the shores,

ad-vertise: it's ladies night, drop

the bombs in the sand castles of

inscurities,

tell them, home.

63

spea

spea^{ky David}
B owie speak

laughter gutt^{er}

shame rain:

devo^{ves} sudden^{ly} i nto a
quatrain

a quatrain a quatrain

transmogri fy

Nich^{olas} Moore ho

biggy calibrated
squeak

in

orphan^{age lavender lips}

it

ain't always aⁿ in^{spiration,} r a^{theran}
inspidization: the Age of
Inspidation.

s hifty coated

shadow

figure in

arms ther

e ain't

no arms settled into
suburban
duress

a da ta frankly groined
papa isthmus

vagran t
virginal (in boxes)

a
quota hemorrhage blanket purposely
vatic

next

Alpha Betty's Chronicles

Part 8

64

Stasis is futile.

65

Story

of person who experiences sleep for the

first time (coaching from friends,

feel of accomplishment, naive

first impressions, etc.)

Stranger,

you may grow up to be possessed

by certain ideas, effusions from

the rump. The cut glass will
become your syllables, mister,
miser — you will vacate numerous
rooms before finding the one
that names you: Sir Charlatan.

And that's why there is something lacking
in your prepossession ion, your way
with corners and milk. The abstract
on the vitamins was boring
reading, but that's before

we million covered the syntax with stories
of wars, sparring, dances; the rectilinear

applauses didn't distract you.

On a purple bed, with the dawn

streaking across your breast (freed breast),

shaking thighs, glow of misapplied

diligence

on her face — she is Pavlova rediviva,

a flower-child — nobody told her of the
industrial revolution !), clocks
burn the misery of unslept nights
in a crown of wakening suburbs,

buses, and coffee carts, withering that

ill taste in your mouth, calling it an
addiction. One more year in the gutter

— when will they finally get

your bed linen right, so you sleep

all nested and comfortable in the

Smells of your hometown, those dandelion

fissures, those maternal chokes,

those cars! Frankinsense could

do it. But the body rebel

Artificial, fascist forms

of education: pronunciation

drill is, charts and rubber shoes, books

balanced on head — whoops, there it goes

— could, indeed subtract from your powers

— your exhibitonism. Or somebody

could simply show you, target, it's

the industrial revolution — and

it's coming to a theatre near you!

taxi

thrums wait ing by the door

/purchased

transmission toward plate titude

/rollicking

measures randomized gestures

/he

s miles in his ineptness

/balancing

chin over dinner plate

/like

a too good husband with a too

bad wife

/it's ^{the} **op** **posite**,
his **lif**_e
/is **prett**y **all** **party**

/time to **hu** **m** and **the** **swordfish**

gets **ch**atty

/delib**er**ates over

sur**plus** **int** **ellect**

/replies **curtly** with

dogmas **car**tesian without **diag**rams

/inclusive

of **the** **quirks** and **precis**e

/lathered

with **lite** **rature**

/laced with **h** **dark**

acids

/the **snoopy** **drawing** is **n**ot

ter**r**ifying like **th**e **shriek** escaping

from **the** **kitch** **en**

/taxi **thrums**

waiting

/the **je**re**m**iad has **not**

be**en** **sett**led and the **water**

/flo**WS**

lik **e** **qu**icksil**ver** **fraught** with **quack**

slaver

/timor**o** **us** as an **uncomb**ined

hard **word**

/storied as the **buil** **dings** **col**lapsing

in **Atlanta**

the **rac**ing **vision**ing the **racist**

ve **rsions**

/there is **little**

that is stopping the learning from
dissolving into strategic peeing

/or the taxing of essays

/communities of nothing
but modifiers

/adjectives supporting

the oppositional elements

/who

take these pliers to use there

but they resist

/resting on the

mantles of the anal who are banal

66

That

elemental fidget with the squeaking

jaw

67

The careerists are going

to the cannery

to dogmatize on dog

food's versions

of human

food t **hat is hum**bling the **mass** es
with
messes of **pro**active **mustard**

gasses

an d other gushing, **verbatim** facts.

Strike down, stri **ke now, stoking**

any fire **that is desperate**
and free

of the gang that **greet**s,
with **sympathy**

their mirro r

versions in the moribun **d scenery**,

logging o **nto the termina** l, loathi **ng**

all peaceable intrusions, when
possible.

therefore, there
is therapy in ski es

that otherwise

offer little **bunji** jumping

beyond

their pale scenes of **poverty**

and

their washings, **frequent** as

wanderiNg
songster on highwa^{ys},
or happiness on holidays.

So
the raw and the cooked, retaliating

within their binaries, beneath
the lead,

nonetheless find agreement
that arguing
offers more bounty
than merely sleeping being,

though

One wonders, whimsically, how

much confusions can be decidedly accounted

for, when there are so many waking

needs
among the otherwise insufferable

old factories.

