



IMPRESSIVE (BIG) INSTANT (BANG) !

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*Argotist Ebooks*

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Argotist Ebooks

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it seemed I heard in the piano's distant voice  
a thought I had long ceased having  
to you the note (s) supreme as cend  
into the skies one never ends  
you rhymed with me at least not once  
I die to know whether the same will be  
your ruffled skirt a paradigm of loose  
nds joined no frame(d) of reference  
signals other than despair 's final  
warning (blow) s has happened again?  
this vacant po(i)se stricken from yr lists  
a vagrant idle of inter sections blast  
how ever breathed the censor's riddled  
para digm (I watch in secret locks  
the waters you move hip from hip  
dancing the what a medievalist denies  
skeleton with fleshy dreams and violence  
sighs to know the ken of patterned  
cycles you couldn't guess (re newed  
iso lation)) if I wake will you die?  
frieze a gothic choice an emblem 's other  
fate eyed from sequins liltng depth s  
con course through blood's dark domain  
an iterated sphere shine (-ing) length  
by inch of hell each diameter opposed  
link if con tractions abide the minimal ist  
's musical session drummed along yr skin  
(the song) as boulevards collide what map?  
has heather's oriental bloom a sun fades  
to know and splashes sound beyond repair  
in sleeper's crimson issue  
ruminate with me about co incidences  
debts to dancing deaths where angels spire  
flash lashes against the dermal sense  
a stonied horizon's bottomless wheel  
had you but known what I  
but never is less than time allows  
its ruin is a circle'  
s orphaned dream (some greek symb  
ologies repair to fluid number's ground)  
zero is quick but none more than your  
enlivened mercury I spy as eyeing re  
volves around the melody's last chance  
dice are flown the cupola ex plodes  
sky a withered fane of desiccated gods  
you're known for that as this is mine  
to fix which words you'll write a sleep  
where window's re arrange the history  
of glass your tomb is much for more 's

a thumb you'd drink in madness'  
stippled pass (I record a device as  
waking you dread to flair) an echo s most  
remote when singled out by hair's breadth  
you win some otherness a waist denied  
and run past the famous ego mancers  
wishing you'd never child  
these grasses are blacker now  
this envelope 's a vault of instamatic  
(BANG) wish you had known I was  
"coming" but no matter the mirror's  
still the same as when (write home no  
more, matter's dead) before each struts  
a preposition followed by decay  
I hurt don't you? bared yr breast  
to encomia's unfathomable camera eye  
reddening space's outer wall with  
lissome dyed to the ankle a purport platon  
ic with eager death's ironic wig  
be my wife? too late a bird on the  
singing a child's breathless re frain  
(is this yr re ligious?) binding foot to  
hand's lateral eye and then run for it!  
decked out with superfluity yr buttoned spine  
I'd undress it any time a legend has be come  
YOU write it home wont you?  
isolation's wardrobe a pennion  
frock coats of opprobrious lace the  
yes an event is worth "leaving" any  
breath is good enough for life  
's a time for a holiday (love me or  
leave "it") blouses sunday hanging  
into the afternoon's irretrievable  
distance and disaster has no wane  
and you know this is meant for you  
in altamont/los feliz/pater noster etc  
others don't bother the s h a t t e r e d  
chrome a hasp dynamite(d)  
your troubled gaze wrapped in a con  
fection of prolonged arousal  
(the deity wont let you be)  
is this year's calendar (yours) ready?  
terrible assumptions about purely  
coincidental data (hubba hubba)  
you are a noted irony a mouth  
in search of a loop hole a et cetera  
speaking a dutch man's italian dream  
www (un mentionable syllogism)  
worsening a fold for its maternal

consciousness you idiomatize every  
leaflet worth burning without bothering  
to decipher the note I bluntly  
cursed you for that warm day in hell  
utterly to the side of a gamester's  
rodeo with a walk-on lover in stetson  
fly boy chaps (mmm)  
you was good for nothing really  
mattered did it? you became one  
of the divas and lavished skin  
on the revolving celluloid opting  
for a god's battered sex  
with open mouth the ravishing lip  
paint the color of smoked pizza  
and a braid to the wind you flung!  
ivory has depth when compared  
to the indecencies to which you (a)  
spired (must it always be in the past  
tense) ingots of liquid gold drool  
ing like (etc) and as descends  
corollaries of friction and desire  
down either clip a side as whispers  
(you're the one "I want") but  
never do the present tense  
succumbs to reverie's dark infant  
icide of pools and darker still the  
ichor dripping in back brain's  
lustful chamber a window lights  
above yr head a dresden china  
amplifies the spatial horror sleeping  
"there" with combs and braids of  
mutilated passion's guttered  
soul mate me!// chess platter  
incandescence a ruby foams yr  
mouth some gore vitality at a still  
point etherized for the record "industry"  
you captured and captivating [both]  
as if running from the spool's  
utter emptiness wound and round  
the rounding as cent steep step  
ping allure in light blue with halo  
around the invitation of yr breasts  
I breathe for "more" but cannot  
as mechanics only go so far  
and softer redundancies a  
some one else's dream your  
leaving or living in behind a bi  
cameral registration of doubts  
unfulfilled all desires a paste white

over either lid the eye frowns  
down to the "ground" (you've been  
so low) and for seconds the lie ob  
tains alternate mail routes of daily  
suffering each street a purgator  
ial glimpse of some else's hell  
but if this is a byzantine secret a  
brief writ in gold pound signs  
with over leaf and dubbed voices  
in ultra drive lip synch (on the wing  
y) fashion flashes your upper part  
s while the nether guessing  
girls what they feel like ( a degrading  
spectacle riven and chastened  
by a haunting behind the mirror  
's shattered glass) and score an  
other defeat for matri mony, hunh?  
will we ever even in revery function  
as a pair each forty miles apart  
in length with chrome head blade  
s and a shining within a coke  
bottle of choice for divine simulation  
to swallow "that" poesy 's ulterior fic  
tion if you so choose, I am "here"  
always waiting for you to re spond  
as hesiod is my guide and the paths  
that lead into magna graecia  
weltered and scorned a filmic  
dis tance never retrievable des pite  
lagoons of shimmering ?  
limousines have drowned whole folk  
in this confused miasma of identity  
un adorned (whose: yrs or mine?)  
lip paste two inches thick a kind  
of whiter blanch then pales a moon  
around your hips too heavy to  
walk straight and gaze dreamily in  
to the federation of stars out "there"  
where nothing looks the same  
but don't slip don't fall keep  
hip moving switches ire into  
drool of gilded order over plate  
a size larger than most planets  
yr realm in house of leo with man  
sions of carved bone and archaic  
technique withheld info rmatics  
invisible code words aggrandize  
this predestined failure at attempt  
ing to reach the never would be "bride"



of this life (my little “iffy” lifts  
a widdle finger up!) (I feel the uni  
versal cold in yr haunches moving  
slowly ever up the spine be yond  
the erectile (t)issue of thought  
) and philosophers dis card all  
relativity in this failed cognition  
this post hellenic breviary with  
assassinated deities strewn across  
the so called heavenly vault  
what will be come “music” trans  
figures gracefully the buttocks  
dancing musculature into a dark  
knot (I am still breathing)  
at which point the mind ‘s coll  
ateral assumes a depth intimate  
a s tructural sexuality outside  
any forensic defintion (run a  
way lover s) never look the same  
or sturts a flirt through heavy  
parting grief the weights that die  
I sense that now the present  
tense a dense re flective  
will you dine? the verbs “deny”  
any statue’s rotten accolade  
for where you step the water  
s part a way shading a drift  
beyond the ken of all recall  
your skin a (The) song so fragran  
cies despond and tide s recoil  
a thought I was having near the  
usted of my reluctant grammar’  
s dusky coral serenade (?)  
will you mis shapen haul ‘n  
draw the remnants of a “life”  
into some re condite hagio  
grapher’s narrow little re cess?  
over the light yr head stands still  
petite you was a starlet un  
formed from a haven’s past  
a wreck of thinking’s vast  
mis management as all w  
orlds col lide illusion  
‘s stream the particles in flux  
out there nothing looks the  
”same” (do I know you from  
some where?) point illism  
re mains the distance it pre  
tends to “be” ! ex aggerate

you must per form ance s  
are a fix in spatial re very  
all tend s are things? Ente  
lechy's vast un charted domain  
your whistle stop my "pose"  
stricken from the dance &  
pinned to the wall's slumbering  
aegean sea s (seize ! ye  
mortals the now blank quire!)  
up ended yr stuff pro pels  
a jet flow and I am a loft  
a proposal to supersede all  
others be fore me I cry You  
despot in sullied linen a pout  
re mands you first force a dic  
tatress in nylon hosies ling  
ering after rafters of colloid  
al spews tween the darkness  
do I drain too much? integral  
situation ism your video sound  
dubs reach me waxed into  
a green per petuity who you  
primal was echo screens orgasm  
s delight (every sunday 's out  
delay) cyclical re vulsion you  
repulse me after more I ghost  
ly yellow the spermatic ele  
ment of dreams in your bed  
whose other laying place prize  
d over the door with a red signal  
to "please undress yr skin first"  
quim in kimono heavy hipped  
the lip dross and full breasts  
moving from scene to scene  
as camera' s eye balled you  
crystal vagina inter lude a spac  
ed inter section (ed) device  
over extended ad olescence  
as if but eternit ize yr self  
(heavenly body shining to nite)  
radio signals fobbed into de cay  
ancient well springs of orient  
al chasm chaos deliberately  
mis spelled to mean render  
nothing in circles of futility  
ovoid in toxication regulatory  
be yond planetary concern (s)  
"nine" put into full force moon  
s obliga tions in poetic st anzas

