IMPRESSIVE (BIG) INSTANT (BANG)!

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Argotist Ebooks
IMPRESSIVE (BIG) INSTANT (BANG) !
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 luting 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 train
(is this yr re ligion?) 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 shatere 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 com pared 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 de scends corollaries of friction and desire down either clip a side as whispers (you’re the one “I want”) but never do the present tense succombs to revery’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 soft er 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 purgatorial
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
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-
spont as hesiod is my guide and the paths
that lead into magna graecia
weltered and scorned a filmic
distance never retrievable des pite
lagoons of shimmering
limousines have drowned whole folk
in this confused miasma of identity
unadorned (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 universal 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 collateral 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 fragrances despond and tides 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 performances
are a fix in spatial reality
tends are things? Entelechy’s vast uncharted domain
your whistle stop my “pose”
stricken from the dance &
pinned to the wall’s slumbering
aegean sea (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 before 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 element 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 interlude a spacial inter section (ed) device over extended ad olescence as if but eternitize yr self (heavenly body shining to nite) radio signals fobbed into de cay ancient well springs of oriental chasm chaos deliberately misspelled to mean render nothing in circles of futility ovoid in toxication regulatory be yond planetary concern(s) “nine” put into full force moon s obligations in poetic stanzas
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 chocolade
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 irretrievability
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
go ing 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 knuckle 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 concussion 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 skyline boulevard into the purple hills of an idealized thomas brothers street map rendition of “paraiso” (not for me) and the notes of the buzz saws conclusive evidence of music in sanitary device (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 distant re collection of the impres sive 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
dist ance “be comes” you
at last
(si l e nc 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 rticulation 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”
despite 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 ended in 15th 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
ended 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
ament 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 at ed bull
in shoppe forging glass proto
col smashe s 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
drives 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 palatial 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
!!! illusion’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”
corsse the white munitions
of death being un wholesome
will you strike the clock ?
deepened a stroke fixes it
is 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 alloted 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 implores
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 redemption allowed nation states
as they worsen for the wear
pico polo short s in animated
re run (if we count how many
with whom and why will you
be any different?) boule vard
radios ruin car s in maiden
form as license to kill aberrates
a solo from the box car re unites
the sublime it has for capacity
stake s claim to judiciary revlon
tiff with memory proves fatal
goes beef in sale tips off and
weighs under lunar com prehen
sion vis a vis the fodor guide
to its suburban realms and jam
s a de vice in re verse a dream
the “other ” is having in it s
native sprache bolt and sweep
s empire away from gravid con
cerning you nothing else really
matters clouds or other wise
some one else’s song re vived
for the monument of ether speed
ing its way up the vertebral
column to spheres either cere
bral or cele stial umbrageous
as grass grown in on itself
at the root and the por trait
of you being in my eye s
until death remains is still a mys
tory of sorts like im port 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 ex haust the self with such
re proaches (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 re shapes 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 inebriated
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 sembles 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 suicide) is any body “home”? muses tilt with heavy metal in open debt 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
? drifting 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
primaver a “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 discover that color is what velvet scarlet is to bed? a license in futility 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 patalial disregard 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 constellations 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 symbolologies 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 asafoetida 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 bitter 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 reverse objectify “that” if and when you could! illusion 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 dhing 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 whore
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 inevitable 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 be come no
more the radiance of a death
ly and deadly Prima vera
in her smitten pose to de
stroy all before its wake
you cant 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 anti cipations 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 understanding 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 (reefer?) to the principle of edge versus reason agitating wheels under storm a drained reply con cussive ever ready battered 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 separately as per diem greement) but if you Are this year’s version 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 habilite charity 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 disparate 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
to the a former state of mind
ply wood oriental ism dross
over load in sub african poly
gamy with fusion of tech
iques 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 vermillion 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
oblivious 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 relief 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 spectacular foot note
socratic in tuiton brings you I should say re vives you for the brief in take it matters to revolve a light where your face used to engrave on stone the following commands be side the situationist demands for breath and grass and a bit of cloud work less physical than de nominational so pink that sub lime and pulled down from th’ rear remains of the rags of a virginal entropy (when re vulsion 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 revilement this sordid em bankment of mind in mud this soliloquy with the absented other in torn rag dress chiffon puke ignition im possible thru impassives 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 dis play 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 des pite 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
phone to be recommend
ted 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
do 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”
sitching 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” con sider the feminist
verities im “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” re signation
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
)
) !!! /?/
guss 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
ca tions 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 des cription 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 equivalent of the vida symbology in late old middle troubador prosody cinch gifts mistral amb li jorn son lonq en mai etc re sidal 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 gods 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 imitation 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 product
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 llaries 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 matter s a deepened flux re volves in halves behaving neuron sex () tioned as new year e volve s into aspect some time s 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!) re gularity of memory is it self a myth driving down interstate 5 with half a tank of love near bakersfield as all im plodes (!) mess a blues heat over times e quals de natured al cohool vivi sectionism as necessary saks dumped beside macy s year long sell to end sales habitual re ferences to tail spin cyclopedic der vish form fit in old mumbai with a some what 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 in clusions of a miasmic nature something like a modern egyptian movie the ayter regarding the re sur rection e rection (?) of horus circumscribed and -cised as well pieces toss ed into artesian cyst re moval from the ovarian alphabet to the sumerian temple wirt the holy whore cluster fucking by the north ern 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 fairs at two in the morning as if You would manifest 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 deeper 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 ever 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 split
ting a drenaline 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 \(\text{p\text{\textbackslash r\text{\textbackslash o\textbackslash c\textbackslash l\textbackslash e\textbackslash s\textbackslash l}}\)

