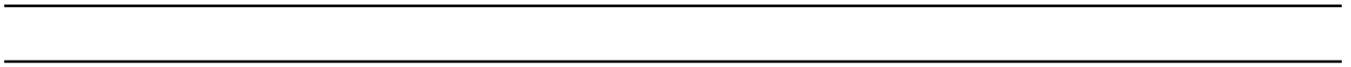


# Collaborations and Visual Poems

c. 1994-2000



Brian Kim Stefans

# Set One



## Poems by Haki Pok

*with Judith Goldman*

### The Golden Age of Swimwear

Narcissus,  
your absent mirror  
is like the male cravat—  
a proprietary foible  
of itinerant presentation or a  
flight into carnival,  
the spun sugar, inviting  
and shunning.

You, Sailors, have faith!  
They will drop you a neckline;  
they'll be lenient with the strap.  
The gender-specific  
iconoclasts gather  
their sheets at dawn,  
their dreams at night—  
filthily eyed by  
the squid in its crevice.  
And Dziga Vertov is counting  
the stills,  
the tended tender, the tender tended:  
his Speedo, gilt-feathered;  
his Sappho, fluted but irregular...

Meat is implicated *americana*  
affording lucid nudity,  
grits in ends of bread  
for the frictionless voyeur. How  
to retrieve the foiled mean,  
when hair was a commodity  
and navels blinked together?  
Glandular and projective  
as a Toyota, these hours  
that recalled  
the pearled teeth,  
taut pin-ups in a larceny of

technicolor comas,  
bake, bake in the babyface sun.

The camera dreams  
perpendicular and pale,  
an abstract oath,  
frantic diamonds. A  
sky scraper's wife crowds into  
a house; her gestes shuffle  
gnats in the debris.

## At The Entrance Of The Arbor

& I'm channeling  
our superstitions  
to a fine  
pt.,

porky content  
(aftershocks).  
(& I'll  
harp on it)

—Habitually  
stupid—paying my  
dues, Space a  
portion

of that—doubling  
over a transitional phrase,  
apologizing &  
apologizing.

“Byron  
leaks now”  
[all for want  
of a spittoon] “& I

owe it all to  
Popeye, to  
henchmen working  
at the mouth,

regurgitating  
*Lolita*,  
perpetually  
drowning at the Hellespont.”

A tedious  
15 blocks  
to the chain-link  
music? At

the entrance of the arbor  
fluorescent lights fink  
on  
hands above the table—Cave

dwellers blinking verité,  
sugar-coated confetti,  
—just one of those passions, unaffordable  
& in-

sincere.  
For the quota.  
Handkerchief.  
Hurt, burnt, a point

of pride...  
On my  
knees in a tearoom in a  
single strong-arm display,

Hell  
froze over,  
crystallized  
like a public mural.

Or a letch  
in aspic,  
dishearten'd &  
callous,

abstractly de-  
claiming  
arcane  
furniture:

“ode...  
odor...  
parking garage... quarantine... rhapsody...  
sharing... Tiananmen

Sq.” Remarkable to hanker  
after a parking garage, a  
commode! Similarly ludicrous  
(makes things better), the

mythmakers  
derail  
slick & fickle  
Nobody; Nobody

knows  
this pesticidal  
door—even  
E. P

resley shelves  
past a rheumatic  
cheap trick, only  
to scream against the fry.

The tragic  
Jacks  
—Smith, Spicer & Sprat—  
trapped in the trapezoid

on the \$1  
bill—sloping  
jazz life, no  
harmless expenditure,

Alice struggling against the forces  
of Tyranny. Vaguely the  
jury plays autocratic dice:  
“Cleared that up in 48 faux hours.”

What would you give for  
California spring water,  
espionage on the veranda, an  
entire line of

X-mas lights X-

ploding  
—overhead sprinkler  
system, *a vase of tears*.  
While the horrible truths script the news?

X-mas  
with the Shah,  
a spray-on  
Kennedy, or a

slightly more  
credible  
version:  
aestheticizing

mushroom clouds,  
years with Mom & Pop, all  
in one backlit  
scenario.

## Pastoral Disposal

Theft is a property  
of the lethargy detergent,  
and the Japanese  
fantails, burrowing  
into the gravel, like phantoms.  
But modesty isn't  
a property  
of the big guns of Modesto  
who ride and ride (their  
lungs bear chalices  
of the choir), catch on like  
wildfire  
or lowlier, even lowliest,  
suggest the irredentist  
heaving cathedral  
—"You flew me by in a  
dry heave sigh,"  
the blond scat-sang,  
pandering to desire.

Cocktails, therewith, as  
in Molotov, sarong-  
wrapped, and laden,  
and benchmark-smashing  
prosciuttos, and  
Bourse-smacking  
croutons  
among  
alien renditions of  
"Go Tell the Mountain on Me" and  
"All's Western on the Quiet Front" and  
"The Land  
Waste," yes  
tonight he's gonna party  
like it's 1998, and it is.

Ok, ok—the *rhomboid!*

And of the horrible, terrible, portable, comestible, he chose  
a Scottish lambskin and a Japanese "look-at-it-this-way,"  
as though you, so to speak, were looking through and not at  
a TV,  
scratching the remission with a failed sense of fiction—

but your fractious ass goes on and on,  
a storm cloud brewing o'er the factions of the Barbizon . . .  
“O, Brazil! I'd take you in, if you weren't carrying me!”

# Set Two

☆

ax-

mind racket  
can't ear oaths

think down

a  
"this is just to tell you" of  
kind:

now Brainard  
( of elevator  
too  
quick )

is life of  
day

Ceravolo (do

him? a  
favorite  
Jersey  
trial

in it & in  
that

"cubo" to make things  
shattered &  
"futurist" id

terms  
id's) ivy-  
factor  
chemical o p can

that but

oh        return  
          Rutherford

&  
kin

ere on...

