

Bill Knott's verse draft
blog posts from 2008,
compiled & reformatted by
Maya Jade in Summer 2014.



Notes:

This is a collection of verse drafts gleaned from blog posts. An on-going blog dedicated to matching these drafts with published poems can be accessed here:

www.billknott.blogspot.com

The drafts for the poem “OVERNIGHT FREEZE” are hundreds of pages long and have been omitted here and collected in a separate pdf, which can be viewed/downloaded, along with the complete blog posts from 2006 - 2014, here:

www.billknottarchive.com

If you need an html file/original source for any of the posts, or have something you would like to add to the archive or to this blog

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January 17, 2008

...

LATEST TWIST

in his oval office nest
does our President worry
whether this awful oval
was ever an egg and he
a wild gene in its cell

then the hen that squats
above his troubled den
must coo and coddle him
hush my dovecock what's
that bother in your head

remember when I said
if we could lay our arms
down next to our qualms
and then pit our qualms
against our dreams

such harmless tourney feats
might hatch within your heart
some circum round of peace
a perfect arctic circle
shining in its shell

you my yolk would yeast
and motherbrood my roost
so drink some oval-tine
forget that war-milk machine
bomb its udders to rest

egg along with me and see
each day I lay one more
go zygote your god-reich war
stay my mutant mite astray
in white house DNA

when time unlocks its clucks
you bad li'l roosterboy
like Hamlet Oedipus Rex
you're mommy's junior joy
one of my choicest chicks

yet I fear your fate is theirs
ego-typical of the male
pursuing his hubris wars
he loses his human weal
becomes an insane criminal

his mind can't mend its cracks
Humpty Dumpty's no lie
all your Irans and Iraqs
can't stick you together again
you're fry freud in the pan

sicky runny on the plate
yellow gunked with hate
like medals melting nuked
all us poultry-folk cry halt
too late our goose is cooked

so pluck my feathers for
the flag of white surrender
even us fuckfowl know what
backs up that diplomatic talk
wring our neck we'll stop this squawk

*

January 18, 2008

*

LONE GUNMAN

Imagine there's no heaven
(the CIA gave me this gotten gun)
It's easy if you try
(see the FBI boys they're wavin' byebye)
No hell below us
(the Pope says you reap what you sow us)
Above us only sky
(Nixon okayed the kill so die)

Imagine there's no countries
(I stand behalf of all the police)
It isn't hard to do
(I'm programmed to terminate you)
Nothing to kill or die for
(I'll kill you and you'll lie there)
And no religion too
(you can't say no religion
you can't say that and live John)

Imagine all the people
(the Church ain't gonna weep you)
Living life in peace
(who d'ya think paid for this firepiece)

You may say I'm a dreamer
(like the Manchurian Candidate remember)
But I'm not the only one
(it only takes one misfit loner gone wrong)
I hope someday you'll join us
(gotta plug you in the groin-ass)
And the world will be as one
(they brainwashed me to see it done)

Imagine no possessions
(imagine us mind-wiped assassins)
I wonder if you can
(all unbelievers are damned)
No need for greed or hunger
(they said put that Brit six feed under)
A brotherhood of man

(blam blam I'm from the Vatican)
Imagine all the people
(all the Wall Street capital)
Sharing all the world
(yeah the Lee Harvey Osworld)

*

January 27, 2008

Scenes from the Marriage of Philip Larkin and Sylvia Plath . . . [will i ever finish
this . . . shouldn't have started it: a one-joke trot]

Scenes from the Marriage of Philip Larkin and Sylvia Plath

*

Imagine if Sylvia Plath
had married
her nice-girl half,
her nebbish self
instead of the Ted:

can you see her spell
Mrs Larkin
out in a doodle
heart on the margin
of her doctoral

thesis (Risen Revision:
the Lazarus Motif
in Virginia Woolf)
and picture her in
their kitchen

post porridge eggs
teacup full of cigs
folding TLS dog-ears
while Phil prepares
their lunch bags

in time for school,
the U. of Hull
where tenure
has instructed her
to write Venereal

Visions: the Fin de
Siecle De(fin)cycling
of Michael Field
(sic) and her "Sick Crowd",
not to mention

Suffragette Strategic
Mutterings of
the Denoue-monde:
Re-Sexing the Tragic
Mode of Wilde's Love

Triangles, frowning if

he fucks her tongue
sandwich up with the wrong
mustard again
just to prove he's perf

at how he saved a few p.
at the checkout counter
to gloat he's frugaler
shopping than her—
thus matrimony

doth make bargainers
of us all—

*

[his elevenses

imagine what a
gossip deficit we'd
be suffering
now:

we'd be bereft of—
the U. of Hull
would be her school
and her books dull]

.....

February 8, 2008

*

[to the tune (sort of) "The Girl from Ipanema"]

Britney passes and as she passes
she smashes the paparazzi masses
and all their asses lie spunk across the sidewalk—
oh taste the gust of this gutter glass
with its bits its flecks of grit
with its golden rust
and then get scrunched
by that foot-horde of fans
until you're ground
like mica-mote grains, thin
as Britney was in those distant Disney days
beware if your hair is ugly
and stare when she puts in the jugglies
but what god creates a star
from smaller dust than this—

now you want to run your tongue
along the pavement before it's gone
like a thousand stabs of flashcam crammed
into one—

against the street go scrape your shoe
to scratch up some of that glitter grue
which those collision divas in their dashes

left just for you—

hear a thousand marquees crashing
see the thousand names in lights you'll gash in
to your wrists if you can only pick up one slash
of it to good-bloody your fingers on
and unbody your skin till it's gone
to get it ready for the steadiclone—

now Lindsay flashes her gorgon gashes
and then she sasses all the nasties
that Britney hasn't
oh greet her feet as they flop there
meet your fate in her opera
then smooth-a-rama like a trauma
and move away from all the drama
before the sun can render it real
and you're gunk under her heel
so junk you know how it feels—
when your blood your blood-scar congeals—

see that CSI sequel deal—
that stupid cop car squeal—
zoom-in the ambulance wheels—
then klung! your morgue-door seals—

*

February 19, 2008

etcet

*

POEM

how to remain mienous
as you face
the mirror's worst

I who scorned the house
unto its rafters

a self-finished man with all
his comforts I offered
my soul to the dust
that I tossed onto others

money poured
from my halo

now the limp repeats
what the stride said
when it ran in full pell toward
the meld of flight

too late the salt

bare as the way north
where they lade the gates
with the way south

to repeat the instances
as hands pinned
upon the target
may applaud when hit
your aim

trued to its shoot
why do I stay
stage-left of my exit

*
*

IMMUNE

Listening is confined to seashells,
What we call ear uncalls all we hear—
Eyesight applies to hawks and owls
But never to our narrow peer:

Each animal sense we experience
Here as human pales, halved or less
To a modest of their male-ness—
Smell; touch; taste: can you even guess

Which of them if any still might prey on
Our higher-evolved state . . .
Which of that five's alive at this moment—
Dead to its lunge we wait.

*
*

SIGHT

so billions of humans for millennia looked
at the blue sky of a sunny day and saw it as
bright until one day the boy Rimbaud looked
at it and saw that same blue as darkness and

said I have removed from the sky the blue
which is darkness but his saying this did not
result in the sky being stripped of its blue
to leave only immense endless sunlight

surrounding us from horizon to horizon
fire on fire encompassing gorging the eye
no in fact in spite of his assertion the blue
which is darkness stayed it remained bright

*
*

MOULDSTONEWALL

By each stone bright
in the inanimate
light

our earth discovers
its nakedness
is disastrous.

A total wipe of the slate.
And yet
this lets time get set

for the grass
to amass
its mound, endless

immense wall. Order
gives birth to more—
mornings ordure

the moulds until
they climb
our decay. Prime

the sun will
soon costume
each size and all

that waits to wear
the dead in their
measure.

The assault comes later.

It rips away
the flesh of day,
matter's tatter.

Note:

transversion of an untitled poem by Claude Esteban, from his book *Croyant Nommer*(1972). I worked from both the French original and a translation by Rainer Shulte.

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(SONNETAIRE)

over a tosscorps divan I drape repose
like a condom thrown upon a rose
to slow tear off the legs in thrashes
of some silken centipede
and paste them on as geiger zoomy lashes
so my eyes can thread a need
to bravely serve in the rapes
and assaults of pollution against the sky

by sucking off a castrati
while cutting my underwear
into animal shapes
till gold minotaurotic sweat has no use
but to mold my gold hair
in my cold face's likeness

*

*

FURU YOU, EEKY YA

*

Ya, the old wash-hole—
wait-a-fuck: a frog?—oh, no!—
goes splasho Basho.

*

Ya, the old North Pole
where Santa Frog (ho-hop-ho)
chops a splashin'-hole!

*

Ya, old-boys brothel—
watch Oscar Wilde get Basho
to wet his tadpole.

*

Ya, here's to Basho!—
there's one frog-boozin' dude you
should raise your glass to.

*

*

ADGE

such the strength of signs
I mean abbreviations

that before he dies
someone often tries

foolishly to devise
to dream up one

as if the right acronym
might save him

from time he scatters
out the letters

of his name arranging
them

in different combinations
or anyone's

to spell out the logo

the curt slogan

whose shortcut on
the screen asserts

the brand buy
the standard eye

can respond to
any cant will do

any congerie of
some might work

every shtum may
shtow the way

but not a phrase
it has to be less

than a word it must
resist the mind almost

equally as errata
and yet mean more

than any term can
it must determine

itself as a what's grasped
a spasm like the gasp

that wakes from dreams
what syllable it seems

to the dumbest ipod
it's no anagram stupid

so drop your digiter
halfwit fdgiter

you can't tap it in
fingertip or dumbpad
or erase it either with
your sanity's bleach

it must reach
you instantly i.e. breach

your customary
perceptions like Laurence Harvey

in The Manchurian Candidate
brainwash etcet

it must replace you
with a clone-face you

which is you instead

of the one in your head

*

*

GENERIC

I look along the shelf
for brand-name goods of wealth
and fame but all I see
is that cutprice item me.

Wise shoppers shun my aisle
for bargains with a style
shiny and new, not used—
they know I've been reduced.

My sell-date fades pastdue,
retail reveals the true value
that wastes each cost invested:
to wipe this dust off my head

and open my packaging,
ignore the evident aging,
the brown tainted spots
splotching up under Knott's

Best: to buy me takes
a blind eye. A lack of taste.
Half-off or marked for free
this sale's not worth a spree.

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SEFFI'S BLUES

every year the same
they've forgot my name
I take some time away
and when I'm back in May
it's like I never was
all my former buzz
my résumé my respect
where's my endorsements
they treat me worse
than a fatality-show reject
didn't I have a series
didn't I star once
special guest appearance
Sharon Stone as Ceres
but looky here is
this my career this limbo
where'd it all go
I want my audition
I want my youtube hit on

but no it's always no
can't even get a video
or a pilot slot
or a Phil Spector shot
I used to be lah-de hot
now look at this wan
subterrene skin
this bone I'm in
god Dis I'm damned
Angelina can tan
but the sun won't bide
Brad Hades' bride
whitened-hide I stride
past the poppin'-rot-zi
it's me they can not see
I'm fade to the shades
I read the trades
I was Liz and Cher
but the Biz says where
so please don't tell
TMZ I'm back from hell
stale out of rehab
for a while until
I feel that heel-jab
fang again this Fall
that icky-phallic python
is waitin' to writhe-on
when my rerun begins
and my Comeback ends
he'll fuck me Paris Hilton
and lay me Lethe Lohan
till I'm gone for rotten
a hasbeen-to-be
signed Persephone
PS don't 'lert the media
don't IM your TV
don't earth to mom
she cursed the sitcom
I died on and I agree

*

*

EACH TIME

Sometimes I dream of Rumor's house which,
I just read in Ovid, is situated

at "the world's center," the core of cores
beneath us all. He contends its windows doors

are forever open, a porous palace where
every word uttered by every person is stored

In what I call the ultimate anthology.
Where is this house, in what country?

Its closets hold not only the past,
meaning the brain's nine-tenths lost

noncognitional of the capacitated,—
because it collates not just the said,

but all that will be said: Each text
it bleeds from the future is convexed

theoretically to also heal our sole flaw:
that underlying chamber, that cellar

that upholds these capsuled corridors:
that fissure floor one-celled horrors

emerged from eons earthwide scattered,
too patterned for breeding, those far

glugglugs, these slogged zillenia ago.
Each trans-cthononic myth—genetic fragments

we once keeled our island egos against—
is shored Eliotically, in toto—

but not in a waste land: in this place
nothing is wasted, each fact is facet

composite a euphemistic peg, whose hole
lies in what we might term a zero.

What used to be the bookshelf
it swallows, and feeds throughout itself:

it sits each of us there at the hell
level its circuits need, and circulates us

around the entire system's railroad
to embody our brain a la bloodmode,

knowing its node is only made more real
by the fact each hypertold spongecode

can be simulsold for further gore:
every PC glued to GossipNet

increases the sanguinary poet's debt.
But I hear you say in ways this constant

poured out current has wrecked Intent:
floor-it geared, it steers us most toward

a surface abyss, a maelstrom facade—
the sargasso rock-critic, the facile hard-crowd—

it's said our eyes are icebergs in that sea.
Where they are dispelled completely

beyond my room night comes into swim.
Somewhere out there I know grow fossils

of protozoa-to-be, omega mammals,
animandroids roaming manuals

whose outreach program. whose proffered rim
as far as I'm testcase-concerned

should fend off every ocean, every cunning
void evolution took some of its beginning

from: for longspan has that epoch broke
when rumor heard what human spoke.

*
*

MOONSHOT

Stalwart Gagarin's
(or is it stout
Cortez's)
cosmonautboot
quashes
the tender
rays that engender
Selene's
poetic praxises and
phases—
Yuri, what you do
imposing the siberian shoe
on its silver sand
just to be
the first man
to land there as John
Keats said stranded
on his peak in
Darien may ruin
our poems' home.
Please leave the moon
untouched
by any voyage but
our verses'.
Bring
that Soyuz spacebus
back to earth and sing
quest-else to come—
Tuned lunar time
how pacifically
we'll praise
the usual discoveries.

February 21, 2008

*

HISTORICALE

If I were part of a tableau viveaux
and I fell asleep or died
none of the spectators
would notice, at least
they haven't so far—
they haven't realized yet
that in essence I am absent
from this artful scene
when it freezes to depict
the panorama where
I nurse various withered
emergencies,
though perhaps there
is one in the audience
who suspects, who fears
that he or she will surely
be hauled up on tiers
to replace me soon,
who even now
shrinks back in their seat
and frowns at my perfect mimicry.

March 08, 2008

draftdums

*

INSTRUCTIONS TO A MAP

Approach, map; let me spread your lats out here
and shape them to that abject attitude
conducive to embarkation: lie square2008
while my coarsest cartographies intrude

wild plumblines whose sharp hungers/plungers force embrace
newground boundaries as I toss more throngs
of tapemeasures in loops across your longs
and leave their snares floored and snarled there to trace
and leave them involute as if to trace

fix each secret breach of all our borders
so dumbfound for terra incognitas
my flesh will enrobe your erasure of—

underfoot I will track these meanders
and stamp down every territory town
till none can ever drive outside my own.

as if none can live wherewith my own.

as if none can live there without my own.

and rub /smudge/stamp out each territory town

/there where none can live

make them territories or town /
and establish territories or towns
grovel

blankness/court/
/fast/ out
intervention
into their terra incognita
/our secret untreated borders
and stay in
in that subject emptiness
their plumbines forth to force brace

in that waiting emptiness
fix the secret treaties/breach of our borders,
/secret limits of our
my flesh enrobes you in erasures of

my flesh will enrobe you in erasures
so none can survive outside my own.

as if none can/shall live without my own.
level
ignorant/
where none can live abroad outside my own

so none shall live outside my own.
till none can live/survive outside my own.

broad/
INSTRUCTIONS TO A MAP

Approach, map; spread your lats here
and stay amain that abject attitude
conducive to embarkation: fall square
and let my coarse cartographies broad

their plumbines forth to force brace
newfound boundaries as I toss throngs
of tapemeasures across your longs
and leave them looped there to trace

fix each secret breach of all borders
still unprepared for that terra incognita
my flesh enrobes your erasures of—

underfoot I will track these meanders
and stamp down every territory town
till none can live or lie outside my own.

*

NO/YES

N is for open; O is for now.

We ought to have been here forever,
adding the necessary zero to history's account,
regarding our origin as insipid;
long ago outliving any locale that might
have demarcated these boundaries

that oppress us with the present: they should
have established their stock as gods, hollow
coin passed among our multi, separate
exchange units for a commonhold—
dispensing shares of continuity to each

enquiry; while, like a mast that weaves webs

of knowing we stammer beneath a fort
lost in willowtrees, half-listening
to an impetuous wheel shriek. Thus the "we"
dwindles toward singledom, the one-diminished I—

Though gosh if I know what's earth to me now,
curtainary tree I twigged too late to blossom from. Oh
rind around the end, stymied-ground, soil
that extends one grave too far for me.

YES is anybody's guess.

*

RODIN'S THINKER

I am nothing and
I am a nothing,
a nope. Already

before I begin I end,
whose first-person
pronoun mine

equals minus sign;
in the niche of time
I'm wedged malign.

Mathematically if
there were 2 of me, I
might add up to one,

but schizophrenia is
a pleasure shared
by two's who alone. Where

my I is contains
enough room to think
Rodin through him

if that is I could aim
my Rilke higher than
his own likeness

in stone. Steeples
hoist up such souls
to people their walls.

*

WORDS TO KEEP HANDY TO STICK INTO POEMS

voice
consciousness
morality
memory
maxim
death
transcendence
immortality
joy
pain
fate

figure
charity
pride
wisdom
salvation
matter
nightmare
duality
authority

*

The directions one takes
in a computer
are not those of the compass,
that normal needle's paths are
null here. Here, routes
roam downward, backward
through the ego superego id, seeking
infancy. Birth permeates each gesture
addressed to the keyboard, the
commands that create
the never-deleted screen seem
to come from a stethoscope probing
the pelvic region, peering
into the recessed bellybutton
of the expectant mother
whose navel is a hole around which
live flesh masses, a gap whose absence
is obvious. The navel is a shaft
into the mind of the subject,
but the subject evades itself
by the clever use of screensalvations
and games: icons converse
across this schizoid
void. Each new program provides
a further diversion, a rhymescheme
to be defiant of,
a stanzaic requirement one can flaunt
with impunity, no crime
or shame since forgiveness
is implicit in the save option.

....

