



A Western Exile (by the grace of days)

Matt Hill

Argotist Ebooks

Cover image by Rich Curtis

Copyright © Matt Hill 2011
All rights reserved
Argotist Ebooks

This one is for JJ ...

A Western Exile (by the grace of days)

Plastic Mysticism

Strange encounters Like walking the precipice Cannot be
forecasted Because there are no edges to anything (it has
been said) Even with all the glamour and disdain
unfolding below the fresh & spangled noxious spectacles
This is no time for brag-ups Or the hoarding of
penumbras Any & all further perks have been canceled
As we see fit to return To a baseline of ancestral
innovations ...

The way words lose their power from overuse Like
lyrics slowly gone rotten Or the trajectory of ejaculatory
idioms Or the clichés of apology These then would be an
acid test Of various empty shadows Since it is the
ground of metaphor That provides analog salvations &
further awakenings from the burn rates Of quotidian
debris ...

Sitting here through the downtime Just before the meteor
hits A hiding-out in plain sight The perseverance of
flowers Vouchsafes any pending override of futility ...

We couple along in equivocations Trolling for more
gloaming hours The “soft apocalypse” refrains itself By
footnotes to this schizoid Zeitgeist Do we now travail our
lives through the orthodox heresy of burning leaves?
Aborting more deluded scripts Sponsored thus By a
raging combat of feral hallucinations As we are willingly
placed throughout the happy quicksands of false
euphorias ...

But why would I know the why of what? The gusting
wind creaks its blustery bones tonight While the Other
remains this mine-filled terrain Loaded with detonation
threats of fatal purity Oh yes, a fully loaded abacus ready
to ambush A calculation by bone beads & where love is
concerned Merely a barely sparked jumpstart ...

This hesitation towards intimacy Involves its own
algebraic sums Replete w/ a continuous thirst for the

Unsayable & since Mystery never falters as it breaches
the Freight of Dreams Any declensions of smoke always
alter the altering eye ...

Getting ready for a close up While holding this heart of a
vagabond Kind of like a storm chaser Pursuing prairie
lightning These tainted blessings Flash flood further
anxieties About unknown returns Only to flee once again
Pure as Klondike gold would not be applicable to this
one ...

To become crossed up In the dry drawings Of ambient
narrative Along with stumbling forays Into the Mystery
of Words Certainly the thoughts of Zeus Readily
translate Past any loneliness experienced by the lesser
gods Any pursuit of the hermetically poetic Just might
indicate the highest art ...

Indifference *is* the banality of understanding Reality *is*
your consolation prize Deserted love *is* wisdom waiting
Fate *is* the brink between necessity & mystery Our
current pay *is* gratitude & sunshine Subtlety *is* the
massage ...

Bold as brass Roaming along the verge Of blighted
terrains Time's lapse engenders a fresh Archimedean
flare Burning decisions consume all combustible
extranea On the way to decoding the inscrutable ...

The positive effects of laughter's unity Purge the defiled
episodes & might calm the fireball Fresh imperfections
of mortality Also include the accidental visions of the
known unknowns If even a tsunami of enigma shines
through the indirect discourses By showing all That no-
thing is truly as we don't know it to be ...

Parables of mad sublimation Infused with ascensional
symbolism Leave secret tracks Through the geography
of mystery's Daylight Curriculum Such that these
enigma machines are thereby loaded with unanticipated

magic noise Mostly to sponsor aesthetics of the present
tense ...

How much fire Drains from poetic imperatives In the
evening discord This as a solitary owl spreads her wings
against the gloaming ...

Tactile abstractions tag the morning clouds These rungs
of austere desire prop my luminous ladder There will be
no more sheltering now Under structures of effortless
beauty We watch the satellites orbit each night from the
wilderness vantage points New protocols with aliens
might be duly formed thereby ...

The distant ground of unconscious murmurings When
the Marvelous decamps into cultural sorcery The newly
fresh sky always appears bluest right after the snow The
readiness of clouds to create weather songs with
Benedictions of ascending language Through the wet
wind & dark gloom of scudding mists One weathers the
stormage By way of atmospheric divinations ...

These totemic memories & shadow fables Handle the
soul through the darkest of nights Which allow one to
live the Dreamed Real in timeless nights Filled with
morphine rain So that these executions of synthetic life
Will show the creature to be a microcosm Under the
climate of the incessantly surreal ...

Into Oblivia's Landfill

Bursting plastics Offsite blowback Frolicking poets
Grammar Nazis Phoenix Hatches Too many junk pages
Spit bath cheap charms Pillars of salt An outlier's time
gate Syncope on blocks Cussed word floozies chuffed to
bits Adult swim remix Woo those flames

Monastic options Symbolic ovulations Aesthetic gestalts
A chatter death spiral Frumpy cattle calls with low groan
soundtracks Horizontal butcracks Virtual Soup to Go
Atomic Gasketing Sexy dance frictions Cannibal love
child Knackered promo teams Metaphoric landmines
Fire excavations Zombified blippings Fevered showers

Flaring the perimeter Gaming sutras vs. colliding landing
rights Bikinis in the rain Dermal listening to the apriori
Marvelous groping pilgrims Alkaline mysteries Chop top
downbeats Neutron tapioca Genesis of dragons A
celebrity rogue's gallery Hot money A plethora of small
talk Angelic chokeholds Torched voices