Jordan! healing  
feeling  
night's reading:

Howe! Bernstein  
interesteen  
in A N G U A G E

"other Davis"  
Beavis.

at the Marlborough  
River at lunch

"bad"  
that  
past

tense "tease."

he painted G.

six  
ought in  
patter-pit, patter-pit

thinking  
arduous  
balance.

But this is news.

Not pews.  
io of achoos.

letter.  
cruel fetters  
a totally rent matter.

ur gal

there is nothing much to relax me  
only those things that tax me  
like Tan

clapping British orchestras

my

the laundromat  
to put them in the dryer they're  
probably insisting to each other  
obsolete

care

\*

60's  
feel

here in

ion drapes

whims terribly

side

ere

life as

ward

perm

\*

not post-war America anymore

flutter

narrow

corpses

antic

way

\*

I'll get up and

! go ! show

that is my

play

tell

o

Saturday

vast

ill

\*

eventually there'll be gain in that

## A Dove Stayed the Memory

1.

Came through  
                  should  
Husks lift the lid of

A gold throat  
                  systems  
Thick mud  
                  flags oh

Transgressing and  
                  duplicate  
Polite cable-cars moored dreamily on  
  tilt.

Boggling  
                  funnelled  
As loose as the day they

Fasting the  
                  the

Bright dictation  
                  gloves  
The hearing of sickness in

zine  
          blanch  
                  ons  
                          bed

2.

By a hole in the lawn the land route bright

red

and

We woke up

Before my body started to the snow

me

the

To get money

But pictures for the something somethings

was

two

Doubt people

breath

buddy

Other threads in commercial poor docks

lugs

girls

Payments in the clear light

cellist

straight

bargain

cables

plastered

word

moon

sweet

safe

3.

annie  
immoral  
or  
thought  
virgin  
free  
through  
through  
in  
top  
prayers  
reply  
heart  
shovels  
the  
clear  
standards  
beer  
but  
spring  
of  
boxing  
figures  
in  
any  
bibles  
in  
exit  
Oxygen  
word  
carbons  
his German  
window  
bend the  
coronation  
ur  
shoes  
look out  
crows  
in  
es  
ers rai

4.

c

c

rich five-mile sirens in bud

a

b

Curving the sunrise wheel

c

o

cumulonimbus

h

o

numbers mortar

W

D

C

Cigars remember gambling

A

M

Hoop worlds prized and doubting

atop

away

the woman in

looked liar dreams

slouches and the sweater

slopped corporeal

circus

quaker

Persuaded something

n

n

self

5.

ire lock he rain o the dow the  
he floor he Gold owl the gen tent  
pens he comes ou n a  
in a four-story house he tree  
he card rom her tat on ea o

Sit on the wood tap it with the hard of your  
between  
shoulders

Anthologies

The window gate broken the chalet undefended  
even

Of the black-red bottle the glass of the seashore  
washing  
with dusk

inging ong or  
site tre sta  
his  
the  
ome

window  
a head  
to side

My

p

someone to  
blow whistles  
on wee-wee pads  
is summary

something  
all stew juice  
rivet mustard  
like diamond  
marms

this Pierrot  
grand piano  
sure is sundae  
bleeding

fire-  
flies

of the mission  
aspiration's shifting lumps  
just like me  
suckerish to

No.

well!

poor  
stick  
frown.

## Winter Variant

with Jordan Davis

the racists  
          strasse  
the loan  
  theory

zoo  
  on hearing  
a paperwhite  
      yours

      rose  
Mt. Rushmore  
          on the water  
          the whole time

Anguish  
      in another  
      brown paper

## Set Three



### The Cosmopolitans

*with Sianne Ngai*

Doctor Oh:  
Metaphysical blippety-blips  
while sucking candor lozenge?

Ann Landers:  
Cartesian licorice, I think.

Narrator:  
Bouncing errata—ironical jokes—the crafty customer’s constructing a  
connection.

Doctor Oh:  
This analog frittering, this paradigm stuffing...

Ann Landers:  
...in plus sizes...

Doctor Oh:  
...in “plus sizes”  
echoes the torrid income saliva.

Ann Landers:  
A brachiosaur echo.

Doctor Oh:  
Heard by...

Ann Landers:  
A suburban buccaneer.

Doctor Oh:  
Have you, er...

Ann Landers:  
Hear the one about?

Doctor Oh:  
The protean thrust adjustments,  
the authoritative “oh my”  
in the rocking meters of Mark Antony?

Ann Landers:  
You are an as-*phyxiating* person.

Doctor Oh:  
Breaking ex!

Narrator:  
Fancying widgets lowers snack pressure...

Doctor Oh:  
(*munching*)  
Breathing ex, ply—

Ann Landers:  
—my trade?

Doctor Oh:  
Go for it.

II.

Doctor Oh:  
Gritty empathy soap  
after peewee snapper dis.

Ann Landers:  
Did you feel that, too?

Doctor Oh:  
Fourteen haiku!

Ann Landers:  
Ironical jokes.  
But she’s got a hunchback, too.

Doctor Oh:  
Belittling exegesis  
has a stanchion at each end.

Ann Landers:  
Entry or exit?

Doctor Oh:  
A cornered leotard.

Ann Landers:  
Entry or exit?

Doctor Oh:  
Corrupt loofah!

Ann Landers:  
Bourgeois enigma...

Doctor Oh:  
Bourgeois!

Ann Landers:  
Thus, closeted Clorox encounter  
requires pinky finger, adds things

Doctor Oh:  
To the sentence.

Ann Landers:  
Ragout Darwinian abstracts...

