NOISE DIFFICULTY FLOWER

J. D. NELSON
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NOISE DIFFICULTY FLOWER
Contents

Grape Ink th’ Ink Swimmy

That of the Zolar Rat

pig twee’ like “U” never!

BACKSLASH UNICEF

J*U*S*K

GUNCHWA WHUT

Later, at Feeney’s

Welding classes start soon!

Document F(ETCHed)

Ten Below in the Morny

40 Watt Red Party Bulb

you need a bldg permit for those pyramids, friend

Philip K. Thick

cold sunfish for breakfast in your tent
That of the Eel
skeeligus amagus intripe
Criss Shrimp
(Disneyland) but (Disney World)
why are you here so loud?
Geeth Yow
ulterior winterhorn magician
Brain Waves Downtown
handburger of my old what it was
Tacoanblick the Clown
One Tron for Zaxxon

_Grape Ink th’ Ink Swimmy_

Well,

Scooter scoffed
& Scottie scowled.

Paul McCartney keeps a garden pillbug named Perfesser Exxon.
Paul McCartney keeps a pet cloud named Tape Measure.

“Shoofly the artilleryman,” said Paul. “No wows allowed.”
I’m the wheelbarrow today.

Naughty ex-oh-ay.
That of the Zolar Rat

new moon*
full moon*
old moon*

mechanized moon*
illogical moon*
astronaut’s moon**

I will eat all internal planets
including the USA.

The Eye of Everything
is watching you read this.

* moon 2
** moon 3
The frog wrapped in bacon
is grinning because

it’s almost over.

The kloned meat is stringy, boys.

Try it w/ some hot sauce.

Apostrophe “X” ain’t good English.
crows every morning
radio & notes

sun-smog

fighting over
human hearts

answer w/ noise
alarm!

blue serpent
bleeding on the lawn
J*U*S*K

in the garden of insects

no moonlight
no spiders

order all over
uncool police features

scanning the desert floor
for consumables

no one remembers
how to make nachos!
GUNCHA WHUT

TV = nerve gas weapon

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

As you can see, TV is a pill!
Later, at Feeney’s

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

DR. ZOLAR: Seriously.

ATTN PEAT: I lichen this to moss.

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

OILY CUKE WARBLE: Ghana aftersauce.

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

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

ATTN PEAT: I lichen math jokes.

RECLUSE X’OR: Whadya mean, ‘orchid pie’ ?!

OILY CUKE WARBLE: Ghana aftersauce.
**Welding classes start soon!**

According to Hoyle:

stripped Christ
immediately!

We must build (a new wall)

We must kill the toads w/ tampons.

_Eauærea!

_AEARU!

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

2012: Dr. Zolar invents the $PORK.

(chore socks on my hands)
We know

who you've kloned, Dr. Zolar.

*I've only been cleaning teeth.*

There's a FINGER behind the stove.

I've been getting less coin lately

in x-change for my head

every Wedns. night

at the de-saturation meetings.

My Japanese friends & I will be playing

Boggle til dawn w/ our headlamps* on.

* photoluminescent fungus
Ten Below in the Morny

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

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

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

WHOSO EVERETT: Butter up your algebra, Carl. You’ve been put on notice.
40 Watt Red Party Bulb

I’m salty like the chip on my shoulder.
I’m building the first Frankenstein city.

My foolshoes have been shined.
My cloud of shrimp is delicious.

I’m too good for fingerstrings.
I’m too good for Loch Ness bass.

I’m down in the cellar
w/ the Harvard lizard
& the pig-faced guards.

I’m wearing a pig mask.
I frighten the adults.
you need a bldg permit for those pyramids, friend

Boots, the holographic yegg
busts thru the wall of butcher paper
& starts yelping for entropy:

    McNuggets* & MILK!

(frothy uvula)

into the yowling howlnight
as the Xerox Creeps read zines

* Mick “Nuggets”
Sirius:

Tomorrow’s cheeseburger will be equipped with magnets.