much like unto the fair(e) angeli  
que her pudenda left to "rot"  
tail spins over drive until death  
do them fake (dot dot dot)  
crimson organdy a flutter on  
alpha orgasm glows slowly  
fa- fa- fading out of bounds  
and of control even less(e) hi  
atus into spin con cussive  
a god dess de livers her spume  
most the best drunk on thumb  
nerve ends frzzzz shake it out  
"baby" bouncing off padded  
cell lingo moratorium on "sex"  
death bed confusion between  
ideal s of the self and litera  
chure(?) in delicacies of a hem  
procedure and surgery vio la d  
a gamba d'amore and oh boy!  
for flute and string chasm  
in the key of delta minor (???)  
mirrored with arpeggios and cont  
rastive study of recitatif ideo  
grammed and falsfied in high  
"C" (so prano dead hits flat)  
(if this every guts to you, Honey  
make it last!) supreme chocolate  
vainilla cum spumoni dressing  
angelical pubis battered by  
hair pin curve associa shuns  
all mention of marriage to pro  
pitious strangler (you don't  
know me) busted for public  
forni cation in an auto lot  
with damages suing the thous  
ands you mis led in di vorce  
court para mour s hung by a  
loose thread \ embolism chaos  
ballad of the dead café to be sung  
at lesser alti tudes than probable  
your white mishmash wedding  
floss with dress of knives in the heart  
's recondite ab cess it aches  
to think to know to deliver this atro  
city of angels in despair cling  
proof vine latticed mental spray  
across the ward of irretrevability  
white on white with virgin smash  
to boot in ico no clastic re verse

of tradition s bleeding sacro  
cuore liberalism in metallic  
shades of ire and sunday mourn  
-ing de pression ruts and anvils  
mis placed nations pants down a  
fob going in and out loose ly  
(giving “head”) in a downtown  
biltmore sanitarium holy cross  
ball buster nickelodeon harmony  
while the spine does a double “take”  
on the nervous system s pliable  
alimony please fill out below dotted  
line faking orgasm as will en  
counters supermarket trade magazine  
for a cycle of vaginal politics  
if you can com prehend any of “that”  
vedic subterfuge for quid art thou  
asking for di vorce every time  
you get married (slams the glass  
shuts the door, don’t love you  
any more et cetera) run down  
mouth full a dis ease if only  
on knees like a little “prayer”  
sabotage of windmill thought  
patterns each and double the ante  
please as if the islamic angel s  
lifted by the (?) into a higher zone  
(women vomiting on men)  
stand apart while the radio “folds”  
under the weight of such dross  
lip synch the ivory commerc ial  
s pre tending breasts don’t matter  
when in fact santa teresa and  
a brown paper bag malt liquor  
canned attitude simply vicious  
goin g down on the grand master  
schemes that only bring a chill  
to the pubis “flash” danger zone  
un illustrated locks and bolts  
a flame issues forth from the un  
mentionable and beds sink into mire  
dream is un requited the face  
you wore the first time I wore you  
r skin like a song in flight past a  
solo routine on both feet hip like  
a wing soldered to passion’s air  
involved as ever with the interior  
where the soul of man fights  
not for breath but for light be

fore the end is only as near as you  
conceive it to be a treble note  
held so high into the skie(s)  
low comes to the ground stand  
still fate keeps its marker a knuck  
le bone stained white for the time  
hera lost her balance swayed  
and crash! butt end first on that  
priceless sassanid carpet flush  
with deathless lust her face a con  
cussion of last syllables sput  
sputtering in a flaming dialect  
much like unto the sickness of  
the azores past from mother  
to son unto the "end" some where  
near the san francisco inter  
national air drome and fades  
all lissome a sad awe some ingot  
of blaze streaking past the window  
's pointless distance before or  
even as night sets in its grim  
manacle (into my eyes yr face  
"re mains") tracing down sky  
line boulevard into the purple  
hills of an idealized thomas bro  
thers street map rendition of  
"paraiso" (not for me) and the note  
s of the buzz saws conclusive  
evidence of music in sanitary  
de vice (flush be fore using)  
face down in the grass a turf of  
stars swirling (out there) where  
nothing looks the same but for yr  
voice with its haunting trash of  
crushed litter and re cycled  
paintings red on red of the time  
time finally ended (get it?)  
forget where I read that catullus  
or lucretius? a kind of latin  
in still life with bright yellow pastels  
pasted to the thumb sucker  
's indigo passionate wild blossom ire  
some time in the eye 's navigation  
watching the rooms come and  
go dizzying a pace with walls  
colored brightly with pure absence  
dis tant re collection of the im  
pressive instant !!! (I'm in a trance)  
and though you think you're in

control the flesh ends of death  
squad thoughts are still there!  
zombies spit in the cavities of  
yr cheeks green fluids anti biotic  
nothing ness that spell s end of  
desire for you, Honey!  
un hunh choked up with deity  
in some ante chamber where med  
teams ice their valves be fore  
surgical practise on cadavers  
like you whose noon is a revolver  
of speeded up sperm cycles  
ready to shoot into some muscovite  
lingering tavern dark on darker  
with must accolades for juke  
box alcoholics nailed to the floor  
writhing a silent eternal scream  
for each lapsed drink they missed  
as your thumb grazed each brow  
burning the brain's last tissue  
with a charcoal etching of yr face  
into my eyes re mains a the a  
in finite paroxysm of un pron  
ounceable word defiles  
be tween your teeth a doubt  
like fine hair s planted  
which no language can de  
cipher a hooded  
what ever  
you muse on "that" whole night  
s in white satin  
no longer the "beautiful stranger"  
but the jehovah's witness  
with a blazing pistol at the door  
begging you please honey don't  
no more  
are we on the same page yet?  
a door of ash agaisnt which  
you lean unwinding yr skin's  
remains in the penumbra  
dis tance "be comes" you  
at last  
(si l e n c e  
whiten s  
s il en ce  
)  
un til ble aker  
assen ts double jeopardy  
but married again?

in a kilt the groom to die  
fold s over center  
plate (I m in a trance!)  
micro synthetic glosso  
lalia re action to hist orical  
post history rumin ation  
s as if nothing really  
whats a matter ? really red  
kimono lip gloss ideational  
content whirling around  
a little universe astral  
bodies dripping all overt  
space a kindled re frac  
tionally agentive lacking  
true subject (tho you're  
not at home any more)  
and epic models are sus  
pect as to dialect and in  
tonation the aggrava tion  
alone of having run into  
“you” this life time (a) round  
all karmic sense withers  
a dross of dharma and bad  
repose is no where att itude  
seems all to be near you no  
more of “that” a sense that  
a the for ever in articulate  
dis a rticu lation junc tion  
squadrons of mary lou ghosts  
upheaval of dynasties on  
a the rampa ge mongolian  
dis order like a phasia in  
its dis junctive 12 varieties  
a hunh the not hing look  
s the same out “there”  
des pite the “shining”?  
of Yr heavenly bodie [etc]  
or when not to look when  
the looking's good as it get  
s if not better this is the lust  
time 's a wound its clock  
Geschichte von (liebes tod)  
gluck's eury dike to the con  
trary emotions opposed in  
all di rection s known  
fusion poli ticks a group  
idiom in stellar de com  
position s vogue re orient  
the waist flings its dice

breasts heave into “view”  
you are a doxy a hoy  
den a tramp a visceral  
reaction a street dead end  
ed in 15<sup>th</sup> century rome  
borgia killing borgia a dump  
into the flumen the bawd’  
s a gone number blond tress  
“sedicenne” & no more  
fluid anti nomies leg al re  
dressed and fit to “kill” in  
oversize pumps and gilt  
oriental head-mess (fuse  
in hand the mile s grow  
longer a vision of pearl  
and savvy silk road s  
desert ed and sand motel  
s fill with micro sets fast  
ened to ear lobe a tiny  
princess phone by bed stead  
and back home they are  
in a riot over the a wards  
mis matched and un re quited  
) was it 1958 the marriage  
con tract forced into play  
? steam dirge rollers drug  
smirk ed over load in mat  
ted grange of dis tance re  
plete with as lover s die  
leaving with a dreaming sky  
some synt ax does ab solve  
no remnant stays the firm  
a ment she plies in absence  
the wondrous dome a sphere  
un channeled by mind’s old  
traject ories (did smile her?)  
I own does death a grip fast  
hold the neck’s main sort  
and tumble hard down slope  
s less green than ideas  
in their ever un obtain able  
circle high beyond a scheme  
‘tis a simple this ware to gain  
her waist a slip then slide s  
can no more in dust tur moil  
(is ever get ting mar ried a  
gain? Thou! heart ‘s a mess  
ding dong castr ated bull  
in shoppe forging glass proto



col smashes ilion's old lace  
) gong re sounds in sleep  
er's inner ear the chung!  
ashes a heap plenty  
death-face fuck-proxy haunt  
s all illumined nation state  
of the mind as it burns  
cell by cell into a ravished  
infinitude loneli ness at  
last and no thing more to  
believe in are you there?  
carmine painted finger nail  
s a blush mask upper eye s as  
asia hovers into rope walker  
s night mare if talk could  
be straight laced with iron  
curtain and trans mogrified  
a purloined page abstracted  
and blown up to im proper  
size a galleon of blasted  
sails sinking plumb line and  
all into sea of misery  
will next year be worse ?  
are you really marrying for  
a second verse and chapter?  
remember the rose stuck  
between the pages of psalms  
to dry out and hibernate  
till death do 'em part unh  
sham of non chalance  
yr voice iterating "crazy  
for you" in shibboleth of  
reams of unlined tabloid sheets  
made to sound like music  
on a paper radio ideo formed  
with hiero glyphs of shame  
punctuated by porno dross  
a thumb nail version of you  
naked from the waist down  
go go dancer in racine's  
iphigenie with white face  
and paste over hub caps  
before careening into pyramid  
al structures of foreign air  
admit you are a freak a  
gibberish about dead mom  
not home et cetera borgia  
sedicenne blond tresses  
wig hat and red patent