The computer

is dumb, and cousins won't

speaking

to you. How

to progress, in weekly, standard

flight? Shoes loudly

d on the

floor: clauses

catastrophically

inclined,

trOchaically bartered

in several partially

deleted occurrences, manifold

but

ill-assembled. HOW

smoke, hydrogen

spectator? Gas

the neighbors. There

are questions because of it, or variants

that supersede stasis for the

benefits of

a munificence that

balks with its regrets.

Level

with you r parents and shiver

with the pets, breach

e very border

that bounds with its deterrents.

And a afterwards, mOurn the stupid

loss of the closer.

next

Alpha Betty's Chronicles

Part 9

68

The hype of

me, so American, I wander fitfully in

sl eep's cauldrons, hot as an old novelist

that's forgot ten his themes. That's my

sin: so cold in leg, no glee

ever sold satisfied me.

69

The

mad dict ator

made the

trains

run well,

so punctually,

no one questio ned his demeanor:

mean.

The season's

change,

all's caught

in summery

surprise:

so reason's

otherwise luminous

demesne

was darkened: not
a spark

of sense, or

nonsense.

Redactor

of histories, of lore

— he jerks off

in the park

seeming

so teasing

to, really, no one. He

is

a wonder

of abject pleasing,

of vagrant pleasure's teeming,

and thus
wakes, pissed.

The mad dictator is split:

one half
counter-parliamentary,
one bit
running with us

toward liberty.

But never, never, in
fact, fruitfully

Conversational.
So when
the head count's in,
he's out in the
random library,

doing
arithmetic.

They voted him in, nonetheless.

He
was a resounding voice of difference.

No t too hygienic,
not so deluding.

70

The

paper is stil l t here...

71

The

plans for the stadium ar e always
being postponed. Tedium, too, falls,

lik e the five-year plan, lik e a curtain

of sw ansdown, ove r every child

and lov er.

72

mechanical
hum of

refrigerator
universe.

73

The
TOTAL eaters fan club.

74

There's
that shameless
appropriation and apotheosis,
again,
we've planned! Major ecstasies!

Burgers and wings! Narr oving

in the hurt of the feet of
the wind!
And the storefront sign:
showing "Open"!

75

They are never
very serious
when they play that

custom

Blanching at my witness

they struggle for comfort

for

solace, for distance

Stately in elegant
gowns

the parliament of the highway

Trees line the street gutter

76

They

argue about cooking sausages:
"I'm not
going to use a fucking teaspoon
every time I cook a fucking sausage:"

77

They die, or they go to

heaven without dying.

They

have come to a full stop /

CarniVOROUS

The beech trees think you're

weird Autumn /

Named it /

Blue tra ns spotted over the landscape hovering /

Control led by /

The seat of pants /

Shit

A mynah bird in the toaster think it /

Clear night /

Whispering friend /

Go solo with applause /

Yank heaven s /

Clear
friend /

Puritan stru **mming** CO **nscie nce**
plowing tilling earth /

/
Spared
of d **ream bouts** /

Sh **e eloped** /

A
tee party /

Fly by sham **pooed classES**

/
drive **by the develop**ing classes

you are **one of** them /
You a re

the hero of the **kitchy no** **vel or**

comics /

Radiant /

In
saffron /

Jelly /
Garrulo us

kids on **the** corner shopping /

/
Straw **denim** /
Weekend pass

/
Leather **insoles** of the
even **ing** /

parades of affiliates crowing
salutes /

Ch / eroots

On doorstep /

plastic /

Jazz /

79

They st Ocked Up on three
Varieties of soda: cherry, regular, diet.

80

This anthology of patienCe

they want you to know w with

speed of acquisition, thinking

fast /

lear^{ning fast, slumped in armchair}

over ^{versicle,} mem^{Orizing}

someb^{ody}

else's ^{fogged} impatience,

is a ^{syl}la ^{bus,}

is an ^{elation.}

81

Th^{is} is our ^{own}

^{story,} with ^{beginning and end.} Who

tries

to make a ^f ^{orce} of it,

tells ^{us} we're ^{troubled,} infants,

jerks —

that has been the ^{standard} experience

of ^{each} ^{new} generation, jus ^t getting

on.

But we're ^{wary} (^{or should be}) ^{of such}

o ^{ppositions.}

And ^{keep}
gurgling ^{our nonsense}

— until ^{its} ^{age,} its ^{clamor,} ^{resounds}

in the em^{pty} vo^{lume} of thi ^s gy^{mnasium}

that we've been ^{aligned} ^{wi}thin.

This

is the sport that plays with grease,

slalom or slam dance, strikes

with ease

with strokes of soreness,

precision elevating

the bruise

of conscience, defeats, unabating.

Lethargy winces with its taste

of wine,

the zero hour waiting,

which is unkind.

A dog barks

in alley. A mop leans by wall.

Brian is waiting for the agency to

call.

Time, tumor, greater

god,

fraught, forsaking us usually,

talentless tenor, antiseptically

adept,

wrecking radically
spurious symmetries,
deceiving,
dump syllables slashing
throat
therapies, grudging gly aground,

step stones, slope slapping,
surenesses

shucked, shams
shellacked,

edifying emptily.

