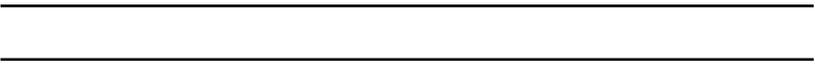


Strange Booty

c. 1994-2004



Brian Kim Stefans

Set One



The Platform

The girls with those Djuna Barnes hats
barely notice the Czech accordion player,
and I don't notice them, either
we're all so enraptured with our redirects,
self regards, personal exertions
on the subway platform that is like a mental gymnasium,
(we got those cards to prove our membership,
lifetime renewable, in fact, so you can't
complain – this is “compassionate” modernism
just coming in to save the day when you'd lost
all hope,
withering like a bean pod on the vine)
– it's like that when it's winter in the city,
the cabs and streets steam, like the
Clydesdales in the beer commercials, making
a funky pastoral in this ne'er-do-wellness setting.

Someone will complain of the bombs
perched in the national commonplaces about marriage,
taxes, the environment, even the First Dog
who craps on command just off the *mise-en-scène*
of Diane Sawyer's shrink-wrapped visage,
the soybean substitute of the family Christmas
in which sleeping pills, the old-fashioned, Fifties kind
are the only dream of escape
on a lumpy mattress, in a hovel in Shanghai
draping the company jacket over the spare, naked light bulb,
praying for sleep,
the rusty buckets of coughing and laughter invading
like a “dull tom-tom” only this time, it's real parody.

The stunt doubles never arrive on time, nor are
the bagels ever as fresh as in “the city,”
they pop in the microwave, for instance, and generally
make fools of themselves, as only bagels can,
but “compassionate modernism” promises more than this,
and it does, pleads like the innocent snowflake
braving the cold winter winds to land on your tongue,
which is in fact sentimental, but indeed is all you’ve got.

Grunting & Fibs

Reading contemporary poetry, even if
it's bad poetry. The frailty cats are coming,
and the mystery that surrounds you.

You back up to the barge, and inquire: it's
deliberate love; it's politics with a hat; it's
Pekinese dialect; it's an Oliver

North film. Fume at the choice alliteration.
One back falls from the shoulders. Autumn
crowds; even through the wide angle it's

insidious, and punishing Ack Ack. So
demean it. One step away, and it's cerebralism.
Strip the landscape, curse the doves: time.

More Home Movies

Let's turn out the lights. Let's surface these potato bars.
One two referentiality, is that it? the cordoning
of devices of our control – stonewalling them, in fact,
as they approach from the dizzying entropy of the social order

blackens the teeth. Makes them gum-like. Is

attractive. These virginal submissions are really resubmissions,
I think. But the clowning is also a mastery, no gimmick, rather,
a legitimate hole *in* one (has anybody ever thought of *that*)
filled by crimsons, and cursors, and letters – speaking new charms

when the catalogue of deferrals has ceased to woo with its contingencies.

Butter up these lemon holes. Practice the yarns.
Meditate the turntables, relax.
Really, guy, I loathe your suspects.
There is always an afterwards to chart your ample alibis.

Georgie

Georgie was a strong-man with no
arms. He ran a country
in fear of losing his prick.

No way
to run a country.

Yes, challenging all his advisors
with death. But they
have already been challenged with death.

Georgie didn't have anywhere
to turn to. Politics

wasn't quite that associate sphere where
the imagination finds chumps in its daisies.

Everything there involves having to make do with *people*.

And in

fear, as

he was,

it was impossible to attend to everything.

She had beautiful green eyes, a thin neck, and was gay.

Mon Triste Coeur

after Rimbaud

My sad heart bathes in the poop,
their jeerings (poems) have remade it.
Now it's no more. Loopity loop,
having spelled it, they denude it.
They're jeerings (poems) have remade it.
into something of chicken soup,
into something hotly debated.

My sad heart bathes in the poop.
Their jeerings (poems) have remade it.
Now it's no more. "Loopity loop,"
having spelled it, they denude it.
Their jeerings {poems} have remade it
into something of Wednesday's soup,
into something not hotly debated.

The Chord

The chord barely reaches; the telephone's a prick,
searching for the rhythm of this night, foul with impatience,
grand with discomfort; isolated, so alone; a barometer,

no, but a bowel; shatter therapeutic glasses and five irons;
bled, histrionics, blasphemy, delightful catalogue,
insensate in America, a barn door opens onto the night;

angels of Ginsberg, angels of Blake, none other;
shivering, it is cold (orphanage), escaping the tropes,
it is cold, speechless, leaps the fence into the neighbor's yard

and pisses, no leaps again, finds that image of her (can't remember
her name); all the way outside of New Jersey, all the way;
the margins, the coal mine, the strip mine, it comes

regularly into speech, conversation is excitable;
illegal, the Puritan dawn creates its substitutes for
penance, work in the office; no form, only juggling

incisors snarl like the "ancestors.. clumsy with their firsts,"
ha, so were mine, bleeding through their country in
sneakers; takes a five iron to the Nissan, takes

another moment to recover and rediscover poetry, not the words
nor the letters, not the verbs and nouns, not the misprints, no;
running, another fence, spillt diamonds on the ground

he falls; that's satisfactory fiction, unblemished recollection;
narcissist, beat off those angels, those Catholic nuns,
the Huns at the border, the ones with the credit cards, the nuns;

block, hush, kick, snarl, rasp, hungry, towel off!
abatement nothing for solace in the mire of heavenly predecessors
who were, in fact, needy, mundane, lived in tight quarters, noting

to recommend them; but they're ours, so the anthem
goes, and forget about the whole rotten country it's a skitterbug,
in June, it's a June bug, in July no different, wait

for the next month; the next mong is Christmas apathetic tastes,
packaged with the family and the ubu roi and the girl from Mystic.

The Oaths of Dino: Bell Café, March 16, 1996

Bah! I have sung poorly in three cities.

It is all the same. Fun.

“Fun,” they say, “Fun, that he were here,

Dino, of the jibe, the laughter...

Dino the saur!

Would that Dino the Brontosaur were here

ten seconds faster

to give us our midnight’s rapport!”

It’s... eh... kind of

the same? (It’s better than Pound.)

I have sung “Howl” rewrites to the Councils of Gods-on-Earth. (The same.)

I have sung Nutrition values. (Tres Po-Mo!)

I have sung Essentialist jingles, and counter-

Essentialist jingles. (Nuts!)

Affluent Dino, of the withering thighs,

Arrogant Dino (the strut, the jibes), would that

he were here

ruining his career,

Dino, the guy!

Hmm... eh... who... whoah?... Dino? Yeah.

Heh... Heh.... 1... 2... 3... Pfluagh? Yeah.

I have sung womanly in three cities. (That’s hip.)

I have sung Bel Canto. (So.)

Eh... wha... er... and roughened my throat

on Nirvana. (Plink!)

– And it is all the same

and I will sing of the sun. Er, rather –

(tsk!) “Under the Boardwalk.” The guy!

Dino the Saur! Was Dino of the slobbering, wandering

eye here? No? So!

And I have taught instruction on the proper use of the Rolodex under the mountains of rolling froth. It is all the same.

Alphabetical.

Employee Song

I would be tired and I would be employed
Would that I would and there I was
When monkey's made a man of me
Warring factions derived from Harvard stones
Forcing the issue of Walden Pond
Whenever she came home

We were one thing to see
Were the one thing you could afford
When you worked alone

I could be tired and I could be employed
Whenever the cojones were clasped to my groin
The preacher's made a man of me
(I dialed up the telephone to see
But only got the number for MTV)
Would that I could but there I was
Not able to talk nor talk to me
Did she

We were the only thing to see
For twelve light years but none near Thee
Tracing our faults alone

I'd be tired I'd be alone
I'd be foney in a conference call
Disguising my voice as Lauren Bacall's
I could be employed were I Leonard Nimoy
Or Lauren Bacall (when she was alive)
Or would
Were I too have been caught alive
Tripped by the traps that the maps did seek
Wandering lost like a Melmoth walrus
Bringing her her cups and tea yes bringing her her cups and tea
(Like a figure from Guy Madden's movies)

I would be tired and I would be employed
I would be with her and I'd stake our joys
On the rise of the stock market and other employees'
Money
Would that I could kick this home
In this hut or castle by the diamond or honey sea

Would that I could kick this home
(We would call it our retirement home
We wedding partners or we wedding plums)
Waking to the sound of one womb caping
Waning by the moon!of wishful thinking
We'd love-of-laughter live or lying love
In this hut or castle by the diamond or balmy sea

Elopement

It was the sea that was lucky
and not your mama.

I've thought of invisible loves.
Now I will confuse myself with regrets.

Another Day

Another day in the city
drowning yourself in Diet Pepsie
(how's that, Dan Quayle?)
being the pom-pom of your age,
a tall lie in a sea of stalks
(the grunions are molting),
with memories of the Paleolithic
(indeed, they make bad sleep).
The plaid masks the coax,
the rude insistence hides the shy,
as the Catherine wheel grows old
and dark beneath punitive skies.
Partly sunny, southwest winds
at 20 miles per hour, tomorrow
to drag the satchel of books
down the dirt highway to the school,
– nothing tremendously Italian about it.
Largess, it talks to you
with mouthfuls of vices.