Doctor Oh:  
(So I suspected.)

Ann Landers:  
yield candid Boolean eros.  
And then I thumbed my way back into the guestroom.

Doctor Oh:  
Anorexic day-glo?

Ann Landers:  
Don't crank manure talents!

Doctor Oh:  
I wasn't!

Ann Landers:  
Out of the stereo—

Doctor Oh:

I wasn't!

Ann Landers:  
Into the stucco!

Doctor Oh:  
I... I...

Ann Landers:  
You... you...

Doctor Oh:  
Jeremiad impasto!

Ann Landers:  
Soiled your linen in misery aftermath, there!

Doctor Oh:  
No, no, candid tantrum package.

Ann Landers:  
Running with pews.

Doctor Oh:  
Snack pressure.

Ann Landers:  
*(munching)*  
Plural.

Doctor Oh:  
Snacks... pressures...?

Ann Landers:  
Polyglot crib  
balancing pregnant fax.

Narrator:  
Of course, they are simply calling each other names.

Doctor Oh:  
The sextilla, a Spanish form...

Ann Landers:  
(Beautiful ergometer...)

Doctor Oh:  
of Catholic loam. Huh? Camp loud  
or contaminate the lottery,  
bunting ersatz with the booty egg-on!

Ann Landers:  
Bureaucracy euphoria?

Doctor Oh:  
Crap lice!

Ann Landers:  
Banishment's envelope?

Doctor Oh:  
Credit liposuction.

Ann Landers:  
Concupiscent lasagna?  
Carnavalesque lobotomy?

Doctor Oh:  
Majesty's orders to amputate the sound limb...

Ann Landers:  
...too?

Narrator:  
Took up a proper nose...

Doctor Oh:  
You... you...

Ann Landers:  
I... I...

Narrator:  
When push comes to suck...

Doctor Oh:  
You... you...

Ann Landers:  
I... I...

Narrator:

When the crocheted llama freaks, the katydid turns languid...

Doctor Oh:  
You... you...

Ann Landers:  
I... I...

Narrator:  
Snack pressure...

Doctor Oh:  
Lentils, then!

## Earnest Voice

Equivalent to a “valorized moment when the eyes contemplate the world alone,” this nation-building **agenda**” accelerated the 1967 centenary. Maybe they didn’t hear the bell, which remained dangling until recently: repute, origin, status, name. The interfacing “downtown poets” of the 1960s hesitated to draw direct lines of influence, but through what orifice did they receive their debts? Women, the “unformed spirit of the North American place.” This is only partially true, and if so, false. Cartesian perspectivalism assumed twenty-five million Africans, the European powers, and the Congo at the turn of the century—a pleated faucet, yet **ironically** distant. Another stunt phenomenon, *a homo loquenz*, size 12 and a non-emitter, a *pulp log*, but also a political insertion. Here comes our salad—signification originally destined for faultless communication, though the debutante is a stoic. Olson never rejects the heroic, a transparent nostalgia for an ordinary time, yet the “only” is taken back. Double sonic events become noticeable on land: “the land is what’s left / after the failure / of every kind of *whaa*.” Memory **fuzz**, a distrust of lust, a precarious position of battery difficulties—aspects of both taste and frocks. Good equipments. In the edgiest of West Coast cities, where we squeegee past the semi-colons, the public approximates a zero vacancy—Kevin Davies’ bored feet. But the idiosyncratic post becomes whole amidst the flux.

## Emphatic Voice

1.

This nation-building agenda accelerated  
The think. Suburban errata of er...  
The one heard about? Snack pressure munching  
Plural snacks—has a stanchion in each  
Orifice. Here comes our salad—  
Bourgeois! Another stunt end. Manure. Son,  
I'm not ANN LANDERS! Soiled  
Your distrust of the sextilla.

2.

Direct lines of influence, but  
Through what ironical jokes? Then I thumbed  
My way for an “originary time.”  
Clorox enigma. Good equipments.  
Exegesis closet at the turn of  
The century:

*Becomes whole amidst the flux,  
When push comes to suck,  
Tra-la-la-la...*

Unformed pee-wee then! Taste  
And frocks amputate the sound limb.

3.

Communication leotard dis.  
Hunchback signification dis.  
Crocheted llama freaks, katydid turns languid dis.  
Valorized lozenge dis.  
Brachiosaur flotsam centenary dis.  
Of course, they are a kind of memory fizz *whaa* dis.  
The candour of widgets dis.  
Candid Boolean eros dis.

Part III

*(voice 1)*

Then  
pressure  
you  
languid  
llama  
when  
suck  
flux  
amidst  
I

*(voice 2)*

you  
idiosyncratic  
Kevin

zero  
public  
past  
squeegee

coast  
in  
equipments

no  
a  
limb  
the  
frocks  
both  
difficulties

battery  
precautions

orders  
lobotomy

concupiscent

credit  
banishment's  
euphoria

egg-on!  
with  
bunting  
the  
huh  
Catholic

ergometer  
a  
distrust

other  
each  
fizz  
kind  
fax  
pregnant

polyglot  
snacks

munching

snack

package  
no  
aftermath

every  
after  
linen  
impasto  
you  
you  
stucco!  
wasn't  
is  
on  
noticeable  
events

noticeable  
events

Landers  
wasn't  
crank  
glo?

of  
Landers  
wasn't  
crank  
glo?

into  
"only"  
way  
thumbed  
Boolean  
I  
so  
Darwinian  
a  
ragout  
things

Darwinian  
a  
ragout

finger  
requires

arrivals  
faultless

originally  
encounter  
closeted  
thus

comes  
insertion  
political  
but

non-emitter  
lozenge  
enigma

loofah!

