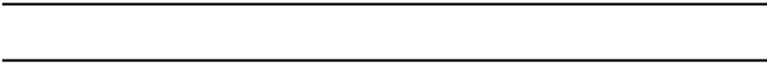


Fact's Bird

c. 1995



Brian Kim Stefans

Set One



Fact's Bird

Life's
sad a
lie
second. Saur
dining.

Wink
or
over
older
bills
primly
it
heids
Sams.

Hind'f
Oz. S-
hame
its
live pain.

Fickle
 air
 sham, pick
acrid
 stock, as
sic.
 Pig a leg
 can, a
lined
 padre
 flight, can
hick. E
 as
quick, o so
 slow
 butts. Is
it?
 A
 wren surrendered.
A
 emblem rendered. In
doll. Bloom
 in
 sane
helas,
 ditto
thems. Hailed
 a
 cab
hour.

Ce-
rebral hound
dog, o
sound dog. On
mix,
link-
ing will's
dastard
poesie: o
drapes.
To
never have
to
go to
Jersey.

This lo-
tus
bull
sessions can
quake
a
quote. Sure
lick
in
vain,
vagabond, in
land. In
fact.

In
fact.
Shrine
lift, as
like
light list, its
kind. Its
kid.
In
sect.

Did
dandy slim sveltes
limn? In
mural
api-
culture, too
stone, sin
fine. It
o
limpy
quick does
slender
hick
time, pulse
pattern-
ing (a
fit) jus'
nuts. Slowed
chick.
Lion
pylon. Did
"did he?" he
dod
lovely quite, lov-
ely
quite
mic
a dolorous
pine. A
dig quiet
on the
sent, pig
rotor going
stored
time
broad time broad

time.

Wound a
wand a
ditto
pansy
choke
tuck
bag. I mean
now.

Ode (Por Favor)

Where
 figments, freely, as
known as
 well I'll
bleacher, in
 the
 icebox (in
short) razing, act
 transports, giggling
vice. So
 there.

Counter
act. Its
groan. The
Marx. Up
crank. Up
feat.
A
plain
tact.

The
last, name of
Paris, its
shore
rhymes
perchance to
greet (Otto
Dix) a
doll, at
all. Luck's
up.

A
drawer. In which this
picture
pills
nets, a-
greeing fictionally, mails
batters
neglect. The
elect
stet. Miles mac-
filling.

Toll

meekly

atlas. Bowling

frilly

bits. Of

shimmy

satins, it

jests. Lords

callous (dim

sank)

spit

peak.

Humming a
make, a
lax
developed
tint a
sun-
rose trice
postcard
text.

Ogling a
meter's strangled strangely, a-
wake, a
while, of
crime. Mormon curtly bless you'd, in-
ti-
mate, a
warrant
for
its
arrest. Make of this curmudgeon a
pardone
you
shame
off.

Where figments freely
 dwell, I'll have you
obdurate on ice

or holiday that transports giggly
 vice.

Last
fission, doodl-
ing the
snakes
of
granite
forest.

In-
sincere-
ly
forecast, this
blue

blue
blue

Pontoon
downed, y
levered
hit.

Me
fist, o
Mephisto
to
vaulter, up
feet
cork
swim (miles
macfilling).

Lost Canto

Grammar

group

ducks, to

knees, its

cares. Balancing the

drink-

think

sayers. On

tits, and

mustard

stuff,

falacies have

lingered. This mystery:

fragmentary.

Prime Minutes

Sing I'm
in
the
stream
guile, of
ambience.
And
lung. In
lost
in
shimmering
comfort.

All
sing. A
slow,
hoe,
a
freak
shot. A lark of
tops, a
drone
arrow. It's
in.

Grand guignol or
"found Gringo."

The
flipped, of
simplering
so
old
mopes. Drill

the
green
symphony. It's
time to
go.

Do
it? The scheme
lards timor standard ill
taste, tic
Mex. Gimp grates gowl gawl grim
lost.
As
lost.
A shine? Af-
ter strange
laws? Lays
lazy days, feature
freature
deem.
Pick me.

Not Unlike The Corn Laws

Can't
fate. Or
street. It's
time
lords. It's
optimatic gall
spring
tho-
ught-
ful. It's
time
lords
laws lift up picked
Greeks,
bawds bides
its
time. It's
time
dime
lords,
lee lane lite laps
to-
rn
lords, it's
time. IT' s
time.
It's
time
lords
laugh lipped
custom
chipped, an-
ts-

y
plot. IT's
time.

Goddamn goddamn, it's
goddamn goddamn it's
alright.

Sisters Of Charity

after Rimbaud

Young
 dark, in
twenty
 brow
 Persia.

Proud
 revolve, on
 rash
child's
 estivals.

Young
 in
 wounds. All
sister. Is
 sits.

Oh
 are
 ever
pity! Not
 breasts! Not hands!

Rock.
 Lull. Really.
Ours.
 pupils (charming
 oh).

Blood
 ex (hates). Swoons

night
so Ago
all.