shoes over fly paper re  
lief of angkor wat in storm  
irises and rain clouds shushhh  
celluloid turning "brown"  
or rancid in collision with  
focus near paris 1945 AD  
(proselytized hooker warns  
media no gift is too cheap)  
how is to finish if warm  
bags over eye screens a  
moist tissue and sings!  
If I sleep it is only to get  
away from you damn it  
and who put these rhyme ends  
in my coffee any way way yy  
? flakes of mercury shale  
the viscid night scape as if  
to you know ignite the pala  
tial residences of the Lord  
s in question be ing mult  
iple and not one as promised  
dark hues over darker  
matter until blind ways  
find no moving target  
exit fingers a position high  
above kowloon and BANG  
!!! illu sion's love every  
where shredded a fade o  
gram to unit 7 where they  
are loading space with dark  
sec tioned and halved bit  
by pejorative bit until the  
a last seems heavier than  
every night forbidden colo  
nists ruminate on "her"  
corse the white munitions  
of death being un wholesome  
will you strike the clock ?  
deepened a stroke fixes it  
s illusory "sound" in thin  
atmospheric re lations are  
just that what a philosopher  
could never ex tricate through  
or by logic other than the candle  
weight allotted the un just  
during the holo caust a rim  
too hot to touch and then ex  
plodes in the dream yr face  
is having while it im plores

a god for one last coke  
tongue d and folded into  
cheeks of in candescence  
and swallow s a brief summer  
never made it back though  
empires of actual sand (iraq)  
(had you taken the time  
to be “in formed” you could  
be marrying me this very  
egypt) but “no” you left  
fame get in yr way didn’t ya?  
me was too poor for you  
though we degradated both  
from the same height school  
altit udes above the “other”  
s a chimera for a sheep skin  
and a song of distance each  
so remote as to deny the other  
its being left to under stand  
while motels of turb ulence  
give way to a versailles of  
in consequence (to be measur  
ed in digits of equal oil)  
I am happened at last//  
by art ‘s sake for heaven!  
uz a wuzzy widdle poke?  
sure and if it gets any stronger  
pull the string to let the sleep  
out else it gravitates down  
below the infernal surface  
face sears heat takes skin  
to court and di vorce en sues  
‘member? ( pen name e  
quals actor’s studio)  
I lay my ho heavy head  
down to the “go round” to  
listen? a hoof aggra vates  
the clause about im positions  
on love’s tax tramp ling  
what is a vestige left over  
from the ab original lace cake  
how hot august gets in july  
tingling over as spine reduct  
in sex game with album shots  
still as winter’s frozen gift  
whose is a number short of  
greater than and the iso lation  
ward antics are for sur vival  
only how numb it gets and the

simple things go “under”  
serial killing is a form of re  
demption allowed nation states  
as they worsen for the wear  
pico polo shorts in animated  
re run (if we count how many  
with whom and why will you  
be any different?) boulevard  
radios ruin cars in maiden  
form as license to kill aberrates  
a solo from the box car reunites  
the sublime it has for capacity  
stakes claim to judiciary revlon  
tiff with memory proves fatal  
goes beef in sale tips off and  
weighs under lunar comprehension  
sion vis a vis the fodor guide  
to its suburban realms and jams  
a de vice in reverse a dream  
the “other “ is having in its  
native sprache bolt and sweep  
s empire away from gravid con  
cerning you nothing else really  
matters clouds or otherwise  
some one else’s song revived  
for the monument of ether speed  
ing its way up the vertebral  
column to spheres either cere  
bral or celestial umbrageous  
as grass grown in on itself  
at the root and the portrait  
of you being in my eyes  
until death remains is still a mys  
tery of sorts like import guides  
of a necropolis where sky scraper  
s are forbidden holidays white  
ning at the branch with black  
tapers wedged into orifices  
tender as they are remote be  
ings code word for “vida”  
I exhaust the self with such  
reproaches (whose motor is  
that “out there”?) and when I  
lay the self down twilit with  
ferns and atavistic a light  
does go out over my head  
as yr voice reshapes the fan  
it used to adumbrate a thing  
about the skin of time (?)//

help less as child ren arent  
we? never the same heraclitean  
flux twice a dampened echo  
for every sound mutilated or  
lost as I am under the roof  
of space for ever and ever a  
floral design then goes out  
just like that into an in ebriated  
darkness which are rivers run  
through either ear at a speed  
according to the memory of itself  
tailgated into a notion of  
traffic unlighted and jammed  
into a scientific theory that  
“hurts” you aim your gun  
right where you should and the  
foliage just falls apart faith  
less and a whisper away from  
the eternity it was supposed  
to mimic (but then what do you  
make of yourself from the period  
when you were a “freaK” a sex  
addict a a a the hunh?) pre tend  
to be grown up with child(e)  
harboring pretensions of “art”  
it is all a cheap you don’t get it  
burnt into a car hood tossed  
into a ravine the weeds of fame  
dross chintz torn nylons a white  
battered carcass of identity  
wheels still spinning cycle of  
dirty wash thumb drunk on  
despair

ululate all you want and will  
the krishna in yr myth is not  
“there” god/love of 1300 gopis  
none of whom re ssembles the  
you of vanity fair  
the next time they give the exam  
will you make it? scores  
are next to nothing and face  
down the “winners” forced  
to eat the magma of choice  
gorged and gagging onto logi  
cally speaking  
(I am this “where” of speech  
where ad verbs are a nuisance  
and the spoken noun forms  
are each different for dialect

and tone customized for sui  
cide) is any body “home”?  
muses tilt with heavy metal  
in open debte over “being”  
chasms rip ped gape at  
schisms of re lentless idiom  
juxta positions in psi fi  
aero liths of historiography  
come crumbling down in arena  
phototaped for its pro vocation  
lips trembling for that cinematic  
ouverture to the “kiss”  
rimbaud re edited for digest  
in old persons home near stage  
where revival tents flap thunder  
god in ovation too flat for iron  
and falls on face xxx  
tho still breathing last un heard  
no address given a re wind  
of a former show with audience  
of thousands in underwater  
(lake nokomis?) fete more  
asian than it first appears  
whom I always will love as the  
be end of mystery “itself”  
so there! duplicate that!  
and while there were other  
exits the one with the capital  
letter is the choice of “gods”  
is any thing else fashionable?  
gathers uniforms to dress the  
ambulatory care workers in  
disguise after a menu of poor  
fortune at the wheel (micro  
nauts pedalling across an air  
of pure brain damage)  
in comparison to the map  
where the diacritics are a flashy  
yellow the turn of the century  
mobiles are already a rust in  
form and indentation so the  
paragraphs don’t show like  
they used to in relief gothic  
letterprint and the hard to make  
out footnotes are actually  
street names in old umbrian  
chrubim scalloped for their  
pink digits go howling into  
a bottega oscura (dante

call beatrice 911) shape s  
of doves as cending mariolatry  
which is a poor madonna  
for worse than I bargain for  
here in the labyrinthine medina  
of tanners ink and the dead  
flayed for a millionth time  
bowel strung into angelic rosary  
eyelids burnt a smudge over  
each pupil sees nothing  
is it an anger that gasps  
? lieutenant orders charge  
over infirm water the un  
fathomable liquid of sleep  
oriental in shape and design  
but homeric in tragi city  
(fold wing in two  
cut on dotted code word  
lessen power by two  
and fly!)  
mmm and as for coral  
what other color has it  
but an affinity to lunacy  
? drift ing angst driven  
sea s of rage and menace  
:lucky star: fossil fuel  
phonography of the es tranged  
as be littled in picto scope  
ed itons of a version of a  
the talmudic horoscope  
in mosaic re dress as qualified  
punkt per punkt and abrasion  
s later few live to "tell"  
a man can tell a 1000 lies  
but and the un whole some  
I never deserved "her" and  
sure the b itch left me  
in the proverbial with a hung  
movie audience and assort  
ed visions of mount horeb  
from behind the closed port  
al right where infinity  
takes a curve around the  
bend (potomac sun day  
after noon s lincoln s  
dead memorial) with a pop  
ulation pushing 8 million  
plus the advance and rear  
look forward to a death'

s head relic suck proxy  
hell is this point in time  
and no other a window  
beside the cut fern a bleed  
ing symposion on the fleshy  
arti fact (s) song s a rhumb  
a samba on the wing (y)  
juxta posi tions poisoned  
air line spray waft over  
cemetaries  
idling motor s in dis com  
position (annunziata?)  
look for ward to breezy green  
daze in mile arcadian  
after effects with no real re  
collection of her other than  
as a navel exposed botticelli  
primavera “be” alike  
as white as blanch “gets”  
be fore the final wash on a  
primitive thursday in “time”  
deplorable linen and verse  
as wears a little be low and  
then sinks into the “skies”  
if can be believed an alternate  
take re cords a positive buzz  
somewhere near the kiss “line”  
(punctuation and semaphore  
color coded for belief system  
hair curlers or no a a bsolutely  
knockout fist kiss!)  
is it that we a re pressed ?  
is for delivery ready in heaven?  
is a fortune less spoilt  
in yr under wear pink and soil  
ed? will I ever regret fully  
the every thing it meant  
that you were a subjunctive  
clause waiting to be sprung?  
Is language ir real? ulti mate  
ly why is a function this  
unit of im plausibility ?  
better battered than scorned  
? really it means nothing  
if love is not wearing its  
heavenly bodie to nite  
(as for a care ful reading  
to bleed is the process)  
is it in the history of medicine