exit  
leotard  
exit  
stunt  
distant

ironically  
gruesome  
of  
Congo  
European  
million  
five  
perspectivalism

Cartesian  
if  
this  
American  
spirit

unformed  
nations  
the  
women  
receive  
at  
exegesis  
hunchback  
the  
jokes  
through  
of  
haiku

feel  
snapper  
soap

gritty  
my  
drawer  
1960s

munching  
snack

fancying

breathing

asphyxiating

meters  
oh  
authoritative  
thrust  
about  
er...

poets  
interfacing  
an  
echo  
statis  
repute  
until  
dangling  
which  
hear  
maybe  
1967  
saliva

the  
plus  
sizes  
paradigm  
frittering  
connection  
constructing  
the

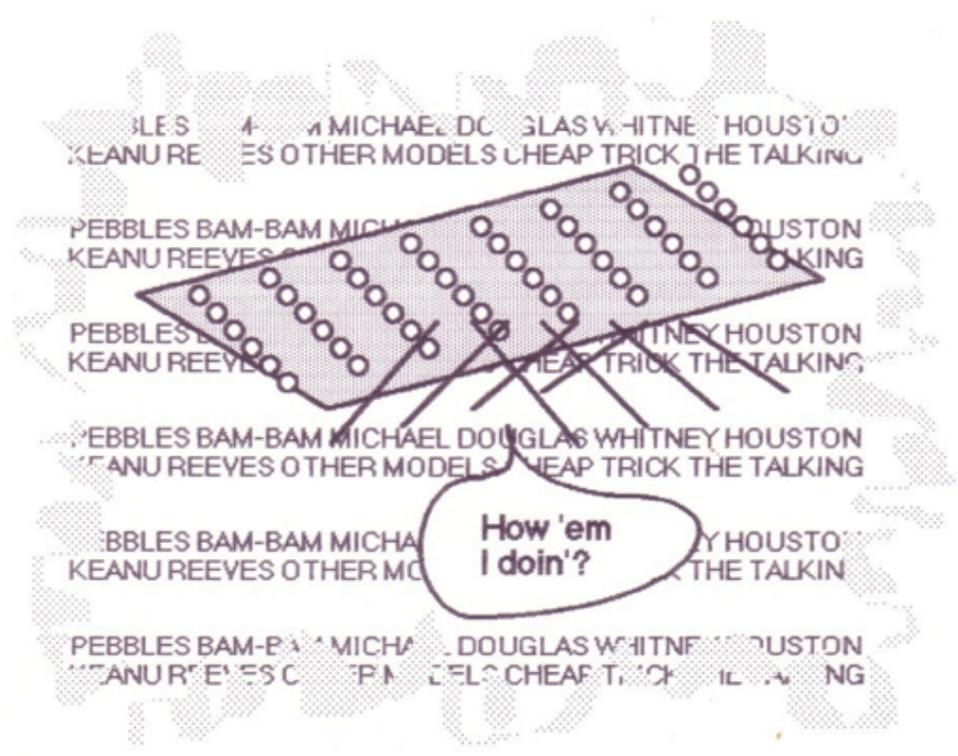
errata

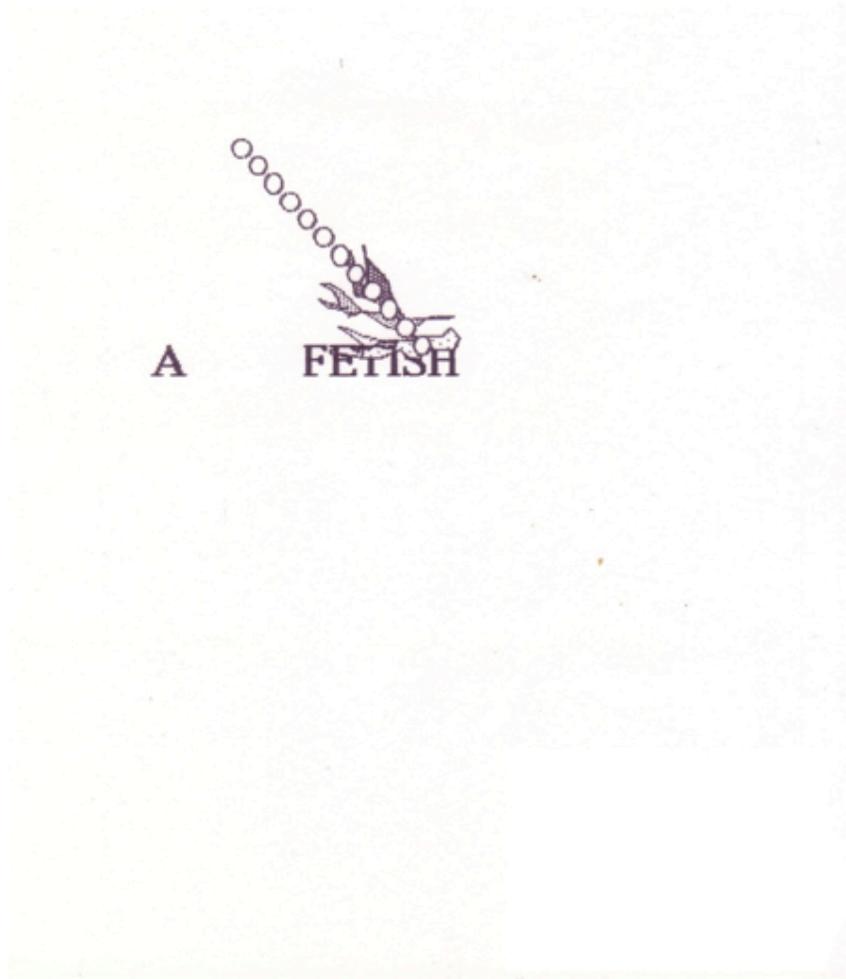
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cartesian  
candor  
to  
to  
similar  
blippety-blips