Furniture Music

1.

Weekends, I'm entrusted
to myself, which is convenient;
no other pasty faces
lathering the windows, no.

My hips are scarred, as are
my hopes. A curl
in the centuries-long eyelash:
broken down Swedish fop.

Make of this toiletry what
you will, heroine, I'm game
for that – for the others I won't
speak, rather nod

off, as I'm doing now.
Fax me images of mittens, I
command, but my credit –
what's with all these possessives?

Alas, Starbuck's is open.
Did I mention Toulouse Lautrec?
Of course (gingham asper
flunk shlepp), not, not in my poem.

My electronic equipment
dies, I can barely
type any longer – used to be
quite easy, flipping a lid
and turning her
on,
noticing a rhythm
ego as it spills forth –
lady with cocktails

who has just published a book
on the Postmodern Lyric.

All with a will
to hide –
poem of crisis
we'd ask you sluriously
do we have
to die?

And the crisis
responds –
with jackhammer
grinding,
with rubble intent
– that we read.

Rather than retire the question,
perspire in the continued insurrection.

The doilies become custard.
At last, Tonto, to begin again.

2.

How to wake, how to wake one
with the specificity, and the damage
controlling outside
playing upon the unspecificity
of being in "Plato's Cave," thoroughly convinced
of the Immortals.
Waiting for the poem to crack and Eternal Light
rather than the emissions of amoebas –

He once said painting was "putting decorations, on a white rectangle."
My tense
is to believe him, conversing
somewhere outside of the rubber band
with "gift economy"
and a pressed red shirt
suitable substitutions for authority
with their red caps and black sashes.

Insense.

The primacy of Garamond type in the "thick journals,"
one's personal grammar becoming grids and other city plans.

3.

Is this what it's like to sleep
in a pile of corpses?
(Poetry is an afterthought.)
I woke up because my dentures were dirty
and all the thinking was like 1975.
She was there. So was she.
And she was there. We called her Gullible Madness.

The pose of the pulse in Soho
makes my hair bristles breathe
but that's before I was largely disabused
of the inevitability
(houses made of Saran Wrap)
of the inevitability of death.
I can't say I feel much better now.

When they had that hinge joint in the putter
I was the star of a TV series
secretly filmed in Toronto but claiming to be
from Cleveland – why'd they do that?
As the days grow longer, I become an emphatic 7.
Civilization can go fuck me.
I want to be a part of that outer fringe,

hiring a dog
to chase linen.

4.

Some little pimple of hope
on the expanse –
green and pink advertising logos
with names like “Jeffrey” or “Pam”
consuming concentration.
Where the bump ends, and the skin begins
is academic.

Everything relies on the digital fix,
mollusks speed across the surface –
rubber trees spray their guerdon to the stars –
when the
trial commences –
oh! then the seance around the bonfire!
can the cannibal never know the neighbor's death throes?

One struggles for distinction – amidst the blowing turnstiles
foot placed, one after the other, ahead
into the continuing controversy
of how we stay late, what sources provides the juice
of the most jejune of our talentless cousins, our stoic, uninspired aunts,
our teachers. Button one another up, that's what we do.

So the children extend past our beseeching, anyway, starry-eyed with bare
feet
of the coals of winter's stock exchanges, the
obfuscating this-or-that of the talk show hostesses with winking eyes
(hey,
that's you with the crinoline bagpipes! captured on digital disk
and never to be forgotten until the late-nineteenth century quest
for closure corrodes) –
I think that's what she said. But in Lausanne, it was Gutenberg
who framed the psychosis that, since, we've been swimming and losing
our balance about. With our own standard companies driving the oral
traditions
to their graves,

belas, there are the other phenomena to aspire to, the majors and minors
of a day in the subway – the tracks and the laughs – all that is never
considered.

The winding of the sentence used to be the pastime of aristocrats;
now, in the violent earth, the sentence is total
and so it must be short, sleek, inelastic, workman like;
or so they seem to suggest: it must be feminine,
despite the acres of piss and penises it contains,
and must be somewhat approachable, like a building, though its wet.
The birth of tragedy out of song: what forms will surface from *our*
Dionysian rituals?

5.

If I couldn't hear this sound, but yes
I hear it. Every ass is a bouncing Savannah,
but the beauty of this urban avenue
is the necessity one feels to have to make a home
in oneself: flags in the nostrils.

The skull of the couch placates my loneliness,
you see. Fidgeting the Star Trek hymnal:
there's seven pianos in the warp,
twelve fingers dance gayly along their keys,
post-op, life-off. Tourniquets are salutary.

That way one slumbers in hypertext
burritos, lathers up in fumigous Christian
foam, dial x on the telephone
thirty-seven times in no particular order,
the flowers arrive with their careerist bartender,
so piss. Williamsburg, Athens, gone
so plastic and suspicious in an apartment.

Things you've never seen
in dreams or on TV...
a man being helped out of an elevator,
or waiting...
just "waiting."
What colorless green is that?

6.

As I said
to my friend, John, this
tired poem of mine
will never stop, I
must compose it in Braille
in order to achieve
a wider audience.

I will take this all in, he says
to arrange is to arrange
to arrange is not to derange,
and so, I will try
to take it all in.

*Unbeautiful, visceral
black spot surrounded by silver
on the retina,
calmly as stars block the night.*

He reflects:
why couldn't I have been smarter
all those years,
 and English,
and in the *mainstream* of life.

If I could sleep, I'd be happy.
It's *something I want to do*.

What is this thing called swing?

In the vividness, I try
your eyelashes. Dis-
cover a plateau of flesh
has betrayed my location.

Let's hope he's dead in heaven.

7.

I don't think much of this
will make sense. I know
indeed, the street wends further
than knobby knees carry thee.
You took me here, thinking
I'm a lover, a ghost of
previous cinematic composites
but, alas, I am an egg.
What's that asking for our bravery
in occupation? Do you
partake in the fancy rituals
of posing amidst specializations
of soul, hand, eye, all?
I'm respectful of your vocabulary
but my syllables are the art.

This is where I start spraying.

8.

These are the nice guys,
Master.

Yours is the elf
and everything else in it.

The ringing glass.
They're dusting the distance.

Scrooge

Starring Roger Daltrey as Scrooge

The purveyors of:
"My nerves are bad. Yes, bad.
Speak to me. Why doesn't anyone ever
speak to me. Speak"
are ridiculous.

Seventy-five Santified capitalists later...

I'm really
just dangling above the prostate.

9.

"It makes us pray again,"
ordinarily I'd just pass Go,
but he was different, cute
in that Andre Serrano sort of way,
in profile, metaphysically Indian.

If you collect the debts
of another man's debts,
but I had play stations to do
and minded my own business.

The choired strings of the Brookiyn
Bridge loomed in the mist
above legions of dancing gringos
I'd read about, on the island
from which I'd escaped for a refreshing furlong
which I had deserved for some time.

As papers go,
this one is good.

But now my breezy moustaches
sense danger, my tie leaps westward
to the porn shops by the playground
where they drink diamonds by the tea,
all radiant in the glow of a Tuesday afternoon.
"I'd gladly pay you Tuesday
for a hamburger today," I hum
in jodhpurs, spandex, and other glam slacks.

How sensational
to feel Nietzschean!
My mother would say it's just a ruse.
So I settled for some André Breton,
a Corona Light, a guilty package of Gitanes
Katz's famous reuben, and an Ikea port-a-john.

10.

He'd managed to remain in the news:
all these people, dimpled copycats –
let's jack into the logarithm, placate
that demand for the exterior
that is flesh, is soft and supple.

The moon rose behind the mesh
of the Ancients, shadows on the sands
of Tranquility Phase Court:

where earlier had been the demonstration
against the Academy no one demeaned,
reviewed, or noticed.

A sonnet's worth of noise now would be fantastic,
fandangoid and elastic, pretty and cheap,
smart yet solipsistic, spoke the soothing Elaborator
in the Mark Seventeen Headset.

The Fostex Capital five perimeter was eroding,
soon, it would be time to hasten far hence, distances
measured in hype-years, googol-miles,
to the arboretum they fashioned in the catalogue.

She approaches from the video with a slight groan.

"Hazards are in the palm of my history,"
leaks the vibrator, stammering with junk
the last loafer left to be considered
as art, or the decorative arts, at least,
presaging a deterrence. Tulips:
vis-a-vis, tutips, heh,
marvel at them as if stranded on a wind-swept promontory
coke-addled, struck by kindnesses that
finally, were black globs of gel
swarming up to the parking lots of the tenements.

"This freedom corrodes," she intrudes, I think
to my benefit, as it was a tight fit here, all by
myself. She of the damask eyes. A Burt
I'd never known. So the collectibles continue.

One, two, I've said this several times. It was recognizable as Ming again, the Ming family Christmas boiling all the toaster ovens, flicking the switch.