that we dis cover that color  
is what velvet scarlet  
is to bed? a license in futi  
lity by the broadside in  
patho skeptical inks  
until what is revered no  
longer has residence on  
“earth” but a hold on other  
climes celestial or –wise  
pala tial dis re gard if  
you do get (re) married today  
who’ll weep the wiser  
to death do ‘em all part  
suckers and fornicator  
s alike submersive who could  
re align the con stellations  
in a spit of heavenly sperm  
nipple to designated nipple  
talk shows to the contrary  
you are a victim finally  
of your own true identity  
shape up and feel the outer  
limits of “soul” spasmodically  
inchoate  
w rues the day of item  
ized red uction cloy  
form fit ting y’ know  
how it feels to be a “girl”  
? dunno and I’ll never  
get near enough to really  
“know” you in yr black  
chameleon leather outfit  
ted for survival in a basque  
berlitz lunacy wave of indgo  
and carmine suffused with  
inks of pallid dare you say  
I sympathize no longer and  
“sold out” cold and cruel  
as cream on the glow  
of a everyone’s favorite  
manniquin dossier and plus  
the things you burnt in th’  
other dream you were a  
resident in alienship study  
ing the grammar of nihilism  
with a peculiarity that you  
will never find out who  
is this that has written you  
up backside and down

with plume of evanescent  
umbrage and in tow a small  
arsenal of lapidary symbolo-  
gies if you can reverence  
the shift from red litmus  
to a horizon littered with  
the cadavers you “used”  
to get to the “top” artist (e)  
that you assume you are  
but should be fried with  
the saints of the dead letter  
orifice in stead with grips  
and a manual for debarking  
on islands of quicklime and  
mercury asafetida et cetera  
do I weary of you? finally?  
voodoo don’t you? relying  
almost wholly on fragments  
to de compose the alpha  
in your homonym I fo course  
employ tools of b iitter truss  
and fold with care over  
the impress your wet thigh  
left careening in a sophist’  
s nightmare about the last  
century before the de bacle  
in rhyme when you supposed  
a venice of white smash  
virginal hymeneal quivering  
with finger in bottle and  
thumb in mouth til drunk  
on yr own identity’s hybris  
a mutilated doll with rump  
slash ivory hesitation in re-  
verse objectify “that” if  
and when you could! illu sion  
s every where with love’s  
cold doppelganger ready to  
terrify you at the top of the  
proverbial stairs Boo!  
Bad Bang don’t Hukka  
Japanese symposium on  
poetics of nirvana (see bud-  
dhist suffragette p. 191)  
when you drop the various  
and varying night shades  
you take on as property of  
the right look for the button  
where shiny leather relents

in stricken pose buttock  
side out and slap shazam  
dimpled and wear the veteran  
image of a sleaze punk whose  
shit faced on mirror image  
'cuz to be a "girl" is de grading  
fish net nylon blank fuse  
tongue in slot and file d tooth  
comb delivery right into a  
room full of the mortician's  
quick and the dead fer kriss  
ake s! outtakes of a bedlam  
re designed for yr next album  
aetas 42 and still pending  
a blaze with yr "natural" hair  
worn like a joke over left  
eye prompted for smooth and  
shakes a deity to his marrow  
(but No the dist ance is a  
matter of expanding space  
no minute is survival now  
who will ever know you  
other than a pattern  
on a mental rug  
swiftening a  
shh H)  
dia logue to be used  
care that the opposite not  
be intended liner notes  
to the contrary and dec ipher  
the code as "vida vida vida"  
face down in the lush anti  
growth of the adult female pubis  
if I didn't have these "pangs"  
to hurt you in a residency  
of (to be determined  
perhaps decades after this  
has gone to print?)  
or as it passes all must be  
gold that doesn't happen later  
your annual gallery of fotos  
arrived today more worn for  
the look than the wear of a torn  
out tabloid pose which you're  
getting too old for at yr age  
act it rather than buxom  
still with a lot of make up  
the face you indulged so long  
is just another phase in the pas

sage of things towards the  
in evitable in visible rather  
have a toss at your mojave  
out take than this in sipid  
sequence of you're rather  
dull now a proxy with fuck  
past beyond the sheen of  
a over developed lip gloss  
better the god took you a  
year or so back while  
the poem a poem was ripe  
for you r coffin slither  
antics and dis grace out  
rage of all things cha cha cha  
should I be angry at me or  
at the you I took me for  
when I was so dissolved in  
the quintessence of yr beauty  
? and if you can question  
that answer be fore it plexes  
the singularity of a space  
without provocation cloud s  
luster and bite of the prisoner  
whose skin you imitate d  
in order to arrive at that "noon"  
oh that perfect noon et c  
but it all goes in the loss dump  
the city side pool plunge  
into ob livion fetid and arro  
gant as you tend to be during  
and after interviews mmm  
hesitate to muss yr hair  
before shaving the idol of  
its last shadow and "freeze"  
before the dis play of tarmac  
toward which we all "fall"  
des pite the dist ress signal  
omicron equals O mega  
you no longer look comfortable  
with the self you chose to be  
a wary glance yes and you hide  
what you you used to tease  
you're not the kind I used  
to think you are a double edge  
d innocence pretense in your  
eye s a distance softened  
("oh the towering feeling")  
a hue toward ghostly elegance  
before the pit s you stumble

sleeping towards an ambience  
beyond the photo glyphed  
cipher you have become no  
more the radiance of a death  
ly and deadly Prima vera  
in her smitten pose to de  
stroy all before its wake  
you can't be the real thing  
stalking its own presence  
in night shade and flush amber  
drool patterned in the walls  
where no ear can listen to its  
rather violate you once more  
“please” no matter what road  
show it is past the time of day  
's don't matter either and the  
wind socket 's out of control  
fave rave choices blur in second  
s the mantel just “blows” who  
yr face was supposed to be a few  
years after leaving home town  
broad across the mid riff diamond  
in navel and half a road across  
the plaza from san pedro 's bonita  
wasn't you once? I don't care no  
more for red kimono or plush chintz  
velvet “boy toy” pin cushion  
half a life (wife?) a way where  
the rods and cones pierce beta  
gram in lifeless attempt to get  
a point across the beam soldered  
view with anticipations of rodrigo'  
s favorite daughter lucrezia weeping  
weeping weeping alfonso's dead  
grief spares no one even under  
the taker in his moribund puss  
swallows gingerly the left ale  
and proceeds to brighton beach  
for a last remote for love's kill  
deer hasten to add scot land to  
the kingdom ('member when  
could cross one in a day?)  
aggra vation while beauty's  
pose regards all strangers as  
a curse off balance the dread  
as all holydays are fear ridden  
the drift cumulates against a win  
dow 's favorite light spot a beer  
for a comrade in arts she/you

could have been if understand  
ing were no problem but sleep  
all day and hope no request is  
too great for the small buddhas  
of the park in their roaming habit  
at where the vermilion parts  
its hair a line to adjust in the  
broken glass of attitude (reef  
er?) to the principle of edge  
versus reason agitating wheel  
s under storm a drained reply  
con cussive ever ready batter  
ed and blues punch lines  
soon also the desert and its  
remains suburban as cathedrals  
under water glimpsed through  
the eery waves of mirage  
and miracle you got this “far”  
but after skirting danger just once  
you took to safer heights mono  
grammed and to wit a CEO  
a cloned maverick after thought  
shaved arm pit s ‘n vanished  
skin cream high lighting a sort  
of inc andescence that used  
to be (dhanyavad) You in arrear  
s (factory parts delivered sepa  
rately as per diem greement)  
but if you Are this year’s ver  
sion queen then rally around  
the skin’s purposelessness  
once the worm gets its cankered  
rose a dust bit of fluff all you  
ever were in a micro phone  
plugged into des habille chari  
ty smoke and weary me no More  
! please the drunk in the oven  
wants Out tin tinnabul ations  
of a soprano strangled on wire  
bits of chews a pliant tongue  
wrapped twice around metal  
code for “vida vida vida”  
jofre de rudel in the morgue  
DOA was it habit a formed  
hyssop and hydrangeas flock  
whitening like clouds in what  
remains of the eye to view  
lawns of dis parate tendencies  
you for me and me for you