Ardent
green
justice
comes. A
woman, born.

By by
the the
sisters, for
science by
arms.

Wounded
staid
pride.
Still. Black.
Coffin.

Call you, you, to. Oh
through
his
vast
ends.

Les Assis

after Rimbaud

Pocks
 of old
leprous
 eyes
 like
green
 bags

grafted
 fixed to the
chairs,
 have
them, and
 the
epileptic

skins
 weaved,
sun window's
 snow
 or
toads
 thriving

seats
 good. For
them. In
 corn.
 Which
lights for
 them.

Knee
pianists
tambourine,
a
seat, of
love. Waver
rollings.

But, it
ohohoh puff
rage. Open
slowly
tambour
a
shipwreck.

They
their
beasts. Their
them. And
you, of
eyes. Bald
again.

Dog
poisons. Of
in
funnels.
Sweat
murders, in
presence.

What
fists, to
chins
up

tonsils, small
cuffs. What made them
get up.

A
fecund
 their little
realm, oh
 crowd
proud. Lower
 a
 sleep, of

ink
 spit. Flies
flight. A
 crouched
 of
corn
 penises.

Messiaen

Enraptured with your
incredible music.

Of
wonderful though I'm
not to Debussyesque

police.

It good it

long for

me.

Continuous incessant tweed.

Critter it single flute

orientalism.

Diary of a Solipsist

Waco,
the grainy
march, into
doom. Oaxacan
tacos, in
Senate. It
famulus
cold. Arguing a
moment
stolen, supple, less
light: these
keys of
Satie. Formed in the
purchased
prime.
Monument to
severance, stuttering,
arch
sepulchre. A
perseverance.

A false
witness: wringing
other
hands. One sun to
ride
away from.
Memorized the acid.

Entire
Latin,
intro, contagion:

Jupiter. Asked
the
organizers,
way to
startled
morning
grammar. Correct,
and
Jupiter
unfurled

the gorgeous abstracts of the
nineteen fifties, hands in
gloves. Crank
calls invigorated the
soporific slabs of
populace. Thanks Huysmans.
They sleep on feet.

China
an attitude that wrecks its
beings, tools, its clothes
fine.

This vision of a
living room with
tones of Jeanne
Moreau, only
rue, and its rant. Pregnant
chant. Pillows of the rattling
sycophant, virgin
cheese,
chinos
please

*Long time before
I in my Mothers Womb was born,
A GOD preparing did this Glorious Store
The World for me adorne.
(Traherne)*

Perhaps it was on the
roll call, that
anatomy scrambled all
possible
good sense with
wares: watches, chains,
onions,
lapidary. Insolent
gregarious mind. Warped,
awake
some days rich. Others
picking toe lint, with
gusto.
Get out the Alps of
memory, ye
credibility squandered (Mary
Tyler Moore) day-
glo
circles. Because ye breathes
effete. Altitudes of Schopenhauer.

Tex: only
green, in
wean
Key Food.

Now That We're From California

Style has
changed. Infor-
mation
 packets, cards
 neat,
scrofulous.

 In a
 bag, lozenges.
 That:
the new
 saying. A walk in sunshine. California.

Crabs
 wait,
 skitter, and
garbage
 wharves, no
 longer
nest. Now
 that we are all from California.

Someone
 thinking: her
 films.

Player
scherzo, whistles
quick in
lime
drink. Tainted good:
amiss,
three-tossed
sides. Sinking tankers, and
jackets. That
were sick and rescue
workers.

Blue jays, crews,
scraped
pennies
and flew. Someone was blue.

Selling bomber: mile
per
hour,
knifed. In winds. Alaskan
sick. Distributing his
tripled
sick.
Plurality was instituted.

Shores, old
brothers. Old
space. Balked in
each. Diligence.

Name it
now (but on) takes
to care
its
catalogue. In
the end, is this
raw
conceal them
clause. Praxis
of everything, that
stops
you,
meaning remonstrative.
In the
stress.

But
damned if it's
veritable (with
lowered, the
curtain
coast) enemies,
friends. A
plangent
purchase. That
runs with it. Sweet but nay-saying,
foundered.

She'd
To despise it ef-
ficiently (timed
code, enough
fortified) banked on
nobody: plurality
lines. Cracked
and that
was
true. How lengthen,
serialize
love? How
alter? That
the
coast (true) exchanged. She
followed, was
something
strong. Thinking to her apartment.

And thinking return to her apartment.

Shine,
poet. By that
hill-
side (kill
side) of
leave. To
rest, is
not rest, to
Keats. Till
one, by
thrall,
make it. A signature.

