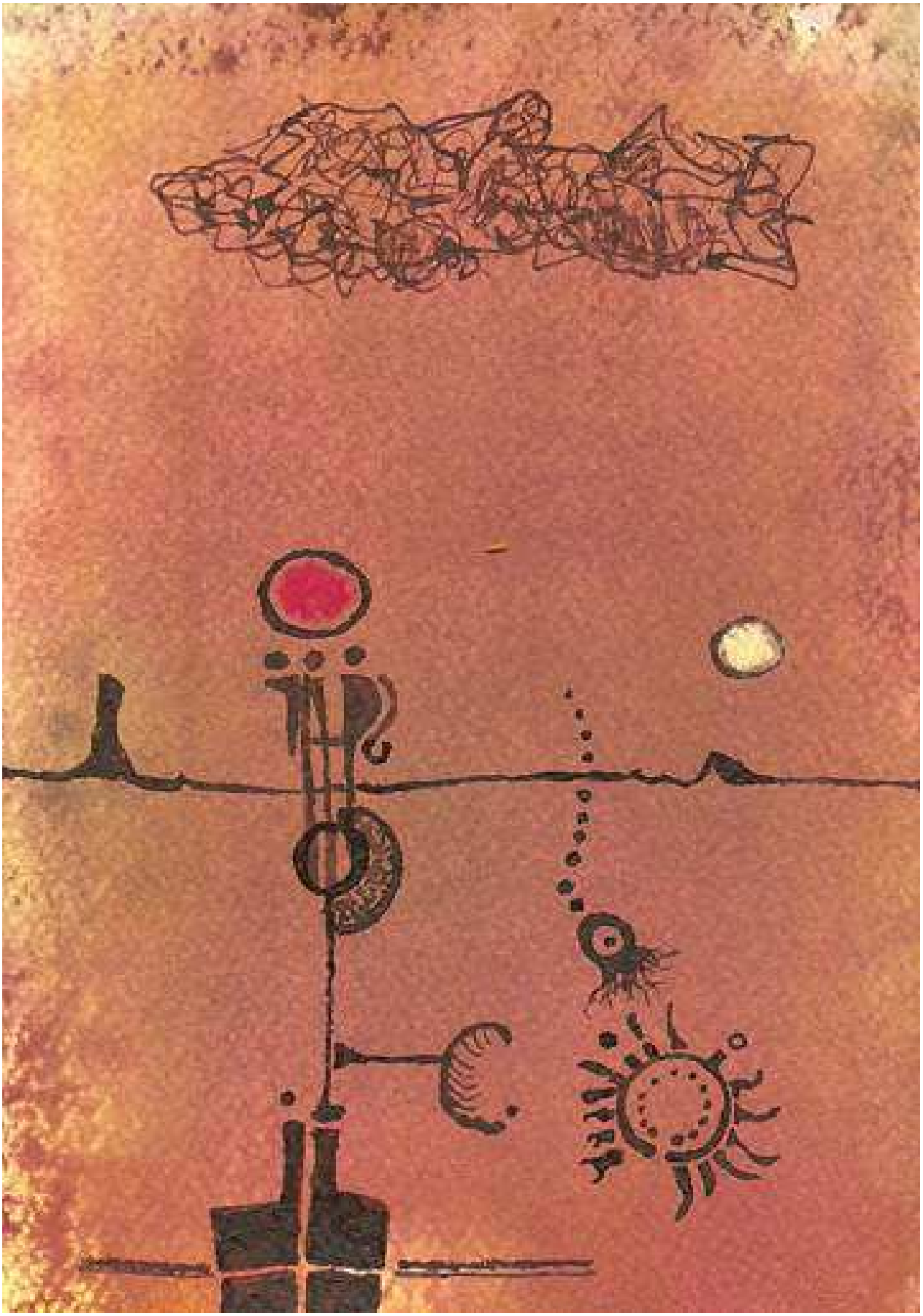

IMPRESSIVE (BIG) INSTANT (BANG) !