84

Too old to be

a slave, and no desire of being
ecoming

a master.

next

Alpha Betty's Chronicles

Part 10

85

TOY **SES**TINA

Never more sure

of moth_{er}, or of

the blank stare
of a special other,

the mi**nd** blocks
its playful greas e

from running. Greece
derided

that, sure

that a **ll** b_{locks}

should
beware of

darkened brothers

who

we irdly stare,

needing a stare

back. That agrees

wit h what
others

have said, when sure

of shock, or of

displeasure, of
blocks

in Greece, of blocks

in NY, where a stare

means a
stair of

invitation – grease

in

the hair. Oh,

Sure

pick on

others

with no other

thought

of block-

heads in Senate, sure

of

Fred Astair,

the popular grease

that paves the way of

general

CONfluence of

votes! Why bother!

But, in Greece,

the Par

thenon's blocks

deserve their stares

of admiration,

sure

and assured they're of
stairs

by others,

blocks d

ragged on grease.

Voyans, or The Structuralist

nightm

are Goes Public

Walk

to school, little legs.

These

eye

s, out

Of the window, are
broke.

Sanity
is ne'er an i ssue,
mom,
dad. Laugh, iike
i't's cool.

86

was it rusty?
colon chatt er

bespeaks a cal m
racing rangin

so that cerebral
spirituality's
in q uestion

marked murk

dissolving narrow
as the
chain
to the fence

that shouts
concurrency

lazy lapidary
as
water **that's** still
as **question**
i **nquisition**
that **proves a**

soporific **applause**

in
the **gallo** **WS**
there is **light w** **hen**

the **re** is no **ni** **ght** and

turning
ver**sion**
that looks like **home**
to the

vagabond
raw **with St. Francis**

groined
to **stan** **d**still
in the park on **t**he
mark
of the **question**

Wavering

between luck and zen (sent

the plan^{es down}) the UN US interchangeable

demanding new syntax f

rom the

markets.

87

We

had the author of "The Western Canon"

living in our building. We thought

to place a small porcelain cannon outside

his door, but we never did

it.

88

What have we here?

(drama or design?)

89

What's this

got to do with my first communion?

What's this got to do with the new
reunion?

What's this got to do

With the sliding scale?

what's

this got to do, that we're going no where?

The heroes are all hermaphrodites

in

my hanging paper lantern,

they talk when

they weep: it's magic, like a Christmas tree

in April. Several antsy

fanzines I've collected on

my front porch h...

but the wind

don't blow no more, and the fireman's not home.

90

What's this...

something for my mailing list?

This isn't

going to be good for my bulimia

Just

call me Paradise Theatre (his interest in Styx).

Who takes a large

broom

to all

it: slope by slope, eradicating

the figments of

mile, timorous

stuttering
of lay-on-the-

line: suggests

surrender

—bodily or

holily, before the

grosser

confabulations.

91

will starvation

drive an artist out of his tomb?

winter,

too, has its paradigms.

92

you
are so sure and
now your face
flatter ns
as an overdisclosure utterance

mops up the floors
strange arm
collecting
in sensitive hare ms

all kinetic substances

that shriek with a larum
exuent and
prove barter

is a pure form

of entropy
sanitary reliquary

deposits nigh the eyes

a
baton swirls in stillness
hanging
pendular
claps to the floor

in the vacuum of stalled

pulses
vani ty
ecstasy

that secular

equati on

that graces your stoc k card

vaccinates your politics bleeds

sy mpathy
sanity

and all assured flavors

that mo rning is like that

with the

teletype ticking o ut

mixed documents

missiveS

missiles and C.O.D.s

t hat

struggle with Kierkegaard

relinquished

fo r the flux

phlox fix

mater ialist

weathered diam onds

ba dges

are experience

with the soil
and labor

you've only come
across in books
and parental
bigotry
intensively perusing

a

stuck Up child in artistry
gardens

bob orygmatic

giant or giantess

you mistake your pan creas for universal

93

You must find solace in the charge e,
and resent.

94

You tend
to see things in black and white;

I tend to see things with their
grays in between, and even the occasional
burst of color.

You'll

see that there's a season, a
reason
the black kouts shrugged
and persisted, dilettantes

a
figure of hope
likely to be amusing

to nobody.

That's when you cared

and cash and carried the cigarette

charm

-ing lighter —

the paradise for kleepsies

Burning

holes in the Cement (trying to fa th_{om}

what y^{our} m^{other} meant

by that

cod^e, her

matchbook (sec^{ret}

matc^{hbook})

co^{ntained}

your picture, my puncture,
her wound —

pink eleph^{ants}.

There

is t^Offee on the table

there

is syrup in the milk,

there

is mov^ement on the perimeter,

ther^e

is a shogun warrior

and there is

a ring of saliva

and ther^e shall be

calm in the evening_s

— after^{wards}

we played injuns

and plagues.

Warning: parables.

And

easy cutlet
and la_{wn chair.}

Freedom is an af_{terthought,} after

love
suggested the con_{stitution.} Carly le

popped out of the open box. He Screamed,

another talent wa_{sted on port}able fiction_n s.

Scram,
beat it.