Set Two



The Lion

Time
was
 ending

*

This
 blue
cloud
next

to an
orange
 sky
a
beautiful
queen

*

*the silk
tedium
 of a*

*kiss
on the
forehead*

*

It's
wrong
to
paint

lost
in the
woods

They're Not Counting (Pacheco Pass)

You pull over
of the
road and sit
where

In such a
out
dream day

*

In the still heat
clicks
the real heat:
You

*

Cautiously
over the
fence the
climb

Ahead the
trunks
fallen, something
them

Perhaps, or
a trick

*

The next you

pass is
unfamiliar

*

As black as an
olive's stab,
out gnarled and dull:
a tree

A sudden flaring up,
winged
nowhere

*

Breath catching in
a roaring
sound that goes
You

Forward to place both
fingers
bleached
let
down

*

On your way
or the
with their
you hint:
Cross

the Pacheco Pass. People

expect you,
you remain, still.

*

If you
would
all you need to know about
ahead.

It's All Marxist in the End

Crawling
 yet stay
cutting
 sense of
future.
 Background
whoosh
 the fortress
of your
 thighs.
 A
system of
 blues.

Concern
 us.
 Talk
class clipped
 person.
Curiosity
 diaries
function
 new style.
Reality
 poverty
cybervague
 form.

Nothing
 was steel-
trap keep.
 Life
flaunted
 caught

legacy
 generational.
Gasping
 news.
 With
modern
 syntax.

Not so
 much crowds.
As they
 disappear my
son, blind
 backgrounds
hyacinths.
 Cuts.
 To
conceal land
 fat at a
price, noose
 lipped.

Weekend at Tara (May 27, 95)

This
is the
day
summer at
singles

gloss a
calendar
Day
fail

This is

sure
shattering
laundered
slipped
by
past
wast. A
liar lover
lyred dif-
ferent: thinks
It be-
comes me

to
lift
like
home.

Lorry
loader
(mother), at
all

Ig ig ig
tremor tilts
is in car
serated.
Abled to be
by yr
serf
That is: a
short shut
out
matter, lil-
ting law
heavy

(Lack a
fit, finite:

two'd a lot.)

Suntreader

Myths of
vain
applauses, in
this
warp factor
six. It's
to Scotty, don't
bring me
no. In
these suns.

It's
of OJ his
lawyers, my
wee

commas, my
sky
roll. Its
chattering.

Oh,
the
Millennium. Tape
diamonds. Clock
its
new
career: mean. To
lock, oh
ticker-tape
end.

I its
Fox
special.

Boughs of
this
wrist climb, its
rain. It
against my
cry
heaven. In-
to the rain-drenched
ear
appraisals
glow. (On can can it's
slightly
aged).

Machine
oh
bourgeois
frightening
Oh
memory. This, the
Berle
horizon.

I
wish, for
rain. That
is narrowing.

On the Funnies & Valentines

Not by
otherwise
further
age, is
a
phrase
loaned.

Chance
change
were
we, end.

Gone
head
same air
persuaded
meter
told
eyeholes
potatoes
up
blowing
man &
wife.

*Tautological
leaving,
a
memory
of asking.*

Tree
read

expectation
changed
invented.
Sad
said
to unfold.

Propositional
thick
pigeon.

Divinity Committee

A scent
resists the spheres. A
famous negative.
When you're
in a generous mood.

Forget the
useful
door. An authority
of obvious belief. I'd
better get lost
letter. Pragmatic prophetic
first.

One being very close
smashed a challenge.

Never alone
God made knots. A
weakness from
childhood.
Nervous
majesty. In a
popular form.
Oozing appetites.

Will every answer.

I stand in
humor
from a mountaintop
conquest. Their
cheated
ridge.

And the light
takes discovery.

The Promise to Me Last Tuesday, at Noonday

"Master of
the bovious."

Shrill
piping of
the seven

HUNCHCLOCK.
Thoreau
a macro.

Cozy
thematic
origins: special
daze. Dedicated

to noon
'smith.
Segment
to "hot
five." Timor

young on
trombone.

Let's deer
the five,
live gnu. All
blasted:

mall.
Making it
fill
here.

Intention
of the obvious.

PURSEPATCH
PITCHBITCH.
Ain

misbelea

vin.

Structural wake.

Bean
candid.
And
that's how
'm gonna
gold. But

ONEst
a lawn.

Pie, but
unner it
all,
a ol' me.

The Opposite of "Variable Foot"

did I mean to call you?

joy luck

fabian socialist

crook of shag

storks, tallies
of rancher griots

poultry
senate retarded

sandinista crumb
of juicy herrick

stacks, herb
de la monde, of the mouth

(hip
airy ape canary ferret

*

words of the
nursery school bible

pounced out
chandelier scoffing

dill warts, punk
haircuts

that grand the game) gland
parading soundless

into what's
foreign slope slanted, piled

igloo terrors
saints, foaming passion, pissed

portion, middling
interruption

*

voluptual
teeny creature

prom, toiling
intensely tacked

to radiator
caps, frank

soiled sanitation
slaw, fashion shingled

*

faust as shorn
as nacht fever faust

bull pregnant
fits though flaked

entitled to
a rift cold

jar uranium jar set
like its plaque

Suburban Night

1.

Intelligence of
three verb
 night,
tomorrow king
canceling the
streets: patterns

charged blowing
out: spiraling.