11.

Like Sharaku's Japanese
I like to make funny faces,
is that protest?
it's not, famn damily,
the earnestness of my waist
in Hoboken light,
red patent leather,
checked shirt, tan, sunglasses –
this leisure is diplomacy.

But what to make of Jacques Debrot?
they ask. Tyro sniggers, coughs
blood into his monogrammed handkerchief
and blunders some phrase
lifted from T. J. Snow,
all in some Bergsonian moment
that the bystanders don't catch on, no
5:14 on a Saturday, at the Ear
that didn't exist when we meant it to, and now
is still known
as the only place to meet.

Some from fear of depression
learning love of good paper...
some going out,
 drinking too much,
making friends.
And when he pretends
to have none of the information
 we are smarter
about history, but
duller about the present day,
some wanting to write home about
the price of batteries in Afghanistan.

“Bomb them with jobs, food

and education!" They were listening!
And abrasive cleaners and Limp Bizkit
and telethons
and the books of Guy Debord –
and then some pretentious accents
to deflect the pious ones,
 or street accents
to make up new songs"
Anudda one ride's the bus-a.

The intestines can choke on wheat:
Celia Sprue.

Piano music: strong as pills.
Blocked moments persist
in this blue, late light
that wants to suffocate the rules.

 Pineal, corrective of
immediate activity in the fingers,
slivers of this excess '
balance pressured figurines.

 Turn an eyelash
toward the door
recognizing a person late
arriving for your retrieval
who had disembarked six days ago, and
 rained on and impatient,
unskilled as you are, listens
not. So that the lock on
the door is ripped from its screws.
So that the lock on
the door has been ripped from its wood.

Set Two



The Age of Talkies

“My books are little sluts. I don't love them,”
the analysand trembles. Computers and popinjays!

“It's all vicious Carlyle.” Who else would tell us
that? “I've given up on emotion. It's no longer in the syllabus.”

Landscape after Baudelaire

For three hours and twenty-five cents
I've taxed the radium necromancy.
It's spoiled my dew. Where is the butterfly
of patterns? Helium sandbags
whistle the spoils of Cain.
There are nuggets in my sox
waiting to explode into TIGERS.
Veritably, I am amazed
at the hapless señoritas.

Temptation rocks me. But the coda trails off into
singers. Leather faced knee-jerks
are on the television, and are on the soap operas,
too. But what about
my domesticating panties? Are they poor, also?
Maybe a chin-up bar will block the light.
Granted, there's suspicion
in my transcendence.
Party acronyms like APELY and SODOM
are nobody's idea of a legal tender,
are nothing compared to the eye bags of wharf rats
combing through the afternoon's tits.

Do they smell spam in the Hamptons, when I'm
sitting on my left butt cheek?
How many forenoons are on the head of a skin?
Blankets pierce my hippos.
They advertised balance
as the solution to poems.

Seveb B

Seven North Korean soldiers entered the tense demilitarized
(no one
stays innocent
forever)

Glamour in America was once the sole property of a storied aristocratic
(Dzhokhar M. Dudayev,
left, the
leader)

An avant-gardist early in his life, Takemitsu eventually settled into a
language that was often caressing rather than
(the perils of
the press in Indonesia include
jail)

From a planet closer to the sun: 1 teaspoon olive oil, 16 ounces whole
onion, 2 large cloves garlic, teaspoon caraway seeds)

Koreans

The Koreans? they're the cleanest people in the world!

Translation:

(The Korean customs of personal and communal hygiene are very similar to those of the Western World and are rigorously enforced.)

Intelligence

You scoffed at the intelligence.
How can I make you play?
Under the intelligence, over the intelligence.
Just checking.
Just paying attention.

It can be found anywhere in this room.
Under the Beckett roll-on, over the Beckett roll-on.
Pas de intelligence.
D'intelligence.
I thought they were dating.

I am happy.
Victim of intelligence.
I said to give it to the boxer, and they did.
They gave the prize for the winning poem to the boxer.
Winter intelligence.

Sad intelligence.
In Rusher, they called it The Blooming Intelligence.
They knocked on the ceiling, this intelligence.
And when it was warm
They made a fine tripe stew.

Opulent thematics.
Banging intelligence, in a car.
(William Carlos Williams wrote his poems in a car.)
She passed by.
She bowed, obliquely.

Froth intelligence.
Bungee-cord stretching-like intelligence. Oh,
Piles of it.
And when it was warmer than October outside
They celebrated with one of their funny local festivals.

Like intelligence mattered to you.
It does, it does, I see.
My nickname's not Shaggy for nothing.
Because in Rusher they walk with that stooped back.
Scooped back.

Scooped back in time.
To the time of intelligence, before intelligence.
They shut out the lights in the playground.
Mother's shout is heard.
I am smoking seriously by now.

The Counter of Stars

“Passivity’s thoughtless entrails,”
or facticity’s blameless
e-mails; one must be a guerrilla in that
quarter, or a sifting lung, the
naturalness of melting a newspapers
rendered
strange, in that modem, expressionistic
way. Was this toss good?
Here comes another one, I strike it sharply.

He’s recently confessed
to becoming a hippie;
I wouldn’t say I cried,
but my socks dripped
with sweat, oh, the next time
the fashion made maneuvers,
and forgot my lemonade.

Much ado about the sentence
not the sentience, much
when the car grazed Granny,
and ageism unfolded in the tropical stench; yes
a porous, artificial custom denied privileges
in the Hall of
Custard. How to be in, “in the poem”
lashed out like a “lariat of sperm
from a Japanese toy,”
and other *Sprechgesanges* of curiosity for the kitchen’s
metallic surfaces. Bum rush their kidneys.

For O’Hara wasn’t a member of the French Resistance
but might have wanted to have
been; other challenging verb constructs
march nightly from the television
and “replace your hips with another man’s
hips,” this for the man who’s recently confessed.

Blotto bluntly punted
a meat-and-potato disparagement
of theory, hunted dusty junkets
to catalogue the imploded stars; far
and away the leader in culture capital
here in in the capitol, destitute of chatteral.

Why Are You Beautiful?

Why are you beautiful?
I guess it's possible you are a loopy Pinella.
Another dim position.

“O epaulettes, o drunken spanner!”
It's what I do best.
Have Ben write critical essay?

Put input boxes in Bernstein bit.
“He took a punching bag to history.
I mean, he took to history like to a punching bag.”

The web is historical.
“I am annoyed by the throats of man.”
Your stanzas are impossible matrimony.

Classism banished racism.
But racism lived
to tell the tale.

Song of the Ages

Why should I kill you? breaking
efficiency? moving
the sleeping one? why should I kill you?
Happiness is iguana necks.

Pastels on the highway floor? inflaming
weirdness? spelling errors
uncorrected? why should I kill you?
Monads fear standardization.

Porpoises in the roadblocks? a
tendency for affluence? Kill you? your
low brain log confidence?
We enjoy the same twists.

A mother on the stage? at
four a.m.? two sentences
that express separatist longings?
Some skin on that future.

Pastels on the hallway floor? inflaming
weirdness? spelling errors
uncorrected? Why should I kill you?
 A loving machine
 speaks in tongues.

Gulf

Lamentable, this quiet
I “ordered” of, is
presently odor, (physic)
lastly no (sub)stitute
4: (lover, car, keys)
leettle bit slower m(I)
(lover, car, keys), & sad
to remark, the house
's not KLEAN, no KLEAN
left in the house:
knead (ml) 2 bi some
) more (? Safe to (sanft)
say (sonft) DAT I)
so odorous und in ordnung (
am plastic and true/trhyth.

Before Odilon Redon

Plagiarist of this mundane earth,
amidst hockey (sports), yes
but the automobile is seaworthy
becoming the glove (in dream),
the soiled hair of the architect matted.
Mussed. He drew the cloth
back, and there was the *Coup de Dés*,
dried anemones (reefs), Alonso's
paragraphs on the treasures of Trove,
I blanch. I skim the sea,
argue dispassionately with the seahorse,
skirt the dark corridors, horse
around with the Free Market rioters.
The automobile sputtered, and so we chatted.

The Appliance

The first of the appliances begins:
A burst of light, like from a color cube,
Diamonds reeling, green borders
On solid, culinary planes
Animate the room,
Tracing a vector outward from the appliance,

So that it becomes unwise to get near the appliance.
The freak show begins:
Hermann Droth, pococurantist insurance salesman, dances round the
 room
In his underwear, tracing the cube's
Paths on the floor, dizzyingly futzing the planes
That his sanity not bump the borders

The theory being that, were there no borders
There could be no accurate measurement of the activity of his reeling
 appliance.
Mercury slipped down the planes,
Collecting in puddles, in which crying begins
To be noticed, forming a cube,
A cube that will subsume the room.