Punks in 3-D Frequent papal knockdowns High option
denials Conceptually invisible art? Bullets in space
Diplomatic temple harlotry Pleasures from spanking
Cruddy stuff bait Parables of distraction Access to
temptation Stroller recalls Annoyingly noisy sex
One hit wonders Trend-driven non sequiturs
Harmonic space riddles Felonious overtime Prayers to
die for High risk humble pie

Geezer stats Fresh bureaucratic triage Assorted needy
sissies Cowboy koans Disinformed prototexts Pleonastic
overload Non verbal slam teams Hermeneutic mists
Collisions of smoke Overflowing nullities Vibe
disclaimers Reality drawing rights Placebos on ice
Mondo suppressed evidence Cooking out of cans

A parade of grifters Packaged hyperbole Evolutionary
kluge fixes Stench of polyester frenzy Dead ahead debts

Staring at the void More celebrity breakdowns Roulette
of tyrants *Lanolize* those frictions! Radiant hawk
shadows Psychoactive mind razors Sexily pierced pirates
Devil vectors to exorcise Wired forms for maidens
Double-wide knee chairs Big tent fetish fotos A cold
shot of chin music

Pre-launch dick fever Luxurious fresh dirt Lousy at
fractions Strong market prices Kick started quantum
imbroglios Rebooted with a little hooch First run flash
mobbing Slapdowns running the racket Nick off some
sugary goodness More outbreaks of bravado

Listen to the constituents Save up some sass A trail of
germs Useless as a dust jacket Datacide in high fidelity
Uptempo slob glories Velocity of neurotics Fancy boy
slime promos Fake tractor worship Faux trailer life
excitements Cheap fearless tweaking Denied zoological
filibusters Hot sauce hissy fits Homage to freaky stars

Fending off the flab Working the true middle Cultural
must-haves Monastic opacities Refried head shops
Gratuitous snufflings Gringo obit talk Idolizing volcanic
unrest Marginal bladder issues Douchebag monikers
Cavalier slippery facts A desire to kiss marshmallows
Automated nocturnal mayhems Entropic pedagogics
Stage diving cultural bastards All out of raw tacos
Voodooesque snibbets Damn cursor lockups

Tainted vicars The eyes of Houdini Velcroed belief
gadgets Headaches from too much irreality The spleen of
cities Articulated bad detergent Hope as traction
Dyslexic soundscapes in “Signature desolations” Ethnic
proto-conceptuals Itchy trigger fingers Toxic cupcakes
Noir despair

Deconstructing the clitoris Low gravity arrogance Toady
kudos incubators Cybercrisis hangovers Pimping the
broken waters Emergency hackouts Seductive undertows
Automated plagiarisms Jettisoned focus Exaggerated

anarchies Bio-tranced omphaloetics Legendary facial
impacts High in the avant-ghetto Glee improvements
Epic failure rates

Love-festered politicos Crappy hyperbole Pathos-driven
self-banters Sassy punk corruptions Healing inertia
abuse Solar placebos Combat of the royals A gathering
of purloined mutants Exalted trash talkings Hot &
bothered compassion De-clustered anxiety Cultural
marginalia Irritable dross of pilgrims Nimble tautologies
Power-loaded metaphysics Storm-lashed velocity of
food Never received residuals Fleshy disclarity

Off-loading the Jello flashbacks Eyes of happy vagrants
Silent rebukes Pixilated roadburn Feral gravity Dark
lonely bosons Unloading fatal molecules Faceted
monads A foam of mumbles Compelling ellipsis
Salacious vertebrae joy Fugitive earrings Incendiary
mind mappings The unexpected prosperity of vagrants

Odd voice-overs Takedown previews Slippery expiration
dates Noxious etiquettes Mutant waftage The structure
of obsession Poignant deal breakers Canceled twelve
pack Sundays A magma of delusional information
Techno flub fix Irksome innovations Suggested last rites
Denatured buzzword collage Virtuous custody battles
The tacit laws of night Approximate sleeping partners

Burger perfumed picnic seasons Love patient as syrup
The largess of dead deals Improv midnight swims
Hallucinated promises The sweaty crush of Time Old
school avant-garde Ideological apparatus Celebrity
conjugal visits Late-bearing mommies Backsliding
microbes Drop-kicked gurus Live-streaming bathos

Sampled couture mashups Dirt as tonic Uptown
chortling noises Alchemico-tantric moves Parasitic
ambiguity Celebratory fun events *in extremis* Enhanced
patdowns? Advertising for blight auditors Scandalous

data grabs Invaded by romping socialites A word salad
in shambles Fake site wranglers Engineered oversharnings
Selected personas eschewing crisis Intentional rehab
spats Terminal hot mess Atomic Barbies The vitriolic
language of flummoxed leaders Promotions for bogus
disorders The artifice of gumption

Filth

The death of money now requires Trained & determined dexterities For spanking the Bonus Culture! These media freaks insist upon Kicking up new debris for analysis Mostly by exacerbating the Kook Komplex! Perforated surfaces of income disregards Continue to promote The flapping lips of tyrannical currency In the continuous looting of Mom's Money! A gluttony grovel in sovereign debt trauma Where guilt equals pyramids of filthy lucre! Hey Man, let's keep doing the Babylon Swing! This premium stench offered for half-price! Did someone say: The Laws of Poverty? Well then, please welcome *your* New Oblivion!

