



NOISE DIFFICULTY FLOWER

J. D. NELSON

Argotist Ebooks

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Argotist Ebooks

Some of the works in this collection originally appeared in *Otoliths*, *Lit Chaos*, *Calliope*
Nerve, *ditch*, *why vandalism?*, *The Beatnik*, *Rain Fade*, *From a Common Spring*, *The*
Poetry Warrior, *Oarystis* and *Clutching at Straws*.

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NOISE DIFFICULTY FLOWER

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Document F(ETCHed)

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Grape Ink th' Ink Swimmy

Well,

Scooter scoffed
& Scottie scowled.

Paul McCartney keeps a garden pillbug named Perfesser Exxon.

Paul McCartney keeps a pet cloud named Tape Measure.

“Shoofly the artilleryman,” said Paul. “No wows allowed.”

I'm the wheelbarrow today.

Naughty ex-oh-ay.

That of the Zolar Rat

new moon*

full moon*

old moon*

mechanized moon*

illogical moon*

astronaut's moon**

I will eat all internal planets
including the USA.

The Eye of Everything
is watching you read this.

* moon 2

** moon 3

pig twee' like "U" never!

The frog wrapped in bacon

is grinning because

it's almost over.

The kloned meat is stringy, boys.

Try it w/ some hot sauce.

Apostrophe "X" ain't good English.

BACKSLASH UNICEF

crows every morning

radio & notes

sun-smog

fighting over

human hearts

answer w/ noise

alarm!

blue serpent

bleeding on the lawn

J*U*S*K

in the garden of insects

no moonlight

no spiders

order all over

uncool police features

scanning the desert floor

for consumables

no one remembers

how to make nachos!

GUNCHA WHUT

TV = nerve gas weapon

1. The kitten hunts weekends.
2. (The natural food that came here to the USA)
3. The United States of Kittens

As you can see, TV is a pill!

Later, at Feeney's

COKES-ARE-ON-ME: Hey, gang – Cokes are on me!

DR. ZOLAR: Seriously.

ATTN PEAT: I lichen this to moss.

RECLUSE X'OR: I peanut buttered & I Shatnered.

OILY CUKE WARBLE: Ghana aftersauce.

COKES-ARE-ON-ME: Pie, Dr. Zolar?

DR. ZOLAR: Three point one four dot dot dot.

ATTN PEAT: I lichen math jokes.

RECLUSE X'OR: Whadya mean, 'orchid pie' ?!

OILY CUKE WARBLE: Ghana aftersauce.

Welding classes start soon!

According to Hoyle:

Striped Christ

immediately!

We must build (a new wall)

We must kill the toads w/ tampons.

Eauaerea!

AEARU!

2001: Dr. Zolar cracks the genome
w/ some sneaky klonе-kode.

2012: Dr. Zolar invents the \$PORK.

(chore socks on my hands)

Document F(ETCHed)

We know
who you've cloned, Dr. Zolar.

I've only been cleaning teeth.

There's a FINGER behind the stove.

I've been getting less coin lately
in x-change for my head
every Wedns. night
at the de-saturation meetings.

My Japanese friends & I will be playing
Boggle til dawn w/ our headlamps* on.

* photoluminescent fungus

Ten Below in the Morny

CATALOG CARL: Gimme a bag of them Los Angeles Raiders Skittles – I wanna taste the Silver & Black rainbow!

WHOSO EVERETT: Belty Orion has a bag for you – meet him later w/ a laser.

CATALOG CARL: Hey, lookit that squirrel in the lil' Sgt. Pepper uniform!

WHOSO EVERETT: Butter up your algebra, Carl. You've been put on notice.

40 Watt Red Party Bulb

I'm salty like the chip on my shoulder.

I'm building the first Frankenstein city.

My foolshoes have been shined.

My cloud of shrimp is delicious.

I'm too good for fingerstrings.

I'm too good for Loch Ness bass.

I'm down in the cellar

w/ the Harvard lizard

& the pig-faced guards.

I'm wearing a pig mask.

I frighten the adults.

you need a bldg permit for those pyramids, friend

Boots, the holographic yegg

busts thru the wall of butcher paper

& starts yelping for entropy:

McNuggets* & MILK!

(frothy uvula)

into the yowling howlnight

as the Xerox Creeps read zines

* Mick "Nuggets"

Philip K. Thick

Sirius:

Tomorrow's cheeseburger will be equipped with magnets.

What do you do when it's silent?

I absorb stars.

BIP-BIP. Action food!

Please, what is nachos?

Gone.

The friend is the future.

Scientists have managed to clone a cheese.

It's odorless, tasteless & invisible.

It's technically cheese.

It's technical cheese.

cold sunfish for breakfast in your tent

Werewolves in whirlybirds

hurled commas of politeness:

Schwa!

Schwa! Schwa!

They could not tolerate

the light of the sun!

That of the Eel

between zero & x

contaminated Earthling habitat

a scab shaped like Tejas

Eee

RRROR splice

“A” is a limited sub-group of “Z”

pretend it's 1936

campin'

black coffee

& warm socks

I know they'll be back

with their flying machines & gems.

skeeligus amagus intripe

yit, yit, yit!

white spider watching me

yit, yit, yit!

wolf world signs along the hwy

yit, yit, yit!

follow me with that box of wigs

yit, yit, yit!

nachos aren't on the menu

but I know the chef

yit, yit!

owl ammonia

yit, yit!

insect juices

yit, yit!

root beer vulcan

yit, yit, yit!

do I taste like aspirin?

yit, yit, yit!

did that cop see me take a hit?