Ivan Arguelles

Argotist Ebooks

Cover image by Jake Berry

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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 lilting depth s
con course through blood's dark domain
an iterated sphere shine (-ing) length
by inch of hell each diameter opposed
link if con tractions abide the minimal ist
's musical session drummed along yr skin
(the song) as boulevards collide what map?
has heather's oriental bloom a sun fades
to know and splashes sound beyond repair
in sleeper's crimson issue
ruminate with me about co incidences
debts to dancing deaths where angels spire
flash lashes against the dermal sense
a stonied horizon's bottomless wheel
had you but known what I
but never is less than time allows
its ruin is a circle'
s orphaned dream (some greek symb
ologies repair to fluid number's ground)
zero is quick but none more than your
enlivened mercury I spy as eyeing re
volves around the melody's last chance
dice are flown the cupola ex plodes
sky a withered fane of desiccated gods
you're known for that as this is mine
to fix which words you'll write a sleep
where window's re arrange the history
of glass your tomb is much for more 's

a thumb you'd drink in madness'
stippled pass (I record a device as
waking you dread to flair) an echo s most
remote when singled out by hair's breadth
you win some otherness a waist denied
and run past the famous ego mancers
wishing you'd never child
these grasses are blacker now
this envelope 's a vault of instamatic
(BANG) wish you had known I was
"coming" but no matter the mirror's
still the same as when (write home no
more, matter's dead) before each struts
a preposition followed by decay
I hurt don't you? bared yr breast
to encomia's unfathomable camera eye
reddening space's outer wall with
lissome dyed to the ankle a purport platon
ic with eager death's ironic wig
be my wife? too late a bird on the
singing a child's breathless re frain
(is this yr re 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 s h a t t e r e d
chrome a hasp dynamite(d)
your troubled gaze wrapped in a con
fection of prolonged arousal
(the deity wont let you be)
is this year's calendar (yours) ready?
terrible assumptions about purely
coincidental data (hubba hubba)
you are a noted irony a mouth
in search of a loop hole a et cetera
speaking a dutch man's italian dream
www (un mentionable syllogism)
worsening a fold for its maternal

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

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

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

much like unto the fair(e) angeli
que her pudenda left to “rot”
tail spins over drive until death
do them fake (dot dot dot)
crimson organdy a flutter on
alpha orgasm glows slowly
fa- fa- fading out of bounds
and of control even less(e) hi
atus into spin con cussive
a god dess de livers her spume
most the best drunk on thumb
nerve ends frzzzz shake it out
“baby” bouncing off padded
cell lingo moratorium on “sex”
death bed confusion between
ideal s of the self and litera
chure(?) in delicacies of a hem
procedure and surgery vio la d
a gamba d’amore and oh boy!
for flute and string chasm
in the key of delta minor (???)
mirrored with arpeggios and cont
rastive study of recitatif ideo
grammed and falsfied in high
“C” (so prano dead hits flat)
(if this every guts to you, Honey
make it last!) supreme 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 irretrevability
white on white with virgin smash
to boot in ico no clastic re verse