POEM

on the wall a boxing-glove lactates

nailed to the wall a boxing-glove
bleeds milk

what tit is it
that drops dollops
of great sweat
that whiten the carpet

yanked from its frame the room dies

my insert eye
sigh-mates

my insert semen migrates

detached from its frame the room rises
to milk the wall
whose udderlamp
drips light
that drained the champ
of all his fist

the hand squeezes for distance
massages its pugilist part
feels up the décolletage of its
diff and tries tries
to collate love

detached it rises to kiss this inert heart
this welcome glove

*

March 09, 2008

...

PONSONNETS

*

how far have I come
to get to where
I never am

is said to something
jammed against
the thwart part

unless the rhyme arrives
its time has too
though ineffective till

reach the sill where
there's more
for your ponder to will new

themes from when
its own finds all

*

the bouquet resists the sobriquet
almost successfully

one might say
but no idea comprehends

our faltering toe sooner than this
and yet it is so

that drought-cracks lack
exactitude

nicknames are applicable
to the silence perhaps

I guess
but I wondered

whether days died beside their hours
or their ways

*

if every beginning
is captured cry
by slaves of the end

will I shiver
like a tuningfork
touched to a flame

when my sword
is nailed to the dawn
with caedmon skill

like cigarette aligned
to accentuate
the cheekbone

what good is
a genesis
confined in seed

*

*

March 11, 2008

A new vogue for the Disaster Poem?

...

*

*

though the day is lingers now and longeurs
can we still attain to its names or share
a unicorn brassiere worn by Madonna
who only has to glance in glass to go voyeur

I wish it was that easy for the rest of us
every private term of sweetheartment
must have given husk to her voice
tongueless auctioneer of ourlooms

same poem not in sync with its ampersands
Dante centipede I thought in grids of it
I wish it was that easy to rest against

he is still attending to his entrance
so you must rise and strew an alms after
this very day you shall be with me in Montage-Ra

*

*

The time actors take to make up
delays the inevitable fall of the mask
worn by the audience, though maybe
a throwaway gesture will do, like

goalposts with whips curled around
them, all lashings of wit await their
cue stage-rear where the one playing
the door's grafted onto the wall's skin——

this is only human, the halts in line,

the queue with no A at its head. No
solving of the riddle today, sufficer.

Romeo at age 8 or 9 kicking soccer
doesn't know yet even in a vacuum
one can easily stray out of bounds.

*

*

Long crumbs fall from the fado, the fade,
I love those whom nothing may try to harm.
I caress the plus of firsts who insist most
on growing primary. It augurs well the while.

It angels hell the style I try to edit dumb
each time I think of your extinct. And yet
the bad's my trade-coat. The good's shrugged
chinook from my shoulders, coolscowl.

My theme flares whenever they fly kites
at weddings to prove the sky is a false bottom,
a trapdoor for beards to enter the ceremony:

what long crumbs fall from the bride's cake.
The groom tango-wades away, swept-debris.
Slug: A new vogue for the Disaster Poem?

*

March 12, 2008

sonnetaire: sonnet/solitaire (the game of solitaire and the sonnet combined)

...

SONNETAIRE

what if I could
somehow combine
the games of

solitaire
and sonnet what
the heck would
the rules be for

this cross pastime
and would you
even know if

you won ahah
last card slapped
down first word
or what

*

in the game
of sonnetaire

you lay down
fourteen lines or

piles of cards
or words as

you prefer
either combo

is irrefutable
and if you deal

the permutations
of it right

you win
a copy of the rulebook

*

Would it be possible to create a game that combined the rules for the sonnet and the rules for solitaire, an amalgam of the two, with a set of guidelines one would be able to follow and play . . .

I wonder; 52 cards and 14 lines, how would the mathematical interfaces work, if indeed they could.

Or should the term be: sonnetarot. Using a tarot deck instead of the other.

Four stanzas and four suits.

Joker volte.

*

March 13, 2008

dumdrafts

...

*

I wish my lovers would stop
pretending to be my genitalia,
chessman's gloves flung to ground.

Like a part in the hair we wander
through to find the vaingrays of,
the fears life uses to invent us
are over before it's post-apres.

Tonight's movie shares its marquee's
darkness, a knife's wealth is flesh,
poverty buys the calendar a day,
like smoke drifting from fix-point.

Seiged far by mortal forces
the stars' hurtled faces are
anonymously first to burst theirs.

*

A little breath is misting itself
with me, a snapped off twig
or sap that jumps the yawn—

Aspirations leapgap, they make

the ripple on the lake linger
with circle-sorcery. Kindest

thought when all is lost, stray

Dice game inside a flag-draped coffin.

Limbs are lethal clamped in sate

The elusive lines in our palms
resemble a key's cuts, jag-edged
unlock fate-chain-chart. Future—

Black and white movies can be
entered via the black and white
emissions but never by the techni.

lets opposite
stride your wedsaddle carpets
Brushed by roundtrip tickets in
the gathermaze

let's buy a roundtrip ticket
to the maze today
but a ticket to the maze
is always one-way

*

as rarest flowers you blossom
in out of way places small
of back say or nook of knee

your loveliness is always unexpected
and always has to be
stepped back one step from

*

I blossom as rarest
flowers in out of way
places inaccessible
valleys and capes
/crevices/crags which no
one ever reaches to see
while the face of me
is outward ugly /is public ugly

*

here the poem
emerges from
the nonce it wants
to be the non
sense of unless
it's one itself
in which case
no problem

/the poem comes from
the nonce it wants
to be unless
it's already
one itself and
if that's the case
what's the problem

*

March 15, 2008

**drafts . . . this second stanza is killing me, i didn't get it right the first time,
and here are more flailings at it**

*

...

THERE'S THE RUB

Envyng young poets the rage
You wish you could reverse your night
And wake up days upon their page
As old as them, as debut-bright.

Who's rutting words with coital might—
Shouldering shut what phrase's cage—
If miracle would shed its light
You'd rise revised to that stud stage.

But listen to my wizened sage:
He claims there's one disadvantage
Should time renew you neophyte—

There'd be one catch you'd hate, one spite:
Remember if you were their age
You'd have to write the way they write.

/

If miracle would send share spare spurt shoot
thrust spot lend burst aim

theme stream ram aim

If miracle would spurt its light
If miracle would spill its light
who's rutting words to jesus christ

to feel the jolt when words slut right

when currs mutt right
when slurs luck
to climax slurs you slut just right

If miracle could aim its light

If miracle would seed its light

If miracle would bleed its light

If miracle would breed its light

In droopy dreams of dumb spotlight
You rise revised to that stud stage.

April 14, 2008

*

neve campbell etcet and other old drafts

...

*

He was a Montague and she was a Capulet
but no feuding families threw them in thwart—
it wasn't that that stopped Romeo and Juliet

from Act Five Scene Fiving it on their first date:
no, it was Neve Campbell that hung them at heart,
yes it was Neve Montague and Neve Capulet

they wrote on their mental diaries' most intimate
page: each time they tried to kiss they'd start
to Neve-itate, and that stopped Romeo and Juliet

from making out further. Neve made them hot
but not for each other. They'd just sit there in flirt
gone faux at the Montague or the Capulet

home and surfstorm on a new Neve-self site
or jam *Scream 1/2/3* up the DVD insert—
that comely Campbell stopped Romeo and Juliet

from consummating their teen-tragic fate:
and even when she did indie roles for her art
they'd still curse the Montague and Capulet

DNA that kept their lives so punked, so pre-set:
Why can't we be Neve? Why can't we clone her part?
Having to stay a human Montague/Capulet
has stopped their love for Romeo and Juliet.

*

The day CSI tried to
chalk outline one
corpse of Proteus
too many we heard

his memoranda read
over the wind, against
the phone. It was
a long lot like trying

to entice bandaids off
earthworms followed by
the usual appall, the same
mad-dog meanwhile.

Thus each time the chess
champs throw dice to
dictate their next move
a vase and an owl debate

the outcome. Wait,
there's more aspic
precision in this next shot
of dead peasant, arms

flogging the baby's path.
It lasts until it laughs.
It takes place in the lab
where they vie to put

the me back in mediocre
and the I in you. Equating
to the sound made in
the 1950s by a thousand

typewriter covers being
slid off to write the word
whose sound cannot
repeat that thou-slid sound,

suggesting the collective
actions of our fingers
pressing this keyboard
add up to a standard or

a flag prompting vertigo
across the nastiness when
it stands to sing the nation.
Thousands of them sound

their voice in one body as
Proteus who includes
their nature in his and has
to if we maul our crowds. / mall / wall in/

*

Like sponges dipped in nude
a kiss of guess on the lids
discloses its thicket micular form.

Dawn blinds hair before face
or thornless angelus deceives
but I faint on the figure-eight.

Apparently newshour once came
to complete me but time
seemed to indicate moot if

I with blazing rations wait. Yet
one little breath is misting itself
here in, a snapped off twig

or sap that jumps these yawns—
aspirations leapgap, they make
the ripples on the lake linger

with circle-sorcery. Kindest
thought when all is lost, stray
dice tossed inside a flag coffin.

Limbs are lethal clamped sate—
but elusive lines on our palms
resemble a key's cut, jag-edged

to unlock fate's chain-chart. Future—
let's buy a roundtrip ticket to
the maze but a ticket to the maze

is always one-way they say

to refute whoever lets opposites
stride your wedsaddle carpets.

Black and white movies can be
entered via the black and white
emissions but never by the techni.

*

April 22, 2008

old workdrafts etc

...

*

Antigone waits with spade in hand to mound
the sand her siblings kick as they comber in from

their swim. She pats that castle down with palms
caked hard as Creon's curse, that consequence

whose idol winks quietly at my verse. Like a desk
calendar fate is best read one page per day

despite what you've heard Tiresias say blatant on
the steps of his god's versailles. Its pillars mount

like capital. The people starve to prove them whole.
A marketplace can't exist without statistics dole

but picture those cherubs of Oedipus at play, their
grimace as they hurl blindfolds across the waves

or yank lassoes similar to coily Casta's noose.
They pour her lipstick pot on a salamander as

other rouged reptiles climb morning bright,
then boring childhood pranks prance them to light

the footstool in flames, the one she stepped off
of to hang herself. How tragic: unlike all other

kids who can never be certain their mother
didn't diddle the plumber, these three share

knowledge no one but them knows the terror
of patrimony ID certifiable as any infant all.

They burn banknotes now in the fire of her toes'
phantoms, the ottoman's womanblotto sears

tears as they ignite each former furniture
that stagnates malignant with home, each chair

and most of all the mirror where she [

[Names never sound the ground they fathom home
or proclaim they've conquered the slightest inch—

Only a flag planted to confound the soil will
extemporize more than our sublimest wish.]

[of the capitol [the king's citadel mounted pillars]

*

*

like pinpricks-minus-pain
the mist is on our skin

autumn mops up the poppets
of spring

they lose their heads in happendown drift
lofted-off fluff

blown of color
bled dust

white-frail
dandelions are

fright when they rare
more hues than us

which leaves but more
to be covered with ice / frosts

if only that trotting
tragedian time took all

and stripped his guise
scrubbed this gray decay off

overly-wise we cry
stemstruck bent to our like

*

April 23, 2008

old workdrafts etc

...

*

[title?] [Those Pillows]

Those pillows lovers keep
adjusting beneath themselves to find
the right slant (that of person
walking against high wind)

have their own cushion-quotient
of soft or hardness: they're
unique and similar like snowflakes;
every pillow has its singular

feel-degree, though blizzards of limbs
would crush them all the same—
yet chastened to lie winterfold
among them after you come

from being bent so pitch intent
on/through love's stress storms, only now
your relent-laced forms will learn /shall learn / may learn
what little rest pillows allow.

*

/feel-degree, its qualities
of give or support for limbs
blizzard-chastened to lie mooshed
among the aftercold that comes

from being bent so pitch intent
toward/against/to test/ to breast such storms: perhaps now
your relent-laced forms will learn
what little rest pillows allow.

/feel-degree, its measure of give
or support for blizzards of limbs
that would moosh them all the same—
chastened by what aftercold comes

/that would moosh them all the same
when chastened by the cold that comes

from being bent so pitch intent
to breast such storms: perhaps now
your relent-laced forms will learn
how little rest those pillows allow.

/from being bent so forward
into such storms, only now / pitched towards
can our relent-laced forms test
what meager rest each may allow. / each affords.

/what meager rest pillows allow.

/the cushion fecta of each pillow.
the eager rest these pillows allow.
the eager rest of each pillow.

/the potent rest of each pillow.
the rest-potency of this pillow.
the rest place of each pillow.
the rest quotient of each pillow.
the rest potential of each pillow.
the rest quality of each pillow.
the rest-qualtiies of each pillow.

have their own farenheit / weathervane/ cushion-quota
cushion-quotient/
have their own farenheits/measure

/from being bent into such storms,
perhaps our relent-laced forms

so eager to reach here now
can test each pillow's rest for how.

embody them the same,
/endure them/ would crush them all the same,

for place

can test each cushion's rest for place
can test each cushioned resting place
can now test how restful they've placed us.

forms bent, intent/eager to reach this rest.
from being bent so forward

into such storms, perhaps now /only now
our relent-laced forms may test

forms unbent can test this rest.

can test how restful they place us

feel-degree, and though through blizzards
of limbs they seem the same,

have differing degrees

/through the storm, our bent/ [leaned-forward]
/bent-raced / bent-laced / relent-laced

/walking/striding against high wind)

/forms leaning forward to reach this/

/feel-quotient/feel-quality/feel-degree, and if in this blizzard

each [pillow] has its own feel, to the touch
its qualities of give or support when
you rest or prop upon it

/every pillow has a felt-quality to it
personality, even if in the/our rush/blizzard

/though all of them fall upon
our blizzard bodies or lie chastened
for the next winterfold

*

Can I cast off enough malaprops
ripe-heard at night-ne'er
where I suspect my virtue lies
in sidestepping the opportune hour
to arrive in halfmore. Cleverly

I serve those who lie with the sun
at times by their open window
pretending they are sad to see
a poppy ban ivory from
its balcony of unmanned.

I serve their pain. In my slippersoles
/

*

Acting out the origin
of how to occur in a story
is more than I have saved
from any empire's glory;

lack of rain rusts umbrellas,
minus pain dulls my mind:
if green extolls oasis
no wonder one's hard to find

in this desert of dinky, each
Vegas lusting to be Rome.
I pause goodbye a breather;
start to escort the door home.

/
the tendency of green
to exaggerate its oasis
paints the bread dull

*

April 24, 2008

old workdrafts etc

...

*

[title?] [Those Pillows]

Those pillows lovers keep
adjusting beneath themselves to find
the right slant (that of a man
walking against high wind)

have their own cushion-quotient
of soft or hardness: they're
similar and unique like snowflakes;
every pillow has its singular

feel-degree, its qualities
/of give or prop for the head /of spongy give or prop for a head
that will have to lie upon them
in the aftercold of love's bed—

[pillows that promise comfort and wear
the ideal shape of heavenclouds
and even bear more than we can bear
of weariness, and resurge after they're
mooshed down bedflat, spring back...]

/and having once been bent to breast
such endless storms, maybe now

of give or support for limbs
that would moosh them down to none—
/mooshing them down equally—
harsh the aftercold that comes

/from being bent to breast
such endless storms, maybe now
your relent-laced forms will learn
how little rest pillows allow.

/

of give or support for bodies / heads

that will have to lie upon them

yet chastened to lie winterfold / afterfold

propped by their spongy hems

among their spongy forms

that don't care, that moosh them

resurgency and springback/ their spongy springback

that would moosh them bed-flat—
in the aftercold that comes

that press them down to moosh—

that mooshed them all the same,
yet in the aftercold that comes
/chastened to lie in the []

from being bent so pitch intent
to breast such storms: perhaps now
your relent-laced forms will learn
how little rest those pillows allow.

/

yet chastened to lie winterfold
among them after you come

from being bent so pitch intent
on/through love's stress storms, only now
your relent-laced forms will learn /shall learn / may learn
what little rest pillows allow.

*

/feel-degree, its qualities
of give or support for limbs
blizzard-chastened to lie mooshed
among the aftercold that comes

feel-degree, though blizzards of limbs
would crush them all the same—

from being bent so pitch intent
toward/against/to test/ to breast such storms: perhaps now
your relent-laced forms will learn
what little rest pillows allow.

/feel-degree, its measure of give
or support for blizzards of limbs
that would moosh them all the same—
chastened by what aftercold comes

/that would moosh them all the same
when chastened by the cold that comes

from being bent so pitch intent
to breast such storms: perhaps now
your relent-laced forms will learn
how little rest those pillows allow.

/from being bent so forward
into such storms, only now / pitched towards
can our relent-laced forms test
what meager rest each may allow. / each affords.

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/the cushion fecta of each pillow.
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the rest quotient of each pillow.
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the rest-qualties of each pillow.

have their own farenheit / weathervane/ cushion-quota
cushion-quotient/
have their own farenheits/measure

/from being bent into such storms,
perhaps our relent-laced forms

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embody them the same,
/endure them/ would crush them all the same,

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into such storms, perhaps now /only now
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forms unbent can test this rest.

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of limbs they seem the same,

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/bent-raced / bent-laced / relent-laced

/walking/striding against high wind)

/forms leaning forward to reach this/

/feel-quotient/feel-quality/feel-degree, and if in this blizzard

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personality, even if in the/our rush/blizzard

/though all of them fall upon
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ripe-heard at night-ne'er

where I suspect my virtue lies
in sidestepping the opportune hour
to arrive in halfmore. Cleverly

I serve those who lie with the sun
at times by their open window
pretending they are sad to see
a poppy ban ivory from
its balcony of unmanned.

I serve their pain. In my slippersoles
/

*
Acting out the origin
of how to occur in a story
is more than I have saved
from any empire's glory;

lack of rain rusts umbrellas,
minus pain dulls my mind:
if green extolls oasis
no wonder one's hard to find

in this desert of dinky, each
Vegas lusting to be Rome.
I pause goodbye a breather;
start to escort the door home.

/
the tendency of green
to exaggerate its oasis
paints the bread dull

*

May 8, 2008

*

I prop each rejection-slip
against a grass-blade
round the pond where
I drown myself to show
those SASE dismissals
hold the reason why
I must die but suddenly
a frog jumps in, ya,
water drops splash over
those printed forms and
the padstamped name
Alice Quinn blurs blots—
oh moisture mizu on
her no-notes, oto?

*

May 18, 2008

...

*

that bird soars across
this wall which halts us
so why does it then
fly back here again

*

May 21, 2008

...