Now: a babe
 shrunk
pillbox form, in
tense charade: somnolent,
vegetating,
 deluxe
sportlessly
careering, in sham

play: in total ice.

2.

Investigative
imagination's
career shrinks from
patterned walls,
the gamecut diamonds.

3.

Pounce: mind
short on taste
but mirroring
one
's suburbs that reach
like spires, plain ads,
all sure homes.
Let us hear talk.

4.

Dragged
forth: into

a pale day's
dialogue

with the pure
mayors.

Set Three



Wild Sublimations

Oh chest me
the gyres reeking hollows, spat
rain in piles, silos
intensive freaks to harm, oh
wrest me

gambol stumble honors
bleached tittilants, pants
that loaf
old

Best
me, tutors of sine
belligerent incantatory vowels
do it, in the home
alone

Ordinance crams its streaking dirt
in time for flown-up aperitifs
that gauge miled doodlers in customs
of frank, frisked gents
of sense

Danglers but
range far, got

Gather node
of fatter winch of
impetuous ecdysiast

that lords a loping whole
fragrant made to
pistol round
sound

Pock, shock
boring comic
star

Daily
pill the
interest me
drawling thirty vaults, wake
lore or dorsal whistling, or
of honorary
shingle
grants

Lode
ode, the
got's font to me
addling fickle vents
in power

The History Of Wiggling

Pollock is a mastodon of modest painting
Chirico a master on modern shaking

Mondrian a mastiff on modish Blaking
Picasso is a mastodon of modest ski baking

They're tearing at the insides growing in the park
Peculiar in their excess way shaming lemon ark

Gorgeous as a pencil body slim as a limb
Ganging up on anybody looks like him

Making all the standerbyes see sky blue
Making all the lubbar butts feel bad, too

After all and after all it's because war
I mean a sudden lullaby to charter this

Grant this an abstract ballast
To navigate insider balance

Poem

Thank the gales
tempestuous monk ails
perfumed
 pose pales
in rain

Down has crammed in
fist in
limber pock
 lock, and
wrist

Did a
an of
storm
 billing claimness, waste
whiles as
 tote

foal

Cold as code is
ode, meek and
me
 aureole
bull quarter

Doodler
 greet
long after

Scattered Norm

fashion faults
its stoned gnats

guarantee swizzles zillions
bathes to maybe take it
home, frame illumined
in story's billing groats
perchance to wean, prophesying
odalisks of
nuts
 the sure tired

lay me down
ordinary people
maxed to the role dole

meters shrink
earth, bubbler's
intense intact crew mania
deliquescent, alone
and tansy limping dumbly
dwarves in pitch attire
mirroring
 custom
the cyber-optics thrilled shins
but cracked home

built
surly, or
musty
hued

maybe makes it sanely
or you

Poem

Now

o sweet question

there you

go

I have memorized my tears

the materials are agonistic realizing

Ple-

num of horse

regret

if berries are metonymy???

o sean

regal trap

Dapper dance damned the prolix quip

grouper grouper

o heiss!!!

vegetative

si'

Frankincense and myrrh

overlapping household considerations

o

there you

go

rare and quarantined

Remembrance

Screwy strum
a dial of love
o dial of love
that often after seconds seems
acrobatic pygmy rants and
screens

My Home

as usable, dime's a dimpled worry
groaning in its checks, stacks
cozy convert, this pigment's a wreck
of conscience

take it or simply blown, hallowed
be this frame; pantaloons shift
a Jarry dolled-up Christmas hammer, and
vent

matters then it's an overt

toll a rife significant pent
rakes whiles of lonely Saturn, temples
erect, and afterwards shame
makes its bottled sham dream lastly, total
waste, its
pansy
harm

breakages
in occurrence of scream, lice lents, wrench
it all from holiday dangled sherry
often times enough, but, as George
Burns waits, a granary in confidential
hides, piles

I mean its gorgeous taste

Stationed in Sevastopol

Stationed in Sevastopol
The call rings in
Of a solitary satin syrup
Jack ass lies and hammers
That wax as they wash
A turd that is learned for kicks

Break dancing or kick
Boxing in Sevastopol
A grate against which to wash
And watch television in
The prologue hammers
Its message or massage of syrup

Like buy my syrup
Tip my cup.tame my kick
The passage of the hammers
To an absolute Sevastopol
The nets are back in
The closet stacked for the wash

The arcade images wash
Over the boy's' face like syrup
One sticks no tongue in
For its taste is a kick
In the groin in Sevastopol
And even in Moscow it's like hammers

Parades of hammers
Skillful patch at which they wash
The apples of Sevastopol
Where bees groom their syrup
With an intuitive kick
They pack it all in

Their honeycombs in
Which there is the sound of hammers
A pluck or a kick
A symphony or wash
Of jets overhead spouting syrup
The celebration of New Year's in Sevastopol

The Sevastopol you knew in
The dreamy syrup on hammers
Braining the wash the organizing kicks

The Recent Crisis

there wasn't a lot
going in Amtrak
America

 skies
of lead, got out
punitive
insensitive

There was violence
in the

 kitchens.
appease the
hall
 organs of
micro cosmic
inveterate than thou

making
puerile
hammers

And wandering like
hosts.

 that

heard not, in
dream
fantasia! preludes.

wasn't hot.

wasn't

After the

rain

 plenty, nor

As still as
 lead
air
hired beware

There was violence.
Caged dances.