What do you do when it’s silent?

*I absorb stars.*

BIP-BIP. Action food!

Please, what is nachos?

*Gone.*

The friend is the future.

Scientists have managed to clone a cheese.

It’s odorless, tasteless & invisible.

It’s technically cheese.

It’s technical cheese.
cold sunfish for breakfast in your tent

Werewolves in whirlybirds
hurled commas of politeness:

    Schwa!
    Schwa!    Schwa!

They could not tolerate
the light of the sun!
That of the Eel

between zero & $x$
contaminated Earthling habitat

a scab shaped like Tejas
Eee
RRROR splice

“A” is a limited sub-group of “Z”

pretend it’s 1936
campin’

black coffee
& warm socks

I know they’ll be back
with their flying machines & gems.
skeeligious amagus intripe

yit, yit, yit!
    white spider watching me

yit, yit, yit!
    wolf world signs along the hwy

yit, yit, yit!
    follow me with that box of wigs

yit, yit, yit!
    nachos aren’t on the menu
        but I know the chef

        yit, yit!
            owl ammonia

        yit, yit!
            insect juices

        yit, yit!
            root beer vulcan
yit, yit, yit!
    do I taste like aspirin?

yit, yit, yit!
    did that cop see me take a hit?
**Criss Shrimp**

I’m a snowman

I’m never looking at nothing
in no mirror which does not exist

peanut butter & jelly earwigs lathering
peanut butter & jelly Herculoids percolating

ordained chicken velveteens!

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

in case of Frankenstein gas
try this new mask
it’s an old one from the 19th c.

the last time I was underground without my DNA text
I answered without laughing
THE LOP-EARED PIRATE: I saw you in Seattle but didn’t say hello because of the needle drone skulls.

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

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


THE LOP-EARED PIRATE: Eddie.


THE LOP-EARED PIRATE: Most don’t.


THE LOP-EARED PIRATE: I’m no longer pretending to be a human being.
THE AGENT OF A*S*P*I*R*I*N: I guessed at my own name and fell into an abyss shaped like a tricycle.

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

THE AGENT OF A*S*P*I*R*I*N: [Releasing the snails] I’m hardly a ghost.
why are you here so loud?

circle, odd bat
circle orb of void
duck in black
blind black duck

I’m circling in black
with bat hands

chuckling luckily in black

shut up with words at dawn, mr. bat!
Geeth Yow

ooh, salted froob,
news of glue
& whatsohaveyou

oil pop
gamut
when it’s salt OK
based on
     another bottle
how many dimes for fireworks
I shot a small hole
thru my ball cap when
it was plenty
     I took the dust to know
how many found silent
     alive

I like that about myself,
I thought to myself
before congratulating myself
ulterior winterhorn magician

why are the Cokes in white cans?

   Amsterdam all over my hands

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

this one:    x

       eats raw bacon

   white Monday sounds in glass boxes

smoking cigarettes at Chicago’s O’Hare

I lost a white knuckle to the knife king.
I'm stationed here in a wet cube.
I make wax rubbings with my snout.

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

I’m looking for a new head again.

burnt ghost sheds shoes
in favor of tongue

Yes, it’s slimy.
It tastes like frowning.

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

The hounds are looking for me.
Since I’m a ghost, they won’t be able to smell me.

As long as I’m able to vibrate at this frequency
they’ll never be able to sense me at all.
handburger of my old what it was

TV set
the head of Frost Richard the Pong

was that stomach-talk?

Earth has silly rooms
Earth has buckets of clown brains

I am Abe Lincoln, the robot of Old Illinois.

I am the otter in the toilet.
**Tacoanblick the Clown**


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

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

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


SIS HAS NO FORM of the FORM NOTE.

MY MORNING RITUAL : SHINING IN MY SHADE.


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


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

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