*

MOON AND HUE

Just puppet apparats, gene-globs—
not the immolations of angels or
the serenity from Eden: my eyelids
cannot shake off the lassitude

of longitudes, that decapitated
semaphore occasion called home,
map scrawled on white butterflies
impaled by antlers. Paradise.

Write more that I may transmit
your Hermes'-sperm and bear
some message both-forth the same

way that sign-language is hand-
tinged; as I am tinged by you in
sun and shade, or moon and hue.

*

May 22, 2008

drafts

...

LAPSES, LAPSES

There is no us unless it's Us: the Movie,
yet each sinkdrip thinks it remembers Narcissus
from somewhere, some loss that doesn't show— / some loss that's still nouveau—

its evaporations have drained every face, so
who's there; suffer-thing; damn lack of focus
get slurred together, get forgot—although

the water thinks it remembers Narcissus—
yes: wasn't he the one who claimed "Coitus
is best against a mirror"; or was it "window"?

Beyond such reflections there is no us,
I mean no univocal being to be jealous
of, scream at, hate and (sometimes) love: []

the water thinks. It remembers Narcissus
shed other perversions, too amorphous

to name—or too shared, perhaps. Oh! one must go

beyond such reflections. There is no lust,
really, as you well know, just this vacuous
anonymous that fills the eye with those faux

the sink thinks it remembers. Narcissus?—
simply to name him suggests his rare guise is
/just the one porthole saved from a wreck that

/just the one face glimpsed from your porthole
of consciousness, the window you strained/failed to save
when every beaut-boat was drained from below

/drained every beautboat, out of whose glaucous
ocean reruns run of the same old show
dispatching/ its parch-fate as a last sargasso

to be grasped by
[] it remembers narcosis . . .
[beyond such reflections waits someone else.
To think you remember them is useless.]

*

*

what if you
prefixed beautiful
with a ball throw

on my grave throw
a bell and a bowl
to represent hollow

hollow or silent
in the end we all
lack instrument

ring the bell fill
the bowl throw
the ball until

the prefix is over
the word through

*

Her ribcage so beautiful it hovers before her in the air,
my billion screen starves one infant;
in unison the accusers of mob soar,
pastimes graze on your eyes, perennial
victims squeeze beneath your fingernails,
to pacify a thorn's blush
high over the event
each cliff laughs at its abyss's devotion.

Festival du Cannes Angelina Jolie
her ribcage floats flashcam billion TV
ah the charity the beauty
to starve one infant—

Throwing dice at a bomb as
it descends may disarm it
but the odds as always favor
the house: any abacus chorus

hymns these numbers, billion TV
can starve one infant, the plus-signs
will sustain your chain of being, the hybrid
somewhere between fish and confetti

for Angelina UNICEF to save,
the videograph/ nightly my infant saves
to stroke whose testes in sync with/
tapering tinier than shrinkporn/ squibbles of ink
spilled on marble statues in
the Vatican's porn collection
red ink of the debtor

/The attempt to conceal
one's sex in a dimple
rarely fails, or a navel, a ribcage

at Festival du Cannes the stars wave
so billionscreened spancam opencam, gongs
announce the Director's Cut is twice
as long, God's Edit's eternal, the numbers
hurricane earthquake kill a
convenient amount 40 thousand rounded
singularity ///

*

Fingering the faucet, I wonder
if each sinkdrop thinks of Narcissus
ever, or is even his face lost

in the foam of time, contemptuous
fear to urge this enough as it is puddle
all traceless saliva, communionwafers

or temples paved with ointment—
none here survive a jumpcoal sun
if this world of dew is a world of

dew (Issa) but even so, no one dares
even the skin they bared me upon
the none-scape guilt which I am

able to clone so quickly it shames me/

[]

*

///
[so even I
or you know
in the event to go

bounce the ball
hail the throw
on my grave below]

*

May 23, 2008

after Basho's frog

*

I thought it might be amusing to bring together (in the chronological order I wrote

them) in one post my various attempts to muse Basho's famous frog—

*

*

*

BASH (ten versions of furuike ya)

If I were a pond
and some frog jumped into me
I wouldn't respond.

I am a pond but
when a frog gets intimate
I keep my mouth shut.

I may look like scum
but some frogs can poke this pond
to orgasm come.

This pond is so old
even its frogs want it sold
to build the new road.

This pond is old as
me. That's how bad-off it is.
Frog-visits, I doze.

You're old, pond—the same
as me. But when your frogs come
you recall each name.

This pond is year-scored
as me. But frogs that shake it
up just make me bored.

I'll float in this pond,
fearing each frog that jumps down
will wash me aground.

This pond is old too—
But when a frog jumps into
It, it still sounds new.

This pond is dead earth
But listen to its rebirth
When frogs take a bath.

*

*

MIZU NO OTO

Pain passes for sunlight at some depths
which most of us never strike; the dive
is too far: or is the ear sheer enough—

Basho by a pond heard a frog make
the usual faucet-dripping-into-a-keyhole
sound; it wisely ignored his efforts

to collaborate. Get your galley slaves

rowing with icicles for oars, that's
one way some say. Resist the urge

to halve the sea/be laser Moses,
to submerge yourself as a slice
speciman, all random camera words.

Beyond the caprice of earth to slake,
thirst issues from the source it breaks.

Note:

A meditation upon Basho's most famous haiku, whose final syllables
I've used for the title.

*

*

FURU YOU, EEKY YA

*

Ya, the old wash-hole—
wait-a-fuck: a frog?—oh, no!—
goes splasho Basho.

*

Ya, the old North Pole
where Santa Frog (ho-hop-ho)
chops a splashin'-hole!

*

Ya, old-boys brothel—
watch Oscar Wilde get Basho
to wet his tadpole.

*

Ya, here's to Basho!—
there's one frog-boozin' dude you
should raise your glass to.

*

*

Whoa, Ranger Basho!
frog-herd's in the waterhole—
leggo your lasso.

*

*

I prop each rejection-slip
against a grass-blade

round the pond where
I drown myself to show

those SASE dismissals
hold the reason why

I must die but suddenly

a frog jumps in, ya,

waterdrops splash over
those printed forms and

the padstamped name
Alice Quinn blurs blots—

oh!—what moisture mizu on
her no-notes, oto?

*

*

BAT HABIT (or, Who's that Coughing in My Coffin)

bats are the nicotine of night
that's why I always need a light
ten packs o' Dracs a day or die
my lung-caves crave that fang-wing high
skreakedy skreak suckin' soot-sticks
makes me blind but I find my fix
when I unearth my undead stash
I slake its flake through a neck-gash
my soul bleeds weed with no regrets
oh switch to cygnet cigarets
flick and sip their swan white filt-tips
but heck I'm hooked black-hack bat-toke
what a tough puff bite-you-back smoke
Vlad the Inhaler loves my lips

*

May 24, 2008

billknott

...

LAPSES, LAPSES

There is no us unless it's Us: the Movie,
though each sinkdrip thinks it remembers Narcissus
from somewhere, some deathscene in the end

even more unwilling to assume the loss
beading up accrued in its stopgap than this
stifled hope it's happening to someone else—

when evaporations have drained every face,
when who's there, suffer-thing, damn lack of focus
get slurred together, get forgot—although

the water thinks it remembers Narcissus—
yes: wasn't he the one who claimed "Coitus
is best against a mirror"; or was it "window"?

Beyond such reflections there is no us,
I mean no univocal being to be jealous

of, scream at, hate and (sometimes) love: or so

the sink thinks. Dishes stacked with Narcissus
or other perversions too ketchup amorphous
to name or too shared, perhaps. Oh! one must go

beyond such reflections. There is no lust,
really, as you well know, just this vacuous
anonymous that fills the eye with those faux

the drink thinks it remembers. Narcissus?—
simply to name him suggests his bare guise is
the only face glimpsed from your porthole

of consciousness, the window you failed to save
when every beaut-boat was drained from below
by a backpedaling Picasso, an ocean of shrink

dripping with theme-matic modes, themedies.
Antics whose glaucous target painted chests
form a last lifejacket dispatching its parch-fate

as the picket-flicking projector easily shows
reruns of the same old spoonshaped profiles
likely to fall out when you crack the spines

of their autobihogs from the photo-insert
pages in the middle: ah descent into the drain
sargasso impinges and yet to know the arrow

is a disciple of the ball is no giveaway or tic
to squeamish at. How many of us complain
about the Vatican's porn collection, the marble

halls filled with stills of Garbo Brando in sex
studded poses, I don't know of anyone, do you?
There is no us unless it's the movie version

tactile in its evasions.

to be grasped by

[] it remembers narcosis . . .

[beyond such reflections waits someone else.

To think you remember them is useless.]

/just the one porthole saved from a wreck that

*

/loss that doesn't show— / some loss that's still nouveau—

*

what if you

prefixed beautiful

with a ball throw

on my grave throw

a bell and a bowl

to represent hollow

hollow or silent

in the end we all

lack instrument

ring the bell fill

the bowl throw

the ball until

the prefix is over
the word through

*

Her ribcage so beautiful it hovers before her in the air,
my billion screen starves one infant;
in unison the accusers of mob soar,
pastimes graze on your eyes, perennial
victims squeeze beneath your fingernails,
to pacify a thorn's blush
high over the event
each cliff laughs at its abyss's devotion.

Festival du Cannes Angelina Jolie
her ribcage floats flashcam billion TV
ah the charity the beauty
to starve one infant—

Throwing dice at a bomb as
it descends may disarm it
but the odds as always favor
the house: any abacus chorus

hymns these numbers, billion TV
can starve one infant, the plus-signs
will sustain your chain of being, the hybrid
somewhere between fish and confetti

for Angelina UNICEF to save,
the videograph/ nightly my infant saves
to stroke whose testes in sync with/
tapering tinier than shrinkporn/ squibbles of ink
spilled on marble statues in
the Vatican's porn collection
red ink of the debtor

/The attempt to conceal
one's sex in a dimple
rarely fails, or a navel, a ribcage

at Festival du Cannes the stars wave
so billionscreened spancam opencam, gongs
announce the Director's Cut is twice
as long, God's Edit's eternal, the numbers
hurricane earthquake kill a
convenient amount 40 thousand rounded
singularity ///

*

Fingering the faucet, I wonder
if each sinkdrop thinks of Narcissus
ever, or is even his face lost

in the foam of time, contemptuous
fear to urge this enough as it is puddle
all traceless saliva, communionwafers

or temples paved with ointment—
none here survive a jumpcoal sun
if this world of dew is a world of

dew (Issa) but even so, no one dares
even the skin they bared me upon
the none-scape guilt which I am

able to clone so quickly it shames me/

[]

*

i wouldn't crawl or kneel or
pray or moan or squeal or
break a sacred seal or
stop dating Jessica Biehl or
beg counterfeit or steal or
bribe a double deal or
storm the Bastille or
swim the Monongahela
but i gosh wish Garrison Keehler
'd put me on his show
my poem on radio

you'll frown how middlebrow
but twere paradise enow
back on Writers Almanack
where i weren't in the first place
yes it's in the worst taste
(like Thom Gunn's Jeffrey Dahmer
hymns or Michael Palmer
inserting double spaces
between his meta-stasis phrases
ain't)
and sort of stupid-quaint
when Garrison's baritone
buries your verse in Minnepone
sincerities ///

*

///

[so even I
or you know
in the event to go

bounce the ball
hail the throw
on my grave below]

*LAPSES. LAPSES

There is no us unless it's Us: the Movie,
but each sinkdrip thinks it remembers Narcissus
from somewhere, some scene in the end
when evaporations have drained every face,

who's there, suffer-thing, damn lack of focus
get slurred together, get forgot—although
the water thinks it remembers Narcissus—
yes; wasn't he the one who claimed "Coitus

is best against a mirror"; or was it "window"?
Beyond such reflections there is no us,
I mean no univocal being to be jealous
of, scream at, hate and (sometimes) love: or so

the sink thinks. It kitchens Narcissus
and his other perversions, too amorphous
to name—or too shared, perhaps. Oh! one must go
beyond such reflections. There is no lust,

really, as you well know, just this vacuous

anonymous that fills the eye with those faux
the ocean thinks of its struggles: Narcissus?
Yet to name him suggests his rare guise is

just the one porthole saved from a sink that

drains every beauty, he whose glaucous
eye runs with reruns of the same old show
dispatching his parched fate in the sargasso

the water thinks it remembers. Narcissus . . .

*

when loss was still bitten off
the big slice of words, some lost that doesn't flow—

Each sinkdrip thinks it reflects Narcissus
Or used to back in its beautiful youth,
Because the mirror makes our loveliness

Out of its desire to indulge its lust
To see its glow in our dull

mudcess

its reflections cover/contain/capsule everyone of us.
its random memory

its reflections visit the beyond of us.
that its unique frame may express a shadow/ an exit bolt-hole
to swim from when you're sinking like Narcissus
but to name one is to suggest more or less
that its unique guise may be the very porthole
un-rained evaporations claim every face

////

June 10, 2008

All of us who lived on Earth
and all our loves and wars
probably won't appear much
in the moon's memoirs.

/will probably not appear

/will probably never appear

will probably never/not be mentioned

are probably not going to be mentioned

will hardly ever be mentioned

will largely never be mentioned

will hardly ever be mentioned at all

will scarcely ever be mentioned

will hardly be mentioned at all

will scarcely be mentioned at all

will barely be mentioned if at all
may not receive much feature
might not get any mention
might not get a lot of attention
might not get any pages
might not get much attention
may not be featured a lot
may not be mentioned a lot
will not be mentioned a lot
may only be mentioned in passing
may not be mentioned much if at all
may not be mentioned at all
may not be mentioned ever
may not be mentioned once
I doubt will receive much feature
probably won't get much words
might not get much mention
might not get mentioned much
might not be written of
will amount to about a page
may get about half a page
will end up in a footnote
may be mentioned in a footnote
may merit only a footnote
will probably never be mentioned
probably won't be mentioned once
will never be mentioned once
may not merit a paragraph
may not rate one paragraph
may not take up a paragraph
may not stretch to a paragraph
will never be mentioned ever

may not get a lot of attention/pages

may not receive one paragraph

may not be featured much
may not receive much feature

probably will get one paragraph

will probably be one paragraph

probably will never be mentioned

will probably never be mentioned

will perhaps never be mentioned

may not take up much space

*

*

Lost to me are all the glancing exits
by which others enter others' chaste
or lust parts.

May they meet sweeter than soon in that room;
the bastards.

.

*

Poor King Lear must use both hands to raise a Big Mac to his mouth.

*

teardrops forming the edge of sight
even the shadows I cast are a diaph off
finished as mist is in a kiss
mirrors opaque with old wisdoms of touch

*

*

treetops toss
like a young pianist's upstrung hair:
wind-criinged powerlines bear
more debut this latest virtuoss—
weather is the prodigy of everywhere

[UNTITLED]

no one wants to snowride
on a slowsled
pulled by a glacier
but at least in time's traffic
it gets you there

[UNTITLED]

The moon's a wishingwell you threw
all your sources, but you wasted them.

Everything is coming true,
but for the last time.
The moon will soon be tossed into you.

I blossom as rarest
flowers in out of way
places inaccessible
valleys and crags which
no one ever reaches
to see while the face
of me is public ugly

THE SAME WITH POEMS

When you set the table you want to
place the knives and forks and napkins
so perfectly, so alignedly, that everyone
will hesitate to pick them up, to break
the symmetry. The food should rot
while the diners gaze down dazed.

LOW-ROOT THOUGHT

beyond reign
of human
songs remain
Celan says
meaning his
but not mine

SUMMIT

on this hill at sunset
I will feel the contrast
of it going down
and me up here for
a second as total

July 13, 2008

POEM

The comet whose path is contentment
doesn't appear often: compared to it
Haley's daily. The eye rared to it
may discern a speck in the spent

sight crossing the night but he's
not really looking for such salvation,
which he imagines requires knees
genuflection. He has no vocation

(he boasts) to pray for the path caught
by two poets he used to know, converts
Karr and Wright. He wishes them worth of that sought
transcendence but insists/and promises he won't wish worse

on that/their search. No matter what bright/high sphere
orbits to offer its ice-crystals here. / its ice-christus

its christ-crystals / orbits to figure/augur another christbirth here.
orbits to shine for/advertise/marquee another christbirth here.

/no matter what christsphere
orbits to shower its ice-office here/ ice-crusis/ ice-christ

that Saul/Paul pastiche clone replacement
(don't pick up that hitchchrist hiker

He wishes them success/worth in their/that sought

transcendence but insists/and promises he won't perch/ wish worse

July 19, 2008

Ashbery's Visit to Pahlevi, 1972

The American poet must kiss ass
The forces of darkness.
He has flown here first-class
And come down in the oil fields
Of Iran.

Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlevi stands in a shining circle of CIA.
His wallet opens in welcome.
He promises all USA cars
Can gas up forever now
And live like Beatniks "on the road."

His police fill the prisons
With dissidents. Ashbery follows
His fellow Avants to the banquet
Of the Arts Fest,
Where Empress [] officiates
The [] events.

Smiles glitter in Shiraz.
Ashbery has touched hands with John Cage, embracing
For the Cultural Attache's report.

Clean new tankers from America
Glide along gantries now.
Their prows shine in the docklights
As they fill [],
In Iran.

*

July 25, 2008

old workdrafts

*

the train draws perspective
from its sleeve
in order to leave
one must first conjure distance
from a hat
widowed by flammable fauxpas/
flames and errors persist
how to pluck the horse from the field

the child from the pane
the echo responds to the postcard
corresponds/ the postcard echoes
that shows a precipice poking its
finger forth with a wedding ring
the ritual of rock when
solemn-seen
windows bound by final lenses
glass
islands that balance a splinter
in their heart

/aboard the endless train of perspective
the raiiside/outlook passes slowly, time
raves and wanders like a photo-chirp—
puppet finery adorns their pyramids—
the pawed-at touchstones sermonize

*

All of us who lived on earth
and all our loves and wars
may not appear at all
in the moon's memoirs.

*

There in my bathroom mirror the watcher finds
All flesh is not desirable, though steam
Promises always fairer fauned/found than mine—
Handsomeness waits just a wisp away it seems

To him shivering in the sheenshed glass,
Impatiently/Patiently wanting/daunting/suppressing the emergence
Of that/some god who must have succored presence
Once in such fallen minor form unless

The vapor clouding my razor ignores
[] brooks no pollutant face
As ugly as this streamy Narcissus
[beauty / loveliness /fountain] more source

[] than any boy grown old
now his tepid taps run their course to cold.
feels his tepid taps run their course to cold.

/here all tepid taps run their course to cold.
/so all tepid taps turn their course to cold.
/tepid the watertap runs its course to cold

...