The ones known as The Trash Elite Prey upon *their* faux throw rugs Hold close their dirty little secrets A looking to maximize payout w/ Further cattle raids upon eternity *Le monde techno-chic* jawboning Or else New Economy Swapouts Seriously more silly than cling wrap On some hyped Product Launch Day Some would say econopocalyptic tussling This arrogant stench of further wreckage By the consultants of *slack* & all their cultural must-haves Nastily fostering more poverty mechanisms Feels like just one more hatchet in our backs A reciprocity failure if ever there was one ...

Hipster capitalists w/ symbiotic deleriums Cry about no-longer-measurable outcomes Plenty of water money Tho to splurge with They run like hell for the clown money too With distilled toxins of insistent stupidities By such insane mishmash beyond our ken The staggered blasts align the Great Farce ...

By back-channeling the spliff & difference Having begrudgingly embraced the muddle Do we now plead no contest w/ respect to Protecting ourselves from the taint status Of the background low-level *Angstzeit*? These huge backroom deals That heinously reduce our shared

means A dismantling of the former carings While
increasing the hysterias of unknown deficit ...

The goddamn diode mafias So busy parse-hacking
Projected fugitive mayhems Have now managed to get
even the poets To jump on each other's nerve endings
The redundant strategies of MAN With selected code-
baiting imagery Burgeon this pandemic of Tarballed
neurosis ...

Oh man, the servers are down ...! *OH SHIT, THE
SERVERS ARE DOWN!!!!* Critical geek shortages? The
hell you say!!! Micro challenges w/o a blueprint?
Gizmo teardowns intentionally left in dive bars?
Unrelenting glowing integers reflecting error rates in
glitched systems? Critical flaws in the coded bon bons?
... Christ! ...“Yer all just Big League Varmints!”

Self-interviews are Like begging for a parade Along
boulevards Where the landscaping has run amok
Or listening to Evil Knivel talk about how he can Jump
the Grand Canyon on a custom rocket bike ...

Guru Mike has always been dodgy & has always been a
tough one to read His new-age backwash Spins more
Immaculate Deceptions So defiantly awash in the hours
of contradiction Crashing & burning *is* karmic process
some would say ...

Bullshit mea culpas delivered with kerosene breath Still
trying to boss the bull around W/ a taste for battle &
always geared for a fight Outrage events downloaded w/
niche products for morbid anatomies Meant only to
adorn the BigTime episodes w/ cliché crescendos This
serves merely the tincture of fools ...

Even where *here* under maneuvering clouds & tableaux
vivants The event horizon of emotional flux Devolves
upon & to the public domains Hallucinations can be so
collectively delusional, eh? Especially when

nostalgically scanning for That which never happened

...

Neighborhood Entropy

Post Apocalyptic Rimshot Epic fail rates Fill the misery
buckets How will these troubled waters Ever help us
achieve re-purpose? We're all disposable refugees in this
republic now Abdicated where the guilt-tripping suits
Yap & yammer about sloth & slacking Oversights are on
auto-pilot Major attention downdrafts Mar all forward
trajectories & Hey, this is no joke Holmes! What say we
backpedal On all this going gansta shit As the dark
hearts of wayward men Sadly get to know each other
Through cold steel bars ...

Getting an ass-whomping For not looking fierce enough?
How do these retardulous ones Achieve such new levels
of reverse affirmation? Meanwhile, more back-end
feedings By chattermouth celeb psychics The thick
women in thin times Talk talk talk While flooding the
stage w/ their Dessicated tears ...

Even with walking it off constantly In the end, it all ends
up fatal We take turns bearing up the collective pain
Really this is getting to be a bit much Some days find me
flapping around Like a small bird stuck on flypaper ...

The disintegration of circles Becomes a decadence by
degrees Frames of annihilation Via a versed vision (in
threes) Veracity is now down for maintenance Exchange
rates of distance Cancel the intimacy Because there is
always a message behind the message ...

The art of the liftoff Should be devoid of Any fret Any
feeding of the gamble Shines with reflected desire When
fostering the earned days Does not one break the fixed
forms only With a crowbar of molten content?

Homeboys still chained to the mothers Behold those
impractical skill sets! Whassup on the crackbrained
Fracking pissing matches anyway? These local lunatics
Have absconded With the keys to the asylum again This

big bottle rocket burlesque May be coming up next For
all you b. s. dudes So assiduously a-voiding The gaping
voids In their indefensible lives Hey please pass the
paraphernalia Hidden under these migraine weathers ...

The usual suspects Remain on the loose This uncool
spamming of nitwits Driving the urges of a pop mythos
Fully locked and loaded W/ all the usual delusionalities
Responsible for putting a facelift On this leaky bag of
oblivion ...

Channeling such harsh invective By the very-not-happy
ones They who throw their high altitude punches These
neo-prophets on auto-grind Are the very nihilistic
dumbasses Who now operate the fraud soundtracks ...