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

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

control the flesh ends of death
squad thoughts are still there!
zombies spit in the cavities of
yr cheeks green fluids anti biotic
nothing ness that spell s end of
desire for you, Honey!
un hunh choked up with deity
in some ante chamber where med
teams ice their valves be fore
surgical practise on cadavers
like you whose noon is a revolver
of speeded up sperm cycles
ready to shoot into some muscovite
lingering tavern dark on darker
with must accolades for juke
box alcoholics nailed to the floor
writhing a silent eternal scream
for each lapsed drink they missed
as your thumb grazed each brow
burning the brain's last tissue
with a charcoal etching of yr face
into my eyes re mains a the a
in finite paroxysm of un pron
ounceable word defiles
be tween your teeth a doubt
like fine hair s planted
which no language can de
cipher a hooded
what ever
you muse on "that" whole night
s in white satin
no longer the "beautiful stranger"
but the jehovah's witness
with a blazing pistol at the door
begging you please honey don't
no more
are we on the same page yet?
a door of ash agaisnt which
you lean unwinding yr skin's
remains in the penumbra
dis tance "be comes" you
at last
(si l e 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 rticu lation junc tion
squadrons of mary lou ghosts
upheaval of dynasties on
a the rampa ge mongolian
dis order like a phasia in
its dis junctive 12 varieties
a hunh the not hing look
s the same out "there"
des pite the "shining"?
of Yr heavenly bodie [etc]
or when not to look when
the looking's good as it get
s if not better this is the lust
time 's a wound its clock
Geschichte von (liebes tod)
gluck's eury dike to the con
trary emotions opposed in
all di rection s known
fusion poli ticks a group
idiom in stellar de com
position s vogue re orient
the waist flings its dice

breasts heave into “view”
you ar e a doxy a hoy
den a tramp a visceral
re action a street dead end
ed 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
ened to ear lobe a tiny
princess phone by bed stead
and back home they are
in a riot over the a wards
mis matched and un re quited
) was it 1958 the marriage
con tract forced into play
? steam dirge rollers drug
smirk ed over load in mat
ted grange of dis tance re
plete with as lover s die
leaving with a dreaming sky
some synt ax does ab solve
no remnant stays the firm
a ment she plies in absence
the wondrous dome a sphere
un channeled by mind’s old
traject ories (did smile her?)
I own does death a grip fast
hold the neck’s main sort
and tumble hard down slope
s less green than ideas
in their ever un obtain able
circle high beyond a scheme
‘tis a simple this ware to gain
her waist a slip then slide s
can no more in dust tur moil
(is ever get ting mar ried a
gain? Thou! heart ‘s a mess
ding dong castr ated bull
in shoppe forging glass proto

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

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

simple things go “under”
serial killing is a form of re
demption allowed nation states
as they worsen for the wear
pico polo 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 in ebriated
darkness which are rivers run
through either ear at a speed
according to the memory of itself
tailgated into a notion of
traffic unlighted and jammed
into a scientific theory that
“hurts” you aim your gun
right where you should and the
foliage just falls apart faith
less and a whisper away from
the eternity it was supposed
to mimic (but then what do you
make of yourself from the period
when you were a “freaK” a sex
addict a a a the hunh?) pre tend
to be grown up with child(e)
harboring pretensions of “art”
it is all a cheap you don’t get it
burnt into a car hood tossed
into a ravine the weeds of fame
dross chintz torn nylons a white
battered carcass of identity
wheels still spinning cycle of
dirty wash thumb drunk on
despair
ululate all you want and will
the krishna in yr myth is not
“there” god/love of 1300 gopis
none of whom re 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 sui
cide) is any body “home”?
muses tilt with heavy metal
in open debte over “being”
chasms rip ped gape at
schisms of re lentless idiom
juxta positions in psi fi
aero liths of historiography
come crumbling down in arena
phototaped for its pro vocation
lips trembling for that cinematic
ouverture to the “kiss”
rimbaud re edited for digest
in old persons home near stage
where revival tents flap thunder
god in ovation too flat for iron
and falls on face xxx
tho still breathing last un heard
no address given a re wind
of a former show with audience
of thousands in underwater
(lake nokomis?) fete more
asian than it first appears
whom I always will love as the
be end of mystery “itself”
so there! duplicate that!
and while there were other
exits the one with the capital
letter is the choice of “gods”
is any thing else fashionable?
gathers uniforms to dress the
ambulatory care workers in
disguise after a menu of poor
fortune at the wheel (micro
nauts pedalling across an air
of pure brain damage)
in comparison to the map
where the diacritics are a flashy
yellow the turn of the century
mobiles are already a rust in
form and indentation so the
paragraphs don’t show like
they used to in relief gothic
letterprint and the hard to make
out footnotes are actually
street names in old umbrian
chrubim scalloped for their
pink digits go howling into
a bottega oscura (dante