LAPSES, LAPSES

There is no us unless it's Us: the Movie,
though each sinkdrip thinks it remembers Narcissus
from somewhere, some deathscene in the end

even more unwilling to assume the loss
beading up accrued in its stopgap than this
stifled hope it's happening to someone else—

when evaporations have drained every face,
when who's there, suffer-thing, damn lack of focus
get slurred together, get forgot—although

the ocean thinks it remembers Narcissus—

yes: wasn't he the one who claimed "Coitus
is best against a mirror"; or was it "window"?

Beyond such reflections there is no us,
I mean no univocal being to be jealous
of, scream at, hate and (sometimes) love: or so

the sink thinks. Dishes stacked with Narcissus
or other perversions too ketchup amorphous
to name or too shared perhaps. Oh! one must go

beyond such reflections. There is no lust,
really, as you well know, just this vacuous
anonymous that fills the eye with those faux

the drink thinks it remembers. Narcissus?—
simply to name him suggests his bare guise is
the only face glimpsed from your porthole

of consciousness, the window you failed to save
when every beaut-boat was drained from below
by a backpedaling Picasso, an ocean of shrink

dripping with theme-matic modes, themedies.
Antics whose glaucous target-painted chests
form a last lifejacket dispatching its parch-fate

as the picket-flicking projectors easily show
reruns of the same old spoonshaped profiles
likely to fall out when you crack the spines

of their autohighhogs from the photo-insert
pages in the middle: ah descent into the drain
sargasso impinges and yet to know the arrow

is a disciple of the ball is no giveaway or tic
to squeamish at. How many of us complain
about the Vatican's porn collection, those marble

halls filled with stills of Garbo Brando in sex
studded poses, I don't know of anyone, do you?
There is no us unless it's the movie version

tactile in its evasions. In unison the accusers of mob soar pastimes on your eyes

to be grasped by

[] it remembers narcosis . . .

[beyond such reflections waits someone else.

To think you remember them is useless.]

/just the one porthole saved from a wreck that

*

/loss that doesn't show— / some loss that's still nouveau—

*

August 11, 2008

workdrafts

*

POEM

Weatherchannel is the campfire I crouch at,
the goldfish bowl my mouth drinks grease from;
eden of interpretations, petrified pasture,

obsolete Xfact, tossed indoor-right.

Shun panacea, provide only unique cures—
that's how they'll know you're a savior;
suffering is for worldlings, not locals like us;
in bask of tiptoe days ungrasped, shall we sense
whose death has weighed our rights.

Does the moon surface so. The way you dive
beneath your skin must emerge pre-emptorily
linked to all, plumbline cast for depths
whose new, stripped presence should reveal

how the moon scowls beneath its skin each dawn
to remain visible to the spyprobes the satellites
that aim to link all scan to cast our depths
earthsurface tall till we emerge new in its

empty strips surveillance to announce
some edenic pasture, greasy, tribal,
mouth flicked with goldfish scales.

Windchimes carved from a petrified
forest fire hang from the limbs there.
Their tinkling interprets our tribe skoal.

The surrounding mountains pursue their peaks
leisurely, the day keeps advancing its ideas
of felicity, ripe ideal beneath which we pine
in shadows of actual, shadows of real,
deserving less than this, less than the showfacade
facts,

unless, by leaning merely wallow in this tadpole
pose,
we fear to test our tongue's obnoxious thrust,
offering this benefice to none who might indeed
need its opacity of old: as if that were all the heel
one could offer global meanings marked down

in meadows more mortal or else despising much
capital, lots of plenty-of-peace sulk-palaces,
all hoping pure can interrupt bare.
Moon now in penance for the sure sense of being;
in its favor, we share its spent sense of withholding

all we owe to native motives. Dense with
forgetfulness, fornicatory notes, avid snows
across the violins' astringent cold.
Icier strings than known, lattices across
whose strips the movie throws its sold liquidities.

*

Casting, like ripeness, is all: and thus the Dantean vision
of love that moves *Basic Instinct 2* improves on 'BS One'
by removing all moviestars save the heaven-own Sharon Stone.
(Which leaves just me and Her up there on the screen, alone.)

*

Basic Instinct . . . what a waste to cast Dorothy Malone—
she's just lost in the young star-geist of that Sharon Stone,
stone-perfect for her role as an ice-pick dildo:
my '50s-favorite Dot's stuck with a bit-part cameo.

*

August 14, 2008

drafts

*

THE LOVES OF A DRAIN

Our embrace/lovmaking summarizes the wallpaper,
designed to repeat the pattern we lie apart/

/its repetitive visual rhythms find
their analog in each urgent thrust—/

/designed to repeat patterns our flesh meets
and lies apart, subsumed in the love
of a drain. The drip of repetitive
visual rhythms across the ceiling
finds analog in the clogged couplings of

/to lie on one's back and advocate crumbs
is all I can do, or denude the bed
by waking to transgressions that express
me better than

*

storm performance: the tree-toss rage
like a pianist's headsway/headplay/headseige above the keys;
can wind-cringed powerlines engage
the debut of this ever-new virtuoso—
weather is the prodigy of every stage

*

FURTHER

maybe the name stenciled on
your frankenstein kit is mine
but its letters appear random
pointspread on a gambler's odds

yet causality you declare fervid
is the sole veto the lone rune gods
can use to dispute their senses
so that no later than someday we

will believe in our superstitious
existence as names on dotted lines
clot up and thicken into a polyglot

ingot and yet all the gold in Fort
Knott cannot fudge its value here or
absolve me from this longshot bet

POEM

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the goldfish bowl my mouth drinks grease from;
eden of interpretations, petrified pasture,
obsolete Xfact, tossed indoor-right.

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that's how they'll know you're a savior;

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too stone-perfect for her role as an ice-pick dildo—
oh! my '50s-favorite Dot got stuck with a bit-part cameo.

*

The last page of
life reads the same
in everyone's
book, and even

Agatha Christie could
spring no surprise
there: one never
has the urge to cheat,

to sneak a peak
to see the murderer's
identity because we

know it and yet
this boring story absorbs
us as if we didn't!

*

what if you
prefixed beautiful
with a ball throw

on my grave throw
a bell and a bowl
to represent hollow

hollow or silent
in the end we all
lack instrument

ring the bell fill
the bowl throw
the ball until

the prefix is over
the word through

*

Her ribcage so beautiful it hovers before her in the air,
my billion screen starves one infant;
in unison the accusers of mob soar,
pastimes graze on your eyes, perennial
victims squeeze beneath your fingernails,
to pacify a thorn's blush
high over the event
each cliff laughs at its abyss's devotion.

Festival du Cannes Angelina Jolie
her ribcage floats flashcam billion TV
ah the charity the beauty
to starve one infant—

Throwing dice at a bomb as
it descends may disarm it
but the odds as always favor
the house: any abacus chorus

hymns these numbers, billion TV
can starve one infant, the plus-signs
will sustain your chain of being, the hybrid
somewhere between fish and confetti

for Angelina UNICEF to save,
the videograph/ nightly my infant saves
to stroke whose testes in sync with/
tapering tinier than shrinkporn/ squibbles of ink spilled on marble statues in the
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if each sinkdrop thinks of Narcissus
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in the foam of time, contemptuous
fear to urge this enough as it is puddle
all traceless saliva, communionwafers

or temples paved with ointment—
none here survive a jumpcoal sun
if this world of dew is a world of

dew (Issa) but even so, no one dares
even the skin they bared me upon
the none-scape guilt which I am

able to clone so quickly it shames me/

[]

*

///
[so even I
or you know
in the event to go

bounce the ball
hail the throw
on my grave below]

*

My late Master's maze
minotaur bastards
my face. I am fossed

/in postured/ pit stone/ stone. Let steeples

Picture your sculptor as
the cause of your crisis
and fosse their likeness

in postured stone. Steeples

hoist up such pure souls
to people their walls.

Rilke's higher distress / amanuensis
than his own likeness hides his own likeness

like three islands
balanced in the mind
in the niche his time
has wedged malign.

whom one is claiming
to focus me always on
despite my name
to focus me wrought

*I am nothing and
I am a nothing,
a nope. Already
before I began

my first-person
equaled minus sign

A little breath is misting itself
with me, a snapped off twig
or sap that jumps the yawn—

Aspirations leapgap, they make
the ripple on the lake linger
with circle-sorcery. Kindest

thought when all is lost, stray

Dice game inside a flag-draped coffin.

Limbs are lethal clamped in sate

The elusive lines in our palms
resemble a key's cuts, jag-edged
unlock fate-chain-chart. Future—

Black and white movies can be
entered via the black and white
emissions but never by the techni.

lets opposite
stride your wedsaddle carpets
Brushed by roundtrip tickets in
the gathermaze

let's buy a roundtrip ticket
to the maze today
but a ticket to the maze
is always one-way

*

as rarest flowers you blossom
in out of way places small
of back say or nook of knee

your loveliness is always unexpected
and always has to be
stepped back one step from

*

I blossom as rarest
flowers in out of way
places inaccessible
valleys and capes
/crevices/crags which no
one ever reaches to see
while the face of me
is outward ugly /is public ugly

*

the poem
emerges from
the nonce
it wants
to be the non
sense of unless
it's one itself
already in
which case what's
the problem

/
the poem
comes from
the nonce
it wants

to be
the non
sense of
unless

it's one
itself
already

in which
case what's
the problem

it says
otherwise / its term / some term

it says
no way

hose zay nosegay
but see

itself contrary
but see
if that's

the case
what's
the problem

/
to be
unless
it's already
one it says / one itself says

nonsense
one itself /one

*

RODIN'S THINKER (pentasyllabics)

To reduce my thought
to none is my aim
to spite the trite name
that bit chisel brought

me knee elbow bound
thick fist to forehead
pedestal posted
niched on no good ground.

Rilke's master was
the cause of this curse
who fossed his likeness

in stone. Let steeples
hoist up such pure souls
to people their walls.

*

*

*

*

*

Antigone waits with spade in hand to mound
the sand her siblings kick as they comber in from

their swim. She pats that castle down with palms
caked hard as Creon's curse, that consequence

whose idol winks quietly at my verse. Like a desk
calendar I think fate's best read one page per day

despite what you've heard Tiresias say blatant on
the steps of his god's versailles. Its pillars mount

like capital. The people starve to prove them whole.
A marketplace can't exist without statistics dole

but picture those cherubs of Oedipus at play, their
grimace as they hurl blindfolds across the waves

or yank lassoes similar to coily Casta's noose.
They pour her lipstick pot on a salamander as

other rouged reptiles climb morning bright,
then boring childhood pranks prance them to light

the footstool in flames, the one she stepped off
of to hang herself. How tragic: unlike all other

kids who can never be certain their mother
didn't diddle the plumber, these three share

knowledge no one but them knows the terror

of patrimony ID certifiable as any infant mill.

They burn banknotes now in the fire of her toes'
phantoms, upholstered ottoman's womanblotto

they ignite each furniture of their former [

[Names never sound the ground they fathom home
or proclaim they've conquered the slightest inch—

Only a flag planted to confound the soil will
extemporize more than our sublimest wish.]

[of the capitol [the king's citadel mounted pillars]

*

like pinpricks-minus-pain
the mist is on our skin

autumn mops up the poppets
of spring

they lose their heads in happendown drift
lofted-off fluff

blown of color
bled dust

white-frail
dandelions are

fright when they rare
more hues than us

which leaves but more air
to be covered with ice / frosts

if only that trotting
tragedian time took all

and stripped his guise
scrubbed this gray decay off

overly-wise we cry
stemstruck bent to like's likeness

*

*

DUNCE RHYMES (FOR THE MOMENT)

and if this poem
has made you a hearer
of ghosted voices
that fade when you get nearer
and everytime you look
into the rearview mirror
you scream and clutch
at your hands in fear
at what those futures show

and then will you cry out
for all to hear
the cripple the promqueen

and the seer
don't you think that now's
a good time to be freer
than you were
a second ago

*

The day CSI tried to
chalk outline one
corpse of Proteus
too many we heard

his memoranda read
over the wind, against
the phone. It was
a long lot like trying

to entice band-aids off
worms followed by
the usual appall, the same
mad-dog meanwhile.

Thus each time the chess
champs throw dice to
dictate their next move
a vase and an owl debate

the outcome. Wait,
there's more aspic
precipice please, closeup
of dead peasant, arms

flogging his baby's path.
It lasts until it laughs.
It takes place in the lab
where they vie to put

the me back in mediocre
and the I in you. Equating
quakes the sound made in
the 1950s by a thousand

typewriter covers being
slid off to write the word
whose sound can never
repeat that thou-slid sound,

suggesting the collective
actions of our fingers
pressing this keyboard
add up to a standard or

a flag prompting vertigo
across the nastiness when
it stands to sing the nation.
Thousands of them sound

their voice in one body as
Proteus who includes
their nature in his and has
to if we maul our crowds. / mall / wall in/
to if we mall in crowds.

*

Like sponges dipped in nude

a kiss of guess on the lids
discloses its thicket micular form.

Dawn blinds hair before face
or thornless angelus deceives
but I faint on the figure-eight.

Apparently newshour once came
to complete me but time
seemed to indicate moot if

I with blazing rations wait. Yet
one little breath is misting itself
here in a snapped off twig

or sap that jumps these yawns—
aspirations leappgap, they make
the ripples on the lake linger

with circle-sorcery. Kindest
thought when all is lost, stray
dice tossed inside a flag coffin.

Limbs are lethal clamped sate—
but elusive lines on our palms
resemble a key's cut, jag-edged
to unlock fate's chain-chart. Future—
let's buy a roundtrip ticket to
the maze but a ticket to the maze

is always one-way they say
to refute whoever lets opposites
stride your wedsaddle carpets.

Black and white movies can be
entered via the black and white
emissions but never by the techni.

*

If I put the me back in
mediocre and the i in idiot
what does that leave you—

if you want to participate just
say so.

Brushed by roundtrip tickets in
the gathermaze

I hear you say hey

*

as rarest flowers you blossom
in out of way places small
of back say or nook of knee

your loveliness is always unexpected
and always has to be
stepped back one step from

*

I blossom as rarest
flowers in out of way

places inaccessible
valleys and crags which
no one ever reaches
to see while the face
of me is public ugly

*

I am as rarest
flowers that bloom
in out of way
places inaccessible
valleys and
crevices which no
one ever reaches
to see while
the face of me
is public ugly

*

beauty is backpedal
its continuum a pedestal
beneath which I grovel

my childhood fades in untold photographs
even the clouds want down please

it's enough to transmogrify your mogrifies

her iso-splendor of arm pointed out
where stars like gnawed thimbles glow
dawn dild on my gildmold lids

writhic and positively full of loll

after the monster drinks the world
he spits out all the people
and they fall into your lap

the encore whose enema eats me

watch my occupant clutch parts of his breast
like a tweezers species /
embracesomely he was
swathed in sash

The bottom of that wishingwell festers
hypodermically: shot into strato
sparsed among errata it waters what?

bereave-voids/ spittled
drape finale
divestment empire as that should be lit

throughout some antique sleep
they kept their demands sultry
to attenuate my traumas
the corruption of cloying devils
while zeroes scamper across the clock
unless the cows, those old belgians, were
passing a debonair vowel (inept
attacks swept the barracks) whose
bared torso fed the marathon beyond shuddering
they scrounged and smoked a lozengeskull
what prompted this roam-colored ghazal

I am an aspirin-old that's all
sullen torn essence across this false perplex of nabes
slavish pensive as senile mic succor
though our flesh is minus the tongue's doubt
your pout (chagrin of suede) led the nation
they fear your gridlock sedatives hear the mime-spider

**

shall I paint through all the Isms to you
you who remain my No Period
my unportrayable

now I watch for your foot to interfere
with the flow of the gown
as it gathers its folds to freeze

solace of a word soaked in lieu-sense
at the bottom of a blue suspense train

to pass across myself with one eye closed
is to see many rasps for reason

to place me in significance to you
would be an augmentation of unbelievability
an under-life to reign my own

the art of fingerprint arrangement
(blooms of fate, unvased)
to correct the self
to perfect the I with a voila

in this way I may chance at last
upon weapons trained to sleep while
they seek each others range
gauging blows that argue no reprise

for my absence

the canals a-swish with big ships

my cased-in-ooze emptiness
outlasts all address of its distances
though the intent is worth more
than any gift fitful gush of thanks

my tongue bathes in my necktie

I felt a random urge to unhand a juggler

how come we never meet on forklifts
slept in just once by bare-fucked us
affix with cafts that line our veins environs
the doorknob drains the hand
our impatient posing in beckons toward
the end I may not invoke hard forgiveness
your love haunts its occasions like grief

I watched the wind lifting your rain-cape's points

You tie me to a chair
and give alms to the garbagebag.
The windows sag like handkerchiefs.

one can't exaggerate one's beggarliness
in an age of mechanical reproduction

pale corridors wander through room-Moreaus
floor-Magrittes ceiling-Sages mirror-Finis

static their flesh throws slow volts in the air

the blurb god gave my book awed the sweat expo
in roughed up eye fashions I lay

the stars through thin citrus laid

their fugue vitiates all my sieve hints

they placed their sky on the ski-lift and waved it off

sunglasses allow us to be modest in the face of ourselves

one-noter, doodle-shooter

**

*

EN PASSANT

above our toes is where
we like to be below our hair
but are we really there
the occasions rare

I kept my whatstabs in the air
as one probing answer
hoping others might
agree with me despite

the whywounds they bear
on every chance we meet
the occasions rare
our lives dispersed as days

I kept hoping the street
would kindly parallell me a ways
before resuming its maintenance
of the distance

*

every time we meet
in life dispersed as days.

despite the whystuff they say
every time we meet
in life dispersed as days.
each time we chance to meet
in life dispersed as days.

The occasions rare—the street
kindly paralleled me a ways
before resuming its maintenance
of the distance.

on every chance we meet

August 16, 2008

...

*

MOULDSTONEWALL

By each stone bright
in the inanimate
light

our earth discovers
its nakedness
is disastrous.

A total wipe of the slate.
And yet
this lets time get set

for the grass
to amass
its mound, endless

immense wall. Order
gives birth to more—
mornings ordure

the moulds until
they climb
our decay. Prime

the sun will
soon costume
each size and all

that waits to wear
the dead in their
measure.

The assault comes long later.

It rips away
the flesh of day,
matter's tatter.

Note:

transversion of an untitled poem by Claude Esteban, from his book *Croyant Nommer* (1972). I worked from both the French original and a translation by Rainer Schulte.