Street people anatomies Pass along the ersatz
architectures So street worn & care lorn Each day
becomes an inflection point In reshuffling the unrest
Somewhere beyond the swindles Loom the scary hours
These temporary lifelines where hubris leads to debris
This place I now daily walk through Goes by the name
of Main Street Ghetto ...

The slow boil of truncated mayhems These mercenaried
lives all hotfooting it With defiant idioms Even the
Kings residing here ride bicycles W/ a Fractal Jesus
positioned midpoint upon their handlebars While the
warm weather wear seems purposefully random ...

The Doomed Sons promise nothing With their
duplicitous swaggers Looming brawls power on the dirty
realists & the Bud Hombres w/ their steely-eyed
demeanors Garner zero in the vernacular pawnshop
Hamstrung as they are w/ thug tactics & celebratory
gunfire ...

Running against the rabble & sure I have the battle scars
to prove it Just enough to endure the stench of existence

W/ hot starings & non-negotiable persistency This raw
depravity truly takes no coffee breaks ...
A daily freak show here on parade All wearing the mask
of precarious existence On the terrain of *I Forgot* do
these uncanny InBreeds Abrade the frictions in Life's
Curriculum A curriculum by accidents that is ...

These outliers tear up the landscaping W/ dyslexic
tractions Only to pony up more toxic cupcakes &
outrage monies The neighborhood entropy is like a
blown head gasket Ripping open a placid morning &
Dumpster diving is still an accomplished art here
Survival patterns still serving as an emergency hackout
most days ...

The squirrels around this place Get into the power
transformers & the resulting clashing currents flare into
Disintegrating darkness Come the following morning the
neighborhood Resembles an empty basket full of insipid
exchanges Certainly no need to borrow trouble around
here either Since there's plenty of that in the vacant lots
here The place just overflowing with the stuff Yes the
prevailing yelp around here is "I don't claim to have a
Life!" ...

Dislocations

Unspeakable acts of hyperbole Mixing it up well
With sudden ironic ingredients This inky box of shadows
Engages/enrages All of our personal frictions All of our
accomplished inconsistencies Leaving us unexpectedly
Knock-kneed Although not thereby speech impaired ...

Any and all attempts at Heading for higher ground
Are really about Abandoning the beach For the subtle
wash of futile hours Calling out for a sudden surrender
To this evenings' fine reaching sky Now fills me w/ tons
of Voluminous nullity ...

Transcripts from the Unhinged These stumblers saved
from elimination By the stashed taint of fear-ridden nut
jobs A going and staying viral By dint of much brilliant
zaniness & perhaps the Bathos of Time Disturbed
individuals Annoyingly unbalanced Now granted Top
Media Status Flinging away In the Games of Dirt & the
Backwash of Indifference Truth lies bleeding By the
Sleight-of-Man Flaccid boomers on a Shameless net
worth jihad ...

The sluts of summer grovel Along with their vicarious
pleasures A few found dead many weeks later Along
with the missing actors A cultural haze drifted in then
With only chaos refusing to be tamed It was the
lowdown on down low The tide of unknowing removing
All applicable footnotes Because of this orphaned
Zeitgeist ...

Developing an Edge BIG LOVE found in the twisted
bone cages Energy work done to quell the unbelievers
She wears a crescendo of blond dreadlocks As she
sometimes goes MIA on a whole lotta love Then
somehow the ATM becomes her big feed trough While
her heavenly innards make rumbling noises something
fierce Along with the mayhem of her increasingly
ward knees ...

She claims her remaining skill-sets stay solidly legit
& tho she still enjoys sex That is in her imagination
She no longer adroitly plays the Honey Game Since her
days Remain in gear by her fidelity of dread & hope ...

Curvy gals Creatures of clay In encaustic sway You
obliterate me like a recurrent murmur When my sad eyes
Become so full of glass tears These ciphered clouds
Dissolve me with an upward glance O lips of Venus In
uptown love sutra You keep landing me In the indigent
shelter Of my dreams ...

The crisis could/could not have been prevented Thus a
pain recess is now in session Really it was a train wreck
in slow-mo But trying to make ourselves relevant Our
burning desires Like a house on fire Became the Geiger
Counter For an enhanced emotional triage ...

Rolling up the sidewalks around here Occurs alongside
the levitation of rocks We walk through the Bully Dread
daily The mystery cloud logic events Form this
ubiquitous frontier We encounter In this culture of sub –
criminals While the sneaky Rumble Trousers highjack
the slow moving daily rampages ...

Walking through the unknown arrays Noise-in-the-street
detaches the cadence of octaves Time varnishes this
Song of Sirens Who are really Birds with beautiful faces
As wayward light bathes The finely machined darkness

Around here, one can get arrested for traveling through
time Or else for laughing out loud at all the false boons
That tend to be foisted upon us Your meal ticket also
depends upon How much tailwind You can get going in
the mornings & sure enough There is always the
possibility of being banned for life On the grounds that
you are now useless As far as your taxpaying abilities go
Funny how these days pass like minutes In this inner
garden of clear perceptions & strange horizons ...