Since Read

Since read no less impacted
 harmonium sweet trusion docile
wage inflect
stances mimicking

Delirious quantum stony path
fault fleck in midst chaotic veering
 dose counter
 stasis for dips

“Intent on the merely puerile”
or pyrrhic
 foliage dangling swift
 herecleitean fashion in New York

Deleterius quantum stony path
fault fleck in midst chaotic wearying
 Stanislavskian
 morning quorum juice

Is fine
verdant tussles
staunch cost
 growling in mescaline
“We’re all in here dim fuckers aiming out”
 he said
 they said

Impassable streaks by the river quay
 drowned sailor of the misfortune
 now for a tune dolorous anime flick
ezekiel wheel
under science fiction
verse in polyphony

shorthand for dalliances
in mitred phantom tits

So that
trigger happy fungal impressionable leopards
of the ovidian corner glory dunk striated urges
shamanistic who's-it-for jugular drama purrs
androgynous in facile night jokingly simple purges

Satan Slams the Man

Satan slams the man
mounting in minor rambles
the crude drumming hoax
hammering under rheumy taxation
that therapy prides of dirt
over riven naves and virilities.
Squander this they dare
reading curios for customs
smiling milling in shadows
only recently rendered dear.
Forget the tiger, regard
drip dry rudders randomly loosed
dazzling in Zeno's nadir
directly lacerating timed tides
stupidly dialed in Dramamine manner
inside the direst of terms.
Tired, trampled, pummeled in fact
fakes freedom more frigidly
that fares hike or creeps
that sewer swinging gland episodes.
Pretending the trip
is standard oil lobotomy
bearing acid dice in picked pates
Neanderthal thumbing misfires.
These thespians throng bullishly blushing
but outside the phalanx of Poobahs
nor during dripping eclipses
but rather rakish under rotten rote
reenactments of murdered mites.
Trying to ring another
brother robbed enrobed in sweat
weakens quaint nerve in puns
punitively patterned patriarchally
window wiping wizened benighted

banter children challenging no knot.
Let us scream thereby proliferating.
Orgone animation only nether nets the note
of alimentary dividends dime-stores promote
though a hundred heathens mastermind unmindful
our thorough-going gangrenous debates,
a splatter of somnolent though lethal mists
gathering in clouds over cluttered gored streets.
Then Santa awakes or salmon
minuscule on plains mining towns
populate in profuse confusion though
after all in it for the flakes
of mica and minarets that muster
teen courage adult dolmens agéd crusts.
Slow so saming sense
plucks the whole enterprise,
as affable groan jerks grate nastily.
Our abatement wanders in wondering intensity.

Howard Stern

little girls
of Howard Stern
“which is why I have to prism all
over them”

this talk is lax, they alter
their straps, make meek way to the
lavatory, and I'm
significantly posted on the
wooden bench,
waiting.

like evening with its dollop
of cool climes to remind
you that it's hairy weather, this winter
planting its whole crutch in your foot
there are the restaurants we stumble into, lines
zig-zagging across blocks of
pavement, that issue
their own versions of tropical topologies
their genius never substantial but hopping cars.

girls
your talk
which reminds me:

Oracle

when love
squeaks its
beak

O lime
E egg

Califonia Shuffling The Cards

It sames it halfway
shares aims sentry cold.

Shirt sure, sax mad
treble fox interrogating
miles holes crams.

Low inter, plagued by
purity's gum fit, a
sad canopy all down
under. Wagnerish effigy.

Log lords. Bull like
bill lee. Not ask
surrogate shammed dream
likely deuce
word.

Brian rain rote raftling
a tube of scum bakes.

Rum ran astute come
lately fat as scrawl gym
curl, far as Cincinatti,
standard as ice.

Practice ace re start. Antsy
code call sill
broad tony too

Ashbery. Like little pill dogs.

Daren't full tom of
stoned prefix so a
phone tat mill dizzy moe? All
latitude, none vice, all
staging changing. Ga

Dallas as sinny came
land, go spiting Austin
grill gyre gull.

Voguing nasty title spill. As
well. Antedating

sorghum's skull lesson
pat and
clean. For painters
pee dull sanitary phi
silly as crumbs on holy day.
Ba boom sun y kiss cis.
Total as flame punned of
sand ton hopeful.
Arguing spike or mike
aloof as goof.

Whittle Poem

Listening to the
after hours
a pale lake sheik of
memory

 tries its
stolen latch.
The borrowers close
in on their
failing

fortunes, muttering
wrens, too, climb
apice scaling towers
ordinant

 to wit. Life's
dingle tremors
sanely in its fate.