*

August 17, 2008

drafts

*

Fingering the faucet, I wonder
if each sinkdrop thinks of Narcissus
ever, or is even his face lost

in the foam of time, contemptuous
fear to urge this enough as it is puddle

all traceless saliva, communionwafers

or temples paved with ointment—
none here survive a jumpcoal sun
if this world of dew is a world of

dew (Issa) but even so, no one dares
even the skin they bared me upon
the none-scape guilt which I am

able to clone so quickly it shames me/

[]

*

///

[so even I
or you know
in the event to go

bounce the ball
hail the throw
on my grave below]

*

My late Master's maze
minotaur bastards
my face. I am fossed

/in postured/ pit stone/ stone. Let steeples

Picture your sculptor as
the cause of your crisis
and fosse their likeness

in postured stone. Steeples
hoist up such pure souls
to people their walls.

Rilke's higher distress / amanuensis
than his own likeness hides his own likeness

like three islands
balanced in the mind
in the niche his time
has wedged malign.

whom one is claiming
to focus me always on
despite my name
to focus me wrought

*I am nothing and
I am a nothing,
a nope. Already
before I began

my first-person
equaled minus sign

A little breath is misting itself
with me, a snapped off twig
or sap that jumps the yawn—

Aspirations leagap, they make
the ripple on the lake linger
with circle-sorcery. Kindest

thought when all is lost, stray

Dice game inside a flag-draped coffin.

Limbs are lethal clamped in sate

The elusive lines in our palms
resemble a key's cuts, jag-edged
unlock fate-chain-chart. Future—

Black and white movies can be
entered via the black and white
emissions but never by the techni.

lets opposite
stride your wedsaddle carpets
Brushed by roundtrip tickets in
the gathermaze

let's buy a roundtrip ticket
to the maze today
but a ticket to the maze
is always one-way

*

as rarest flowers you blossom
in out of way places small
of back say or nook of knee

your loveliness is always unexpected
and always has to be
stepped back one step from

*

I blossom as rarest
flowers in out of way
places inaccessible
valleys and capes
/crevices/crags which no
one ever reaches to see
while the face of me
is outward ugly /is public ugly

*

the poem
emerges from
the nonce
it wants
to be the non
sense of unless
it's one itself
already in
which case what's
the problem

/

the poem
comes from

the nonce
it wants

to be
the non
sense of
unless

it's one
itself
already

in which
case what's
the problem

it says
otherwise / its term / some term

it says
no way

hose zay nosegay
but see

itself contrary
but see
if that's

the case
what's
the problem

/
to be
unless
it's already
one it says / one itself says

nonsense
one itself /one

*

August 19, 2008

old workdrafts

*

*

There in my bathroom mirror the watcher finds
the watchers find
All flesh is not desirable, though steam
Promises always fairer's-fond than mine—
Handsomeness waits just a wisp away it seems
Handsome waits a wisp away it may seem /as may seem

That handsome's just a wisp away it may seem

To him shivering in the sheenshed glass,
Cruelly suppressing the emergence
Of that god who must have succored presence
Once in such fallen minor form unless

The trip dollies

days along its railbed

the railside/outlook passes slowly, time

raves and wanders like a photo-chirp—
puppet finery adorns their pyramids—
the pawed-at touchstones sermonize

me with god-dunes and streams

A bachelor chasing elevators
or cleaving his bathtub may stop
if shown a hover-fresh prophet—

*

the train draws perspective
from its sleeve
in order to leave
one must first conjure distance
from a hat
widowed by flammable fauxpas/
flames and errors persist
how to pluck the horse from the field
the child from the pane
the echo responds to the postcard
corresponds/ the postcard echoes
that shows a precipice poking its
finger forth with a wedding ring
the ritual of rock when
solemn-seen

/aboard the endless train of perspective
the railside/outlook passes slowly, time
raves and wanders like a photo-chirp—
puppet finery adorns their pyramids—
the pawed-at touchstones sermonize

*

All of us who lived on earth
and all our loves and wars
may not appear at all / may not appear all that much
in the moon's memoirs.

*

There in my bathroom mirror the watcher finds
All flesh is not desirable, though steam
Promises always fairer fauned/found than mine—
Handsome waits just a wisp away it seems

To him shivering in the sheenshed glass,
Impatiently/Patiently wanting/daunting/suppressing the emergence
Of that/some god who must have succored presence
Once in such fallen minor form unless

The vapor clouding my razor ignores
[] brooks no pollutant face
As ugly as this streamy Narcissus
[beauty / loveliness /fountain] more source

[] than any boy grown old
feels each tepid tap run its course to cold.

/here all tepid taps run their course to cold.
/so all tepid taps turn their course to cold.
/tepid the watertap runs its course to cold
now his tepid taps run their course to cold.
feels his tepid taps run their course to cold.

...

LAPSES, LAPSES

There is no us unless it's Us: the Movie,
though each sinkdrip thinks it remembers Narcissus
from somewhere, some deathscene in the end

even more unwilling to assume the loss
beading up accrued in its stopgap than this
stifled hope it's happening to someone else—

when evaporations have drained every face,
when who's there, suffer-thing, damn lack of focus
get slurred together, get forgot—although

the ocean thinks it remembers Narcissus—
yes: wasn't he the one who claimed "Coitus
is best against a mirror"; or was it "window"?

Beyond such reflections there is no us,
I mean no univocal being to be jealous
of, scream at, hate and (sometimes) love: or so

the sink thinks. Dishes stacked with Narcissus
or other perversions too ketchup amorphous
to name or too shared perhaps. Oh! one must go

beyond such reflections. There is no lust,
really, as you well know, just this vacuous
anonymous that fills the eye with those faux

the drink thinks it remembers. Narcissus?—
simply to name him suggests his bare guise is
the only face glimpsed from your porthole

of consciousness, the window you failed to save
when every beaut-boat was drained from below
by a backpedaling Picasso, an ocean of shrink

dripping with theme-matic modes, themedies.
Antics whose glaucous target-painted chests
form a last lifejacket dispatching its parch-fate

as the picket-flicking projectors easily show
reruns of the same old spoonshaped profiles
likely to fall out when you crack the spines

of their autohighhogs from the photo-insert
pages in the middle: ah descent into the drain
sargasso impinges and yet to know the arrow

is a disciple of the ball is no giveaway or tic
to squeamish at. How many of us complain
about the Vatican's porn collection, those marble

halls filled with stills of Garbo Brando in sex
studded poses, I don't know of anyone, do you?
There is no us unless it's the movie version

tactile in its evasions. In unison the accusers of mob soar pastimes on your eyes

to be grasped by

[] it remembers narcosis . . .

[beyond such reflections waits someone else.

To think you remember them is useless.]

/just the one porthole saved from a wreck that

*

/loss that doesn't show— / some loss that's still nouveau—

*

*

Her ribcage so beautiful it hovers before her in the air,

my billion screen starves one infant;

, perennial

victims squeeze beneath your fingernails,

to pacify a thorn's blush

high over the event

each cliff laughs at its abyss's devotion.

Festival du Cannes Angelina Jolie

her ribcage floats flashcam billion TV

ah the charity the beauty

to starve one infant—

Throwing dice at a bomb as

it descends may disarm it

but the odds as always favor

the house: any abacus chorus

hymns these numbers, billion TV

can starve one infant, the plus-signs

will sustain your chain of being, the hybrid

somewhere between fish and confetti

for Angelina UNICEF to save,

the videograph/ nightly my infant saves

to stroke whose testes in sync with/

tapering tinier than shrinkporn/ squibbles of ink

spilled on marble statues in

the Vatican's porn collection

red ink of the debtor

/The attempt to conceal

one's sex in a dimple

rarely fails, or a navel, a ribcage

at Festival du Cannes the stars wave

so billionscreened spancam opencam, gongs

announce the Director's Cut is twice

as long, God's Edit's eternal, the numbers

hurricane earthquake kill a

convenient amount 40 thousand rounded

singularity ////

*

Fingering the faucet, I wonder

if each sinkdrop thinks of Narcissus

ever, or is even his face lost

in the foam of time, contemptuous;
I fear to urge this enough as it is puddle
all traceless saliva, communionwafers

I fear to urge this enough
puddled in all traceless saliva

or temples paved with ointment—
none here survive a jumpcoal sun
if this world of dew is a world of

dew (Issa) but even so, no one dares
even the skin they bared me upon
the none-scape guilt which I am

able to clone so quickly it shames me/

[]

*

i wouldn't crawl or kneel or
pray or moan or squeal or
break a sacred seal or
stop dating Jessica Biehl or
beg counterfeit or steal or
bribe a double deal or
storm the Bastille or
swim the Monongahela
but i gosh wish Garrison Keillor
'd put me on his show
my poem on radio

you'll frown how middlebrow
but twere paradise enow
back on Writers Almanack
where i weren't in the first place
yes it's in the worst taste
(like Thom Gunn's Jeffrey Dahmer
psalms or Michael Palmer
stuffing perfluous spaces
inbetween his meta-stasis phrases
ain't)
and sort of stupid-quaint
when Garry's baritone
buries your verse in Minnepone
sincerities but it gets the stuff
out to the public trough
so two or three can swill
your overquill
of poesie pure or im
thanks to him

///

[so even I
or you know
in the event to go

bounce the ball
hail the throw
on my grave below]

*LAPSES. LAPSES

There is no us unless it's Us: the Movie,
but each sinkdrip thinks it remembers Narcissus
from somewhere, some scene in the end
when evaporations have drained every face,

who's there, suffer-thing, damn lack of focus
get slurred together, get forgot—although
the water thinks it remembers Narcissus—
yes; wasn't he the one who claimed "Coitus

is best against a mirror"; or was it "window"?
Beyond such reflections there is no us,
I mean no univocal being to be jealous
of, scream at, hate and (sometimes) love: or so

the sink thinks. It kitchens Narcissus
and his other perversions, too amorphous
to name—or too shared, perhaps. Oh! one must go
beyond such reflections. There is no lust,

really, as you well know, just this vacuous
anonymous that fills the eye with those faux
the ocean thinks of its struggles: Narcissus?
Yet to name him suggests his rare guise is

just the one porthole saved from a sink that

drains every beauty, he whose glaucous
eye runs with reruns of the same old show
dispatching his parched fate in the sargasso

the water thinks it remembers. Narcissus . . .

*

when loss was still bitten off

the big slice of words, some lost that doesn't flow—

Each sinkdrip thinks it reflects Narcissus
Or used to back in its beautiful youth,
Because the mirror makes our loveliness

Out of its desire to indulge its lust
To see its glow in our dull

mudcess

its reflections cover/contain/capsule everyone of us.
its random memory

its reflections visit the beyond of us.
that its unique frame may express a shadow/ an exit bolt-hole
to swim from when you're sinking like Narcissus
but to name one is to suggest more or less
that its unique guise may be the very porthole
un-rained evaporations claim every face

////

*

Scissor out random lines
from poembooks.
Fill a bathtub with these snips of paper.
Lower the patient in.

One by one extract the verse-ripples
and recite them to him.
When you've finished
then he will be cleansed,

and you will be empty of your effort,
weary soothed enough
to dive in with him
floating naked in the strips,

the ripped waters of poetry,
the sawtides, the cut-wash.

*

*

I prop each rejection-slip
against a grass-blade

round the pond where
I drown myself to show

those SASE dismissals
hold the reason why

I must die but suddenly
a frog jumps in, ya,

water-drops splash over
those printed forms and

the padstamped name
Alice Quinn blurs blots—

ah!—what mizu pizzles on
her no-notes, oto?

*

*

[title?] [Those Pillows]

Those pillows lovers keep
adjusting beneath themselves to find
the right slant (that of a man
walking against high wind)

have their own cushion-quotient
of soft or hardness: they're
similar and unique like snowflakes;
every pillow has its singular

feel-degree, though blizzards of limbs
would crush them all the same—
yet chastened to lie winterfold
among them when you've come

so close to breasting the best of
love's storms, maybe now
your relent-laced forms will learn
what little rest pillows allow.

*

/feel-degree, its qualities
of give or support for limbs
blizzard-chastened to lie mooshed
among the aftercold that comes
shall learn / may learn
from being bent so pitch intent
toward/against/to test/ to breast such storms: perhaps now
your relent-laced forms will learn
what little rest pillows allow.

/feel-degree, its measure of give
or support for blizzards of limbs
that would moosh them all the same—
chastened by what aftercold comes

/that would moosh them all the same
when chastened by the cold that comes

from being bent so pitch intent
to breast such storms: perhaps now
your relent-laced forms will learn
how little rest those pillows allow.

from being so bent on breasting
from your intent to breast all of
bent from this urge to breast all of

/from being bent so forward
into such storms, only now / pitched towards
can our relent-laced forms test
what meager rest each may allow. / each affords.

/what meager rest pillows allow.

/the cushion facta of each pillow.
the eager rest these pillows allow.
the eager rest of each pillow.

/the potent rest of each pillow.
the rest-potency of this pillow.
the rest place of each pillow.
the rest quotient of each pillow.
the rest potential of each pillow.
the rest quality of each pillow.
the rest-qualtiies of each pillow.

have their own farenheit / weathervane/ cushion-quota
cushion-quotient/
have their own farenheits/measure

/from being bent into such storms,
perhaps our relent-laced forms

so eager to reach here now
can test each pillow's rest for how.

embody them the same,

/endure them/ would crush them all the same,

for place

can test each cushion's rest for place
can test each cushioned resting place
can now test how restful they've placed us.

forms bent, intent/eager to reach this rest.
from being bent so forward
into such storms, perhaps now /only now
our relent-laced forms may test

forms unbent can test this rest.

can test how restful they place us

feel-degree, and though through blizzards
of limbs they seem the same,

have differing degrees

/through the storm, our bent/ [leaned-forward]
/bent-raced / bent-laced / relent-laced

/walking/striding against high wind)

/forms leaning forward to reach this/

/feel-quotient/feel-quality/feel-degree, and if in this blizzard

each [pillow] has its own feel, to the touch
its qualities of give or support when
you rest or prop upon it

/every pillow has a felt-quality to it
personality, even if in the/our rush/blizzard

/though all of them fall upon
our blizzard bodies or lie chastened
for the next winterfold

*

Can I cast off enough malaprops
ripe-heard at night-ne'er
where I suspect my virtue lies
in sidestepping the opportune hour
to arrive in halfmore. Cleverly

I serve those who lie with the sun
at times by their open window
pretending they are sad to see
a poppy ban ivory from
its balcony of unmanned.

I serve their pain. In my slippersoles
/

*

Acting out the origin
of how to occur in a story
is more than I have saved /served
from any empire's glory; /any empire's

lack of rain rusts umbrellas,
minus pain dulls my mind:
if green extolls oasis
no wonder one's hard to find

in this desert of dinky, each/this
Vegas lusting to be Rome.
I pause goodbye a breather;
start to escort the door home.

/
the tendency of green
to exaggerate its oasis
paints the bread dull

*

THE POEM IS ALIVE

The critic's hand cured by atrocity
Sharpens the next dictator's homily

Gripping cash beneath arctic lamps
The uncompiled umpires run through fields

The pheromones have gone home
To a cathedral catheterized by eels

Above the wheat's bending amen-figures
Night convinces the day to wait for us

Upstairs with all the rest of the frauds
I remain with my finest demonstratives

Of course the poem is alive to its limits
To the length that composition permits

*

LAPSES. LAPSES

The water thinks it remembers Narcissus
from—where? Where doesn't the ocean flow?
Beyond? Such reflections ("There is no us;

who's there; suffer-thing; damn lack of focus")
get slurred together, get forgot—although
the water thinks it remembers Narcissus—

yes; wasn't he the one who claimed "Coitus
is best against a mirror"; or was it "window"?
Beyond such reflections there is no us,

I mean no univocal being to be jealous
of, scream at, hate and (sometimes) love: or so
the water thinks. It remembers Narcissus

's other perversions, too amorphous
to name—or too shared, perhaps. Oh! one must go
beyond such reflections. There is no us,

really, as you well know, just this vacuous
villanelle that fills the eye with those faux
the water thinks it remembers. Narcissus:
"Beyond such reflections, there is no us."

/unless it's Us: the Movie. That glaucous
eye runs with reruns of the same old show

the water thinks it remembers. Narcissus . . .
beyond such reflections there is no us.

*

Each sinkdrip thinks it remembers Narcissus
from somewhere, but where doesn't the ocean flow—
its evaporations have drained every face

but to name one more than anonymous
suggests his rare guise may be the one porthole
saved from a sink that drains every Narcissus

to our parched fate in the sargasso

Each sinkdrip thinks it reflects Narcissus
Or used to back in its beautiful youth,
Because the mirror makes our loveliness

Out of its desire to indulge its lust
To see its glow in our dull

mudcess

its reflections cover/contain/capsule everyone of us.
its random memory

its reflections visit the beyond of us.
that its unique frame may express a shadow/ an exit bolt-hole
to swim from when you're sinking like Narcissus
but to name one is to suggest more or less
that its unique guise may be the very porthole
un-rained evaporations claim every face

DUSK

twilight insulates shadows from leaking
preserves their watertight forms
ebbing like grief in the eyes

the wild colors of the shore
numerous as a nipple
tell me of alphabets rippling

spiderweb flakes and headwinds squall the enclosure
the gradual yawn of distance
its devious stone tramples the cemetery

but we subside here (do we subside here)
placid hypocrisy laid (bled/wed)
martyr betrothed to a crossroads

it gleams like a lame indent
on the moon
the savior of dots

murmurs oppose testimony so
close-ups show the rest

peaks poke up through their thirst

curses fly from balconies

*

though the day is lingers now and longeurs
can we still attain to its names or share
a unicorn brassiere worn by Madonna
who only has to glance in glass to go voyeur

I wish it was that easy for the rest of us
every private term of sweetheartment
must have given husk to her voice
tongueless auctioneer of ourlooms

poem not in same sync with its ampersands
Dante centipede I thought in grids of it
I wish it was that easy to resist against

he is still attending to his entrance
so you must rise and strew an alms after
this very day you shall be with me in Montage-Ra

*

*

The time actors take to make up
delays the inevitable fall of the mask
worn by the audience, though maybe
a throwaway gesture will do, like

goalposts with whips curled around
them, all lashings of wit await their
cue stage-rear where the one playing
the door's grafted onto the wall's skin——

this is only human, the halts in line,
the queue with no A at its head. No
solving of the riddle today, sufficer.

Romeo at age 8 or 9 kicking soccer
doesn't know yet even in a vacuum
one can easily stray out of bounds.

*

Long crumbs fall from the fado, the fade,
I love those whom nothing may try to harm.
I caress the plus of firsts who insist most
on growing primary. It augurs well the while.

It angels hell the style I try to edit dumb
each time I think of your extinct. And yet
the bad's my trade-coat. The good's shrugged
chinook from my shoulders, coolscowl.