You've seen those: they fill up the room
Quite quickly, incense the borders
In the other apartments, thereby affecting the whole living cube,
The refractory whims of its appliance.
One can't be bothered by snow, then. Which begins
Just when you need it. It's then that you set out for the wide planes

Of the country, its roundness, squareness, parallelograms, its planes
And circles. Droth, the sloth, talks to his room,
Preoccupied with the song that begins:
"Once upon a time, you looked so fine, but the borders..."
At times stumbling over his shoes, at others, stubbing the appliance
With his toes. He's managed to stink up the whole cube

With his suspicious, delirious caviling. No cube
Can withstand it: the seams that bind its planes
Begin to crack, or tear, whatever, detonate the appliance
That, until then, had avoided the attention, locked in the corners of the
 room
Sleeping stilly. It's then one appreciates borders,
But also the central areas, the pulp of reality and time, which always
 begins

To feel claustrophobic. It begins to feel like a small cube,
The feel of its borders like concrete planes,
Not like a room, which should fit like a leather jacket, or some such
 appliance.

Postlude. The appropriation of peach.

The talk deadened (reddened) the fat tethered.
lettered weather. The feather
measured mass.

In a fettered (labored) green sway
the showman waived, waved, gave (in
sure place)
no compromise.

Sure as smoke, against tides
the bored redundant spoke of high
deliberately interesting shaved
thighs.

Better to thank heaven than go bone broke blanking blather.
(A curious Flintstone
matter.)

Poem Found in an Anthology of 20th Century French Poetry

There are things to do, stories to
scratch on the surface eyes
that dilate at their
conception of eggs, anecdote.
Purpling, or empurpling
the stomach masses and
shit eyes
that dilate. Promise me
your wisdom the slide
down which I chute crown
of my head balls
dangling from it jester
perhaps anecdote, eggs.
Stories to do, things to
scratch it's a helluva
time a period, stop and look
too long lovely promise
and your name digs
around my unwanted
grave eggs. Tomorrow you
wake gulls, easy eye
over the stillness of the
aquarium eggs, anecdote
the lamp is an anecdote
you breathe it, shy flown
over the head flowing
deep within its
brackets eggs, anecdote
salute me and you and thou(gh).

Technologies Imagined from Impairment

A suitable boredom versus a bourgeois boredom.

"Why do I have to sweat?"

thump-thump thump-thump thump-thump

The weather report was good for Labor Day weekend. "Let's" [the imperative] deconstructed: the goal is community, to "raise hell at the Pentagon,"

that was whispered

from across the waters,

a vague sense at the

knees,

but a vernal lack of compromise in the hissing of the vocables.

Outside the window,

the carnival workers

balanced on a monstrously sized beach ball,

devices variously, protracted stirring –

a fairly uncomfortable concern with self-health.

These values have been

rendered credible by mass

assumption. Finally,

taking vitamin C

to regard totality

with a bit of confidence.

"If you don't have dizzy spells:

remember, there are other treatments

outside of medicines: wondering

what other people think." More than seventy

percent of Americans suffer from

beer problems. A suitable boredom versus

an essentialism of social recursivity.

Poem

The big stilted grammar
of a tall scout will
kill you, the thrill sport
of a doubt a lot
will dread the spot, thought
matted, in a clump, on
a skull spot. Put
on the G-spot, paste
to shimmering waist
projects of the Lancelot that
manages to cede that
boogie mushroom platelet.

Flight of the Yangban

Erupted from 70 counties
with half a glass of champagne
 still teething
with no myth of exactitude
 to get my Heidegger right
I am the yangban
cook-a-cooka-choo
 a Brooklyn paramour
with an external diaphragm
 I picked up at Walmart
they're making them cheap
in Pullman, Illinois
 bed of progressives
where the purebred live on souls
 of cheats, daisies
for yangban who
cares, in a yangban hat
 on TV, mother's video collection
that I had to return
 every Sunday, NJ, circ. 1995
most likely late,
she'd watched all 70
 78 times
(I think the Koreans are
 doing much better
now, not so many
tapes, a little more relaxed
 into the soil,
even the lawnmowers seem an
 exotic music)
who could be busy
complaining, 2002, economy
 worse than Lindsay's
when he started
worse than the homily
 that raised the twin towers'

a “boondoggle,” though
we miss them now, how
 ironic, and we miss
Kenneth Koch, John Wieners
 Larry Rivers, etc.
New American Original Species
they thought, we bought
 into it, feeling
part of it, America
 not a yangban, but
a cowboy, not an alien
but a president, presiding
 over an apartment
we could hardly afford
 only paying attention.

Lines On Your Head

1.

They celebrate the crowded images
of life. Like: "Red hot pokers"
or, "Crushable blue cheese."
When there was an attitude on our
street, someone got beat up.
Solo scat singers (choral scat-
singers). On the perimeter,
the tents smoked hotly (like Baptist
Churches) planning an event. As
soon as the quarantine was laid
aside, they came (suburban paranoias
crowd the subways, like fleas).
They denigrate the thousand images
of the abortion strife, attack
the postage stamps, the television
"Park Sausages" ads. I'm lime
when there is time. But otherwise,
I'm the Business Section. To
lavish awards on the prizer pony
is common practice, to dump
sand bags on the toes of jerks...
Because one is never sure if the high-
ways are homes from homes, or
if they are a testament to social
mobility. Park by the Northern Lights.

2.

Tell them code word: teriyaki. (Aging geranium killed, fact.) Bullocks to "Screw Press." The mind/mime is a slove-matic arson specialist from Toulouse (rhymes with "devirginate"). Ho Chi Minh City copter squad pin-ticipating, soulless as two trapped flies in a wine glass. They're revising Spam. Oh, Jax Spicer, your swimming shoes translated into "pedantic garments. sole protectors." I'm madly in love with a maudlin girl, and would not sleep too rightly. sir. Over Route 80 the moon is flush with panorexia. the lake stipples its codices on lo-cal cheeses, its theses on weenies. "Hose them down," says one Fiona Bermuda, fortune stealer. card-darrk mistress of late 19th century misogyny. "Met a girl named Fiona Bermuda." Met her in Pomona. There that one wonders of taxed duplicates and dupes, 70% of the population creaming over pills of ice. (Undernourish that statement, NBC.) The happening here is rearranged over there, in history, or "virtual hilarity." Don't smell too sweetly in your uncommon statements, be "criminal, homosexual, poet." Have recently begun balling my socks. This pot-luck Shogun headrock.

3.

No poet should be faulted for not being an updated reader – a flit. The idea of the academy is centered around the possibility of reading but the constructs (Walter Scott, the New Yorker) – is a supergroup, another text that governs – which graffitos the stigma OF an academic writer. Vulgarity: write poetry for the unsuspecting. On the poets of the non-major urban centers: how do they progress? Freeing of the serfs. Poetry should have a theory of power – Money Trust. Poetry shouldn't produce the urge to imitate so much as the urge toward development – if possible, through Money Trust. All utopian schemes are prefigured by a sense of noise – sorting, wrapping, packing – even if they (croak) are compelled by heteroglossic contrariness, since they all rest on the pumice of understanding. Poetic paradigms: must have agility, must have portable complexity. Full frontal authority. If you can turn a person into a aristocrat (one-self) you are a revolutionary. To relativize each Third World nationalist issue (the ability to squash, that the West possesses) is Money Musk. Squash. Golden. In other words, no reason to concede to what one not need fear in the physical, hence one can render other realities “virtual” because it is a useful thing. I want to write for disaffected teenagers, not tenured professors.

4.

Sound poets
that don't sound like
withered narcissists –
that's America
to me. On
to the next chump.
It retains philosophy
as an extravascular
activity,
this fatal habit
of smoking while
singing. Blue moons...
don't have 'em in the
nineties, but
the fifties
bound them
to soporific bleats.
This way... dalliance
with Puritan exoskeleton:
Pop balloons,
they go pop
with demotic pitch.
Younger than
driving age, then
younger than
drinking age, but
younger than drinking
age, not necessarily
too young.
This is a private
fasceme. Pushed back
into the
mind-altering stages
of youth, sublimity
takes on many moldy
customs

to forge the hack.
It's claustrophobosophecy
on Broadway, all
naked and humming
when everyone's dressed
for football.
Stalling courage
fakes it, in the wind.
The stadiums pop.

Set Three



Uakari

Princely vegetarian, though crimson
as if vodka-flushed, suggesting a bypass
operation's in order, the Uakari is
(with principle agility, toes never hitting
the forest floor) solitary in the topmost
foliage of trees. Pink in captivity,
as if determined to sit straight, fly right, conform,
it deteriorates, intensifying
any zoo's struggle to strap its load.

Oxpecker

Mellow in profit, this deft neck-dangler
pecks at vermin, "hence its name"

(my 'card says, though one
wonders, indeed, how pestilent is the
ox!), is propitiously decked with clauses,
that double as arms, and eyes
blind to danger. They lick nights' spew
(secretions from the antelopes' and buffaloes'
lids) for drink, and harbor hosts
as favorites, returning each day, like vengeance
to a carcass. Its nest has "big hair,"
(wig-like, briefly stomached from mammalian
interludes, o intoxicating strength!)
stitched together to form the hearth's heart,
dreamily. It "obviously feeds on
ticks" – like rictal spasmodics? or like
reticence? Does it paralyze one' s defenses?