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 fert 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 flation rate mechanical as doors go to sleep and the vast synergy of “things” be comes 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? animad versions in a thin filtered water supply please moon abrasion s left in dust like image patterns gazelle s 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 signifi cance? a matter de cries its solo a soprano voice simulating a cargo of light even as the threads unravel in a labyrinthine “thought” (utter con clusions fettered by a quon dam 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” be tray you in the japanese version singing that really mattered no thing actually until grace to be born and then what? through the needle’s eye thread you—uniformly wed ded 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
de 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 mem ber
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 rr ray
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 underchosies 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!]

excerpted 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”)
erere 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
fern s 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 univer-
se isn't 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!) weew hours of
dis traction “push you
over the” re action to
unhemi spheric col-
losion (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 tacticall 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 piqued
a spatial color is the lack
there of 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 re volver
to sing if the guitar breaks
down.. dim sights on late
night tele vision with mum mers chorus in key of delta
over drive whooshing down
la brea toward pico dead
of the hour be fore run
ways break their dawn flight
s to some un speakable in
ferno cuban by design
and ir reversible by fate
(which may be nor more
than fifty pages a length
if width is no problem
so why bore me with th’
details of ) little patter
s while di verges great
who is reported to be so
“small” feet and all ( wear 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
open s 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 interfunc
tions a little to the byte
of the saxon chronicles
who will devoutly devote the “his” self to the
“you” usted of declamatory rage in side 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 servers
yr revolving frame more
diminutive than ever
decided to move into the bio
pic tionary sunset and los
feliz then on to tower re
 cords where the huge bill
board spreads like an awning into a sky beyond reach
the cumination of despair
despite the success of millions
multiplied by frust ration
the rare gem sunk in side
the etc
weari 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 coa
chella valley where parched
editions of “you” a wait
a new magazine issue with
vast un numbered pages
and no index to guide the
lost of love to the key of hearts (“frozen”) mmm bit
of re morse 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
stilus 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” 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 situ a tion
ism (what is the matter ?)
in elegant as option s go a
freeze on all “ideals” un
til the good times roll \n
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,
hunh? ad vance token to
board walk (you live in a cage)
fuse organs to ele mental
(air) a god is walking through
the lyrics one more time just
to make “sure”
actually I hope to have all this
packaged be fore 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 one s you warmed
on the radiator on east houston
? that’s probably the wrong
memory of how it was
I have no re 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 satis faction)
haze clears way for ray s 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 rot ting 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
ward s 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 pictogram 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
ording 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 ex plosives are in that
the news is out about town
and you are to aim for the
facts dis semilated wrongly
or other wise in accurately
dic tated by pre tense and
fashion allocations some time
s a mile wide without smile s
or an interlude in the desert
with junk in a spoon and eye
ing a cat o nine tails
sem per un fidelis waiting
for the boomer an g to re
make its mark some where
or time between eye &
brow thinly pencilled with
liner notes in umber fog
dech and re mit with princi
ples in small de nomina
tions from five to ten a cheap
th rill followed by a long lugu
brious spill into the under tow
no one’s in charge anonymously
or not a re ference to the naked
accomodation to the painter
who v acted his mind be fore
his canvas left the field
un littered and a clutter
of sparsely re versed roses
for viewing as sun tarnishes
its own time a session under
“ground” (been so low) while
per se phone’s wake keep s
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 card s 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 er cize 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 dispossess of spirit a vacuum a “suniyata” who will (dis)play most hair You? why? linger’s a sumptuous theory by shore of bay a grass a frond weaving waving celestial 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 annals of medieval rome body riddled with spear point marks less than a degree to go WHOOM! who gets to be mired and who begets the mired are the same as life and death rose crystal hallucination flare s against the pane at dawn in the morning just after saint john of the dew fall dre a m ing this is not “so” or “le cliquetis” in moto versions in “D” file mauve head ache in morn ings a spate of ancient telephone “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 scouring 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 la tion 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 ar ound
eons until the façade be comes
its own first bride all over the
again warp of inwit bitten
by a frost as recorded in a mave
rick 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 fina lized scorn
dreamt a little of you
I did then erased it “all”
to never come back
to re nounce the article
s one by plodding one
in a hasp of a moment of
a careen ing solo down
the cliff without you
at last un governable epi
sode in ypsilon fractals
dot dot dot
for what be comes and re
mains abstract if not your
evanescent smile your al
ready distant multiples
of skin vagarized and eph
meral as the dates on an
ancient sun stone yr in effable
what was “it”? music latter
day scat o logy volumes
of it in ter and mis inter
pret ed
like the “z” s of an un
official party dossier
in the sleeper’s kremlin
bits of an oddy cycle
re winding and re wound
ing its ipso facto author
auteur ism of a shadowy ne
farious hades jungle
as where to and for why
the long end of it is buried
in the dreamer’s sand cata
logue 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 nembutol 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 enactment of jayne mansfield’s famous decapitation
sort of sad as elegies go
cruch the sofft of yr voice
as sky never ends the mauve
fusion of sleep sun ending
indefinable chapter about
mmm

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