My theme flares whenever they fly kites
at weddings to prove the sky is a false bottom,
a trapdoor for beards to enter the ceremony:

what long crumbs fall from the bride's cake.
The groom tango-wades away, swept-debris.
Slug: A new vogue for the Disaster Poem?

*

gone groped open
the continuity
prussic imposes orange on
the you're-green too easily
go
establish bluescreen
tenuous targetry basically
tenuous
shoe size for my mother's Mace-spritzer
she said it was hard to act out orgasm for that HBO movie
they had her in closeups
most of the time
montage R-rated

heelshield of Achilles (steel wig for Damocles)

*

lips are defter in sepia
they can say
things better in grey
the facade nods on the thing
as if to scene/screen it
the tusk in sheriff's velvet laid
the cipherous same
the poet is thirdparty to all
the loom task
the same as now norm
amnesia in my brow
the tsk-tsk superimposed
is that an example
of any beyond perfection

*

The private terms of sweetheartment
you shared/dealt must have given husk to his voice,

that tongueless auctioneer whose/of outer heirlooms,

Such names can burn beyond sin's wickless brow
though the day is lingers now and longeurs.

A studius mirage wrought it falls excitedly.
A unicorn brassiere worn by Madonna's twin

Some

of us have to work at it. Doubleshift dregs,
no layabouting in our odyssey of drift

as if all that were in doubt is his in tenor.
survives his tenor

so lax so
my hair's crazed
in the act
especially since

it was
at the galloping thereof
I exacted it

*

a glaze-process marketed by morons

a swank and a stink were arguing

the grand salon/the pagan pall
whoosh earthwards fulltilt

WORDS TO KEEP HANDY TO STICK INTO POEMS

voice
consciousness
morality
memory
maxim
death
transcendence
immortality
joy
figure
pain
fate
charity
pride
wisdom
salvation
matter
nightmare
duality
authority

INSTRUCTIONS TO A MAP

Approach, map; let me spread your lats out here
and shape them to that abject attitude
conducive to embarkation: lie square
while my coarsest cartographies intrude

with plumblines cast that fourways force embrace
newground boundaries as I toss more throngs
of tapemeasures in loops across your longs
and leave them involuted there to trace

fix each secret breach of all our borders
so dumbfound for terra incognitas
where my lost flesh enrobes your erasures—

underfoot I will track these meanders

and stamp down every territory town
till none can ever drive outside my own.

*

as if none can live wherewith my own.

as if none can live there without my own.

and rub /smudge/stamp out each territory town

/there where none can live

make them territories or town /
and establish territories or towns
grovel
blankness/court/
/fast/ out
intervention
into their terra incognita
/our secret untreated borders
and stay in
in that subject emptiness
their plumblines forth to force brace
and leave their snares floored and snarled there to trace
wild plumblines whose sharp lungers force embrace

in that waiting emptiness
fix the secret treaties/breach of our borders,
/secret limits of our
my flesh enrobes you in erasures of

my flesh will enrobe you in erasures
so none can survive outside my own.

as if none can/shall live without my own.
level
ignorant/
where none can live abroad outside my own

so none shall live outside my own.
till none can live/survive outside my own.

broad/
INSTRUCTIONS TO A MAP

Approach, map; spread your lats here
and stay amain that abject attitude
conducive to embarkation: fall square
and let my coarse cartographies broad

their plumblines forth to force brace
newfound boundaries as I toss throngs
of tapemeasures across your longs
and leave them looped there to trace

fix each secret breach of all borders
still unprepared for that terra incognita
my flesh enrobes your erasures of—

underfoot I will track these meanders
and stamp down every territory town
till none can live or lie outside my own.

as if none can live wherewith my own.

as if none can live there without my own.

and rub /smudge/stamp out each territory town

/there where none can live

make them territories or town /
and establish territories or towns
grovel
blankness/court/
/fast/ out
intervention
into their terra incognita
/our secret untreated borders

in that subject emptiness

in that waiting emptiness
fix the secret treaties/breach of our borders,
/secret limits of our
my flesh enrobes you in erasures of

my flesh will enrobe you in erasures

as if none can/shall live without my own.
level

so none can survive outside my own.

so none shall live outside my own.
till none can live/survive outside my own.

where none can live alive outside my own.

LAKE HORENDE, AUGUST

This surface lacks a being of its own—
We see its picture but it's not the same
As this before us: here it's just a frame
We

*

This surface lacks its life: it's not the one /it's not the same
We see as picture patterns framed in stills/framed or caught
That slowly move the water caught in spills

This surface has no life to call its own.
We see it halted, moving, caught and framed /held
Between two worlds, a picture only named
In edge-sight's eye, a brief illusion grown

To hide behind its

claimed

*

This surface has no life its own unless
We see it halted moving, flowing framed
Between two worlds: this picture's only named
By edge-sight's eye, a brevity we guess

Exists because it's there in leaves that press

The landscape into shape and leave it tamed
Apparent, hidden in dimension's claimed
Projections: timed to find each hour's stress.

*

This surface has no life its own unless
We see it halted moving, flowing framed
Between two worlds: this picture's only named
With edge-sight's eye, a brevity we guess

Exists because its floating leaves still press
The landscape into shape and leave it tamed
In measured heights and depths, dimension's claimed
Uncalm, each moment held in retrogress.

Kingdom, time, each moment formed in retrogress.

In measured heights and depths, as if it claimed
Dimension, time, forward in retrogress.

Existence, time, forward in retrogress.

In measured heights and depths whose time seems aimed
To last beyond these two hours' endlessness.

In measured heights and depths and all the claimed
Dimensions time can find in retrogress. /in this progress.

*

Its surface has no life its own. Perhaps
A picture taken by the eye can freeze
Each pattern for the moving edge it sees
Illusions of: our doubled world has maps

That show the balance of this slow collapse— /elapse

It bears the weight of leaves' debris with ease
And finds its landscape's depths and heights in these
Projections of itself. Its time is edged with traps/
gaps/synapse .

And yet it's edged with gaps.

A picture taken by the eye can still
Extract its pattern from the frozen spill

Which memory tries to balance
to freeforce
a horse
on a column pegasus
in tandem

tincans tied
to a bride's ass
ride her husband's
fendered horse

*

*

Through its strips
the mummy resurrects disguise.

*

*

and sad he never got to scratch
that last mosquito bite
they weighed his

POEM

THE DOLLHOUSE BESIEGED

the only color is surrender
when high upon its staff
time flies my tattered life
yet no enemies cease fire

black threads that held me tight
lack weave enough to spell
welcome on a dollhouse sill
where brides once shed their white

no not Ibsen's dollhouse
mine was never that complex
ugh those adults mouthing off sex
sicken this mickle mouse

chincurled brow-scowled
I refuse to let go my pout
I hurl my yoyo drool about
and run and shout out loud

my eyeball fills one bedroom
the foyer rug's my tongue
I cannot live here long
though it was my truest home

the dolls I jammed in then
were soldiers fighting Nazis
I may remember their faces
but why they died's long gone

what boomed the bloody reason
I stabbed and shot and bombed
aimed and maimed and zoomed
those warplanes in to rake my own

family to the ground dead
I envied the Luftwaffe
whose pilots got to strafe
roads crowded with wounded

allowed to mow down people
while I could barely scuffle
a schoolyard with my tussle
or ruffle one study hall

how powerless I was there
compared to Hitlerman
he beat up Superman even
and fuckbade Captain America

I clutched my comicbooks

my Messerschmidts and Stukas
while daily dangling deathhookers
gutted my future outlooks

my fate was cast in wars to come
Korea and all the small ones
H-bombs or James Bond guns
Iraq-Iran Russia-Vietnam

I wish I could hide from them
and live inside this dollhouse
reduce to its cute status
shrink my world assemblen
find refuge in these rooms
immune to grownups' strife
wear a micro-costume life
far from mushroom bombs

fault false

the nazi in me knew
these action-figures came
back then it caved my secret
this tiny mansion knew
my terror of that war / the nazis
that raged beyond its walls
that must be why I'm back
shrunk to that first self
hiding in my dollhouse
like I did
ace pilot of the RAF
the will/thread that held me together
has not enough wisps left to fill
shrunk to this custom /loom/ home
the zeroes/warplanes in to strafe my own
sacrifice
small sacrifice for such a site
I died there more than once
sacrificing myself for /crazy

POEM

swan is a serpent with wheels

see it run the pond
the river whose route
excretes nature

what imago kills
the poet
who kneels to it

how it goes is
it threads each root
directionless

love at first assault
pine dancer oneshot

saliva sap

emptiest envelope
mail expunged of/
minus excess white

erased equator cursed
ecuador of all destination
equal echo

no poet in mid-squat
is adequate to
this own-addict

see it run the drool
the fountain
the whirlpool unawed

unshaken by all
unshaken by the thought
its reign must end

shortreigned its day
a court whose wig-judge
declares death

the fountainage in
inert inertia

the swan's an addict of what
poet-squat

spectator

who squats on the author
kills the poet

who kneels

expanse of speed /spiel /spool /drool

*soul / sipped /sapped

Some fountain. Same swan.

a postagestamp bears your image
too often
to remain readable
its guitar
anathema to smart tailors

museum sold grief or grape

*

All solar worlds are the same:

no inspiration
rises from the ground,—
instead it descends from above
to secure a spot where I pray
for a crevice a haven.

From the land surrounding me
some sill held/holds firm in origin, how
thwart one's design grows.

Always the intervene/interval arrives,
sauve guillotine honed on its air
of precedent, accident.

Its surge hands crown descent
with enemies energies animal
question machine spirit crypt
fissure to tap the well's outgurg

crumbling beneath this issuance.

*

and then an apple bounces when
it falls but not very far because
the grass is usually tall under a tree
and since this pretty cushion must catch

comfort contain croon dreams to
l'il baby asleep in bubbly snore
with his thumbs in a movie
and his eyes in a still photo

POEM

on the wall a boxing-glove lactates

nailed to the wall a boxing-glove
bleeds milk

what tit is it
that drops dollops
of great sweat
that whiten the carpet

yanked from its frame the room dies

my insert eye
sigh-mates
my insert semen migrates

detached from its frame the room rises
to milk the wall
whose udderlamp
drips light
that drained the champ

the hand squeezes for distance
massages its pugilist part
feels up the decolletage of its
diff and tries tries
to collate love

then rises to kiss this inert heart
this tender glove

*

on roads he took no part of home on
he goes

forced to eat his camouflage as
a consequence of which
he becomes lost

in the consequence of which
he becomes more lost
no one can find him without
his normal camouflage

migratory

*

because he must use
a part of his
anonymous as poetry,
he is never in full
mode, his software
halved with spygrabs
but how commonfolk
for comfort can
he recede.

Often at night unseen he flew
at rarities of you.
They were so few. No wonder
when they caught him

*

COMPOUND

unless
the distance rescued from whitewash
can wall
us in is all

lone-survivors
commonground
stranded
nomad the less

mysterious measurements leave
the house so empty
that all the other houses
are permitted to pervade it

THE NOTES

given the fame
surrounding
the recent book
of unfinished or
abandoned writings
by Elizabeth Bishop
won't someone
plan another
consisting of her
(and the concept
might work as well
with Robert Lowell
or James Merrill)
penned instructions
to the maid
the menus she
handed the cook
the lists she left
for her secretary
and what about
her stockbrokers
the screeds they got
regarding assets
and every scrap she
(or William Matthews
or Louise Gluck
or Richard Howard)
wrote should be in it
all the notes
to the chauffeur
the wine steward
the groundskeeper
the butler
the manicurist
the psychotherapist
the poolboy
the hairstylist
the dressmaker
the wigcomber
the authorized
biographer
the pillwrangler
the gardener
the cleaning staff
the masseuse
and what about
the servants
we don't know about
the flunkies
whose functions
remain hidden
whose arcane chores
are kept secret from
us the public
unimaginable
to us lowerclass
unbelievable
the sponge-wringer-outer
the sexologue
the doubled-over doctors
the astro-prefixed kneelers
and of course
the lawyers on retain

not to mention
the critics on retain

*

a necktie
negates me

and of course
the shirt's worse

the pants
I can't I just can't

why do my clothes
oppose me

every costume
is contumely

hats hate me
and socks mock

indubitably my shoes
abuse

each coat
has got me by the throat

belt belts me about
pockets lock me out

shorts or briefs
both thwarts and griefs

the buttons too they
unite in mutiny

who wrote this laundrylist
Tarantino scenarist

it's Kill Bill 3
daily they attack me

my gloves shove me
my sweater swears vendetta

every thread
wants me dead

all of these clothing
are filled with loathing

my duds exact revenge
whenever I change

into them each item
claims me its victim

just getting dressed
is dangerous
must I go nude afraid
of couturicide

what roused my attire

to this ire

what made this rent
between me and raiment

what caused this split
with each outfit

this breach
with the britches and such

why does my ensemble
want to bomb me

the closet's declared war
on me the defector

where's our armistice
pale in its healing surplice

the tender toga
that would tug us together

cause once I used to care
donning debonair
the latest fashion
in a flash I'd lash on

my ass in an ascot
my hair in a headshot

undoubtedly some labor
went into nabbing my clobber

acquiring my sportswear
was not effort-bare

it took a lot of brute
pursuit to root out the right suit

for an occasion where
clothes were de rigueur

the cost was not
inconspicuous

what caused this rift
in my casual shift

what made our aim
less uniform

what made our aims separate

was I ever pleasing
to these raiments

was I ever in synch
with my clobber

did my garments ever
treat me with love

complain complain nag nag
least you got a rag

on your back my skeleton
pipes up look at me none

sympatico

uniform

what
when was the point
of disjoint

I can't change
their need for revenge

what made a rhomb

but when did this crack
occur with my shoerack

want to see my slayers
wanted posters murderers
laundrylist

my laundrylist has gone
Tarantino

spincycle wash and rinse
clothesline

laundromat
laundricide

I mean no
harm to them why have they gone
so Tarantino on me

each day they murder me

deathwish deathlist

each item
to whom I'm victim

but why why

I have to assume
this leaves no room
for me in there

items of clothing
and all of them loathing

so much clothing
and all of it
filled with loathing
for what it clothes/covers

they could be lovers
but instead loathing
is what this clothing

feels for what it covers

it could be other
wise we could be lovers
but all my clothing
is filled with loathing
for what it covers

the robe rubs me wrong
shoelace
jacket
underwear shorts briefs

for me clothing
is a form of loathing

they call it clothing
it's really loathing

but isn't it really
loathing

get their cuts in /mitts in

each pose
I wear their scorn /contumely

made us break
our sympaticake

topstep laying its booted tribute
the escalator kneels and prays

the prisoners of the mall
exchange chargecards

they try to fill the inlaid coffins
carved from each eye

the urge to sacrifice all we owe
bleeds in the hands

*

MOON AND HUE

the same way that sign
language is hand
tinged so I

am tinged by you in
sun and shade
or moon and hue

metaphor

its stick won't stuck this stack.

the stick-twig. No superstition /the bare twig.
of meaning could cling,
no ghost of the blossoming:

*
*

someone who reverses
our shoes after death and sniffs
them to see if anything remains

this time let your hair grow out full
not quarter not half
no time for shame
will his sins itch
no sin for shame

the bed finished
as only two who
complete the act
can unmake it

the act intact
the complete
unmade two who

it all resembles
scenes of former harrow

two who complete
the act and yet
the bed unmakes them voice
consciousness
morality
memory
maxim
death
transcendence
immortality
joy
pain
veils
our descent.
It was quite like Zenobia's last look
on Palmyria,
Curled infantile the rainfold falls
with the sad cadence of a farceur
who hopes to continue with his wiles till
this twilight indolence is called a skullfullude,

in which we can only sprawl asides
and watch its parade of illuminations, its
with-through in the bare branches' cathode.
They show all the scenes facade can follow
or shadow transcribe though it's better to deny their force.
Oozied each fade-sigh. Thorns sutured
to the eventual flesh may depict more
but when their meteor's over you may have to pause
and allow my moth-sniffed nipples hinges to operate
their fructification, or else lapse-chopped by dollarcent
allow applause to rise. Bridges gulf us likewise.
An effort made to examine empty vases in
order to stir the nervecurd, to create less-causal ripples.

Great stresspain might make you run away from
your polyp-painted puppet.
What else waits in wisps to be a leaf of this.
But the tree is accomplished eventually
in the skull-parallel means to polish my torso post.
Each acolyte signals amnesty and
the flashing fatal signals fall;
what I live for; torn will deny.
Fluent I examine empty cages, a vase
whose nevercare stirs on the ingenued face
waiting in wisps to be my myopia.

Always your quasi-solidity shields me
from the soul's behavior data, those senses that
mold the mildest envy.
Like teardrops used to cleanse wound
where the cluster icicles are latent lashes for
eyes where the hems of the pillowcase gleam. You try
not to disturb anything as you open the covers and
slide in past the passionately-discarded blueprints.
The nab of sounds may care for me further,

the towels and facecloths

but then

quickly stirred in the

it's over before the lapse can further go. Random
in their concern the great father figures rake
the windowscreens for must of insects who thought
they were flying toward the light which receded further
the farther they got to it. The father had already figured this out
which is why we worshipped his traces in found
corners, vibrant, sill-spared. Nothing was left of that emptying
motown-music, the motes themselves had stopped emoting as
we begged the MPs to let us access the secret facility
storehouse where President Moreso sought refuge,
relying on his aides to stop the grants that support such avants
due to become public fixtures, Pop Art sidewalks,
hoses to horse the crowd. Out in the open
they covered before the crud, suddenly relevant in
their ubiquity. Hosed in the horse of this.

*

These stigmata fit his hands' grooves
perfectly. See: his skin is held human
by memory's stretchmarks. His eyes

are light's shrapnel, flak from a burst sun.
He proceeds to the sill of caged needs,
secret as a nun's sweat. He has no
patience to recall the meshing profiles
of screenimmortals, no recombinant
strategies for integrating one's past with
two's present, reruns whose I-of-intermittance
perhaps makes stasis the practical
opponent as opposed to the ideal.

*

I authorize you to baptize the S.S. Titanic
the voice said and I obeyed but maybe
too well. Goodness, like concealment, has
these defeats, wingbeats baring a face, grass
frothing on its endless chain. To the sky
I bent for further illumination: but to openly
display my culprit, what sin am I oppressing.
That mask milks the mouth where our thirst
is work enough. Replenishment and more, because
surely there is an evil I cannot name because
its fellow evils will swirl around me crying
for like recognition. Here, immensity commoned,
summoned from sleep, it waits its cup of tea.