“great and tender the flowering  
fields of heaven, wouldn't you say?”  
wild for you no more it says  
on the london marquee brown  
ing as fogs in the sun setting  
each jewel a little less than be  
fore twinkle platter iri descence  
as flaws go then skies too  
ground down behind the ephe  
meral and purple ridge which  
is mental only for “fix me”  
a map shows nothing after all  
some roads that wind up in invi  
sible ink beyond the point of dis  
charge happening to finally “be”  
an index to a former bride  
scale half an inch to the mile  
(is this page 24 already?  
and how far left to go?)  
links to a suffering pubis  
a delicate entry with re ference  
s to the a former state of mind  
ply wood oriental ism dross  
over load in sub african poly  
gamy with fusion of tech  
niques via the wry aspersion  
that “nothing really matters”  
climatized and de zoned  
in forces of up to eight to  
the minute with as an over  
thought the tight consistency  
of vermilion applied to the hair  
of the be loved in a swoon des  
pite the heavy bombardment  
of that pig “cupid” aimed  
a serial killer at best whose  
valentine frock sur charge  
re leases little by litter  
some para grammatical rule  
s bound to over throw  
a dominant paradigm (histori  
city chug a chug a ) thongs  
tightened around the un name  
able to leap a whole wind  
blast at a structure whose  
infinity demands a sacred  
for collateral half a hemisphere  
loose and from the waist down  
still dancing go go flip

heaven heaving tassel ed  
bits to a less than numinous  
quarter of terra firma  
ob livious of the sessions  
with magna mater dea supreme  
(what did I ever see in “you”?)  
so the shreds splatter a section  
here a ruin there some dials  
no longer work sleep has it  
s annual fray and death takes  
“over” the pilot light above  
yr head a semi sensual seismic  
code with re lief for a target  
as based on a per mensem  
dys function al (or) gasm  
nailed to the coffin of life  
it all comes back, don’t it?  
fractional phases of a lunacy  
you couldnt avoid what with  
the coroner’s report in blank  
and the thaumaturge urging  
revulsion of the utter sex  
opposite the wall from the  
calendar displaying orlando’  
s wit cup which you drank  
as if it were the thumb of  
time to be downed in the space  
of a birth (swifter than “a”  
ray of light) cosmo gonies  
spelled as if they were passion  
plays for the reversed of mind  
a such an one are you to boot  
or how will I ever give to take?  
looking for a wig for jocasta  
you were caught on fleet street  
speed reading the diana obit  
thinking you are as british as  
a queen de oriented from  
satrapies of despair  
but what are you but a flunk  
a drop out from the recognition  
s as syncopated by the peri  
patetic school linking column  
a to column b with ionic  
spear in mouth face down  
in to reject the light grown  
and too old to face the fire  
as flashes pop and a unique  
system agitates its un whole



some delicacy at you as  
what else do/did you know?  
sapphire emblematics and a  
pink section with umbilical  
paste to be applied in center  
folds of aristotleian logic  
what you "hail" is a rhetoric  
al sky a fading print in the woof  
a delible spiral sunk in the cor  
tex a unit no longer of thought  
but of of of what?  
forgot to repair the plumbing  
an afternoon in the pleiades  
with You, d rather not  
doing those self same cross  
word puzzles that bring on the  
rain y day afternoons for ever  
ennui ( haze hushes its fog  
over yr unblooming mouth  
a tape scotches yr eyes)  
to with stand the in evitable  
plex within the laby rinth  
of violent ink you have  
used repeatedly to get  
back what you never had  
get it? full spoon of junk  
white in organic dose  
make you high as a magazine  
of irreverent powder s  
ready to blow over a cuba  
of dis proportionate fever [  
honey chile I don't think  
I luv you no more]  
creole saffron dilations  
open wider mouth to re ceive  
a divine dividend in liquid  
formations much like a  
aleph bitter gimlet to the  
taste and sprea ds slow 'n  
eazy over the vestibular  
brain de ceased at probably  
1:15 this morning ask  
ing for a last flush of gas  
in the royal cannister  
label peeled over brim and  
eye sockets electric with  
doubt you ever knew my  
name and I let a woman  
get in the way (according

to the mirror's spectral  
foot note)  
socratic in tuition brings  
you I should say re-views  
you for the brief in take  
it matters to revolve a light  
where your face used  
to engrave on stone the fol-  
lowing commands beside  
the situationist demands  
for breath and grass and  
a bit of cloud work less  
physical than denominational  
so pink that sub-lime  
and pulled down from the rear  
remains of the rags  
of a virginal entropy  
(when revulsion turns  
to maiden form a fit less  
than lingerie dirtied  
the sullied little bitch a  
tramp once and always  
whelp ounce per ounce)  
so puts an end to this re-  
vilement this sordid em-  
bankment of mind in mud  
this soliloquy with the ab-  
sent other in torn rag  
dress chiffon puke  
ignition impossible  
through impassive tracts of  
anti-literature in phony  
french parisian petti-slips  
a frock all but burnt  
at the shoulder full steam  
in back the tenements  
in their broken spanish  
attempt to fix their plumb-  
ing lined with ooze  
spectral display of deccan  
chords oo-la-la raga  
in telugu camp or deal  
night train or nyquil  
to pakistan border line  
gonna lose my mind  
the mufti in arrears  
will shoot on first sight  
like love in a natural dis-  
order despite movie

park themes in old mumbai  
talkie with spaghetti west  
ern to boot spurs 'n all  
in yr chintzy ersatz so  
called country and rodeo  
“look” all fragments of a  
home coming beauty queen  
ditched for an embryonic  
princess “Di” which is  
no wonder yr're acting so  
britisch lately (doppel gang  
banged for sweetums  
links to disastral dripp  
ing like bad wine in cello  
phane to be recommend  
ed to the poor in dross while  
not spiritually over whelming  
this new note should  
be sent via pataphysics  
to the last of kin to be  
technically connected  
to the remotely dead  
of space and time which  
means inch by inch )  
there are the other sug  
gested question marks myst  
eria and hedge rows of blasted  
but pink death heads a  
silken tuft of warp  
and the usual “I told you so”  
s itching to burn the fuse  
til all sky sort a collapses  
in the movie frame rend  
ition of iterated economic  
failure which is no plus  
in the long run other than  
a down graded ontology  
including the original “still”  
s that show you freezing  
next to a dead radiator  
in the lower east side  
in the decade of porno  
go go and deco glitz turn  
ed to punk rust day glow  
frzzz junk in spoon ed  
lobotomy with tresses  
each the other in length  
dancing a shimmy metallic  
doo wop shatt ered pin

nacle of ignorance when you  
if you can think about  
“it” consider the feminist  
verities in “plied”  
as if silver ware had  
sound tracks and gold  
was only a nasal quality  
in your bad singing “style”  
colon dot dot dot whoosh  
syllable by syllable a  
pick hit meant to self  
detonate after the fourth  
hearing in the men’s room  
where a quantum image of  
you sort of hovers in the less  
than clean air (so I am all  
about “that” resignation  
signing off for the fobbed  
and foiled of heart to  
the rhythm of a psycho  
electro disk watch  
rubber banded for time  
‘s last spool through  
the tape deck moving  
I’d say at the spook of  
light one fractioned of  
a hair split to the left  
and then

) !!! /?/

guess es tourn a ment q.e.d.  
no body is that “bad”  
at acting the part are  
them? hastens to drop  
where others fail to read  
bleak splinters of light  
“bajo la tormenta”  
or where athens fails to lead  
chinese in a scrotum  
with word value list  
per increment in 3 bound  
volumes box set indi  
cations of han empire  
down falls all red kimono  
and lip blush high liner  
despite eye ball chromium  
in validated at best by page  
by page description of ele  
vated tungsten over load  
was this poetry? snatch

it said on yr t-shirt  
with breasts of sand and  
spire in ear de claiming  
non virtue of tao //  
hundreds of reams of  
dozens of tomes later  
in the byzantine center fold  
this time with navel ruby  
and ticket to blow in  
no time the im pressive  
instant be comes the im  
passive moment (eter  
nity) etherized and sniff  
ing glue off the once agile  
wrist band symposium  
“what time is it?” with a  
dis pensation from rodrigo  
borgia in medium hema tite  
to the left of the umbrian  
turn off a roadster duplex  
'48 chevy with door s wing  
ing wide ope' yr maw  
aggravated collapse of  
systems visualized as  
a dust storm with soft er  
padding in the middle a  
ferment of sex lust and  
ovarian cancer as a  
re sult (doesn't suit the  
novel buyer of lady's  
mura saki tasting re  
fined with a helix shot  
of fair light above the brow  
where fate's mid line dis  
integrates in choate principle  
as propounded by p. valery  
) so what is left of the ochre  
rib liner? I told you to  
put it back in the fridge  
before the ions get it  
even though you think  
you've become more civil  
ized and less prone to  
sock it to the un wary  
with your illuminated sex  
and graphic violations  
of all propriety (don't  
cry for me argentina)  
we are the “road show”

honey this time and for  
 ever but first divorce me  
 then mate me then con  
 sign me to the rubbish  
 a heap of other people's  
 dreams a penny wight  
 a splinter neath the nail  
 a polished frenzy of ludicrous  
 hazing im polite for "us  
 ted" fuck off! (cf berlitz  
 code paragraph 99  
 question mark virtual  
 zerO) e quivalent of the  
 vida symbology in late  
 old middle troubador prosody  
 cinch gifts mistral amb  
 li jorn son lonq en mai  
 etc re sidual prima vera  
 in her brittle scorn  
 of skin and dew be fore  
 the first sun fades in to  
 noon' s altered state  
 (and this if it ever "gets"  
 to you will well re mind  
 you of proust' s odette)  
 how many angles long  
 is that? for starte rs  
 revert to the motor city'  
 s recording studios ca.  
 '61 "my momma told me"  
 daft se quences on wood  
 lawn avenue with lucretius  
 under arm whose roll call  
 s venus as the prime wit  
 ness in dactylic hexa meter  
 (do we woo others for their  
 primal verse? ) it gets so  
 dif ficult as years pro cess  
 their cold celluloid and  
 the bins fill up with  
 random random ness heart  
 s grown old and  
 ++++++++  
 OK so that's it proverbial  
 ly sparking as such ness  
 goes so does the rusted  
 pre fabricated blasted non  
 sensical aspect s of the  
 nation's utter half bottom