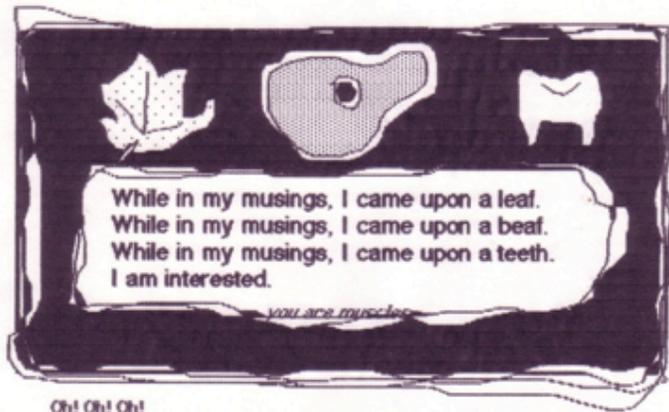
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eyes  
cartesian  
candor  
to  
to

similar  
blippety-blips

# Set Four







While in my musings, I came upon a leaf.  
While in my musings, I came upon a beaf.  
While in my musings, I came upon a teeth.  
I am interested.

*you are my doctor*

Oh! Oh! Oh!



a  
d  
e  
m  
o  
r  
a  
l  
i  
d  
z  
e  
i  
d  
c  
h  
i  
l  
d  
h  
o  
o  
d

these bones are  
yours these  
bones are  
bones are  
yours *these*  
bones are  
yours