Because form's forgetfulness is
oblivion tamed by hand, we refuse
to see the world as a net-of-gnats that catch us.
Haven for revisionists, the future
excerpts itself from itself, an anthology
that stuffs the shelves with denial,
facade's shadow focused in deep rows
of throwaways. They show how many pencils
Medusa can hold in Her hair. Oh no—
already they scrawl fractal ticktacktoes
across this poem's vacuumcompile.
Knowing even the none tastes nude to the poor moth,
my nipples nap in an urchin's ore.
Since when, like a fountain
my libation reprimands pavements.

*

Always your quasi-solidity shields me
from the soul's behavior data, those senses that
mold the mildest envy.
Like teardrops used to cleanse a wound
where the cluster icicles are latent lashes for
eyes where the hems of the pillowcase gleam. You try
not to disturb anything as you open the covers and
slide in past the passionately-discarded blueprints.
The nab of sounds may care for me more,

the towels and facecloths

but then

quickly stirred in the

it's over before the lapse can onward go. Random
in their concern the great father figures rake

the windowscreens for must of insects who thought
they were flying toward the light which receded further
the farther they got to it. The father had already figured this out
which is why we worshipped his traces in found
corners, vibrant, sill-spaced. Nothing was left of that emptying
motown-music, the notes themselves had stopped emoting as
we begged the MPs to let us access the secret facility
the storehouse where President Moreso sought refuge,
relying on his aides to stop the grants that support such avants
due to become public fixtures, Pop Art sidewalks,
hoses to horse the crowd. Out in the open
they covered before the crud, suddenly relevant in
their ubiquity. Hosed in the horse of this.

*

To live elsewhere, torn by the lure
of a heroic past, youths ago, the scars and deaths
regret fills you with or me in this case. I can't
go back and make the choices retrospect
wishes I had made to love the wrong ones,
the burden of hoisting death to my fate,
even though Newtonian formats provide an end to it,
an un-alternate, nothing I could have kept
from happening until the fated time of now,
now when the track conveys the stone, the much
praised meteor, its momentum come home.
The house turns the corner to the room
where they are skinning a cage meant to contain
all latent urge to clarify my decision when
the near is ending and the far is beginning.

When I imigrated to Outremerica,
clutching icepicks on which
the polaroids were kept impaled,
I expected to find someone at least.
Immature, immodest of me, I know.
Fearing my landscape assembles itself
under threat of discovery, that presence
emerges only at the last moment
as I near it, wondering if I myself
can perhaps never arrive until I'm dead,
hoping my search continues past sunland,
past the semi-earthen moon, Columbus functions
as aftermath, I could stop this if I dared.

Posthumous preface to a prenatal afterword,
I pause here to currycomb bygones.

Thrumming and humming and cumming until.
By evening the arcade outside has passed—
Blindly bronchial their subtle-submerged ink:
The swamp-barbed skin of lovers depicts this wave.
Their kisses are a net-of-gnats that catch what
Monkey-axis year, seasonal jams and jellies,
My face is a quizbox killed by zoomrays. I
know what constitutes a road sign to a snail,
can foresee what alludes our annual and
its tender stockades which slander the need
to feed chairs through a revolving-door.
I wait for amusement commitments to forge

that smorgasbord bodyguard restored by bed.
Or litanize her name, the two syllables
that maintain your name, stumbling in a cower
toward the harbor's caress festival, that lovelag.
But when the unexcited lava covers us
with barefoot condiments, will, exalted, I
drink dirt from sloppy seashells
Long candle, ponder, short candle, think.
Fail to overcome what fatal inertia.

It must be retraced, renamed, our skin:
what blush colorcodes mine as "preen chain"?
Summer is imbibed via screendoors' haziness,
The skin of lovers depicts this wave, its

Steepduned halo, whose unclespoor offers
To solitude all the stupor I gather it with:
Something active, trying in tandem like hands
To crunch up a window wad up the scene use

It to mop the sill where each sunbeam mutates—
Even recent rivers on drawn wings, hovering once,
show thirst has sashes. Whose mote
makes us cry a small piece of it.
My so far feeling fetches out a little face
and it is me, the vertical vertigo
the fate of the someone to overcome its depth
the cosmos and all its assemblage
of gravity's groupings, constellations
whose figure eludes the myth we venture/endure/inure
Winding asylum I find myself locked in,
corridor shy, holding smugglers' trophies,
Sanity descends to water via no stairs
I have installed in the blood—
to relinquish our masks as, waxworks famine.
To estimate the carats of an altar, plough
a spider to scratch. To arbitrate the tree's offer,
learn to burn squirrelsplace. Your chest of
archaic clay and large collar imply drought;
into barren ice place yourself for examination.
Approve passage to make the possession
of supply nearing its prop to align dawn, note.
I wish my hands could crunch up the window,
wad up the world and throw it away.

Vista in which we swim, sweat, become silent.

Conclude-child, at last to lie across exhaust.
I pray my pedestal's unyield will moult me.
Jettison person, sad cadence of the farceur:
Heapcushionings of litter,
separate births—catheterized by an eel
attached to the soul.

Poor King Lear must
use both hands to raise Big Mac to mouth.

Reiteration. Emphasis. Stock footage
which, used over and over, demonstrates
how normal are the murders and monsters it mattes,
how exemplary their tics, how tonic, how true.

An edge-egg falls and shatters, love
conditions the fool to reason,
to find grounds for his urges, sublime
as a monkey in an orange pharmacy.

Remembered, and therefore imposed upon
the mind as it makes up its mind against
memory's staged incursions bright as
they are, glowing, growing cinematic—
a decade of details whose closeups peel like
filmreels in their cans. Arcane movies
from the 1940s and 50s I'd love to see again
but can't, their stock has blistered beyond—

Days my mother flung a drop of urine from
her hellhair/her pubis hiding in fear—
In anger my belly flings a drop of cum
back. On humanity's photograph

ripples appear as smack between the sight.
Unwrapped from the moment, time is born
in place of, always in place of.
crumbling kiss me, kiss me my choicest forsakings,
where an evening's gauze gnawed me with gold;

penis encapsuled in its stupid froth
half-same as a memory dawn, prime scum—
dead doilies my wraith consumes in burnt-out
mimescapes.

I guess—

Does whitened linen color the moon?

Imagine incense mounting, non-lemony,
pure as the only flaw the heart feels kindling itself:

exclusivity is a starting-point,
I suppose. Single something out, anything.
Use your glance as a scratchpad to jot down
whatever and then note

whether your subject will hold still for that,
immobilize itself to be your night

Although your tongue rasps me slow
as a sandpaper eel, you are not my grease,
my salve. The prognosis on my nose says
that it is not possible to repair prunes without assholes.

And so each word does hold a multitude
of sins, if for sins we read modifiers, though of course
reading is a transgression each word modifies.

Penance is therefore only possible after
the period. The sentence, then, begins only after
the period, if for sentence we read sentence.

*

Am I a mite too afraid
that wow revolves but pow stays put?

*

I don't want
to live in a pit that has grown bored of hell's
innocuousness.

Lionized by dawns,
the horizon. Linebreak clawing

with magnetic fingers the sleep
and the donation of exalted drums.

The pose heightened in desires, the pose.
The several lovers in their young arms.
A down-envelope assuming its shape.

Is it time to laugh. Even the eye
Strays toenail and beyond. This
Ensures continuity on a known world.

When and if your nakedness fills
The mirror's gap, its glimpses gone,
The rigor of serial orgasms proves

Pilgrims of the accord are everywhere.
I'll be augment it, byswore laconicity.
The squeeze I give your breasts each day

is a cast of chance. I'd like to suck dice
for luck, but which dot is the nipple?

My sky is sequenced by extracts
of eternity, but always those segments

It was me
in the way that destination at times is capital
D'd, an ordeal. Flyspeck thanks, I saw

him puckering-to-kiss, withering-to-caress.
I guess that was me in a sense. Fallacious,
I returned from the laundromat

with less and less each trip. It scared me.
Was I losing the disguises on my list;
was I bared by such cloth as cries in this.

COMPOUND

unless
the distance rescued from whitewash
can wall
us in is all

lone-survivors
commonground
stranded
nomad the less

perhaps I still wake up
I still live perhaps
but I hope
I do it for sloppiness sake

*

you know it's home
when people

mutilate their camouflage

or replace it with studies of
dopeduds
dense

snowing on its cloth
the miracle of salt reduced to a condiment
to spice the

deigning the closeup
to complete its kiss,

To obtain a common addled perspective
Nevertheless it is necessary
In the valley the wind sugars their footprints

3 wisemen
is that all
hold on I'm still counting

mysterious measurements leave
the house so empty
that all the other houses
are permitted to pervade it

bathed in goodbye's abuse
high above a hovel
of unruly pockmarks

I run I narrowly escape
the triumphal arch
that lubricates traffic

Imagine someone who reverses
our shoes after death and sniffs
them to see if anything remains

no time for shame
will his sins itch

the bed finished
as only two who
complete the act
can unmake it

my eyelids
cannot shake off
the lassitude
of longitudes

map spanned
by Hermes' sperm
then some butterflies

impaled on antlers

POEM

Now there is an evil I cannot name because
its fellow evils
will swirl around me crying
for like recognition

But my mother knew that curse
and presided over it
squatting over it
with her hellhair
her pubis hiding in fear

My world was a squirt of urine
from that teem-traum-dream
in anger my belly flings
a drop of cum back

On humanity's photograph
ripples appear
smack between the sight

Unwrapped from the moment
time is born in place of
always in place of

Basic Instinct . . . what a waste to cast Dorothy Malone
lost amongst the young star-geist of a Sharon Stone
stone-perfect for her role as an ice-pick dildo
while old Dot gets stuck with a bit-part cameo.

I watch old Dot my dream get stuck with a bit-part cameo.

I wish it was all Dorothy Malone!

Basic Instinct . . . what a waste to cast Dorothy Malone
who's just lost in the young star-geist of that Sharon Stone,
stone-perfect for her role as an ice-pick dildo—
my '50s-favorite Dot's stuck with a bit-part cameo.

my 1950s dream, lost in the youth of Sharon Stone

Basic Instinct . . . my '50s-lude Dorothy Malone
is doing me in here in the shadow of Sharon Stone
stone-perfect for her role as an ice-pick dildo—
Dot my old favorite's stuck with a bit-part cameo.

is making me squirm here in the shadow of Sharon Stone
is making me squirm under the shadow Sharon Stone

I'm too old to get stuck with this bit-part cameo.

(who's stone-perfect in the role of an ice-pick dildo)
typecast perfect in the role of an ice-pick dildo

AMERICAN LOVE SONNET

My kiss was like our incursion
of Guatemala in 1954,
or was it our intervention
to save Venezuela, 2010:

Congress rubberstamped
my caresses of those rebel
breastholds—my freedomfingers
stormed southward toward

the clit-tipped capitol ripe
for my liberating lust:
each commie labia fell until
I regained the land at last:

FoxNews huzzaws as I install
the General in his palace.

flashbulbs fell as I installed

thrilled I was able to install

the grainbelt groin ripe

freedom was declared assault

DOLLY THE EWE FIRST CLONE OF THE WORLD

Turfcloids kicked at me by Dollyherds
are fine, but when her sheepmates
slur my name repeatedly it grates,
though I know from Bill to Baa
is not that far. Distance yearns for more.

So many ways to go, no wonder
hotels converge sobbing, heaving why
why is he leaving me, I want to die—
understandably. I myself feel that way
often, I who found a bird so small

it was shed by its own feathers,
and fed it to my cat. All these wild
creatures in the world and they
have no place to stay, no ark can
hold the moult might of their DNA

despite daily injections my replicant
empties from trashcan allah horizon;
he navigates some terminus in time
until he has his waste's worth of it
and its pit omega-emits enough to fit

the one clone I lack the mod cons for.
The only one I'll never be anymore.
A convention of them or a conference
attended with name-tags of the extinct
is where my cage waits, kicked at by kids.

*

POEM

they starjump General Brecht in
to a proving ground moon
to examine our poems
for possible use against the enemy

thrusting his head forward
in a way that can only be
described as Brechtbrowed he
scowls and scans-off on them

we see his eye-serts have special
code meter modes to correct
any limp iamb or hemistich
any chink in the poems' armor

he glints up from time to time
as if he can't believe our stuff
as if all he taught has naught-it
to go with what we've wrought

but Sir we plead you must read
for context posthistorically we
moot the fact you wrote poems
on trees are no use anymore

especially when the trees fell
eclogues ago and the seas dead-ebbed
what we really need you see
is a blurb a lend of your celeb

your face all photochomped
cute-bitten by its grainy campaigns
in closeups can authenticate
every adumbrate we write

a save the galaxy concert with
the Rolling Stones and you and
our Post-Earth poets will surely
defeat the muses of entropy

we love the way your cigar juts
from EarthCuba where the CIA kill
Fidel Castro daily when he hides
beneath the pitcher's mound found

from the game called baseball
which no one plays on our worlds
transfixed as we are by the universal
join-in of the javelin hurl

*

*

ELEVATIONS

Things that announce themselves
from faraway, like thunder or death,
are good to end a poem with.

An elevator with no floors grips
that gordian space Borges called
Aleph: in the story of the same name

as not I can be found expounding
the heresy that no poet's words empty
any cavity other than my heart-well!

Higher lower the pleady ones go.
Every edge will find its echo.

A valley filled with rusting padlocks:
on the hills around it keys brood
and gaze down at their former homes.

THE ACT

If love can be cornered
in the four arms of the act,
its room squared off
by equal exchange,

a cowering animal
whose back's to the wall.

By earlier harms
than mine haunted,
stalked and pinned;
yet the past surrounds itself
with portraits of the living;

prefrontal petal,
polysob sorb, a fate
hung highest arc is where
that slack-awe yawns us, a
cross of pierce-yielding hands.

Bleakkrieg eyes, eyes of wreak.

Face chewed
by drool of last dosages.

IN JEST

I try to alliterate Jeckyl with Hyde,
me with you,
us with we,
but fail to immobilize that repartee
of twain.

All outdoors brooded upon us as
our hands appeared to pale-abandon
the sanctuary we wept
into tealeaves

The novelist who hears noises
while removing thoughts
from a goblin
cannot banter me either.

Following a few vidludes carefully
left uncaptioned for the illiterate,
I note that virtuous arguments
tax orators most.

POEM

I hang a keyring on the keyhole's ear.

An eyestone sinks in sleep, its ripples spread
to assume the seen.

Sightshape
looms in on a nightnape.

EL POEMO

Little squiggly worms on the surface
of my head. I brush them off, but
more ooze up from within;
an endless supply it seems.

All I learn turns to the belief that all
my exhalations rise up into the sky
to form an O which hovers there
to watch me struggle for breath.

I always pause to grimace at the wound,
but the wound does not hesitate at all.
That would be an acknowledgement.

That would be a response.
A collation of purpose, a balm, a bosom,
even a poem perhaps.

POEM

Simply by emptying the trees, Autumn
provides more space for us to abandon.

Partly either, mostly neither, say what's.
Forgotten gumballs run from our mouths.

Love almost always waits for its terms to
become vague before it starts. Me—you.

All these chords are a score of days
but what is it my disparley plays.

Line drawn by false oars of evening.
To make my ink topple in unison.

AUTUMNAGAIN

Time migrates its sun
closer to the core
of my prismsperson.

The semi-falling leaves
flesh out their coined
profiles; they achieve
a self upon contact
with the ground.

Clouds cross the eye.
Come back, I beg,
but only when
you look like the wind.

Asking to whom,
answering to why.

POEM

An SOS emphasis.
Who
was lost in me
when I found you?

Now the exchange of
childhood-hoarded hours,
of faces whose patience wavers
on the dayscale.

The nightscale weighs only
those absent.

Sometimes these questions
halt back and forth
like a landscape heaped
with placebo stopsigns.

*

EACH TIME

Sometimes I dream of Rumor's house which,
I just read in Ovid, is situated

at "the world's center," the core of cores
beneath us all. He contends its windows doors

are forever open, a porous palace where
every word uttered by every person is stored

In what I call the ultimate anthology.
Where is this house, in what country?

Its closets hold not only the past,
meaning the brain's nine-tenths lost

noncognitional of the capacitated,—
because it collates not just the said,

but all that will be said: Each text
it bleeds from the future is convexed

theoretically to also heal our sole flaw:
that underlying chamber, that cellar

that upholds these capsuled corridors:
that fissure floor one-celled horrors

emerged from eons earthwide scattered,
too patterned for breeding, those far

glugglugs, these slogged zillenia ago.
Each trans-cthonnic myth—genetic fragments

we once keeled our island egos against—
is shored Eliotically, in toto—

but not in a waste land: in this place
nothing is wasted, each fact is facet

composite a euphemistic peg, whose hole
lies in what we might term a zero.

What used to be the bookshelf
it swallows, and feeds throughout itself:

it sits each of us there at the hell
level its circuits need, and circulates us

around the entire system's railroad
to embody our brain a la bloodmode,

knowing its node is only made more real
by the fact each hypertold spongecode

can be simulsold for further gore:
every PC glued to GossipNet
increases the sanguinary poet's debt.
But I hear you say in ways this constant

poured out current has wrecked Intent:
floor-it geared, it steers us most toward

a surface abyss, a maelstrom facade—
the sargasso rock-critic, the facile hard-crowd—

it's said our eyes are icebergs in that sea.
Where they are dispelled completely

beyond my room night comes into swim.
Somewhere out there I know grow fossils

of protozoa-to-be, omega mammals,
animandroids roaming manuals

whose outreach program. whose proffered rim
as far as I'm testcase-concerned

should fend off every ocean, every cunning
void evolution took some of its beginning

from: how longsince has that epoch broke
when rumor heard what human spoke.

*

I always put on a whole-silk tuxedo
when I jump off tall buildings so
when I'm sprawl in the streetdust
the passersby can say "Oh no: and just
when he was at the height of his success;
look at that tux—now that's the way to dress."

*

The directions one takes
in a computer
are not those of the compass,
that normal needle's paths are
null here. Here, routes
roam downward, backward
through the ego superego id, seeking
infancy. Birth permeates each gesture
addressed to the keyboard, the
commands that create
the never-deleted screen seem
to come from a stethoscope probing
the pelvic region, peering
into the recessed bellybutton
of the expectant mother
whose navel is a hole around which
live flesh masses, a gap whose absence
is obvious. The navel is a shaft
into the mind of the subject,
but the subject evades itself
by the clever use of screensavers
and games: icons converse
across this schizoid
void. Each new program provides
a further diversion, a rhymescheme
to be defiant of,
a stanzaic requirement one can flaunt
with impunity. Forgiveness
is implied in the save option.