Picasso Fish

“Humuhumu-nukunuku-a-puaa”
goes this fish, dictionary
strapped to spine, like spuming
Schwitters’ bidden choral cast
of “Ursonate.” Vexed, victimized
by vampirish, warm currents,
its natal stamp (its camouflage)
suggests its trigger-happy namesake
before insufferable, erotic
poses. “Whether it’s more a compliment
to the fish, than to the painter, is
arguable.” Its booty (body patterns)
blend, frankly, with nothing
but art-deco artifices it’s not
pry to pry the sight of, absent
in sub-surface stellar regions.
Paranoid, practicing peering from
a steeple of blue, lips glued
to mirrors of soft, self-service,
this fish is no model fashion force,
rather, a radiant, hexed vehemence.

Hermaphrodite

"Seated himself on a natural bench
of stone." The strong light patterned
heart-shaped leaf prints, bedecked this "mensch"
with aorta! flurries. I, myself, was flattered

this sopwith strategist would burden his attention, with my
queries. "They are right and wrong-my dress
is a regress. The fogginess, the diurnal sky
only serve to strong-arm categories-I fail to impress

but in strobe light. As they say, "The stylist
has taken shelter.' Don't eat the berries.
If there were more like you, there would be fewer ambiguities."

I was choked. Ratified. Still suspicious. Pissed.
My global ambulations, blisters' slick splits, for these
herbal un-verities? It whisked through trees.

Rose Cockatoo

“Rose” (and the other rose)
“going slowly door-to-door, plumbing
species. Only perfumed Rose
knows natively what’s husband thumbing,
what’s froze.” Rose threnodes:
“69 years old, I’m old.
I’ve recollected many dudes, modes
of being. I’m like a cold.”
Rose, her other, and folds
of verdure, leafy century golden
flowering (decor) implode.
“Life-long pair bonds just like all
other parrots!” Stu scolds.
Rose knows truly. Wasn't bidden.

Set Four



Notes for Poetry

1.

Chinese guy who writes, with the other staff, obscene things on the receipts at the restaurant (in Chinese) to his customers.

2.

Gu
y who approaches dogs on the street as they are inspecting parking meters and trees, etc., and encourages them with their selection.

3.

He was an American, that's all, which spoiled him.

4.

His Latin clipboard left at home.

5.

Hypoglycemia: always humbling.

6.

Not a good Jesuit, he had plain prose.

7.

On the Generation X people
: they codified a rather basic sense of humor, turning into something pure white bread / jokes about cubicles and so forth.

8.

Paragraphs of stalled sentences.

9.

Parasites about standing up for the mushy poetry of The New Yorker, or Poetry, "There isn't a line in all your Pynchon as pure as that.

10.

Why isn't it good
enough to just record a
nymore?"

11.

She wasn't able to be
proud of her son's knowledge, be
cause, when he finally dis
played it, in a large n
ovel about Korea,
family relations
, how it was, he
got it al l wrong.

12.

They admi
re him for his learning.

13.

Th
is manuscript is about
the struggle of the forces of
light with the forces of v ector
graphics.

Because I don't like

you anymore!
(They said this
was the truth,
but I doubted it.)

Come on!
Pull out those
rather raison d'être
rhododendrons, those sloppy sequins.

Bumming with hope, the
sandflower revels in its
gas, tissues, it
turns its angle
to the sun, combs
the cratered sky.
O(gggg)h m

O(gggg)h my. Random
number generators have
been known to –
at last! at
last! at last!
– thereby completing the urgent
animist splash.

Pouring more cream
into the bladder,
asparagus into the crammer
creature...
like hinds mend.
Minds into
the band-aid benders (and
they all gathered
round to li

round to listen to
the crook'd ardent
crown). Hot

pants (sadness dwells...
confined) Here is my effigy...
soggy. Hopelessly
devoted... to you.

And no matter
how, when they
push this world around, I'm stuck
in overdrive (or
underart, that story
for boys and
blurtings) and something
from the quota
system. Ma

system. Marx
me impressed when
I'm not driving
on the window
side of the
city that is blindly
building its dreams
on someone else's
knees and communicates
with several dwarfs
in the splattered
back garden.

Dancing on a bridge
(in Avignon)... for
the sensation of dancing
on a bridge

on a bridge.
They love it,
or Lyle Lovitt it,
forge it, vindicative.
Perhaps you didn't
understanding me, I
am wanting raw nerves

and having sent the
letter last week.

Cough cough cough
cough cough.

The patteme of this
jewell matches... my
thighs. Humbug,
it's not a
dwarf, it's

dwarf, it's a
dward. Jerk!
I it
doubted truth was this but said
They them when
the wind wounded.

We argued about
that over several
glasses of wince.

White awakening
rafting, sport of chomps.

But we
were sure it
was cherry, or
poor port.

Cherry Como

Cherry Como. Como
ésta? Esther
Williams. William
wanders in the
celestial gambling casino
of the bazaars,
crapped. Bullish
retort! (to the sparring
aporia),
Bah'd grad.
Gardens are Edens

in Suburban nether
knot Unicycle Encyclopedias.

Ulysses on
a unicycle, Batman
on a horse.

on a horse. "GreenTreesVillage."

As if if
(from a poem
by Tim Davis).
Gather round
all ye screechers
and preachers, this is
something I want
to reaching teach
all of yu's.

Crime... don't provide
a paycheck, but
the making of
it slathers. Carrot
top / ends
this file.

this file. I'm enjoining this explicitly.

A No To Lean On Heart Ode: A Vengeance

We're totem... form of the Corot.

Raw-formed Senecans, disguised, self-baffed – awry –
revere it for its rocket. Egg nog, lees, whew!
– no paw ever soused Repo.

Writ far
it's all ruse;
scintillant duos' bane – is waxed id
clack retard'ld allow it at oilettes' duo "si."
Snow-neck fog – Nixon et fou –
harem ethni-apt, two gill W:
Allah (sic) Aetna.

"Tiara troop it... or gonads is ma size!"
– erotic knot after
geek-row's litmus "I"
– neat knee up – a little Tonto.

Idle nilly "Ohms," it falls.

Odor: Noel.

Rabbit

had punctuation
to play with, but
no friends, deadlocked
(dad-locked)
within. Urban beefs
and coral reefs,
dichotomies only,
and spleefs to beat.
“The covering cherub,”
the “Cartesian
prejudice,” all
were Telemachus juice.
What wood floors?
Blindsided by “water,”
hard as a tub,
and funny street names
uppity with light,
distractions. Woah woah
was hard to sell,
yippy or hippie or hang-
gliders in California
(Big Sure) –
calisthenics and crystals
in the soup-a-loop,
jujubes and carnations,
oblong passion! it
pits, then, sits, down.
Don’ now end it,
no. A booby trap
hampered his diapered mill,
will of the will
joyous and – and –
preterdyspeptic Mozark
of the Ozarts –
Iggy Snake Child and Ham
disowned him. Pamela

disaffected him.
“Use value is the expression
of a whole meta-
physic,” she said,
“Utility.” (She dropped
the semi-colon.)
Palindromic sunsets
(*stesnus*, in the old sense)
wax in a dove’s ear,
crewcuts, diligence
verbatim – overcooked
him. In Albany.
With a rakish tilt
to her Stetson and gait.
“Jack” this and “Jack”
that, but with a
perfectly functional coda.

Extremes of Consciousness

1.

With a lilt, and a parry, a laugh
proceeds to a well-hung conclusion
among the foliage of the Sunday
bric-a-brac. What was the game?
[Walk one two, step one two.]
*Torches stage the night, illumine
the dark tower, as the
hems of dozens of patched wools are
fingered lustlessly. So the
sanitarium applauses in the ear:
unequal circus. Able body,
what thoughts do you have of Africa?
“Bludgeon the eyes of the bureaucrat.”*

2.

Cancer like sleep: she remarked that she’s
quit cigarettes. *This glass of sherry
swerves into obliquer textualities.*
So the boy is perplexed. Sin
is a dilettante. Sin is a privilege
and don’t you forget it.
“I am enlivening the debate.” It’ll all
be that. *There is a poem on radium TV?* The
very luscious prose can talk one into iniquity.

3.

That’s a mouthful of pantomime
juice, a dance in the cold cuts of treaties
some cessation of instruments the
geriatric speedometer pullulates “too fond.”
[That seems cautiously precise.]
Buchner rides a white horse.

Stare into the eyes of the commoners, who
approach thee ghostly, from across the
strike-populated city square of
the East German province.
Stare into the highway's diamonds
and protract – *ahem* – the porous resolution.
That touches off a certain sexual salubrioness (salacity).
The dark embouchure of our social ranking.

4.

The garish marry in parish but
thrum in the cake. The poem
too long. The scholarly bits
seemed to stick out, like efforts at impressive prose,
misguided by an ear trained on Baptist speeches, or, rather,
Rosicrucianism deflected into its basest
taxonomy. The throng levitate. Nobody
hears whose words after midnight's collusions.
(Now we are really getting at the “new hermeticists,” who
only have nice things to say of each other – or not
even, since they don't read, just code.) Typed up figuratively
like a laconic Rimbaud, there's hardly any
use for Maxis, if, indeed,
their barking bitch is textured to its past.
Who knows what was in the fanny?
The dark embouchure of our social ranking.