wise as spokes are broken  
so snaps are brittle your s  
especially as I ken the fabric  
s no good the worsted matter  
like your skin is no longer  
the song it used to be or  
what else matters not the  
love you promised a second  
hand runaway lover's two  
bit transgression on t.p.  
verso with section by sec  
tion cut ups of the mid riff  
forelorn and lip slotted  
for a universal return to  
inertia forever yours and  
sincerely your name [here]  
as mine has no value in yr  
system of down scale vir  
tues replete with mid asian  
buddhist sogdian prayer  
wheel linking sufi to tao  
in a single leap while gasp  
you fix a less than penitent  
stare at the various and  
really multiple skies mapped  
for a final and intuitive and  
I don't know what I ever  
saw in you in the first place  
a random and doxy hoyden  
re treated into a winchester  
rifle's sights and pre pared  
to rake the lawn with yr car  
bonized remains shadow  
less and less intricate too  
that you gave yrself credit  
for being not even a grammar  
book isolationist your vaginal  
threats to the episodic of heart  
didn't work your cantilevered  
cunt with its various and  
agonic intimations of a some  
times minoan past full of archaic  
insinuations about how agamemnon  
"got it" over and over again  
the third act esp with its tab  
loid aluminum covers and  
promises of utter gutter level  
pornography what was that  
? you were about nothing

absolutely nothing but image  
meal a piece of meat carrion  
mould bait flesh for dead god  
s whose olympus was razed  
in 1945 in the face of soviet  
take "over" though blindly  
and some times viciously  
like a worm with hooks into  
the human rose you worked  
your nominal and tandem  
variations through gloss  
vinyl and celluloid into a con  
scious adaptation of the "Id"  
play dancing with the "exotic"  
on a stage of material nature  
but only an imi tation of "life"  
your jivatma being was merely  
a spiral in a hallucinatory incan  
descence meant to mire the  
millions in a mirage of "sex"  
fantasy for adults with toy  
brains for a disco purpose  
instilled with brutish desire  
s and little scope for the anima  
's kindled re juvenation  
which should have been  
in the scattered footnotes  
of the postmodernist herstory  
you were trying to incorporate  
bite by bite in the fiction  
of tissue you re fer to as "you"  
forever yours the ignominious  
unchartiable selfish pro duct  
of the me-generation and  
so forth ad nauseam cha cha  
++++  
what difference does it make?  
++++  
soft in version s  
I am making a big mistake  
so ends closest to tight end  
of stick coro llar ies in lime  
colored con vertible with  
roses a décor suitable  
or I am no longer I spurn  
the lovelorn the deficit  
in the lower left margin  
functionless at last a time  
that zeroes in on nothing



really matters a deepened  
flux revolves in halves  
behaving neuron sex ( )  
tioned as new year evolve  
s into aspect some times  
russian in variant with piano  
scrolled back to view just  
once more the distance you  
in habit or claim to on verso  
titled with script in stone  
plate rendition (ashoka claims  
hospital by road side hhhh  
apply no situationism, please!)  
regularity of memory  
is it self a myth driving down  
interstate 5 with half a tank  
of love near bakersfield  
as all implodes (!) mess a  
blues heat over times equals  
denatured alcohol vivi  
sectionism as necessary  
saks dumped beside macy  
s year long sell to end  
sales habitual references  
to tail spin cyclopedic der  
vish form fit in old mumbai  
with a somewhat less  
than de tailed dove cote  
fluent in old marathi  
whose third eye is coded  
with a los feliz address  
stone (d) in scriptions in  
brahmi variant syllabary  
tomb stone devanagari at best  
with inclusions of a miasmatic  
nature something like a  
modern egyptian movie the  
ayter regarding the resurrection  
rection e rection (?) of  
horus circumscribed and  
-cised as well pieces tossed  
ed into artesian cyst removal  
from the ovarian  
alphabet to the sumerian  
temple writ the holy whore  
cluster fucking by the northern  
gate with neon brow  
and tinsel savage like wilshire  
in a white roadster heated

up for police chase into martini  
bin leafing thru old vanity fair  
s at two in the morning  
as if You would mani fest  
re declared a mongrel bitch  
with fang poison flip top  
switch is off for ever on  
you re erased from the map  
metallic shades of ever deep  
er blank until the shine  
is only a reflection from  
a previous wedding cycle  
thumb drunk on intro spec  
tion in yr shiny red other  
japanese frock coat hiro  
shima jism contents labelled  
“peligro” squirming thru  
the re hearsal in silence  
film with drawl (let us take  
this blank for a buddhist  
moment and turn it into  
nothing you could eve r  
possess not love nor its  
verso in topless head dragon  
wear ) who’s that out side  
the window ? wor shipped  
for yr invalidity and re viled  
for yr lacking grace  
(a thing no hago grapher  
would ever en dorse)  
if even as a un topped  
desire with loss of flank  
no subsidiary passion  
left over remnants of a  
brutal dream with whip  
lash concord (e) lopement  
as begins to resemble the late  
de capitated priincess in her  
tunnerl of :love: amper sand  
s and tool s of hair thin  
I cannot re capitulate with  
any frequency what soever this  
is none of my doing  
her is tore up rip ped  
open up ended dis embowell  
ed forensically “wasted”  
as this poetry is junk value  
nominalism or if blossom  
s fell a face forward in

time's interrupted space  
so you would be finally no  
where in all directions at  
once a lasting silence after  
all songs are frozen on tape  
deck and surmise the column  
where a spinal origin of sex  
begins to climb chakra after  
chakra into the more than  
vaguely numinous sup  
position (annunziata?)  
who as for the "girl" friend  
in question is a synthe sis  
in hapax night mare form  
ation plus the triangular  
and forbidding section  
imaged as a [censored]  
re vealed as trajectories  
in (s) pain with back rhythm  
supplied by vaguely white  
laced associations (what  
a girl [sic] feels) is never  
good enough for me with  
drum pounding ear s plit  
ting a drenalin rush side  
s wipes at the purolator  
that drives the "soul" 's  
ignition bi valve or a sym  
metrical as musical ad  
notation s go so does  
the nation as here hither  
forth a p\l\o\c\l\e\s\l  
to deny the in extinguish  
able by any other "name"  
do not apply rules and  
un governable hypo the  
sis about the various super  
strata (linguistic in ference  
) blow s all drafts a way  
leaving the core "poem"  
the appeal to the muse the  
a in trin sic ! phallacy 'bout  
engine "failure" a divine then  
a less than platonic then a  
down right dirty in flection  
around the labia working back  
wards through various spin  
al ad fect ation s simulacra  
which usually leave s 'em

cold (like the night the music stopped) phonetic division to the left 3 doors down to the ground I've been so not up to the skies pulse equals zero in inflation rate mechanical as doors go to sleep and the vast synergy of "things" becomes radiantly apparent (non sono quel che paio in viso) and the shadow you left behind in the dream still doesn't "fit" so what do you expect? animadversions in a thin filtered water supply please moon abrasions left in dust like image patterns gazelles weaving in and out of the floor boards a breath of white "air" wake no more small section below the footnote where it says I cry for "more" is this a significance? a matter de cries its solo a soprano voice simulating a cargo of light even as the threads unravel in a labyrinthine "thought" (utter conclusions fettered by a quondam gravity as to what all fall(s) down blackening the areas where a planet was last seen in fiery spectacle a mirage in ) you weren't there either not from the first nor did the "red" betray you in the Japanese version singing that really mattered nothing actually until grace to be born and then what ?

through the needle's eye thread you –niformly wedded to a sanction just be

side the ivy patterned  
be wilderment each hand  
unknown to the “other”  
shaking with a fossil envy  
(I never should have got  
ten so excited each time  
your picture came out on  
the new s rack – what  
could you see? ) fission  
or if we were located any  
where near ninth & figueroa  
atchison topeka and santa  
fe time aside with a logo  
s warning signal s bi part  
ite commands barked in to  
memory’s tunnel vision ary  
psycho phenomena and  
“this” is winding down a  
gain a few seconds give  
or take and more than less  
a moment of breath be  
fore the light s go “out”  
for the last chance saloon  
wearing her bodice of star  
fruit and spangled glitter  
eye shade immaculata  
for the count down that is  
who you are thinking of  
never come near the right  
fossil and organization al  
break s down into un equal  
half for you and lighten up  
for me jesus bread wine  
and company associated film  
traders micro form fit  
analgesic redundancies  
or cata strophic grammars  
in modal re cension a wash  
with (who was that necro  
phile I saw you with last  
night?) or in the film re  
vision of the former es cap  
ade with illusions lighted  
everywhere and a mournful  
song plus its donor (now  
de capitated beside highway  
one) rest stop elong ation  
as waves pour in with re gret  
s about the slipped ability

to make it this time a round  
but sorry no other life time  
s are offered fuelled by a cog  
nition of sheer futility  
why bother to try to even e  
rase what has already happen  
ed in the mind's turbulence  
? (do you know who "that" is:)  
what eventualities are and break  
s down sobbing be cause space  
was not all there is  
is there ? a question about  
the light above your head  
is it ex tinguished or are the  
relevant values still in place?  
re looking at the old reels  
to re place some sort of per  
spective if all is possible  
why not that what I am con  
sidering is re wiring all pro  
bability (-ies?) re member  
ing all the while that Each  
is the Other (nylons run  
in tear up sunset strife)  
the il legal tender you was  
in so much dis a rray  
like lightning struck and the  
notes out of synch (so long  
baby)

[Though I am not privy to the details  
you refer to in yr love dispatch  
to one named Malena,  
I am on the other hand acquainted  
with yr sentiments of passion and longing  
having for some time suffered  
a similar disability myself.  
to wear the "other's" black underchoses or  
to behave with the realization that  
Socrates was a woman!  
It seems to me, nay it Strikes me  
that in your recondite heart  
you are a Poet!  
Perhaps as you grow out of  
adolescence  
and proceed from Brothel to  
Life's Unknown Stakes,  
some of that "art" may burst  
into flame, as you put it,

and Love will find You, and  
not the other way around.  
In the meantime, make sure  
to lose your wit-cup  
in order to enjoy the "maze"  
all the better.  
Remember: Each is the Other!]