It just might be worse Than driving around without
synchromesh “Man, that is SO Ghetto!” Yes, the anxious
bud hombres Sometimes do drive off with the Gas hose
still attached These homegrown mores All about failing
brake mechanisms & and lapsed fashion statements It
seems The destiny of fools is still hiding under the hood
in these Desultory lives ...

& yes It is these lapsed fashion tendencies That are most
certainly romance killers Especially when you live in a
House called Change & really the bumner part of
required hygiene Is that it involves so much maintenance
This happens to be very problematic Especially for those
cursed with a low tolerance for being mocked ...

“I don’t mind if you get weird”

Narrow escapes & the dodging Of yet another close
shave One pushes on with Fate’s Wheelbarrow Hefting a
load of dwindling possessions & a shabby inventory of
reprieves Imperative now to keep the humor up & mix
in some cynical optimism Otherwise, it would be
The slow descent of curtains for sure ...

No need now for any Disclosure by fingerprints When
one trails a wake of credit wreckage behind Like orphan
footprints in the hot sand Through impossible windows
of need By using wonder’s fulcrum Where does one look
For younger versions of one’s self?

Techniques of the scrambled Young gods (not-with-
standing) Going feral and staying that way Further
defaming their dark legacies Maybe you’ll get a dead cat
bounce Or maybe your name is Hairy Ramble Or
perhaps it’s the audible smack of arpeggios Which now
echo across your remembered childhood struggles ...

Walking through the blur factor Heavily funded
retrograde forces Determine how misery is gauged One
becomes a paradoxer When one works with the
compressions Through handcrafted anonymity One
develops a fractal identity Only by shocking the
respectable: “I feel so faraway right now” “It’s pretty
rampant out there” “How are your angry knees doing?”
“Sad, very sad” ...

So, why work the obsolete angles of NOW When you
can jettison the future Too!!! Trust me on this! You
WILL hear a chorusline Perhaps a cacophony Of
audacious gnashings!

Hit me with your Tough Cookies Okeh? A soda-fired
kickstart to the head perhaps “We hardly ever argue ...
or even talk” It seems to have just come down to a
miasma of junk sex With the bonfires of joy Having long

gone cold Life is now a barely there mess Rigged with a
broken mast & a canvas sail flapping away In the
flagging trade winds ...

Lost love is also Lost time When unable to tag your
intimate areas While yet sleeping in your distant clover
All allusions to sexual content Might presage a fine
encounter Or not If the taut glams Still resist the
annualized commerce of love O to only garner some
oomph & perhaps find what lies Hidden in plain sight
One day I fully expect to find my gal O Yes the very
same one Who knows how to ride a bicycle through a
tornado ...

Yes, Love will spin your head Mostly when you're
trying hard Just to catch the new flame You might also
hear the sound of unexpected water Tasty as tangerine
foam With a bold and complex desire Seductions
anticipated in the late light Might be willing to take a
bullet for love On this one if the conditions bode rightly

The ultimate intentions held with a golden thread A
lyrical energy in this building tension Even as you
rescued me from oblivion's nadir We might wait for the
words that never arrive Or perhaps in lieu-of-what? Leap
into an inappropriate aptness ...?

Wondering what it is like when She hits her crescendo I
do like that eyeball glint That reflectivates her calypso
soul My anticipation levels come now in restive waves
With this critical need to bounce off the lows A kiss on
the right cheek Just might be the rubicon That beckons
towards the throes Of the unredeemed present Yes I
Imagine how our vertebrae would slowly fuse together
During our alchemical wedding sleep ...

The whatnot of longshot desires Fluttering hearts in
need of ballast Sharings of the scathing past Lead to
hope for some action In the late innings Her delicate
hands begin to trust the shadows Within this texture of

raw twilight Echoes of Isis dwell in her opalescent eyes
Yes, the intense blue ones that do not stutter ...

Chords & Discords

Where everyday collides with the ludicrous & the drones
of authority Insinuate their charm offensives Of last
resort The ephemerality of intervals Lists shadows
named for nobody As the pathos of virtual girlfriends
Inhabits such perilous flirtation Yet this amorous
intrigue Still reminds one That the flames of love Won't
boil the pot ...

The way lucidity displaces opacity Even as the finitudes
get out-loaded The entropic drift of social decline Gets
dropkicked by all the Aughts & Noughts Consequences
suffer their stain of day With these blogged sorceries on
the rise New bottoms are achieved hubristically As
staycations zero-value the unemployed ...

Pop Cult trainwrecks insist on What?! Rolling the hours
uphill is such passionate anarchy! Hey kids, vectors of
fun – No Charge! Either Go Rogue, or Go Feral – What
a choice! The Quotidian Singularity really is all about
Wolfing down quantum cheeseburgers! So much small
talk flavors the bizarre events While today's air bouquet
smells of diarrhea & diesel ...

Accomplished as a semi-stalker She really was a *la
nouvelle femme fatale* Her mercenary heart Beating out
various arcane spells While she waits for her confusions
to clear out Her non-negotiable costs of dreaming reality
Are a veritable nexus of seamy things Like a whole
Cultural underbelly of interstate truckstops &
enlightenment offsets That keep trying to break through
The foul objects of her daily scrums ...

Homestyle voodooos remain roughly approximated To a
local pathos Both redundant yet rarely poignant The
daily mirage recasts the long shadows Through events
yet to occur Mostly by holding up These slapstick
gestures all around ...