Criss Shrimp

I'm a snowman

I'm never looking at nothing

in no mirror which does not exist

peanut butter & jelly earwigs lathering

peanut butter & jelly Herculooids percolating

ordained chicken velveteens!

back to the fake planet without sun, moon, etc.

in case of Frankenstein gas

try this new mask

it's an old one from the 19th c.

the last time I was underground without my DNA text

I answered without laughing

(Disneyland) but (Disney World)

THE LOP-EARED PIRATE: I saw you in Seattle but didn't say hello because of the needle drone skulls.

THE AGENT OF A*S*P*I*R*I*N: I've been living under the stairs with a medicine mask and my spelling machine.

THE LOP-EARED PIRATE: The weatherman says everything will grow burgers. You heard it here first, Ernie.

THE AGENT OF A*S*P*I*R*I*N: Eddie.

THE LOP-EARED PIRATE: Eddie.

THE AGENT OF A*S*P*I*R*I*N: Look, I think I'm wasting my time here.

THE LOP-EARED PIRATE: Most don't.

THE AGENT OF A*S*P*I*R*I*N: The heart is odorless.

THE LOP-EARED PIRATE: I'm no longer pretending to be a human being.

THE AGENT OF A*S*P*I*R*I*N: I guessed at my own name and fell into an abyss shaped like a tricycle.

THE LOP-EARED PIRATE: I'd like to be seated at the rear of the restaurant, where feet are washed before the onions are served with Skittles.

THE AGENT OF A*S*P*I*R*I*N: [*Releasing the snails*] I'm hardly a ghost.

why are you here so loud?

circle, odd bat

circle orb of void

duck in black

blind black duck

I'm circling in black

with bat hands

chuckling luckily in black

shut up with words at dawn, mr. bat!

Geeth Yow

ooh, salted froob,
news of glue
& whatsohaveyou

oil pop

gamut

when it's salt OK

based on

another bottle

how many dimes for fireworks

I shot a small hole

thru my ball cap when

it was plenty

I took the dust to know

how many found silent

alive

I like that about myself,

I thought to myself

before congratulating myself

ulterior winterhorn magician

why are the Cokes in white cans?

Amsterdam all over my hands

I'm back on the acid wheel, trouting for fingers.

this one: x

eats raw bacon

white Monday sounds in glass boxes

smoking cigarettes at Chicago's O'Hare

I lost a white knuckle to the knife king.

Brain Waves Downtown

I'm stationed here in a wet cube.

I make wax rubbings with my snout.

My accent is fake; I'm really a cloud.

I'm looking for a new head again.

burnt ghost sheds shoes
in favor of tongue

Yes, it's slimy.

It tastes like frowning.

I'll just sit here in the dark
rememberizing my thoughts.

The hounds are looking for me.

Since I'm a ghost, they won't be able to smell me.

As long as I'm able to vibrate at this frequency
they'll never be able to sense me at all.

handburger of my old what it was

TV set

the head of Frost Richard the Pong

was that stomach-talk?

Earth has silly rooms

Earth has buckets of clown brains

I am Abe Lincoln, the robot of Old Illinois.

I am the otter in the toilet.

Tacoanblick the Clown

That sour m—. THE SUBMARINE: Bag C. 10 gold-deaf laughing. Blue queue lawn.
Unmachined bacon.

During the land meat. It's excessively slow due to the magical diligence of the indigo.

The door of label [lu]: The destructive bottle of the original. Suns. Reduction of "T" for
owls. Thus, if "T" – it was rather bad.

ARPA, which closes inside, copper-and-yield as transferred. A pig of the grammar is the
sauce, hands.

One Tron for Zaxxon

129AM [D]. Magenta: Activity. Star-wave lofties. M, the sweats; Art. Safelock by a 9th. Helium 211AM LORD. No other x [yy]. It is necessary FOR [SID]. Ontheonehand. Ja-a-a-a-a-zz. My eye entire [vr.] Density Omega.

SIS HAS NO FORM of the FORM NOTE.

MY MORNING RITUAL : SHINING IN MY SHADE.

Magazine O. Need lampstand. Rubber ball. Mark's Tarantula. Hero, hairdresser, hoofprint. Almonds Howard. Two foot Nell collected. Pole-arid the friend.

LS apparatus of 尖 (point) of 叉 (fork).

Toad texted: understanding. Diagonally the 6, monster, that, mucho. A garage. A-pluses with attractive hope. Holy and Holy Toronto.

God the PSE..7x off, which is love. It's my only MEMORY OF T.

About the Author

J. D. Nelson (b. 1971) experiments with words and sound in his subterranean laboratory. More than 1,000 of his bizarre poems and experimental texts have appeared in many small press and underground publications. Visit MadVerse.com for more information and links to his published work. His audio experiments (recorded under the name OWL BRAIN ATLAS) are available online at OwlNoise.com. J. D. lives in Colorado, USA.