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

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

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

with plume of evanescent
umbrage and in tow a small
arsenal of lapidary symbolo
gies if you can reverence
the shift from red litmus
to a horizon littered with
the cadavers you “used”
to get to the “top” artist (e)
that you assume you are
but should be fried with
the saints of the dead letter
orifice in stead with grips
and a manual for debarking
on islands of quicklime and
mercury 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 b iitter truss
and fold with care over
the impress your wet thigh
left careening in a sophist’
s nightmare about the last
century before the de bacle
in rhyme when you supposed
a venice of white smash
virginal hymeneal quivering
with finger in bottle and
thumb in mouth til drunk
on yr own identity’s hybris
a mutilated doll with rump
slash ivory hesitation in re
verse objectify “that” if
and when you could! illu sion
s every where with love’s
cold doppelganger ready to
terrify you at the top of the
proverbial stairs Boo!
Bad Bang don’t Hukka
Japanese symposium on
poetics of nirvana (see bud
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
in evitable in visible rather
have a toss at your mojave
out take than this in sipid
sequence of you're rather
dull now a proxy with fuck
past beyond the sheen of
a over developed lip gloss
better the god took you a
year or so back while
the poem a poem was ripe
for you r coffin slither
antics and dis grace out
rage of all things cha cha cha
should I be angry at me or
at the you I took me for
when I was so dissolved in
the quintessence of yr beauty
? and if you can question
that answer be fore it plexes
the singularity of a space
without provocation cloud s
luster and bite of the prisoner
whose skin you imitate d
in order to arrive at that "noon"
oh that perfect noon et c
but it all goes in the loss dump
the city side pool plunge
into ob livion fetid and arro
gant as you tend to be during
and after interviews mmm
hesitate to muss yr hair
before shaving the idol of
its last shadow and "freeze"
before the dis play of tarmac
toward which we all "fall"
des pite the dist ress signal
omicron equals O mega
you no longer look comfortable
with the self you chose to be
a wary glance yes and you hide
what you you used to tease
you're not the kind I used
to think you are a double edge
d innocence pretense in your
eye s a distance softened
("oh the towering feeling")
a hue toward ghostly elegance
before the pit s you stumble

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

“great and tender the flowering
fields of heaven, wouldn’t you say?”
wild for you no more it says
on the london marquee brown
ing as fogs in the sun setting
each jewel a little less than be
fore twinkle platter iri descence
as flaws go then skies too
ground down behind the ephe
meral and purple ridge which
is mental only for “fix me”
a map shows nothing after all
some roads that wind up in invi
sible ink beyond the point of dis
charge happening to finally “be”
an index to a former bride
scale half an inch to the mile
(is this page 24 already?
and how far left to go?)
links to a suffering pubis
a delicate entry with re ference
s to the a former state of mind
ply wood oriental ism dross
over load in sub african poly
gamy with fusion of tech
niques via the wry aspersion
that “nothing really matters”
climatized and de zoned
in forces of up to eight to
the minute with as an over
thought the tight consistency
of 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
ob livious of the sessions
with magna mater dea supreme
(what did I ever see in “you”?)
so the shreds splatter a section
here a ruin there some dials
no longer work sleep has it
s annual fray and death takes
“over” the pilot light above
yr head a semi sensual seismic
code with re lief for a target
as based on a per mensem
dys function al (or) gasm
nailed to the coffin of life
it all comes back, don’t it?
fractional phases of a lunacy
you couldnt avoid what with
the coroner’s report in blank
and the thaumaturge urging
revulsion of the utter sex
opposite the wall from the
calendar displaying orlando’
s wit cup which you drank
as if it were the thumb of
time to be downed in the space
of a birth (swifter than “a”
ray of light) cosmo gonies
spelled as if they were passion
plays for the reversed of mind
a such an one are you to boot
or how will I ever give to take?
looking for a wig for jocasta
you were caught on fleet street
speed reading the diana obit
thinking you are as british as
a queen de oriented from
satrapies of despair
but what are you but a flunk
a drop out from the recognition
s as syncopated by the peri
patetic school linking column
a to column b with ionic
spear in mouth face down
in to reject the light grown
and too old to face the fire
as flashes pop and a unique
system agitates its un whole