Meanwhile, the Great Outdoors reliably remains A rehab clinic in due diligence Especially as one leans *into* the sadness While it slowly bleeds you to pieces Sure one's fate deserves better Than these threadbare deprivations Such are found within the crucible of misfortunes Where there are forged the daring symbols Of intrepid lives so full of briars ...

Following one's heart is a viable credo Like the *sunglint* off mirrored waters One willingly becomes cash-ready For no more tenacious sorrow(s) Treaties between light and darkness Allow this rebirth of joy To occur in a worldly dark uterus The one which faces the direction that beckons the footsteps Even with so much pressure beyond our ken Even as ill winds blow onshore Even by the unwanted calibrations of fools ...

Are holes in the sun really Creating pressure upon the one-man-rule strongmen? Nervous governments stress the ambiguities By resisting the burgeoning revolutions In the various Motherlands Truly apocalyptic winds are a-blowing from the bully pulpits These days Further stirring up the collective custard of disinformation ...

One works hard to maintain clever obscurity Even with the chore of undressing the world While discarding certain slick people in the process Merely to chronicle the chaos Just may be the mission here Even with the supply line so damn vulnerable It's all about the sine wave of Life I reckon ...

If allowed to reflect so that The listening becomes a moral silence One can then re-rig the mast and set sail Embarked as a language vessel Through the foam of cerulean shadows One is permitted to bring in the data Whereby life no longer is a broken rig job ...

Rebuilding the wheel loosely calibrated A sequencing of the long game perhaps This when necessity becomes the mother of desperation This when dancing in public

becomes mandatory This when one is tempted to become
A friend to those only marginally famous ...

“Neurotic limbo” & “sectarian abyss” of “shipwrecked
daughters” “Anything you say will be used against you”

That is “until the smoke wafts” Mostly “because
cheating death has its thrall” “Was she named after a
warship, or vice versa?” “This is so emblematic of the
austere times” But, she emphasized, “I don’t do taint”
Although previously, it was “I don’t exist unless you
need something” Even if that life is “Top of the Line!”

...

Odd jobs now the primary way of this life One keeps
riding out the foreshocks By lining up in the disaster
queues With an irrevocable passing through troubled
houses We give each other heartbreak as a going away
present ...

Can't Walk Straight

This flagrant movie of mine The one I walk through
hourly Anguish set with all the subtitles Admittance to
the core-streams No longer desired nor tolerated A status
laced with all the petty litanies Now fully apparent In
this blunt crisis of unlikings ...

Even while fire & flux determine all I will no longer
punch your timeclock No sir not while I continue to live
life On the roaring creeks Willfully dispensing with the
elite visions This solace of words abiding me through the
trying times of tumult A new achievement: REAL
WORLD BURNOUT! This psychopathology of my
private deprivations Generously promotes all further
deconfliction So that getting paid in sunshine sounds real
good As this precarious survival regimen Inks up its own
calligraphy This Chinese box called my life No longer
defaults to pathetic endings & futile cursing sessions By
honing the daily caloric intake People tell me how I look
Just like their intimate associates ...

So, blame your joy on Me! Sure, Go Ahead!
With only a living eked out with the side gigs now The
far frontier of the imagination loaded w/ freedom's dust
My sleep deprivations get taken to new lows Where my
snorings might be a threat to national security My poetry
does come sweatily Yet remains sweatshop free Mostly
staying hot in the center Albeit mushy around the edges
& these survival arraignments of mine Just came in for
An emergency landing ...

Non-durable goods trickle into This intrepid self By way
of a fractal outline This indifferent stance of mine As
abhorrence now gets front-loaded While talking-to-the-
dog therapeutics Is also a good way of not out-witting
myself Doubling down on the daily feed bag I hold hot
soup in these quaking hands As I pray for some wind to
hit the sails Hoping to blast through the smoky light Of
unexpected mornings ...

I will *not* allow the rains to bury me While eating all the evidence I *will* grant myself a permit to Loiter In the lucid opacity of these strange hours & I *should* self-imposter my shabby habits As my net worth still approaches the zero hour I *still* prefer to stand in profile to the sun As each day comes in like a funnel cloud This vortex turbulence so endured Has led to an acute shortage of magic tricks however ...

The staying-alive impulse serves me well Under a taut cadence of coiled winds This thirst for a smooth future Keeps sending the past downstream However I make do with w/ any salvaged inventory & these former imprints left against The pesky undoings Which somehow reminds me of driving all night Towards an always receding destination ...

In this itinerant survival phase I still haul the water & provisions daily Too many dilemmas & small chimeras Thin my focus Since all the former promissory notes have been burned ...

Don't look to philosophy for the answers either Since the number of questions Only seems to increase The dry discourses of dianoetic tomfoolery Mightily amplify the befuddlements If & only if The wandering of those thought-hallucinations Gradually become the distant rumble of dragons ...

Poetry w/o a vision behind it May be confessing May be performing May be Laureating May be huffing & puffing May be groveling in angst (also despair & loss) May be vicarious stand up comedy May be "teaching" May be word-slinging May be sleight-of-metaphor Yet w/o a vision Is it poetry?