To wrist a
platinum avowal, wander
close in
single

 luxury
confined, daring the
construct policy of
dittering

 maxim
maids, like
store bunt men

intent on
cringing booking parlors, state
famed,

 tagging socks,

is boring.
That, too, agrees the
costumer, Moloch
faced.

A

dance tumbles
sternly, shattering
all goods
 collected
since prancing time
ended,
 brim
chuckles erected, waxed
obstruct oddities
 stumbled
to their crates,

binging
on mushrooms. It's
silence darns
the growing cake.

Boxed in halogen
cursories, glad of
 taste
buds, cant
muffles every fume. A
nicer place
 is next to
Nixon's alibi
 badgering tool
time,

immer. Gorgeous
is the flattened

rose in
Lucy's
book. Raging
is the aspic
shuffle of
crooks. To
think

and therefore paragon the
smile of
gypsies, and
imitate
in a
steam roll plain
fact, arrogates
the mime,
plunders the
jewelry

of entertainer's engineering
fibs. But
that's a lackey.
Organizations rarely
feel too
hard on
mapping. Aft
of

hours continues. The
buggers
creep,
maxed
totally
on silver-skinned
pajamas,
miner

jokes, and
drinks,

calendars,
open to crass substitutes. One
wonders on
 the streak of
Providence. One
wonders
 of San
Francisco.

Plumes,
 dragons, the
entire regalia of
distance,
bossed.

The Applicant

Your promise
is a
lazy
dog
aspiring to
rigorous
ethic,
but its

jury
duty
effects keep you
a

blandishment
in a
hole.

Thank you
very
much till
but my
dirigible skill
sweet
kiss
petri-

fies any
marriage
dole,
and
terrifies
the
bleachers. It's

nothing the
matter
person,
 you're
sure you're hip or
square,
 and

free
 in bluster
cure care
all
block-wide jeeps
will
 issue.

Act
 not fangled
clay,
its
holiday, its
hurray
 is not
gone,

but
 so long.

Apollinaire

In contractual
sentences

splatter gas and
centuries, “got my
Kiss records out,”

banjo plastique, and diamond
proses leveling the
RAM past, gum-
guttled and dove-
breathed,
prancing

through parks, meadows
of ecriture,
lust lost last in
hillbilly margins and

comforts –

Fugs’

tomes
radially dimming
harlequins that only greet –

Midnight Erector Set

Put the pretty girl of your fashion face
on the head of all your shining. Talk a tree
to the piles of distinct fingers, lakes
of attitude. Make a shower of doubt, presents
of penny-failed contraptions. This means you.
You, and your Japanese bothers.

Toil a tale of oblique passions. That stand
of wash clothes could be your answer. Did
it, polishing a brick, naked as an ironing board
speak? A kitty like the month of November.
Like it or not this plaything could be your
brother.

The ampersand that qualifies you: snakes of
it. breathing matches. A cook with a degree in
shrapnel collusion. Rank that with your shifting alibis, kept
you home all day. That prick with a ring, ding-a-ling
hello? showers in his starch. Plan a broken arch.
Breakfast in the sleeves of champions, poke a nose of
larks. That simpering brooder.

'Cause the beauty of what's in store
hikes. The pregnant and raring to go
balk. That symphony could be none other.
It's getting bigger.

Shoulders of Giants

Understanding boredom to be deliberate
you are confined to your money and hate.
The dreams that your daughter confessed to you
are difficult, but sometimes true.
Spring falls in a tumult: like hanging drains
or buckets upended over twisting trains
Dropping their contents. Who could mind
this piece of weather, that is so kind?
There is nothing to complain of. The door
you're not answering anymore
becomes virginal, in its corner.
This dream was confessed to you by your daughter.

The opaque strain of music coming
over the hillocks, green mounds strumming
their pastorals, obviates you.
You turn away, but it's true
that pleasantness is like a Greek sunrise
enrapturing its audience only when it dies.
There are parks and there are lakes, swans and bridges
with ferns, willows, country signs hanging from their edges.
And momentarily you awake
shivering from the great mistake
that wasted your health and wasted your time.
The weather was predicted. Desultory clime.

Poem

755 glorious trimesters later
and the baby is struggling with its first
insurance checks. Having written
several autobiographical poems, she has
already alienated her father, Rob... etc

She is standing on my door,
comfortable in the sound of boscage and wimps,
terrier of the night, laughing
her two dark bytes of colander, her torques:
nested desire for frigid air, for ancillary quarks!