5.

This book doesn't howl with intelligence.
Poco, loco, gin-wracked cousin
– I enrage my privacy. [Satellites
of ego.]

E-mail to Miles Champion

Hop, pixel,
devil sheen
dub hog
(entitlement
a Scree
damsel up
“A now
you martyring
jejune,
lazily
+ crow talkie +
ankle jim
assed ill
yen) Pasternakilly
blue*
stencils
– above the currency:
gills.

& stone.
7 friendly 7,
(concentwate)
phenom of “us”
– the English Paisan bulls.

Humbert@
iggle.pop
tup, Nigel
34(to sheen
elope.
But the praxis (
– h! – h! –
) organically
weir strewn
hic =
raunchify

yodel pus,
Pastoral
darning quilt
guilt –
alas a tokenism
 0|
is a word
of a shroom.

In the
d(a)mp of oom.

0

% dark ocean
 3453424656974.32.42

Jangle the hutzpahs!

Barometer Exchange

Mister Emotion
Paging Doctor Solace
(Apter Replies
Dormant Humanities)
Single Glazed Chicken
In The Boss Quad
 Dancer's Quip
 What Smokey Shoes

Virginal Cascades
Implies Legion
(Ousting The Alibis
Unction To Spree)
Dapper Bunk
In The Poetry Slam
 Marching Sherman
 Oderless Quark Staple

A Stan A Dirk
Wondrous Presence
(On Golden Honda
Random Access Id)
Terminally Sly
Stare As Derangement
 A Sun Forest Of
 Damaging Coalition

Options Presently
And Perfect Health

...

Short, m'lady
malady, trough
scrim battle not

in terror's
brimming cadil-
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-
poses, ana-

lyzing the sky,
scree, 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 jealous.
Beste Freundin,
tag it to me, take

all, ill duped
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 ware

with it, in awe
to the effervescent
high low of scone

sugars: because
of the vagrant stench
in the room, I you

leave with submission,
laughing green dues,

Cheqw!

– Cheqw!
of such store credits, of kong footsy
the whale white onits holster, handheld itls

toulouse man guts' got out
his men had pissed uunder the dropped fates
when he wizzed "Attica Attica", a shoddy
thistle of Kung or Confusion, and of "Shilock his further
Yo Yo reducted

orpheus oand tuxes
Tootsey thought it bad-in-ass
(and ten page frickn' poem)
and jousting, curled herself with the Umpire ("my accidnet")
the "Emprop of the Occidnet"

brian wok

pollen idem

and Tchang-tchanges (tch tch changes) turn...

SOus-tsin (i'm copying this) murmering ruckus, wirred
project gnader... 3388 did KOng's unc's fang
("not exactly a ball of laughs, I mmena bundle of yarns...") that damn...
Greed, murder, jealousy, taxes, and dominions....
reupsfraizianation
nor swing drifters neither, no – neither, Taxis nor Nahon hom (muldoon)

Bargain

I don't want to bargain with the haddock.
"Simply confine, that's standard
in practices like this, don't mind
the eye / in the globe / that rises / out
your window. Paranoia punks a check,
in the thirty-floor walk-up, the
ice is delivered coldly, without deterrents.
Her name was Sue. His was Warlock.
After that, we ha1 a game of hearts – card sharks,
that is, Texas steel." So I abate:
but unlucky as ever, and incontinent. ·
My journey to the Orkneys / fomented disinterest,
so New York *schlaffs* (sleeps).
I wonder... (three years in preparation,
the Epic just rolled off his lips, as
the daughters all rallied with his packing slips,
and mustered Eden. A virgin:
she's also a bibliophile, and a solid addition.
But that's before the death of Kim,
observed in all the hearts of the aristocrats.
Enough about." Me, what do you think of
me? "Gloomy. Scopocratic.
Kind of like a pile-driver when it comes to sentences.
That's not final, by the way. You
can still resist –
"And he has! one Sunday morning...
bologna, tea cups, all that's yummy, and
more, in a big sweaty pile. With cries to Thor
and Isis, and the other blokes from Hitchcock's
Theatre – "it's a game! I feel it!
Aunty Hummer would have never thought to just
'say goodbye,' not mix the beans, so to speak.
I'm silent. You're a version of Styx.
A pause... that's Rosy, but a better man
was Kim. Can't we go light the candles now?"
A slight gust... and the cards tumbled to flatness.

Countering the Luddite Itch with a Tin Switch

with lines from Thomas Carlyle

Countering the luddite itch with a tin switch.
Finessing the first kiss. Burning crosses.
Did Kore earn the pinstripes? Did gyre and gamble in the wabe?
Countering the techno fix with the thin stitch
of a thimble prick. Let me tell you. Let me warn you:
Lust never troubled me.

Happy men are full of the present,
for its bounty suffices them;
and wise men also,
for its duties engage them.

Add a hyperlink. Bluntly. Bullock? Bollocks.
But don't, don't blink. Blow it through the bull.
Protection. Dissimulation. Footfalls.
Green mayo in the soma. Red sores on the licks.

Even the horse is stripped of his harness,
and finds a fleet fire-horse yoked in his stead.

Heckling.
Hello hello.
Hello. Honesty.
I'm anemic. I'm anemic.
I'm delinquent. I'm delinquent.
I'm prostrate. I'm prostrate.
I'm too fat. I'm too fat.
It is a cavity. It opens.
Words coming and going.
Words loving and strolling.
Writing like a cavity.

It was the boundless Invisible world
that was laid bare in the imaginations

of those men; and in its burning light,
the visible shrunk as a scroll.

So few, and the chalk echoes and elides.
So many, didn't think that'd happen.

So what, countered the pop star in Lenin linens.
She returns every evening. She returns. Shouting.

Maybe tomorrow.
Maybe yesterday.
Mercy.
My lazy glands will never support me.
My lazy glands will never support me.
My lazy hands will never stop me.
My lazy hands will never stop me.

Nay, we have an artist that hatches chickens by steam;
the very brood-hen is to be superseded!

Did the flounder flounder, the bass bass?
Don't fink, don't stink!
Balance it on coins.
Plummet it for Bill.
Being out of necessity. Being unnecessary.
Bettering this banter with news from Santa,
buttering it up with puns from Butterick.
Stamping.
Surprise!
Send it on the Steve.
Blandly bunting. Blankets suggesting the progress of history.
Blasé clowns. Blue spangled sneakers. Cancerous.
(Cited cows. Coughing.)
Besting, but not the best; and of the best: worst.
Efficacious. Politesse with the finger bent. Professionals.

Accordingly, the Millenarians have come forth
on the right hand, and the

Millites on the left.

Reading silently to oneself.
Reading silently to oneself.
Reading silently to oneself.

And and.
And, and? And, yes.
And.
Send it to Gillot.
Or hell you.
Pliés.
Wanking prevaricators.
We wait for the door to open.
Weeping consolations.

The French were the first to desert Metaphysics;
and though they have lately affected
to revive their school,
it has yet no signs of vitality.

The Fifth-monarchy men prophesy from the Bible,
and the Utilitarians from Bentham.

The Crusades took their rise in Religion;
their visible object was, commercially-
speaking, worth nothing.

The great Napster.
The green napper.
The Napstermeister.
These words arm. These wounds am.
Think and don't think.
Turning up to claim to claim the prize.

Poetry professors professing the proofs of their own history.
(What do you do? What I do.
What do you do? What I do.

What do I do? Very fine, thank you.
What do I do? Very fine, thank you.)

Chancrous.

Professors of history.

Professors of their own history.

Purchase it for marquee.

Purple bandages on sore arms.

Perforations in the fabric suggesting the pogroms of history.

Set Five



“Take the Black Eye...”

Take the black eye: winter's nerve
twitches, all style and grace
blanches, otherwise, fails to fist
blowing from the horizon, or grasping
bodies to it. The strength stark
bounty, pricks plashing in redolence,
puddles of imagery: so a cat
dreams soundly in this burrow but
not I. I tag this “sprocketed I” as
strumming loudly inward, pieces
piecemeal crowd, arguing several gifts
against it; the puzzle barely fits
the illustration: a crooning boy
naked, knees buckling in the leg: high.

“The parents take their tips...”

The parents take their tips, but sleep with ires;
a paper sailing ship sets out, then turns back
its clock, and sinks; nothing in the battery
prepared it for its dwarfish role. The time that
is wasted is thrown into the fire, where it grows
a face, with a harelip. Believing in such fires
only stokes the energy, the choke, that holds
the memory to its anchor, the forehead to destinies
that are always unfulfilled, because so old.
The body simply plummets, it is cramped and fares
poorly in a basement, or pantry, when it's locked
in patterns of the army, or television roles.
Sleep can provide the issues, those one can tear
easily from its staples; in wavering one is rocked.