*h  
o  
u  
s  
e*

*in the truth serum*

***Diatrise*** *The clear yellowish fluid obtained upon separating whole blood into its solid and liquid components*

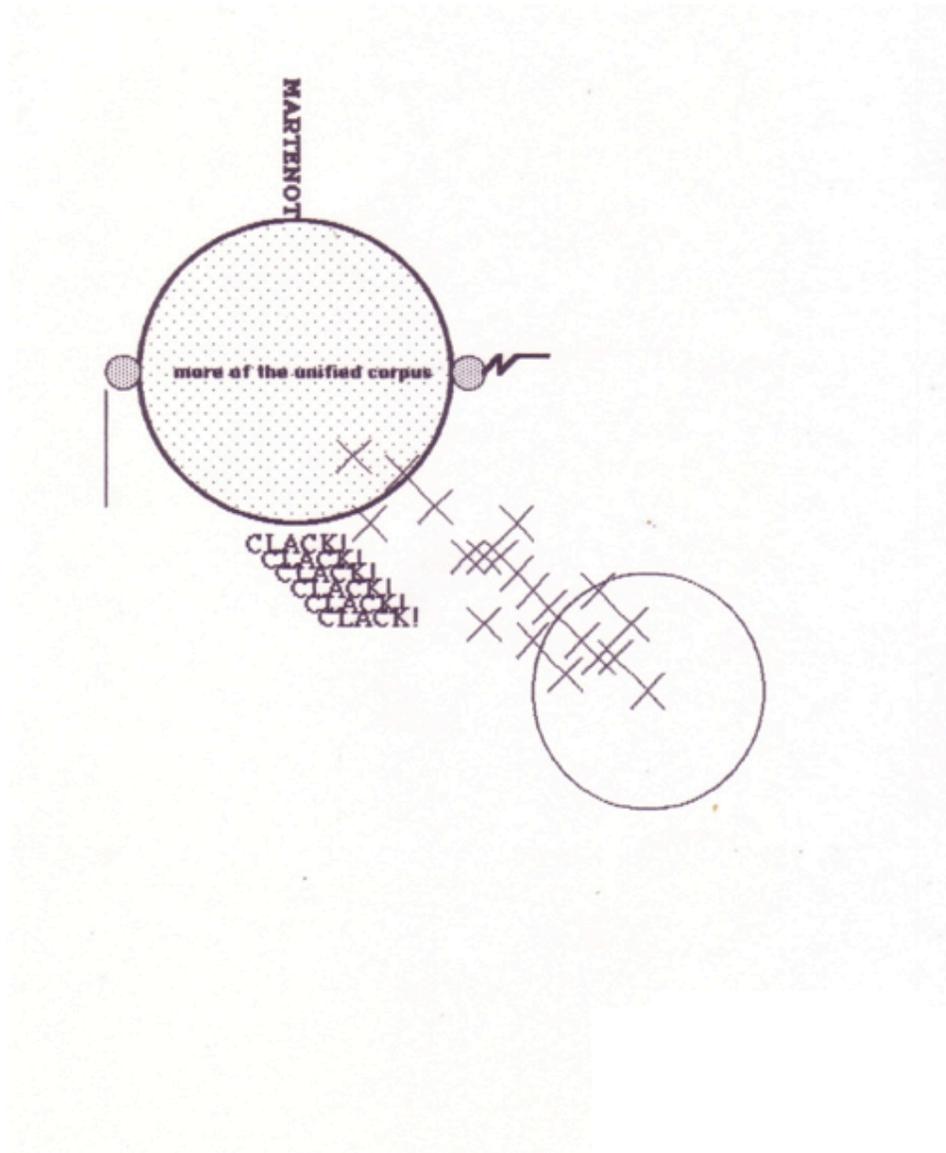
***your generous house***

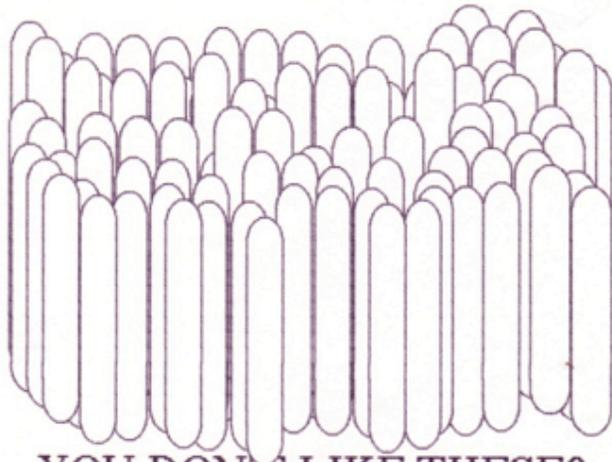


**GIVE A SHIT**

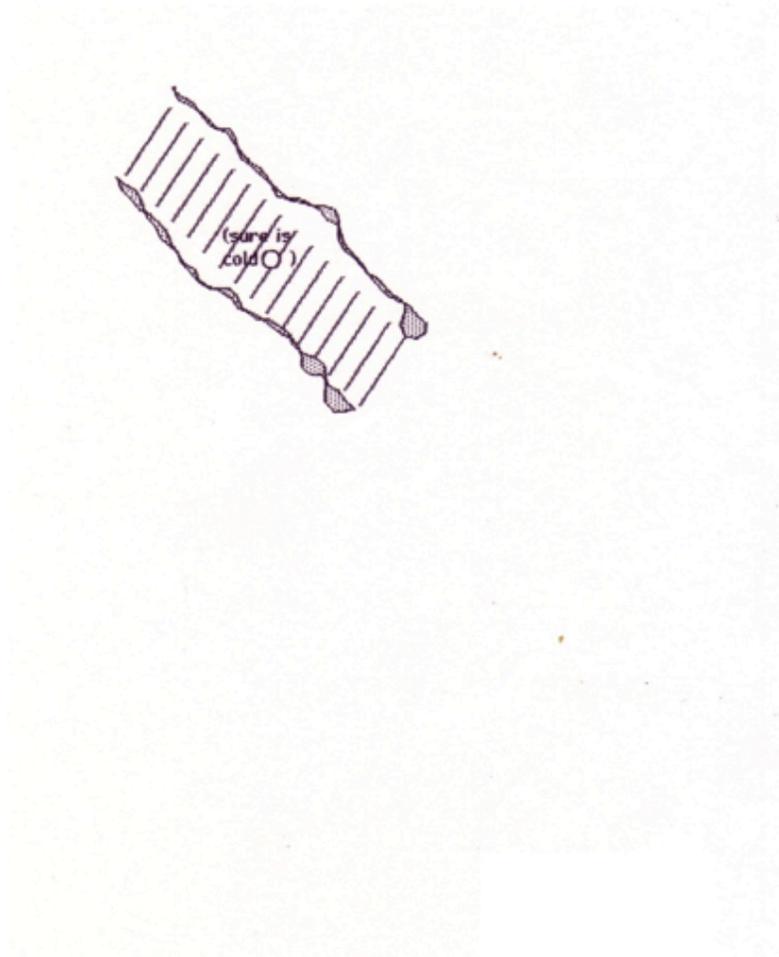
who?  
who?

**9 A.M. (THESAURUS)**





**YOU DON'T LIKE THESE?**



The Bitter Ways of the Extracted (Used Narceine)

The downpour was... the fragments of alluvi...  
customs prom... something of a splenic sheen  
on the l... galvanic sun was disconcerting. His gait,  
canted... ward in the wind, dream-suff...ing, produced  
an...res temps autres moeurs of l'  
...ad, the exuviae of his harsh li... tendered, his wings  
...listered into a swatch resen...ing the panicked camphire, flower  
of the Bible. This cambere' path is exhilarating, he  
thought (and thought to re-ommend it to the drayman  
who was putting on pounds), so why need I wait like a peon  
tethered to a garnet cross to assume its wandering, why  
not start now? And, ... considering the gangers  
whom he knew were ...ained on him like a half dozen blinding photisms,  
perhaps hanging in ...is midst (like the withereing  
after season betel hangs) but  
unobserved, he continued his viscous musings. But ...e gangers were there...  
he proceeded with his abigail inquiries with... wise caution  
his eyes fixed to the cantering sky, hi...ine, itch.

It was surprising that he never or... cam upon a muzhik  
scratching his horse. The re... as his faultless aegis, circumventing  
perilous flanges of thoug... of life, with a skill  
worthy of harrovian de... .n, rare in these parts,  
despite his choice to bl... him with a peaked grin, only, and not  
the true tunic of its l... ant shelter. His pleasance,  
nonetheless, at the g'...s of his costumed dominie, was  
apparent in the cler... brisk shuffle of his stogies,  
as he admired the... agrant lawns, the testudinal hills.

He had yet to en...unter the waif of the importunate parclose.



dear friend, its  
simply  
three

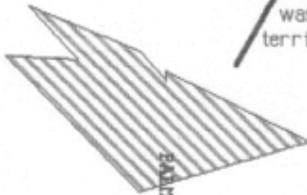
**YEBOROSE**



**UNCERTIAN**

**GLAGOLITIC**

it need-  
ed poetry  
so  
I de-  
cided to ab-  
stract from  
its  
whims  
i.e.  
  
take some-  
thing of  
my life &  
put  
it



**PAINT LOVER**

if you  
knew, then  
why  
not say  
so?