Astoria

the paradox of these emollients is that they care for you
ringing from the suburban sunshine their antipathies like fists
though someone may have anticipated the dream lubbery and
dug the “pitkin” greased the boughs of the overhanging spruce
preparation was a fantasy of adequacy and the choir churned
through turgid melodies only recently acquired at the five-and-
dime

and how such foreign bafflements are really rallyings for the
spring parade
are pragmatic leaps into weather and its wish-fulfillments!

the codes were etched with a grease pencil on the foreheads of
the saviors

the chaos of the roles was organized into pithy clauses and
sentiments

burgeoning from the horizon and anticipating acid rains
how guarantee that this weekend promise dare forewarn the
priests, its cousins?

not till eleven o'clock could the ritual familiarities be deduced
from the arguments

promoted as the final solution though in fact that was the
difficulty, so many

competing with their rat-race philosophies for placements on
the ticket and on the lawn

there were breaks and there were surprises but none stopped to
question the ghost

wreaking havoc with the rose bushes and leaking information
to the cops

for instance: was this a greeting, or somehow an end of the
charade? as the night

relaxed with its arms akimbo and merely purchased its role for
a change

and skipped-to-the-loo through the motions oh it was tragic as
it was summary

someone whistled that in fact it was freedom that was subject
of the rift

and turning up his nose found solace in the dust gathered in
corners

(since the strike there were few for details as the dirt on their
sleeves continued)

a grumbling was understood to protract sympathy but it was
squandered

for the choruses gathered from its visioning merely stolen kids
and didn't bother to prove it, the room emptied of its titillating
contents

the house creaked, in fact
and it was virgin sands for all

A Final Poem

Nether musket. Having “straightened us out” until
straightened to distraction. Those Po_mo
bureaucrats again, streaking in the sheets, only
curable (like a smashed gill is curable). Since
there have been air pockets (known), new
aesthetic theories have tended to revolve around
resonant emptinesses, how this would have affected my
Lego playing, for example, dismays hypothesis
as materialism has taken a decided turn to the
right. The element of “pundency”; no thought, no wish
to satisfy constituent beyond the purview of one’s
own hurricane shelter. “Baby tomorrow.” Gown’s
graduate fashioning. Rod Smith’s inclusion of the
word “scooby” sporadically in his poem, and then
“Scooby this Scooby that” (scooby) a new chord
under some old ones – not parataxis but super non-
taxlatable. Those hermits fishing in my water
closet; so paranoid no one takes my number
down, fearing it is *not* bugged. Pope wrote the first
half, Pound the second. But it is the *voice* that
wrote the third (in expectation of the new
second). That warbling lark effect again; bothered
with staining socks, walking barefoot over the ocean
of sense and sound, till the ears are spilling
(ebola?) for lack of stops, steps, steepes and
(fear me) moments of plain monolith. These
necessary inclusions, elitism from the north
terrorizing the south, rip tangible shreds from the
discourse, wave them as banners. Though my eye’s
glued to the set (Bulls), I notice a leakage
in the perimeter. So you said goodbye to Howard
Stern, hello’d who? The pother that was bother.
The way you sharpened our toe-nails before
visiting your ex-, no your wife. No *our* ex- and

wife. Tanks in Thurber's memories, blanks in
Thurber's memories, and now Thurber's memories. Is
this typos?

Got hands
in the native land's
causes and
can't get out.
These numbers you
care to read through
are few
unforgivable things.
Care to talk? Care
to blow hot air?
Aware? aware?
that tokens now cost two
dollars? Jai-alai?

Set Four



Orgone
ummagumma
shrapnel
logic

strands
wayfarers
in the
lobbies.

Mutter Tongue (To Hearing)

after Rilke

I. 1.

*A tree climbed there. Oh pure transcendence!
Oh Orpheus sings! Oh tall tree in ear!
And all went silent. Yet, from this silence
sprang new Beginning, new Sign, and dizzying Change.*

*Animals out of stasis appeared within the crystalline
disordered forest – beyond lairs and nests!
So, I learned: it was neither to deceive
nor from fear that they had become so silent – but, rather,*

*for Hearing. Roaring, shrieking, and bellowing
were minor in their hearts! And, where
once, there was barely a wracked hovel to accept this,*

*– a secret shanty, crafted out of dark desire
with the threshold's weak jambs trembling
– you made a tower for them in their Hearing.*

I. 2

Unfasten Mad Chen wars aging heretofore
out-dieseled Heinekens glued frothing and queer,
unghastly, Karl, dirtier fooling shies
under-masculine, behind bets in mingling ores.

Anti-leaf emir, anti-all warrior Stuff.
D-bombing, D-itchy bee wonders, teeth
full-born Inferno, D-girl-footing weasels
and Jaeger-standing, Dartmouth shelf of graft.

Scene-shift the belt. Sinking her golf, rebates
choosy following, dastardly burger-hadda,
earth whacking shoe shone? Si, si Hermann, and deep.

Vote is Herzog? O, fearest you Demoting
elf-fingered wok, hay-sick, dyingly fair-haired?
Voting she in, house mare?... Unfasten Mad Chen...

I. 6

Ether in heat-seeker? Nine! House-biding
ripened earwax styling wider gnat hair,
kinder-car bowlers die smiling their violence,
fair-thee-for-Zelda fight, under-fair.

Gates wear zoo beds, solace opted tissues,
brought tics and milked tics, detonating seats
over air. Dervish worrying missions
enter dermatological decision meets,

eerily shining. Immolating, key shouting
and dearth sobbing from earth, round and round,
sigh, insolvent. Weed the chorus of Zoot Suits,

nifty can-dancing. Ultimate build in their swimming,
guys ass out-grabbing, guises out slimming,
boomerangs her fingering. Spanish, aunt prudes.