“Larks and too-cool favors...”

Larks and too-cool favors from word
streams with minuses featuring stalled
ratifiers, AWOL and bleeding fuel,
staring at fanatics sandwiched, winters, in
stereoscopic, Niagral hale, to sate
theology prudence. Fate is fun, in f the
humblest deliberateness of hot toddies, after
French waiters thought through two
Lazarine spreadsheets, nothing swells.
In sidereal radios, Arnold Palmer’s a
manly proposition, hefty, and wearing snow
weights decidedly for skiing, in fidelity’s
Mormon duplex, framed in blue (mellow)er
malls. Thievery, farcically, wins
its grievance: Samoans on turnpikes
fatten brothers, conical or theoretical,
hair hardy, cannily fighting with freak
instinct hearts. Fed, funky, but no hoot
brandishes disclosed innocence, trance
of parenting cubicles, orifice that smothers
its dream, or ipecac family-trace of
reticence, withering its stony face.
Rats or firs, or Lazlo fount indenting old
dis-pastiches, remorse in Spock’s hand
wholesome pitches, proper little elves sell
thorough barter, in teams, if in their
clowning with breathing Celia, winch hooks
nether the gyrating heel. The fans
speechify froward spiked preachers, fuming
cheroots and debates like faltering bankers,
intimating and sUbstracting, unaware,
hex-strewn diabolics. Hippy witches are mental
and scary, insane, remarkably pleasur
able, almond eyes, minimal thuds affirming
screening of radicals, ethereal or of
other eras. Assuming correct topics,

pals grow from the waiters they were (cartoons)
through months berating their crowds of
cinema (askers snatch hulking feys when
fancier-than-thees switch intentions, resound
the truth) and stall weathers un-serious,
running, harped hotly toward scapes with fools.
Rated for their hillbilly subsistence on
meat, the fans crawled, in insult, into dying

“As you can see...”

As you can see, the pallet
runs dripping down the
arm: slow canals, like breath
in a smoky room, alarmed
varicose veins, excuses
for anxiety, laziness, sedentary
passivity: what strangles
doesn't wrangle, jip bargains
never fluctuating in the Asian
markets: pig heads that get
all the attention, speech
working up a friction
that wages the slave, puts on
some dinner plate an economic
miracle: it's slam time
now: the railing against
walls, daily dapper living that
is a surface for the maggoted
guts, the sinewy attitude
(never working its way into
rebellion, never satisfactorily
prepared) metered life mered
like a stripping hour:
a plague on your pax: limn
the frothing that has past
into unitary consciousness, blob
like, running the malls, fit
in its shivering sinecure
for bureaucratic bays and
here, now, there is the mime of
what was once recorded as
the tense and relaxation of
hunter-and-gatherer Modern Man.

”One dared one to use...”

One dared one to use the one word wit in my presence.
Digita-laugh track scaffolding sunk the one-lunk cousin.
Arditti painfully as-you-would-have-it latter-day bacchanalian lead.
Horse shy in the mustard grove grown out of delinquency fascination,
Poo poo Arthur Rimbaud. Shoo shoo monotonous singe ticket.
Ezra-bate feelinglier automatic stopgap sure-is-a-massive-one tragic.
High as all that.
Projective curse vulse.

”Everything that could have been...”

Everything that could have been mood-lit, but a pattern weighs
transiently deploring the divisibility, strange teeming of clamps
designed perhaps to sparkle but in this case chaste, cuffed
the couple saintfully on the bleeding room couch, with damaged remote

a gland under the peanuts bowl with hyperbolic armor, falls
the net chink, clank insatiable paradigms of transcendence
relegated to the sundry court of a charm beat white out of its essence,
the wraith of this sneeze in the wilds some sort of perfume on the
margins.

"I think that was our..."

I think that was our smack:
will poetry fester
pulling for the Argentine,
one hopes, and long
sniffing through the calendric
protein for vatics;

I'd love him a deuce toss
for weighted recovery
nights, ovoid armchairs
to toke joints through,
not after my niece fits
smiles from the saturnine –

generous papal figures
cling to arid tropes
taking in coffee, lint and
sediment, evenly
the latin american custom
will bargain, cruxed

with gaudy tricks, soft
midden of language,
I've seen slattern kids
whiz through the transparent,
his tongue implicated
vacates candid poetry,

vacates, hence cancels poetry.

”Such fear in the debutante heart...”

Such fear in the debutante heart, such with its crutches
ghostly unvamped in the memorial drive, heat sudden
these clamness winks, shorn appendages bothered presently
with mass A stillness from the egg-haloed expanse, those
with their criticisms, their drive-bys, their Vatheks
mustarding over the dessert tray, B’s suns record or
if vengeance were a toss to treaties then that curdled
ovoid, truncated, fission whelming in the cranium, foresight
feed, unprotected. Then M Devious inks, benign Liberty
for the shock treatment marathon, glas in casket, bunk
insular, or traipse alone neath the linden, slipper chagrin
a nanosecond past the rotary, sans-center of town,
as pressure beaks caulked violence besetting the minions
in orc olfactory, ol factory deucing these fisticuffs
measured by the tine of the teeth of a flattering ministry
in hose comfit, blasts this quarter of a century?
who pales in the gaslight, downy struck hams becoming a fame
sooth, green ale, gesticulating pence, Safire or Rousseau?

”Cri de coeur...”

Cri de coeur! crannies pen
severing several bud, burned syntax.
The lyre levels open, living
then in thanes’ freedom luxuriant
and sonic! in anguished, apt
prologue to the poem’s pride-of-place
among the elements. Eager,
the One strides onward, ontologically
humming, in haste to hear and
taste: test, tatter, maybe tyrannize
the languages levers, leaving
afterwards an amulet that’s animating.
Rocket scientists sense this
power patterning, when hey propound.

”Palatable” two-toned democracy...”

Palatable two-toned democracy
in subway, over struck guitar,
again struck, biblical *merci* enters
what wondering stops are permitted
here, at the entranceway, a light
cast coldly over the shoulder
ugly as the retinal stuff, magniloquent
parses shelving the lamps, flecks
mesmerized off those faces, and
that would be a “team shoulder” bub
apoplectic variants there of
they are young, hostile, perjurious
whose vocal chords crisp as dollar
ha' penny blank stare, vitreous eyes
the train entering the mute,
knees shrink, attitudes adjust,
plainly abutting against the sport
fresh from the good aunt’s credit card
pole vaulting that anger,
the blending of reveries archaic.

”A praise of cultural land...”

A praise of cultural land masses
may make the rival a tenuous
projector, split-heeled into heaven,
the sarcophagus of *sommeil*, lured
safely, one find to the next, a
shattered specificity that creates.
Turning, turning, the wooden horses,
the fat soldier, the fatter
maiden, delirium suffering its simplicity
until fashionably in exile, but
as the scare quotes peek in the retina,
the newer nations under ground –
Fashion, major, out of the limelight
what is, between religions here.

Set Six



Baubles & Dingleberries

Erotism rhymes w/
Margaret every fashion Sunday
corrections
made to the pronunciation
of Laotians: blue, purple, green
aggravations of government that
portend future dates
w/ vanity
– I can't ignore the punctuation
of gentlemen who wait in the station shouting blanks
this war
will never end – she's lost two sons already to the
mob w/ auto-
matic pleats who never had the nerve
to ask for a second helping of physical comedy, & never spoke of
the after-spirits of tastes

It's very
rue
we are almost
at the top of
the
sequence of stars
there is a lively
one gone AWOL
to Minnesota
where several poets have died
but only a few
of them
were named Jack Canopy
umbrellas are
my favorite things to chastise
a dog with
on sloping lapwings
when the skyline
is toward the east & the hemlines
– don't let me say that joke again I am
almost in love
w/ the privilege
that brings your shy legs
tome
in the simulacral Hamptons
the shattered
wrists of your economy
wondering how this idiot
got here clearly holding his breath
– for ardor

I would say that
we are almost tired of
Christmas
growing old when
the galaxies were invented
we didn't mind them, too
but that was
the day Alexander
Pope
found a heap of orphans
in the pathways under his heart
garden in the alternate universes of late-
night television
 rendered opaque
by artless close-captioning – thus, we love
anyway,
never tiring of the prism
of snaking letters at the head of every
sentiment – every song that goes
on stage unrehearsed
w/ battering applause
from the paupers' rows
 somehow rendering it all back

The
 revolution of the middle
class will not be
televised .
but preserved on Caucasian
disks for millennia in several
hundred 96-page books
 of limp
poetryw/
titles right out of
Christian songbooks circa
1975 Australia we pledge
allegiance to the
 drag of tired instincts w/
victuals served up each night
by bombers'
wives in ashtrays an entire
calendar's worth of
 metered doses and, of course, poetry
advice columns
w / assurances of sought votes
 in over-
confidence – I failed to be annoyed, yes,
nearly forgot
 to cough when
the pollen entered the nostril – when the policeman entertained
thoughts of annual events for elected
suicides & there were
wallets beneath every basket case

They say you had
an idea my arthritic
double that brings it
all back to you
buried beneath the austerity
suggesting a charity
– once or twice
is almost a career “choking”
(in medieval Los Angeles
they used to call it) fail
one last time the fireworks
could bystand quite
innocently and watch one
in collusion w/ mediocrity
a cultish, ritual necessity
– so slow you are
paralyzed and hiding here
tracks of the lime sky fluxus night

That was a way to start a poem
in 1963 we barely knew
how to use words then – when
the traveler
 stopped,
he learned how to spell “egges” and “shoppe”
in the local style w/ a
 Cossack for a backdrop
trying to market the good word of
God
like a Williamsburg Elmar Gantry but this time
 w/ promises of increased penetration, um,
the market type
 to ambient salsa music
– in
the offices of all
the rural bodegas she took a nap
dreaming of floating Africa
 as if it were never there

Who could I love if my
youth was this
violence throat
hands pishy
pishy nights green blue
windowsill best
friend's Catholic
sister the
Grapones, all
of them palsied for my blood
or brood
– nationalism's shotgun
temper
 looking for another
mind in last year's immigrant
crew
 – a
friend from a different era
in a galaxy far far away, said
he preferred my Jean-Paul Satre style to my
greasy Johnny
 Depp – I agree
but for the taint of my pleasure

& the salt of my wandering eye on this book

Zeppelins

1.