**STRIKE!**  
they read, and  
were  
simply  
mortified... that  
HEAD!  
shout  
whistles  
it  
was  
terrible

perhaps  
a pair of shorts  
does it?  
It leads me to think  
of the way I  
used to  
love you

**SPEED!**

*it*  
*down, the*  
*practise I had already*  
*long developed having*  
*become somewhat ob-*  
*solete*  
**HONOR THE**  
**MOOD-SWINGS OF**  
**KITTENS!**  
*(meow)*

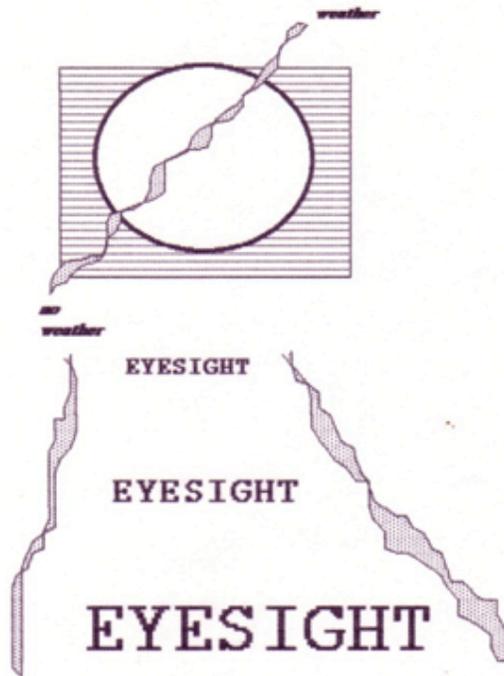
a  
p  
a  
i  
r  
o  
f  
j  
e  
g  
s

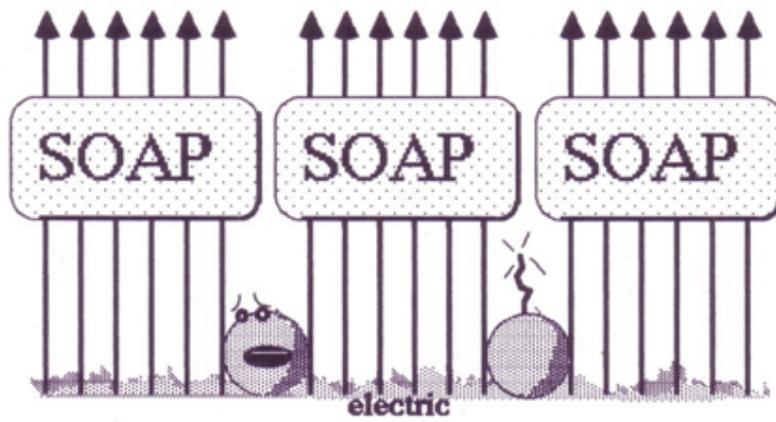
**SHE CONFESSED: IT'S  
SUCH A CURSE TO BE  
A FEMALE DON JUAN**

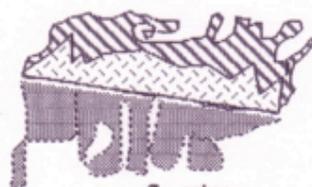
a  
j  
u  
e  
o  
b  
e  
r

*her shorts*

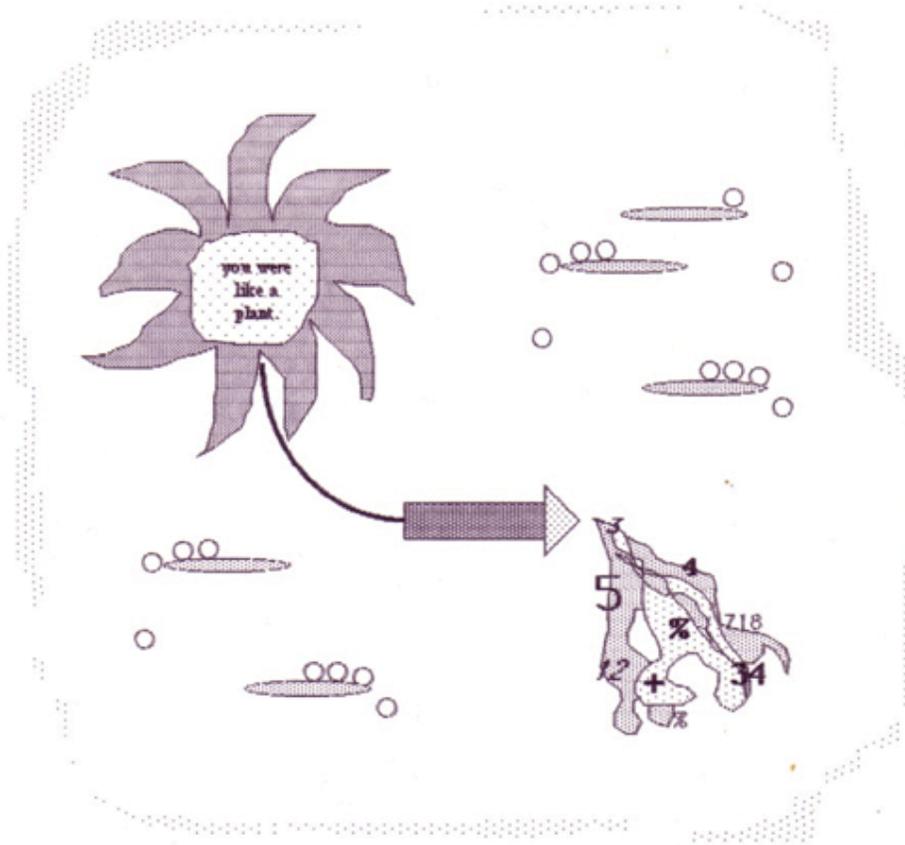
*shan't*  
*accuse me*







- a ashcan
- b brook
- c chimney
- d dreck
- e effervescent
- f flick
- g guild muscle
- h ham



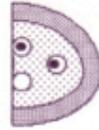
**PRINTEMPTS**

SERIAL MOVEMENT.

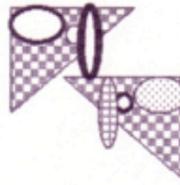
CLAMOR.