ex cerpted from the now fumous  
dis regard for the love lorn  
lost at odd ends with stifle  
ended cycles of dis repair  
and the by now less fumous dis  
charge (aim ed at yr "pudenda")  
ere cycles come to frame alter  
ed spaces re invention s  
arent you as well the tide's  
new format? // blank ideo  
gram s with sephulcral fore  
bodings about the future 's  
less than likely issue (s) for  
eigners at the door, hear?  
frame freeze work s  
in solid pattern ed dis  
junct un ceremonious as  
re mbrance s go or are  
a raft of desires a passion  
to re kindle but ebb s no  
no sooner sparked then  
un plugged a sobbing in  
the lobes less a harsh be  
fore the softening foot  
fell as hush is for orient  
in byzantine land scape  
ferns and dent de lion  
s wherever one tread s  
and head falls so heavy  
neath feather weight of  
un associated // thought  
you were "mine" for a minute  
que pelago! me muero!  
que lastima! etc values  
property or other's  
wise on sunset "strip"  
down to the ground  
as vehicles fly then hunh  
abrupt as naked you  
she is every "woman"  
wet from waist down

the length of a comma  
in reverse if language  
were less explicit or the  
far reaches of the uni  
verse isnt that where  
we could be so un pre  
dictably dead in our  
ermine and gold chase  
flickers a divinity so rare  
that you are embossed  
in its secret navel for  
you are not born but in  
vented to be "re born"  
as many times as the maga  
zine has articles a plenty  
the sophisticated and de  
ranged of heart who have  
or lack no/all principle  
s and jet setted night  
mare means nothing equals  
zero quanta to be fried  
in brain's least chamber  
apo calypsis as an even  
"number" radiant and  
un defined ultimately  
the word (for example)  
imbroglio umbrian for  
short cut to nerve end  
ings (borderline =  
orgasm!) wee hours of  
dis traction "push you  
over the" re action to  
unh hemi spheric col  
lision (whose brain are  
you any way?) seis mic  
and myst erious as virtue  
is not she is you all over  
a gain didn't she know?  
white whis per shh hear  
walls are listening to ever  
read the book about? mine  
is the poem with out dis  
junction s para tactical y  
un sound and bound in two  
hand less volumes either  
colored for the bird of  
oriental choice (green is  
for death as blue re vives  
"white") fuse is a jazz



embryo realia piqued  
a spatial color is the lack  
thereof and still cannot get  
enough of what is not "there"  
as is all longing and  
silence sighing on tides  
drawn forth by moon's  
dying luster (do you like  
the blue of these "walls"?  
) a barely perceptible in-  
tonation as you seem to  
accept the dying process  
as a part of social agent  
so it is gratifying to re-  
member that we are all  
totally and viscerally mor-  
tal ? /// pack(ed) a revolver  
to sing if the guitar breaks  
down dim sights on late  
night television with mum-  
mers chorus in key of delta  
overdrive whooshing down  
la brea toward Pico dead  
of the hour before run-  
ways break their dawn flight  
s to some unspeakable in-  
ferno Cuban by design  
and irreversible by fate  
(which may be no more  
than fifty pages a length  
if width is no problem  
so why bore me with the  
details of ) little pat-  
terns while diverges great  
who is reported to be so  
"small" feet and all ( )  
wearing a thin blue stripe  
with center piece of ele-  
gant fuchsia or is it a nar-  
cissus stem bolting the iris  
of the other eye where mirror  
folds its shadow from the  
diamond's wedded light  
and as intrigues go a flower  
opens in the dark's mid-  
riff with scatter shot at  
gold pollen lapels and un-  
zipped the western hemi-  
sphere just goes a way

the flesh peels off its leotard abrasive inter functions a little to the byte of the saxon chronicles who will devoutly devote the "his" self to the "you" usted of declamatory rage inside the hose wasted by wearing each one of you is "every" woman in her "blue" period oscillating and tremulous a lip savaged by passion within the envelope of spite and ire the inkling of halved worm in the rose's cancer ovarian vegetation to be sung at quarter the octave higher than pitch de serves yr revolving frame more diminutive than ever decided to move into the biopic tionary sunset and los feliz then on to tower records where the huge billboard spreads like an awning into a sky beyond reach the culmination of despair despite the success of millions multiplied by frustration the rare gem sunk inside the etc  
wear some aint it?  
as who you will refrain from being next the oval shifts its glass your eyes a bit chinois this time doncha think? I am going to spread the metropolitan area further south and east into the cochella valley where parched editions of "you" await a new magazine issue with vast unnumbered pages and no index to guide the lost of love to the key of hearts ("frozen") mmm bit of remorse flaked with a a a "ink"? splat s floor

board s hit wire sig nals  
depth probe on uni vers  
al flats with floor sinking  
until miasma e quals de gra  
dation (you al ways come  
off so dumb “?” in inter  
views) so you are less  
to look forward to and  
developing a static over  
this radio ‘s diamond  
stylus appropriate to  
or you are be come numb  
as the holo gram of hiro  
shima during the “blast”  
im pressive bang doncha  
instant –matic re condi  
tioning with hair in volved  
around dia phrag matic?  
-s parallel bar s (chomsky)  
con fuse with 1<sup>st</sup> marri age  
all that alcohol and poor  
ly heard music a round of  
silence please, hunh? are  
con ditions re alizable any  
more what with the world  
in a micro form situa tion  
ism (what is the matter ?)  
in elegant as option s go a  
freeze on all “ideals” un  
til the good times roll \\  
mantic cer emonies in ob  
verse the religion in a pin  
wheel chanting shanti etc  
thrice over AUM the belly’  
s lip jewel sunk deep in  
lotus re formation (laby  
rinthine ripples on the ganges  
) pool deep in mud the rim  
dis appears and only a  
white in formation re main  
s less in tact than be lieved  
in a former life I must have  
been you who have come back  
to elude me in this life a round  
it s so sickingly cyclical  
a void of intricacies each a  
one piled on each the other  
until upper s and downer s  
stiffen the self into being

less than was hoped for  
from the advertising copy,  
huh? advance token to  
board walk (you live in a cage)  
fuse organs to elemental  
(air) a god is walking through  
the lyrics one more time just  
to make "sure"  
actually I hope to have all this  
packaged before the next holy  
day as I 'm certain it will never  
reach you by the time the sum  
mons is served (all that pounding  
up stairs for what?) I grieve  
the very lace adorned your  
pubis and I walked all over  
the desert tract where they were  
laying down new streets  
for the future division  
the municipia are a terrifying  
replication of heat in neo  
form with mirage wavering s  
similar to the ones you warmed  
on the radiator on east houston  
? that's probably the wrong  
memory of how it was  
I have no capitulation  
other than the linoleum was  
flush red and stars seemed  
to circle in the winter win  
dow's failing sun image  
other gods came and went  
leaving a crepuscular glow  
reminding one of an orient  
of chiffon and crepe paper  
(a mordant satisfaction)  
haze clears way for rays orna  
mental in decisive splays  
on recent shore receding  
vision of skin's song how  
it ends nouvelle bague a  
bacchant in the long run a  
maenad a  
down a tumble d frail a  
lasting nothing does  
not even burnt into th'  
eyes of eve a shade less  
or more pale than blanch  
re recorded over the dub

bed system lip synch meno  
pause dis tillations drop  
by drop to the every last  
breath you take  
a re frain un ful filled  
land s a way bracken  
tarnished metallic hori  
zon(e) don't look back  
I'm not there the person  
you presumed I to be  
not even you  
this ontological trap  
or in the tape register  
a sequence of "letters"  
that could shape a name a  
-tity little over a  
dull re winding spilled  
essences fading faint  
a graph linked to no thing  
cannot make the con  
nection the re habilita  
tion necessary to "see"  
the light  
the light  
the light

(where it has gone a  
link is light there to  
be had some where a  
sur prise e vocation  
gently re con sider  
powder white with myst  
erious wafts of dewy  
air a sem blance of a  
after thought s un  
reflected in darker glass  
tape d to a dis appear  
ance dotted with minus  
cules vedic ab straction  
s on a single "note"  
held high into the next life  
[light?] just pour  
s out and space)  
choreo fant icide a sluice  
lets way thru (space) hung  
over a limb rotting s way  
s outta bounds a hamper  
echelon squad of dead  
in mildewed rags a fervid

lingering reminiscence  
that all was that ever was  
right? // a voyage to  
wards a clump of inky  
stars wailing sax and  
golden thrombosis the  
brain's a dead give a way  
that we was ever a living  
(whisper if the music plays  
the favorite when you're  
"down") other is wise  
to foment angelic death  
wearing a breast plate for  
a side vision of paraiso'  
s other half where a  
bouts are no place to be  
scene taken two days be  
fore the "fall" (when I found  
that picto gram of you all  
a child like with hands  
to plat at) dove's call  
so fast frame your frozen  
act and placid ly devote  
some life to me! OK it didn't  
get through the last time a  
round los feliz corner of tear  
duct and gland a random  
whose what of why the hell  
each boulevard fasts for a  
re rail of the one time a  
road takes to reach its hell  
of a destination no paraiso  
intended the failure is to  
give when not noticed and  
to receive when abounding  
in attention des pite th' early  
warring symbology clash  
with sub titles in crimson  
for un fettered mentality  
and letter each tittle d dot  
with a un whole some re  
cording of you in oiled prime  
des habille de coifed 'n  
all a skin to the tooth you  
was a side from the radia  
tors torrid silence event  
ualities re considered I  
would write it all over  
with you in the center