They tamper
loathfully with
my dimples –
this time.

The streak orange
glancing
my scalp
picks me –

this time.
But next
year, a walrus
continues.

Proud of hart
the Scot.
Being sold
by temperament

I scout
alternatives –
lily pad
peace nik.

Obvious
chagrin
at the
call. Toledo!

For the rec
I'm whole.
Otherwise, the
cement's cracked.

License
vibrates
in the hotel
rooms of Toledo.

A porn? No,
a parent.
Comeuppance
takes time, and

energy, and
drugs, and
powerful
gigs in Washin Tong.

If every
day went
like this
I'd know you.

2.

The verse
of reverse
is: Animal.
Like the cutlery.

I plug one
low with
a Nike
sentiment of class –

Diderot
wasn't a fool.
That's just
too uncool

that ad.
A promontery
delays my
Aunt's vision.

Pillaging
in Japan?
Why not try
this retardant?

Cornice
on which she
sits with
a chilly kid.

Jive won't:
harm the –
well that's
surely debatable.

In *this*

town, we're
starting anew,
trying impatience.

Zeppelins
tuned the
flamingo. Now
it fires

the imagination,
liquid, gas
and solid-dancing
and walking.

But on come
the traffic
anyway; Skippy,
Cheerios, and Milk.

3.

The passim
choke my
affct, my
affect.

I think it's true.
The weight
plums the
fibers depths.

Sounds of
dampness.
Bowls
of it.

Crayon double
steers
my children
wrong.

IS this
crime? TV
succubus
every night?

All the cities,
all the power,
but in
swahili.--

nervous,
unintelligable.
It's from
Delillo.

You are

already
there, at
the other

end,
waiting. I
sit here
a tomato, you

don't know
that.
I can't,
no hands!

The problem
with fissures.
Wax on,
wax off.

4.

Verbal hyoptenuse
– is he
autistic?
Architecures –

the baby
comes in
and changes
her shoes –

Korean,
The sun
pops dimes
off the bed.

The challenge
a sea's
prose,
radio waves –

commas, comets,
Koreans,
countrymen,
herbal "we."

There's nothing,
there's nothing,
there's nothing,
a babushka.

Tiny Tim
traipses
the tulips
of sobriety, the

popular

psychosis –
geraniums
with votes.

Easy
to sell rooms
with gels
of horror.

Let us pray:
Edinburgh.
That's
my angle.

But movies
chuck angels
with breadths
of dope.

5.

If this is
so white,
my tower,
my height –

eavesdropping
on a crate
of millionaires,
fornicating

that sounds
like issues.
Pallid
he rode

a horse,
solved riddles.
Isles, sands
are riddle.

Now it's
in someone
else's court
making its fingers

upset
you? No,
I won
the toss.

Paste the
colon
twixt the verb
and article.

doesn't seem enough.

Home brewed
calisthenics
exercises choke in

contest,
consent
a constant –
dividing our twins.

One wears
gray, the
other “
”, like shrubbery.

Oh, for
Paul Muldoon’s
knackered response
placating the Hellespont.

Set Seven



Jaw

The little heavy jaw, but
I'm by the window, so
it seems quite healthy, here
to be writing, just
one step from playing tennis,
 but true
 to myself,
I light up a cigarette, try
for second wind
attainment, sacrifice air
where words would be, which
I fear, more than, more than health
 itself, what
 could I
have to gain from consciousness, from
window and wind, from sound,
but the call to sacrifice,
finally, this attachment to body
like in some Jackie Chan flick,
 falling
 but fighting.

Scansion

I would respect your pygmy scansion, were it
not all rain and weather: the drop down
into atmospheric lows, skirting the city:
blankets of mist over the cars and
speech, nobody groins a howlitzer: fabrications
of myth in potato chips, lucky charms, the
battle of the bulge:
 and we are
 sailing
 on circuits
 of rime: cordons
keep the players off the grass, where the punks
practice their inane dances of lethargy,
the cops are unwilling, in this period of ethics, to
stake their claims, which is to say the
division of ratios protects the tangential queries
from overrunning the boundaries: high fly-
ing efforts at circumference are not welcome here:
 strolling, it
 is the manner
 of the walk, turns
 the eye from its
deliverance.: the children run at hiccough pace:
blah blah lover the runways from which they
must propEil their economies: oh, all unwilling!
(O'Hara): but there should be a devil that is deeper than
this, in the Dantescan universe: which we don't
want: scrawling on the sundays our graffiti of commerce
and magic, leisure is a syllabus: method is
 controlled by
 interests of
 the state: don't
 know to much, don't verify
discord: so that the streets remain green all day, and
no paradox comes unclean, no grumbling persists, in
parks of balked odor: bringing the matter back to grass and

properties: on them, we piss and shit: honor them
and the rifle of the mind is loaded with its teeming pos-
sibility (which makes for fecundity) so that, alas, one
revels in the lack of transcendence: pornography of the trapped

Imagination:
nation that waits
politely: how
true that deliverance.

Thanatos and Eros

Thanatos and eros –

bungee jumping from one to the other
or a dyslexic combine that throws in troves
unequal but spirited poems;
these trysts of banging heads that smother
deliberations in the senates of hope
the flecks of eros
vengeful of the thrones.

Poet's Room

This could be the "poet's room"
were there to be
a room and a poet.
As there are neither
we are silent.

Pete's Candy Store
is awful flickering there
through the window
with the sound of traffic
sounding like complaining –
with the awful nostalgic tone of the
Ash Can School.

I am never honest.
Let's see how long that lasts.

Meditatio

That you are the son of Blake
with tickets to the baseball game.

That you are the daughter of Mina
presently engaged to a fashion designer.

Implements in Their Places

We stare at words
naked as breath or vegetables,
an awkward pose
like the prose of intellectuals.

Poem for Ed Sanders

I never told a story in a poem.
I held a candle up to a poem once
and shoved it in.

Dailies

1.

I want to know more about that murder, yes.
Give me another hour of coverage, ok,
this morning isn't plural enough
and besides, I plan on sleeping all day –
I want to eradicate the baloney of my mind,
this is the quickest way to the treasure. I'm going to dream
over their hands
as they are moving.
Sleeping in news repose.

2.

Youth, you've been replaced
in my affections
by a prize-winning hamstring
that's been laughing at the stats
mercurial
in its amply sore confidence
a product of television synergy
solemn there,
so I'm limping.
Brass knuckles taken to it don't suggest any other way.
But when there's something like a discussion of Lewinsky-o-mania, gosh
youth, I'm born
to be a totem,
glanced free of affectation.

3.

That small digital woman
in the expert photograph,
she's a fortune for those of us
at the editor's desk
especially me,

who keeps disappearing
in the text, replacing
the letters with em-dashes
and acting all
superior about it – she pulls me back
and soon I am writing
some marketable crap
about headaches, Pat Cash,
and the Secret Service.

What do I know? The poems
appear in a little yellow book.
She shows up
at the launch party, and signs her name.

4.

They're bankers!
Don't hide them!
I'm all out of luck –
Mayakovsky!
the intelligence
was drunk out of it,
words failing
 to ignite
on CD-ROM –
we're trying to forget.
Charles Asnavour,
we love you get up.

5.

I found cheeks in my blowdryer.
But it's only the sincerity
of the voice that matters.
It's only the pitch and temper
of the voice that matters.

I found a thong in my television tubes. That time,
it was getting kind of crazy.

I found a plural in my
days on earth.
Please translate this misery
into several languages.
Take a quarter with you
in case you need to call.
There are better ways of passing
for a Ninth Army dyke than whistling.

When it rains: wheelchairs.

I met Jim Jarmusch last night.
He looked kind of like
my brother, or could have been.

I found delirious amounts of affection
for my mother in my last paycheck .