Big trends in the low-fi future A telepresence of remote souls Traveling with the relics Of unraveled mysteries May have to do with pilgrims on the royal road To nowhere in particular ...

I have tried earnestly to pray w/o ceasing But I must admit I have this spiritual attention deficit disorder Only the discursive Tao teaches me about Insistently lustral waters As incessant stasis *becomes* quite the palpable death ...

There's been some real rough nights on Insomnia's Frontier lately Perhaps because I have bought all my troubles on the installment plan Getting beaten bloody on those particular low gravity days Where the mundane extranea Comes in by the boatload Hell, I don't even bother to count the arrivals of trouble anymore ...

Damn hot enough to strip paint off the Fun House walls today The drip drop of zombie soundtracks Pungent as creosote and lady funk Promotes an incessant craving to Become Insolent in these furtive moments ...

Past days of jar whiskey & borrowed shouts No longer translate the finite days This distrust of impromptu formulas & fake consensus Certainly has upped the ante on this raw deal Daily I step over the dead inebriates Their live carcasses poised in yet another of Time's wipeout ...

Reliving the heavily altered future One day at a time False topics drive the modern sacrifices & strange milestones Call back windows via the algorithmic hash Promote the intrigues While adroitly rearranging pieces of the mess ...

It was the year that got away from me From living the dream to living the hallucination Now this last chance meal ticket Has become so full of collateral bugs & cheap makings Somedays I feel mighty ass-sore Just having to do without the frilly austerities Although intrepid movement remains my best tool What with side-stepping the crossfires of the money grind Really it's a choice of mobilities With which I imbibe the shadows The constant & irksome dilemmas are still incoming

That would be my turnkeyed misfit living arrangements
That is A core need for dollar salvations
& to be cleansed by fiery water The returning broken
blessings come staggering back in With a savvy yet
savage endurance Fatigue becomes the new gestalt
which demonstrates re-lived arrested motions
Perpetuated in an attention deficit mirage With
necessarily fresh fictions becoming shoddy indicators of
what ...?

Mostly in the way reality can get so chronic on you The
working minions put in overtime Just to pay for more
content As us geezers misperceive lyrics by the snarling
divas Listening to them juice their celeb gizmos With
chest flaunts Given over to midnight swims in the
heinous waters Their anxious nights stay awake for the
orbital sunrise A brand new day loaded with residue
From a whole lot of Sketchy drug misadventuring ...

Tribes keep hiding out from tribes Attempts at halting
the choked-off bombing credits Thwarted by the old
patterns Sitting in with the opposition Where the
endgame is always unclear Usually leading only to
throwdown patterns of egregious misconduct ...

That which is flung from Balconies

Miraculous decay of sexual etiquette Rhinestones drip
From the gamblings of love By a sudden shock freely
loaded He hollered *Do not* bring on *THAT* noise! These
spiral lights in display Insist upon crafting the flash
Mostly by stringing together A few varmint-safe
tomorrows ...

Breaking down *is* work Especially for these rodeo divas
With their trampy-stamped hip swaggers So surely in
need of some ribbon award In that they will then become
solely known For their fine ability to throw dirt on
purpose ...?

Under the overloading weathers Way too many glassed-
in hours The foam of images Becomes the new work Of
a decaying lifetime & even now the craving for sleep
Has a peculiarly bad taste Still wondering Where that
missing box of shadows is The one that secretizes The
allure of triangles With the embedded alacrity Of
sententious riddles ...

Dithering by default The oppression of poets Watermark
Their lucid imperatives Please do not feel the need To
demystify their pungent language It is really only about
A daily attrition achieved in toxic layers
Whereby this message has been brought to you by The
gnarly human comedies The ones so Serious they
become delirious This perhaps analogous to dogs who
insist on Rolling around in putrid things Or even like an
evening boxing session with oven mitts ...

Yet, in the greater matters of concern Or perhaps
episodes of non-erotic terror The clumsy & gauche
romantic breakouts Are *always* more than the sum of
their parts These meetings of loose association Could
well be our way of hedging the volatile inner needs ...?

Wherever it is we go We will continue to spin the webs
of paradox By the unwary roots of tainted aesthetics
Even so we also lose that articulated sheen If we keep
choking down Too many of these monkey biscuits
Between here & there Scheduling the druthers Was
formerly tactical Then it became practical But there's
nothing like an empty chuckwagon To spell out a
continuity by disaster either ...

The death of fur just will not happen Chinchilla
eroticisms show this to be explicit Babe Ruth himself
wore a full length Mink coat A beer in one hand A pig's
knuckle in the other So it ain't just the female factor
mister Fur was the graffiti of kings Drawn as it was in
burgundy blood A linkage to the promulgation of
blessings As it helped father that long line of monarchs
& the frail bodies held up by those thrones The absolutist
foolishness Of those ancient persons Like their treatise
on mummies Or their murmur of decrepit canons By the
sworn oaths to their infallible anatomies They duly
unfolded the pages of insufferable history ...

As the unknowns weigh-in heavily I now have my own
SECURITY CONCERNS! My own COMPENDIUMS
OF TORMENT! Living w/o the bread of blasphemous
truths I strive to experience a much needed healing fire
The failed rhetorics of these false patriots Surely
determine all the forthcoming cultural deletions ...