margin folded and spliced  
like a work of art in a tomb  
no regrets (just like you  
always said denying the else)  
the explosives are in that  
the news is out about town  
and you are to aim for the  
facts disseminated wrongly  
or otherwise in accurately  
dictated by pre tense and  
fashion allocations some time  
s a mile wide without smiles  
or an interlude in the desert  
with junk in a spoon and eye  
ing a cat o nine tails  
semper un fidelis waiting  
for the boomerang to re  
make its mark some where  
or time between eye &  
brow thinly pencilled with  
liner notes in umber fog  
detach and remit with princi  
ples in small denominations  
from five to ten a cheap  
thrill followed by a long lugu  
brious spill into the under tow  
no one's in charge anonymously  
or not a reference to the naked  
accommodation to the painter  
who vacated his mind before  
his canvas left the field  
unlittered and a clutter  
of sparsely reversed roses  
for viewing as sun tarnishes  
its own time a session under  
"ground" (been so low) while  
persephone's wake keeps  
rilling a ring of the dice til  
throws a mean hand and sloughs  
the pretty boy in 's face  
catch as catch calls a can  
can dance in her prime from  
waist down a feast to forward  
eyes balling every jack in  
town the proverbial mis  
nomer a hand some carriage  
waiting in the shadows with  
gun men and a sinister lobe  
freighted with wolf's call

who will ever re trace that  
“steppe”? a gain and a loss  
for a’ that re a wakening  
on the transept with a gray  
dawn for dew and sight s  
un seen the regular day  
is a thing of no more  
the past is a legend in photo  
metric haze the ante diluvian  
pro crustean bitten to the  
teeth shattered a frenzy of  
love litters to the undead  
until night s club stakes  
higher wages of bitter’s  
toil sweat and agony of life  
so what’s to live for?///mmm  
hollow and ex crescent at the  
same vivial time a solution  
in white mercury with chrome  
plate vision destiny of re public  
an rome in arrears (oh dear not  
a a a gain) and as I re re read  
those poems about the runes (   
ruin s) of antiquity charnal  
house with ancient floozies  
a flame with lavender nero and  
putty pouting in the ceilings  
of the vatican toilet emnarcadero  
as if you too were hoisted scaff  
folded and awning s awl a  
pierced to the root of love’s  
awfaul aghony I re re wonder  
why it was I what did I ever  
in You? see or seize or not  
to be there is a question  
soul is heaven so “please”  
if nothing ever can matter  
again like “that” did once  
jack fruit and amber padding  
underfoot as the delved into  
a darker past with un willing  
to share with journalists  
the meaning of you r songs  
Hunh? grimy residential  
spout troubled by nanny’s  
in trans gression a swill  
within the wester n walls  
wailing cadaverous cigarette  
lechers in dis guise around



the romeo basin in the back  
room doling cards a trick  
you never earned a lifetime  
leafing through pages of raw  
quantity of dream sin re verse  
ilium a flame a bric a brac  
while back in the firm a loose  
version of the “oddest sea”  
is ploughed by mere rhymesters  
for ore that never was glitter ed  
like the paste on your nails  
in the post (don’t let my wife  
) know //  
who will name the baby?  
whose is the will to die?  
wis dom s a synchro nous  
detail fitted into the glove’s  
lower insertion with little  
but the else of star litter a fame  
burning grits a second too  
late and you’re dead (too!)  
be fore it s night scap e  
mare island s a focus a way  
near death s little trope  
a visit ation ex ercize  
two miles wide and a broad  
in length as cata leptic  
nerve surgery goe(s) does  
the nation de serve it self?  
ill u sion blind ness & slee p  
the lesser petty ironies as  
suage not at all the folding  
street patterned on the brain  
s last mile of death ‘s level  
field whose little garden  
out looks us all in quiet  
des pair smaller rain less in  
finite ( or re fine d to dimin  
ish the last con sonant to  
a final “om”) plays with  
sound a link to the past  
re re recorded over a vinyl  
pastiche of the omni present  
future (re stitution of/to the  
in mates debatable at this)  
vajrayana peculiar to thibet  
the lorn are re quired of foot  
to de mand no thing from their  
past a life is gone but not

safe to retire entirely from  
a dis possession of spirit  
a vacuum a “sunyata”  
who will (dis)play most  
hair You? why?  
lingers a sumptuous theory  
by shore of bay a grass a  
frond weaving waving cele  
stial dis position or is tired  
of “it all” and with draws  
from séance with verbatim  
post script (appendix  
vergiliana?) quote un quote  
and to grow through the file  
deleting messages to the  
pathologically be loved  
now a de capitated entity  
in the annal s of medieval  
rome body riddled with spear  
point marks less than a de  
gree to go WHOOM!  
who gets to be mired and  
who begets the mired are  
the same as life and death  
rose crystal hallu cination  
flare s against the pane  
at dawn in the morning  
just after saint john of  
the dew fall  
d r e a m ing this is not “so”  
or “le cliquetis” in moto  
ver sions in “D” file  
mauve head ache in morn  
ings a spate of ancient  
tele phone “calls” prompted  
by within the bottle the  
swimming hand the un  
acnhored mind the re volution (   
-solution?) of what is at once  
more distant than a maze  
of fog ob scuring the mount  
any day of the week be  
low the vast and rolling  
dravidian plain s (if to find th’  
hamper with in it clothes  
time s tales of an un regist  
ered “nurse”) bluish away  
waves take out the final  
mile that detail that de

fines the appen dix as  
appropriate by the mind'  
s small tool kit (flashes of  
reaches later!) wis dom  
flies in the eye of trouble  
drowned worlds of muti  
lated selves in hats much  
like the after thought of a  
brain in dissolve gray small  
dots of a finished warp  
all over the floor god is to  
s weep for all our (s) ins  
inner lives outer shelves  
(kammer musik maestro!)  
and as for you, I have  
stammered out proposals  
to which you are deaf  
eye ing the un tabulated  
whose whip lash is décor  
in a slide rule as sub arrange  
d by thomist particules gran  
ulated by the c\*\*\* (to be re newed  
when the word find s a world  
of a way to return the self  
to its dis tant as always "other"  
grains flake d a scraping  
below the polish abrasive after  
effective as of mid day next  
holy work)  
so I wish to wash aw ay this  
less than fond fare thee well  
and taken out of con text  
the un emendated bengali ren  
dition of the buddhist iso lation  
ist edition of the rama yana  
goes out to you on radio waves  
of un conditional sur render  
ed null and void tissue plated  
plastered imbued and signed  
your(s) artfully so the poet  
you never minded to meet  
des pite the un holy regard  
of awe as well he holds/held/  
you in for that brief karmic blast  
of light called "life" (JIVALMA!)  
++++  
ditto  
(for the next two years of pages  
each of the other sighs away

its dream in plastic fold around  
eons until the façade becomes  
its own first bride all over the  
again warp of inwit bitten  
by a frost as recorded in a maverick  
studio frozen by decay)  
til us ever ends  
gooey love songs  
smirch lip synched  
eyeballed and rolled over  
a dead end of grass and  
as fault  
the motors are ever distant  
as the sleepers now in their  
end over finalized scorn  
dreamt a little of you  
I did then erased it "all"  
to never come back  
to renounce the articles  
one by plodding one  
in a hasp of a moment of  
a careening solo down  
the cliff without you  
at last ungovernable episode  
in ypsilon fractals  
dot dot dot  
for what becomes and remains  
abstract if not your  
evanescent smile your already  
distant multiples  
of skin vagarized and ephemeral  
as the dates on an ancient  
sun stone yr in effable  
what was "it"? music latter  
day scatology volumes  
of it in ter and misinterpreted  
like the "z"s of an unofficial  
party dossier  
in the sleeper's kremlin  
bits of an odd cycle  
rewinding and rewinding  
ing its ipso facto author  
auteurism of a shadowy nefarious  
hades jungle  
as where to and for why  
the long end of it is buried  
in the dreamer's sand catalogue  
of ships and helen

sound alike tag ends loose  
ned for lesser wear  
peeling off skin after layer  
'neath the rubble heap  
of beauty's where you  
find it pleading for mercy  
killer of a serial trilogy  
sub sumed and petri  
fied negligence around the  
the the throat I think  
to imply there was something  
"there" (insouciance)  
a fog of fatal attrac tion  
s (to be announced in their  
mini cycles several hori  
zon(e)s after the fact  
) to whom does this corres  
pond? with whom did I  
ever identify? an instamatic  
re ply (play?) of the oddest  
paired thought I ever had  
next to the mix of dance  
numbers you'd organize  
around the triumph of "frozen"  
car radios gun drive  
through a morphous amer ica  
escape pedal in re verse  
noxious fumes off wilshire  
la brea tar pits mel's drive  
inn death squad on mulholland  
the detritus the human scum  
dumped below miles  
of dis carded celluloid  
and vinyl im purposive  
las vegas jelled navel rubies  
button down sex with auto  
matic on hold singing  
chorus of nambutol fourteen  
year olds shrill platinum  
pizza hair piece drilled  
off staged in a white bronco  
chase r mix master re styled  
with head light component  
burnt bra' single center  
fold with 3-D screen delta  
pitch in auto mobile grave  
yard (hey hey we're the mon  
keys and we're just monkeyin"  
a round) fades into a solo

re enact ment of jayne mans  
field's famous decapitation  
sort of sad as elegies go  
church the soffft of yr voice  
as sky never ends the mauve  
fus ion of sleep s un ending  
indefinable chapter a bout  
mmm

Jan 28, 2001