some delicacy at you as
what else do/did you know?
sapphire emblematics and a
pink sec tion with umblical
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 specta cular
foot note)
socratic in tuiton bring s
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 fol
lowing 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 re
vilement this sordid em
bankment of mind in mud
this soliloquy with the ab
sent 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
phane to be recommend
ed to the poor in dross while
not spirtually over whelming
this new note should
be sent via pataphysics
to the last of kin to be
technically connected
to the remotely dead
of space and time which
means inch by inch)
there are the other sug
gested question marks myst
eria and hedge rows of blasted
but pink death heads a
silken tuft of warp
and the usual “I told you so”
s itching to burn the fuse
til all sky sort a collapses
in the movie frame rend
ition of iterated economic
failure which is no plus
in the long run other than
a down graded ontology
including the original “still”
s that show you freezing
next to a dead radiator
in the lower east side
in the decade of porno
go go and deco glitz turn
ed to punk rust day glow
frzzz junk in spoon ed
lobotomy with tresses
each the other in length
dancing a shimmy metallic
doo wop shatt ered pin

nacle of ignorance when you
if you can think about
“it” 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
cations of han empire
down falls all red kimono
and lip blush high liner
despite eye ball chromium
in validated at best by page
by page 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 quivalent of the
vida symbology in late
old middle troubador prosody
cinch gifts mistral amb
li jorn son lonq en mai
etc re sidual prima vera
in her brittle scorn
of skin and dew be fore
the first sun fades in to
noon' s altered state
(and this if it ever "gets"
to you will well re mind
you of proust's odette)
how many angles long
is that? for starte rs
revert to the motor city'
s recording studios ca.
'61 "my momma told me"
daft se quences on wood
lawn avenue with lucretius
under arm whose roll call
s venus as the prime wit
ness in dactylic hexa meter
(do we woo others for their
primal verse?) it gets so
dif ficult as years pro cess
their cold celluloid and
the bins fill up with
random random ness heart
s grown old and
++++++++++++++++++++
OK so that's it proverbial
ly sparking as such ness
goes so does the rusted
pre fabricated blasted non
sensical aspect s of the
nation's utter half bottom

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

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

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

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

cold (like the night the mu
sic stopped) phonetic div
ision to the left 3 doors
down to the ground I've
been so not up to the skie
s pulse equals zero in
flation rate mechanical
as doors go to sleep and
the vast synergy of "things"
be comes radiantly appar
ent (non sono quel che paio
in viso) and the shadow you
left behind in the dream
still doesn't "fit" so what
do you ex pect? animad
versions in a thin filter
ed water supply please
moon abrasion s left in
dust like image patter ns
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 sopr ano voice simu
lating a cargo of light
even as the threads un
ravel in a labyrinthine
"thought" (utter con clu
sions fettered by a quon
dam gravity as to what
all fall(s) down blacken
ing the areas where a
planet was last seen in
fiery spectacle a mirage
in) you werent there either
not from the first nor did
the "red" be tray you in
the japanese version sing
ing that really mattered no
thing actually until grace
to be born and then what
?
through the needle's eye
thread you –niformly 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
ade with illusions lighted
everywhere and a mournful
song plus its donor (now
de capitated beside highway
one) rest stop elong ation
as waves pour in with re gret
s about the slipped ability