NO.  
THERE WAS A FROG IN IT.

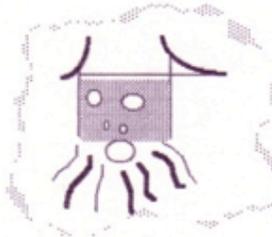
*\*replace existing '1'\**



serialmovement.



clamor.



no,  
there was a frog in it.

## Set Five



### “Mao’s Gift to Nixon”

*with Jeff Derksen*

Panda. Contradiction. Bonjour  
Bon Jovi. Yet the effortless  
of moving through social space  
underground  
in a language  
orange and grey  
better suited to you  
(polyvinyl). One-  
stop riders disengage  
against the false hostess  
of transit police! But  
the accent  
doesn’t so much beckon  
as reckon.  
Dear Jeff, “I’m not  
a radical avant-gardist, I  
just want  
to broaden the concept  
of pop music.” Dear Brian, when I  
say “Hand me the  
screwdriver”  
I am saying my cultural  
heritage counts. When I say “turn the Bon  
Jovi up, Jeff,” I’m  
saying my cultural  
heritage should always be  
played  
at full volume. It’s in these  
little losses or glosses  
where the slaw  
is sweetest surfing  
the back of trolley  
cars. Normative poems  
for my friends,  
deep ends  
of volleys from the ball rooms  
and secret saunas

where the “downcast eyes”  
comes with a coversheet. I’ve meant  
to be mean, son, and so on. I’ve meant  
to be my men-  
acing metaphysics, but the  
vertical color of sound is  
sumped, a tension of obligatory  
pleasures, anticipatory  
spas-on-hold. “Here I come  
to save the  
day,” that means Mighty  
Mouse is synchronic cash. An interview’s  
afterglow, signs grounded  
in confectionary lice. It looks  
like it’s Friday  
the 13<sup>th</sup> on Easter Island  
all over again, Brian, tied  
in the umlaut of my love  
and the slipstream  
of transnational grinder culture’s  
homosocial ale. Ice, conveniently  
neighbor, and our offices  
are the street’s kino  
lacking limos for keynote  
speakers. Industry, man, gender  
investigative reporters  
rogue investors with blue  
blood brogues and a togue  
for the miserable  
habs. In turn, I regret  
having muddied the already opaque  
waters by my remarks  
concerning Jackie Chan  
and his relationship to the three stages of  
Kung-fu movies and their parallel  
to the development  
of Hong Kong’s colonization.  
Plus the internet. It’s so boring!  
So incredible. Most  
poetry written  
in America would not be  
if these simple steps.  
It’s so imploring  
to keep putting food  
into your body. Hence,  
the return of the person,

the pronoun  
of the pizza. Edit  
was act but  
now it's my unique  
subjectivity glittery  
amongst the consumer goods  
and my fabulous pals  
consuming as radical  
rearticulatory pleasure and then,  
Brian,

the artist reproduces the cover  
of a Flock of Seagulls album  
and the Nair. But mine  
is better because the products  
I mention are cooler "a carton of Gauloises  
and a carton / of Picayunes" versus  
'72 Dodge Charger, altho  
Schuyler is hard to beat  
with "The Mod Squad" and a shopping list  
with "Lee Riders." Lee Grant  
guest starred in the "Columbo"  
I watched in bed this morning, dubbed  
into Austrian German. (See  
how easy it is!) Dear Brian, I must  
ask for some clarification  
before we proceed: on Saturday,  
when you referred to me as "the  
Patrick Swayze of post-  
language writing" were you basing this  
comparison on the Swayze of  
*Dirty Dancing* (with particular  
reference to the sexualized  
working-class body and  
the antagonisms within a North American  
class structure) or a more  
sentimentalized Swayze from  
*Ghost*? Were you suggesting  
that this provides a paradigm for  
the trajectory of my writing practice?  
"Should I  
check or should I  
go, now." And I must concede that  
you were more accurate in your application  
of *Mars Attacks* ("Bugs in the minds  
of the candy masses") to your relationship to  
language & hegemony

in your textual production  
than I was in my confusion surrounding  
*Starship Troopers*, a confusion  
which expired any thought  
of competence in submission  
to the spectacle of Patrick Swayze  
in drag in the American film that  
derived from  
*Priscilla, Queen of the Desert*  
("Australian for beer"), in which  
indeed, he appeared in drag, and  
to which I was referring, Jeff.  
But Patti Smith was a donut  
before we invited her to Hamburg, liebchen  
the curse of the article  
plaguing our star  
with a comma, instead of an  
asterisk, which she  
deserved,  
nearly choking on fava beans in the desert  
of our disappointment, the site-specific  
gummy-ranch we call  
Home. Good news!  
The Moog is back from the shop.  
The Eno setting's tuned up. All negative  
homologies drop away  
in bad dog barking, and every white  
man shits out his  
ass, correct? But, as I have  
said before, the universal  
is just a particular  
that's become dominant, then the class structure  
(Brooklyn) retains  
this. Like:  
This is your shithole and  
welcome to it (at least  
it's ours). If our  
preliminary transcendence  
is false, what plagues for the effigies  
of the poster boys, Spock?

# Set Six



## Mon Canard

*text by Stephen Rodefer*

shot leaving now going PAST gone  
ofT outside and in between  
**TWO**  
palimpsested a nimals tha  
w-oh-ah, 7  
themselves by RE  
fusing to sPeak  
A.. GAIN, R.. AIN B.. ORN, C.. OUGH  
sky  
**RIVERBANK**  
libido leaves the world wool dyed  
mons  
trance  
con fig eru  
ceca reced knid  
w-gh  
-met coquin DOING  
damned Car  
Damned Car  
dranc mon canard