A Western Exile (by the grace of days)

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This one is for JJ ...
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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 euporias …

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 nothing 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 buttcacks 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 oversharings 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
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 clinging 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-endFeedings 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 steel-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 statused 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
wayward 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 bummer 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-withstanding) 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 chorus line 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 Augusts & 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 voodoos 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 eroticsisms 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 flamanated 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. Sakenssemm) 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.