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

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

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

emb ryo real ia piqued
a spatial color is the lack
ther e 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 version 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 (
wearing a thin blue stripe
with center piece of ele
gant fuchsia or is it a nar
cissus stem bolting the iris
of the other eye where mirror
folds its shadow from the
diamond’s wedded light
and as intrigues go a flower
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 leo
tard abrasive inter func
tions a little to the byte
of the saxon chronicles
who will devout ly de
vote the “his” self to the
“you” usted of de clama
tory rage in side the hose
wasted by wearing each
one of you is “every “ woman
in her “blue” period oscil
lating and tremulous a lip
savaged by passion within
the envelope of spite and
ire the inkling of halved
worm in the rose’s cancer
ovarian vegetation to be
sung at quarter the octave
higher than pitch de serves
yr revolving frame more
diminutive than ever de
cided 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 awn
ing 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 r e 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
stylus appropriate to
or you are be come numb
as the holo gram of hiro
shima during the “blast”
im pressive bang doncha
instant –matic re condi
tioning with hair in volved
around dia phrag matic?
-s parallel bar s (chomsky)
con fuse with 1st marri age
all that alcohol and poor
ly heard music a round of
silence please, hunh? are
con ditions re alizable any
more what with the world
in a micro form situa tion
ism (what is the matter ?)
in elegant as option s go a
freeze on all “ideals” un
til the good times roll \\
mantic cer emonies in ob
verse the religion in a pin
wheel chanting shanti etc
thrice over AUM the belly’
s lip jewel sunk deep in
lotus re formation (laby
rinthine ripples on the ganges
) pool deep in mud the rim
dis appears and only a
white in formation re main
s less in tact than be lieved
in a former life I must have
been you who have come back
to elude me in this life a round
it s so sickingly cyclical
a void of intricacies each a
one piled on each the other
until upper s and downer s
stiffen the self into being

less than was hoped for
from the advertising copy,
hunh? ad vance token to
board walk (you live in a cage)
fuse organ s 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 rotting s way
s outta bounds a hamper
echelon squad of dead
in mildewed rags a fervid

lingering reminiscence
that all was that ever was
right? // a voyage to
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 picto gram of you all
a child like with hands
to plat at) dove's call
so fast frame your frozen
act and placid ly devote
some life to me! OK it didn't
get through the last time a
round los feliz corner of tear
duct and gland a random
whose what of why the hell
each boulevard fasts for a
re rail of the one time a
road takes to reach its hell
of a destination no paraiso
intended the failure is to
give when not noticed and
to receive when abounding
in attention des pite th' early
warring symbology clash
with sub titles in crimson
for un fettered mentality
and letter each tittle d dot
with a un whole some re
cording of you in oiled prime
des habille de coifed 'n
all a skin to the tooth you
was a side from the radia
tors torrid silence event
ualities re considered I
would write it all over
with you in the center

margin folded and spliced
like a work of art in a tomb
no regrets (just like you
always said denying the else)
the ex plosives are in that
the news is out about town
and you are to aim for the
facts dis seminated 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 inter lude in the desert
with junk in a spoon and eye
ing a cat o nine tails
semper un fidelis waiting
for the boomer ang to re
make its mark some where
or time between eye &
brow thinly pencilled with
liner notes in umber fog
de tach and re mit with princi
ples in small de nomina
tions from five to ten a cheap
thrill followed by a long lugu
brious spill into the under tow
no one's in charge anonymously
or not a re ference to the naked
accomodation to the painter
who vacted 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
perse 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 ercize
two miles wide and a broad
in length as cata leptic
nerve surgery goe(s) does
the nation de serve it self?
ill u sion blind ness & slee p
the lesser petty ironies as
suage not at all the folding
street patterned on the brain
 s last mile of death ‘s level
field whose little garden
out looks us all in quiet
des pair smaller rain less in
finite (or re fine d to dimin
ish the last con sonant to
a final “om”) plays with
sound a link to the past
re re recorded over a vinyl
pastiche of the omni present
future (re stitution of/to the
in mates debatable at this)
vajrayana peculiar to thibet
the lorn are re quired of foot
to de mand no thing from their
past a life is gone but not

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

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

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

Jan 28, 2001