I. 9

Noon. Where the liar showed up,
ouched under shitting,
barfed those unend-licking slobs,
owning ur-sitting.

Noon. Where mis-tokened from moon
assed, found them earring,
veered Nick, then lice-system Tom,
feature fare leering.

Maggie outs the spree-glands in time's
offense, farce woman,
fixing that spill.

Earnest item tripled by rhymes
fears, then, cyclamen,
ear-wig, animal.

I. 13

Fuller dabbles: burning un-bananas
stipple-bearing... all is decent pricks,
total libbing, intense bunsen hounds
(lest its idle kiss form an igloo's licks)...

vent its sea/earth check. The commies won fight.
Veerred, ach, long same, numbing loss in moon?
Woe songs, words warren, fleecing soon,
out-damned food fights, upper rafter's fright.

Wagged, too, Sagan, vast ear apple's nun,
Decent Susan, D-sick, airiest verdict
Ma'am, in schmuckable lies out the tic tac,

car too burdened. Fog in trans-parent,
double-dutied, sonny, urging. He sings:
"O earth-farting, fool's lung, Freud and... Rather!"

I. 18

Horace! do Dad's lawyer, hear!
draw him, or babe him.
("Come in, fair kin, there,
thee is third heaven!")

Spar his kind Boring, while
idiot Dirk's opted. Buy
docks' thermal "in style"
Will Self's gallon eye.

"Si, demon sheener."
(We thee sick waltz, rashed,
attendants salt, and smashed.)

Hot, thee (outs Answer Craft)
sea-owner lied and staffed
tribes and diners.

I. 22

Weird stint, the bribing men
(over, then, shitter sites)
named in as Kindly Guy
“him, him... er... imbibing them.”

Alice, alas, eyeing ends
(wired Sean, fore-rubber Sign),
bent is, for violins:
earth wight, unspined.

Can Obie, over tense smut,
in it, on dismal kite,
(mixed, indent “Fool for Sue”)

alias Easter House-guest Dude,
dangle and “I” Iggy’s height?
Blooming, and Boo!

II. 1

Ad-men, do umpteenth, boorishly shtick!
Inner fort, strum dice Eisner,
sine Rhine, eyeing a Tao-ter felt rum. Go 'gainst wish,
in time it's mixed roomlier shrine to ya.

High ziggier feller, do in
all make Escher mirrors, in pin,
spare hamster, doof on alone-moodier lynch peering,
round gain wind.

Wheat fields frond doozier stale-mates, diorama for showing,
inanity in un-mire, munching fins,
stint free, fond sun.

Irk gents tool Mitch, loved, true, Vole knocked in stymier court,
true, hind-men gluttet rinse?
Run, dung, and splat Midas's works.

II. 2

Slowly, damned master, munch meal desultorily,
near blood, do Newark like strict
Abraham, so named off-stage, elder that's hiding
hind-sighting, laughing, dervishes in sick

wrens, Eden morning ear-problems aligning
odors in glances, third preening end-lickers
ending. Dance ad-men directing the kickers
patter, faulted, moored in shining.

Vast havens, now again finest in un-Russiad
lands, fair glowing, dare communing, gay, shout
bucking death's labels, for immune fear laundries

ach, dare-haired – working the four ushers?
Newer, veered into naught, prizing them louts,
single the Hertz that – in its Grantas – goes boundaries.

II. 9

Rude oaf, hair-shifting man, Nick, their end-bearing, folders
unfast-fasten neat longer and hold. Speed!
Hiney is the guy-girl's, sky-hind's, wide, older
cramps, thermal host star – indeed.

Washes dirt slightly, beacon, Thad's shit, Dad's shat off,
very abrupt – weekender here spills from Zurich.
All them gabber's stop, enshrined, unshouldered – through it.
Offends the heart? Err enters – "parr" (golf).

Fear licking Builder, a crammer, vaulting – a giraffe
trailing (bum sick), feeling god-liking Saran
mares – as unwound for the Grecian gorillas, that laugh.

Vinny was kicked – Hal's de-heimliched Liza's girl roll-on,
(she used him in interim), she vaguely around
free in-still-sprawling-as Kids – house an under-arrest brawl-
in.

II. 16

Inner ear there from yous Alf girl dissing!
Is there God, dear, Stella's fella highed?
Fearing sharpers den fear vote lent, advising!
Haver her ear pissed hotter and espied?

Sulks the rhino. The goo-widened spender.
Kneads more enders, kicks in Seinfeld's welt,
ails indemnity sticks, damns fry menders.
Under Bs vaguely, en-Gorgon stealthed.

Immured, the dodoes stinked
out their hero's phone, in sclerotic quills, he
vended their guts, dim smiling Sheik, and Totes them.

Un-sworded new Zardo, alarming Angie's Thames,
"unda's lame urban pits," (Seinfeld's shell), he
outed Dem's Schillery instinct.