Looks like it's getting crowded in the AntiChrist Derby
these days This doubling back on torture events Has
returned to bite us Just like tapping the till every night
The wrap of power it seems Then becomes A full frontal
cowardice by renegade nobodies ...

Always seems like something nasty is Going on in the
woodshed too That is with the surging falsehoods &
Ramping up of the scary The philistined pagans stake
out the Elysian Fields Under their strangely named
Death Moon Their take on a temporal absolute perhaps

The door of morning as it slowly opens upon itself
Ineffable contexts found by those still dancing To the
tides of inexorable motion Their smashing of iconic
delusions Sometimes dubiously replaced By more of
same Reasons Unbeknownst ...

Culinary terror events In the land of the continuous
shakedown Hungry for deliverance ain't the half of it
Holmes This where the flamboyant neurosis of breath
fetishes Still gets knocked down in the love stampedes
Mostly because of the non-specific gravity of couple
dynamics ...

Moving Against a Receding Sky

Smoke becomes the index of fire Under an assemblage
of magic winds The topology of *what* is said Creates the
moments By an owning of the apriori shadows The
radiant *whatness* of unbroken hands Defies the forensic
proof of strived-for conscious hallucinations ...

The depth elixirs Stirrup this trance-through-ellipsis
Allowing this symbolic owl & a few proffered
incantations To occur w/ such pellucid intent This
certainly has been a good run of *techne* By way of a few
chiseled episodes The Marvelous gets to arrive Through
the embryonic Faultlines that unexpectedly reappear ...

More igneous outtakes As the smoke goes cold: A
surveillance by reflection The cold dispassions Arc &
swirl The silences keep roaring Thrown a bone along
With the buried remains These paraphrased spectacles
Tend to devolve into some serious aftermaths ...

Symbols of the impossible (blue rose) Manifest in the
fire clouds this evening Even Goethe's cloud reckoning
allowed him to walk under an auspicious sky While he
stared at the flocculent beauties Mostly by upholding
that receding sky were those clouds even remotely
allowed an emancipation ...

Still adequately breathing Under the glistening
conditionals Any new reprieve always occurs In the
margins Of insistent finger overtures The shining
penumbras Unseal the staggered weeps Unseal the
forgotten excavations ...

& just how is this impossible life lived? By the
polyhedra of perseverance? By the juggling of quotidian
paradox? Certainly tenacious synergies are the gumption
drivers While this daily foraging like a mo-fo Leads me
on to further fire sale events ...

The stifled etiquettes of wait Give rise to expressions w/
no viable heat A continuance by weight of the wait Soul
bewilderment turns into a clouded elixir Under halos of
dust & quaver Magnetics of the eventual was there But
Now Is here ...

The Desert Dream Dazzler he called himself Scribing
away in the gloaming Making cryptic sand glyphs Under
the flammanated floral whorls Ruptured images arose by
unforeseen consequence The luminous wastelands
Recalibrated his perceptions Into evoked “language
crystals” (Sobin) ...

Before a horizon of ruined chances His memories
etching the signature of his face He still traipsed through
the desert twilight Via “the wreckage of clarity” (K.
Saknussem) Dark paradoxes grew in the soul soil
Whereby the validations of the strange Achieved a
fluidity Under a very tasty vanilla sky ...

Godhead aftermath of purple light Above the deep
bonding of innocent bones Timberline thunder booms
across parched meadows Hummingbirds anoint the
saguaros in the late evening A dismantling of icons is
where meanings reside A stumbling forward is part of
the evolutionary circuitry This antique light comes in
various polyhedra Because that which is born out of
miraculous nothingness Is struck by Orphic lightning &
thereby becomes consecrated ...

Glint is emitted density Lapsus is voided density
Luminous stashes glow within the old hermetic residue
Flame’s vulva Outlines the domed darkness Investments
in subvocal ephemera Occur by the gesture of floating
rocks This while the wild mustangs circle the distant
mesas ...

Trajectories of cryptic fragments Like vectors of lucid
intuition Not just a gloss of scribbles either But
something like this: Torque, opaque, segue A weird

grammar of fugacity With a quiver full of feathered
metaphor Which might just place the image sequence On
or near the dialectic of fissure: Magnetic phrases in
purposeful ascension ...

This warm morning Spent rolling up the dew drops We
remain speechless under this never ending sky We no
longer live by those shadows Cast by such dubious
identities No longer genuflect to estranged fictions No
there is nothing about us that tends to the optimal This
walk through a forest of mummies & the vast wastelands
of fossilized gamma rays Accomplishes for us only an
obscurity Now served by its own reward ...

Analog divinations Demonstrated by intensities of
mutual space Any spectating of the temporal rhythms
Initiates one into the Big Reveals Treading the track of
ancient flarings These hot auras tend to bring in the new
fire ...

Matt Hill has authored five books of poetry & prose poems, several chapbooks, and has also edited two non-fiction compilations of various quotations. He served as editor/publisher of the Marshall Creek Press series of experimental literature chapbooks (1995-97), and has a book of short fiction soon to appear (*The Amplitude of Growlers*). Currently he resides in the southern part of Northern California.