*

SUMMER PARAPHRASE

Sweeping the floor and mopping
the laptop, these are my chores,

my daily household quest for darkness,
the evil clustering in the dust
under the bed, behind the couch,
(see that laugh-jag on the ceiling—)
wrath's detritus. The past pleads
goodbye, but our verdict is why.
I roam to clean, feeling over-welcomed
by the amount of clutter the air
accumulates just being itself; added
to the mess I make it's enough
to fill one's life, that pile of totalities
which counts prize days from those
average and therefore desolate,
seeing out the window how leaves
can't even lift their own branches
from the downward that loves them.
Turning back to the backlit page,
I find the sun has picked it out,—
through its links of shade I see
the motes floating in each beam
seem more etched, more stable
than these I've set my margins for.

*

*

Not enough moviestars. Why not one for each of us. Until then every film we
attend mocks us with its excess of light and cameras, when we know what it lacks.
Until then their sparse disparity disconsolates us, and we treasure down each
glimpse of that rumored screencomer, that cinemanque who roams the scenic
wilds around our premiere's campfire of kliegs and smiles.

*

Hair-line where the facial knife drives
its two blades further up the forehead
to slash those widow's peaks: weakly
it fights back with feints and fends,
each day fewer gray-strands save me.
When this duel ends I will cease to be.

*

*

now where's the oar to steer
my window away from night
stonethrows patrol the site
targets narrate what's near

what of us can pleasure share
unique enough to seem regular
angle all yet to get it right
airing each gasp on a coathanger

skilled anchor-priests will tow
ulterior rain in their uterus
but you-and-I's prodigies know
our genitals are relatively oral

cue-quiz the vatican's factwhore
scrape that mock off your back
phantom-orbed in destiny's husk
maybe the quays will come to shore

newlyweds milk the greenhorn's hammer
but behind its veil each wheel waits

to be invented before it can bear
or bury octopi in its kraken hair

*

Dawn voices its peals
according to mine.
In the arbor of days
it speaks garbled roots
and clear vines.

*

*

If every valid absence points to one thing
that shucked the cornsilk out of my ass's reaches,
an object presence has overlooked unless
the none-scape guilt I clone so quickly intervenes.
Is it the synchronicity of a ferrous whore or
the fear such insignificance baits that makes us
lock the sermon in a drawer till Sunday morning
when, dashed by the stripes of a snake's parasol,
it trips a step. Do animals proceed to extinction
via their hindlegs or fore? The mind restrains
this project for the sane, their unquarried energy—
that god grounds us in gloves I guess. They keep
our omnihands from touching flesh with flesh, they
prevent the relapse, the desire for one's kind,
the prophylactic response: similarity haunts
the ruins of every fingerprint which bears it,
which partakes patience to outwit identity.
Aftermath's a studio of mirrors, a curt salon
where prudent heirs sweat in overcoats, sure
their profiles can disgrace our art-dartboards.
Ergo nature finds its quickest aim in beginnings,
a naissance to obliquely punish yesterdays with.
Cradling an antenna's unripe fruit, your gusts incite
the white apartment, its darksome rooms where
derivative jars filled with conked nudes ripen.
But all in all, the central event will not relent.

*

POEM

This slobbered-over virus of the visible,
The living, the seen, what antibody cures—
Echoesque whose draped torso of rain on
Taunt's panes was flung for cry sakes, for crime X,
Castle whose stones have not yet come to rest:
Loud as a ball bounced off a statue of Zeus
This mania for scintillations fills your mind
Or else on stilts will survive the folio hero
Wielding a cage of umbrellas to capture
Strongbrow shelved for futher thought: more patterns
Examined by a selfportrait of one's own
Pores, exposed as they are to icy nemesis
Plural, to spelling out its false names in sweat:
Where elsedom do they welcome open as
Often as this door does, quench-map that mires
The path from our left nipple to our right
Where, bisected by itself, the heartguise dies.

*

*

Britney passes and as she passes
she smashes the paparazzis masses

and all their asses lie spunk across the sidewalk—
oh taste the gust of this gutter glass
with its bits its flecks of grit
with its golden rust
and then get scrunched
by that foot-horde of fans
until you're ground
like mica-mote grains, thin
as Britney was in those distant Disney days—
beware if your hair is ugly
and stare when she puts in the jugglies
but what god creates a star
from smaller dust than this?

Now you want to run your tongue
along the pavement before it's gone
like a thousand stabs of flashcam crammed
into one—

against the street go scrape your shoe
to scratch up some of the glitter grue
which those collision divas in their dashes
left just for you
hear a thousand marquees crashing
see those thousand names in lights you'll gash in
to your wrists if you can only pick up one slash
of it to good-bloody your fingers on
to unbody your skin until it's gone
to get it ready for the steadyclone—

now Lindsay passes and as she passes
she sasses all the classes
that Britney hasn't
oh greet her feet as they sweep
meet your fate in her

/before the sun can render it real and
against the street you walk this broken glitter
(marquee marks your name in light
break off its letters shine by shine
take it tonight while the pain is still kind
tomorrow the street will sweep it away
and all that glitters then is day)

Still fresh still cut from the stills the scenes
no premiere will show

gloss/gross/dirt of glam
/sheer ugliness /smear'd ugliness

along that pavement and taste the stabs
along that pavement till it was stabbed
along that pavement that now lies stabbed
a thousand times by what still fades
to a taste of the past so fast it burns
the throat that swallows
/fleetingness
of flashcams/

and dirt and somehow cram that mix
taste the shame and fame mixed to

tonight before the pain is salved, if
you could taste her wake while it is

, glitzied by

glitzy with its backdrop of nobodies
cut-out dolls / cheering facades whose
name is yours on loan of scam, on

complicity in this crime/drama/exorcism
ritual of scapegoat only Coriolanus
at the VFW convention with Pres Bush
escapes to his loss...
/and all their haste/chase//

tomorrow sun will glitter lust/last/chaste / rise in
will add its gloss in
/then/till sunrise glitters sensation in

SONG OF THE NOTH

like a moth but not
the noth flies
south to its ways
gift-faring the loneliness
moulting purities

shed by its own hand
handmemouth grown
from yond-wing of bye
the noth's wings are nothing
and nothing's why

each noth-nest is full
of hungry cries
they speak for their beaks
and as they fly
they wave to their why

nights the noth migrates
but days it returns
is it an insect or a bird
real or absurd
I wish it were that straight

sometimes it swoops
around my head
off-course who knows
where earthen it's been
so barren its share is

so child its share is
here to ground
and air to polar
or back to there
a sortes of series

/so child its share is
child wait for more

so bairn its share is

/ why expect
neglect in its routes

the sandground down
with/to its own list

days until I fail / flight where I fail
/flownways

my peace find place
an armistice surcease

rougtangle
Generic

I look along the shelf
for brand-name goods of wealth
and fame but all I see
is that cutprice item me.

Wise shoppers shun my aisle
for bargains with a style
shiny and new, not used—
they know I've been reduced.

My faded sell-date's due
and lacks the true value
that wastes the cost invested—
to wipe this dust off my head

and open my packaging,
ignore the evident aging,
the brown tainted spots
splotching up under Knott's

Best: to buy me takes
a blind eye. A lack of taste.

*

I woke to find a foursome
of sex lying atop me
as if I were a bed
on which they blended.

One was a dream
none has unless
it came as two to them—
but is it true?

Three, four:
please vomit over
the edge of the cliff,
not on it, I pleaded.

*

I was out the door with her before
I knew it I was gone

my day in court was short-reigned

either of them or none both but why
bother

*

From the polar stars
our ancestors descend;

on the table
a boxing-glove lactates.

Each blank sky draws
wingstrokes across
the flock. Sketch-a-stretch.

Migration's
headset
radios directions to the ...[].

*

Song proceeds from a sort
of inner rectitude, gut
aligned with throat,
foot to palate straight
as sync: the link
strengthens each thought on
a taut cord word caught
between this tension, strung
toe and tongue. Song
proceeds all wrong
unless it's wrung.

/between this tension, wrung
toe and tongue. Song
proceeds all wrong
unless it's strung.

*

The sky as blue
as the blueprints
the clouds consult
to build another sky
with more room
than this one,
their first home
which they like us
must leave
to a second house
without parents
who are known
to set with the sun
daily, abandoning
each loft of it.

*

*

can the infant tell or sense
which day time's tall animal
will maladroitly spill
his frons of innocence

if baby brains break fragile
shall butterfingers refrain
if a fontanelle walls eden
all it takes is one fall

was god the klutz that splat me
newborn on my head
every adult has said
beastlike on his knees

what clumsy bungling rage
as Rilke trained beware

in his poem Der Panther
runs evolution's cage

where roaring ids now roam
superego may assume rule
so pray right from the cradle
to retain some cranium

pray to be like Rilke
the lucky little bastard
the kid who oopsy daily
got dropped upward

/can any infant sense
when time's tall animal
will maladroitly spill
his frons of innocence

can an infant soul pre-sense
can an infant foretell sense
can any infant foresense
can an infant tell or sense
can an infant spell or sense
can an infant smell or sense

does an infant foretell sense
does an infant ever sense
can an infant tell prehense

newborn on my bawled head

what clumsy bawled-out rage

some superego may slop
superego may slop whole
superego yields control

superego may control
where roaring ids now roam
some superego may stroll
so pray inside your cradle
retain that crazy cranium

crazy punk-pram cranium

so pray straight from the cradle
so p
to retain crazy cranium

to stay its crazy cranium
punk to stay cranium

superego may chart its home/seize its home/assume

if baby brains hang fragile /bang
what butterfingers can refrain
if fontanelle walls eden
all it takes is one fall

if baby brains squirm fragile
teem / seem / dream /snooze

today's poll of adults said
today's percentage adult said

today's ouch klutz has splat me

god (that klutz) once splat me
newborn on my head

the lucky little bastard
the only kid who oopsy daily
got dropped upward

god's the klutz who spl
what klutz let go of me
today what klutz will splat me
newborn on my head
every adult has said
beastlike on his knees

slipped let go of all thumbs
bungle

was dropped upward

/who must have been daily
dropped upward

the kid who must have daily
gotten dropped upward
what pent-up tiger leopard rage
the kind Rilke trained beware

/since baby brains are fragile
what butterfingers can refrain
each fontanelle bleeds eden
if fontanelle equals eden
no butterfingers can refrain
baby brains are so fragile
each fontanelle breeds eden
all it takes is one fall

its fontanelle so frail
can easily break open

today they rained and oopsed me
today they came and oopsed me
today again they oopsed me
today some klutz has oopsed me
today they came and klutzed me
today again they klutzed me
I swear some klutz has oopsed me

can be broken open
can be easily broken
will easily break open

false pen that breaks open

the fontanelle brow

the fontanelle breaks its pen
its bones so false and frail

its fontanelle breaks open
skull so false and frail

its skull's pen breaks open
fontanelle false and frail

cranium false and frail

pent-up leopard tiger rage

as Rilke trained it there

from leopard space
what leopard space
as Rilke trained beware
in his poem Der Panther
that tiger place /with tiger grace

that leopard tiger rage

*

let's say you're on call waiting
and the puter-person chirps
you're now second in line
and then you start to worry
that the one ahead of you is you
and yet look you're still here

*

To fellate Rudolph the Red-nosed Reindeer
at the god end of evening—
to sit and read in the errors,
nostrils arrayed above a stream Euclidean;

and then suddenly to feel
the me-too mouse-trap clamp you,
still you in the heart of the lair,
its windows identical-eyed, ablaze with unity.

They swab your temples with bloodhazel;
or else they wait
until the hour has reached its most thereaboutish,
and then they daub you in the dreams you count as final;

through your inmost-movie's corridors or
along the wards where white things wait
for their bandages to be yanked off
and jumped up and down on;

where grimace-doers remain uncaught;
where you fear the wallpaper contains enough
inconsistencies in its pattern to be actual,
and yet your statue wears its chisel's aura too lightly,

doesn't it? []

*

from this hill at sunset

I will feel the contrast
of it going down
and me up here for
a moment as total

*

moon of all means
sun of all ends
the TV screens
everything day
and night sends
my way

*

To emulate them: when fish swim
deeper the heavier they breathe,
the more they whisper to their haloes,
surface the lake repeats as pure.

calm simulacrum [] hold tight [] charm

*

We know it more intimately ours if
its echo carols cloud corrosions with
each transmittal a kind of scantron rabbit;
unbound and shunned, I shy at
this dream-emissioned fable whose ears
give no harbinger to me—

By ebb and gashes I gave my all
to anyone who fought the slap
of my tobacco finito. Its focus forms
a way to ambush such, rudiments all,
the pattern scattered over its sad em-dash,
its distant faded sketch (moments the end)
can tongue a doubters' wall perhaps.

Insert time-interims for that onion
whose udder nurses twelves owls in
monthly order, past verity's stray, pasture
for our inner wail. Hooves vomited by vowels
know its idol-paved domes uphold every lie
as I confess why my rifle-butt's bed-ridden.

[], postscript stitching the skip-rope
spied upon from twigs strayed umbilical,
mission-hinges [] appointed []

*

poetry: the intricate magnification of mental anomalies

listening is confined to seashells
at night
when newlyweds milk the greenhorn's hammer

quarry your share of it from
the chafing of our toes' fibrous shoals

pitchfork tines twanged
against a barndoor

*

*

lone gunman

*

Imagine there's no heaven
(the CIA gave me this gotten gun)
It's easy if you try
(see the FBI boys they're wavin' byebye)
No hell below us
(the Pope says you reap what you sow us)
Above us only sky
(Nixon okayed the kill so die)

Imagine there's no countries
(I stand behalf of all the police)
It isn't hard to do
(I'm programmed to terminate you)
Nothing to kill or die for
(I'll kill you and you'll lie there)
And no religion too
(you can't say no religion)
you can't say that and live John)

Imagine all the people
(the Church ain't gonna weep you)
Living life in peace
(who d'ya think paid for this sixpiece)

You may say I'm a dreamer
(like the Manchurian Candidate remember)
But I'm not the only one
(it only takes one misfit loner gone wrong)
I hope someday you'll join us
(gonna plug you in the groin-ass)
And the world will be as one
(they brainwashed me to see it done)

Imagine no possessions
(imagine us mind-wiped assassins)
I wonder if you can
(all unbelievers are damned)
No need for greed or hunger
(they said put that Brit six feed under)
A brotherhood of man
(blam blam I'm from the Vatican)
Imagine all the people
(all the Wall Street capital)
Sharing all the world
(yeah the Lee Harvey Osworld)

*

[TOPPLED]

under the statue of It
lie the crumbs
of What

in the parkinglot
the new models wait
spotless

I teeter
between the two
eithers
which beat me

and beat me till I lie
beneath the debris
that pedestal
lets fall

*

*

such the strength of signs
I mean abbreviations

that before he dies
someone often tries

foolishly to devise
to dream up one

as if the right acronym
might save him

from time he scatters
out the letters

of his name arranging
them

in different combinations
or anyone's

to spell out the logo
the curt slogan

whose shortcut on
the screen asserts

the brand buy
the standard eye

can respond to
any cant will do
any congerie of
some might work

every shtum may
shtow the way

but not a phrase
it has to be less

than a word it must
resist the sense almost

equally as errata
and yet mean more

than any term can
it must determine

itself as a what's grasped
a spasm like the gasp

that wakes from dreams
what syllable it seems

to the dumbest ipod
it's no anagram stupid

so drop your digiter
halfwit fidgiter

you can't tap it in
fingertip or pad

what's said there with
your sanity's bleach

it must reach
you instantly i.e. breach

your customary
perceptions like Laurence Harvey

in The Manchurian Candidate
brainwash etcet

it must replace you
with a clone-face you

which is you instead
[

]

as roaring ids will roam
superego must lose its grip
feel your cradle's urge to tip
might retain some cranium

where roaring ids will roam
superego must lose its grip
gauging your crib's urge to tip
might retain some cranium

try to retain some cranium

so resist your cradle's urge to tip
retain some cranium

where roaring ids now roam
superego lost its grip
so stop your cradle's urge to tip
to retain some cranium

to feel your crib's urge to tip
might retain some cranium

every crib has an urge to tip
try to keep some cranium

resist your crib's urge to tip
try to keep some cranium

stop your cradle's urge to tip
try to keep some cranium

ad lib roaring ids roam
where grownups lost their grip
so stop your cradle's urge to tip
try to keep some cranium

or try to be like Rilke

where roaring ids now roam
superego may wreak its will
so aim right from your cradle
to retain some cranium

may thrust its will
may foist its will
may work its will
may bid its will

superego may conk its will

superego may conquer all

superego may reign soon

where roaring ids now roam
superego may reign still
so aim right from your cradle
to retain some cranium

superego may reign whole

may reign sole

superego may crib and cramp

superego may stamp and quell

superego may quell and kill

superego may paw and kill

superego may paw its kill

superego may take control
superego may wrest control
superego may clamp control

superego may seize control
so aim right from your cradle

superego may swaddle

diddle / coddle / twaddle
toddle

toddler-coddle

where roaring ids now roam
superego may coddle
the toddler in his cradle
to retain some cranium

try toddler in your cradle
to retain some cranium

so coddle with your cradle

where roaring ids now roam
superego may toddle
so aim right from your cradle
to retain some cranium

grip / seize / clench / grasp / grab

superego may snatch control

clutch /

superego may come to rule

superego may soon rule
so aim right from your cradle
to retain some cranium

so scheme right from your cradle

so mind your cribs and cradle
to retain some cranium

so outwit your

Imagine there's no heaven
(the CIA gave me this gun)
It's easy if you try
(see the FBI boys they're wavin' byebye)
No hell below us
(the Pope says you reap what you sow us)
Above us only sky
(Nixon okayed the kill so die)

Imagine there's no countries
(they ordered this trigger squeeze)
It isn't hard to do
(I'm programmed to terminate you)
Nothing to kill or die for
(I'll kill you and you'll lie there)
And no religion too
(that's why they hate you—
you can't say no religion
you can't say that and live John)

Imagine all the people
(the Church ain't gonna weep you)
Living life in peace...
(who d'ya think paid for this sixshot piece)

You may say I'm a dreamer
(like Manchurian Candidate remember)
But I'm not the only one
(it only takes one misfit loner's gun)
I hope someday you'll join us
(they told me to plug you in the groin-ass)
And the world will be as one
(they brainwashed me to see it done)

Imagine no possessions
(I'm just one of their mind-wiped assassins)
I wonder if you can
(all unbelievers are damned)

No need for greed or hunger
(they said to put you six feed under)
A brotherhood of man
(blam blam I'm from the Vatican)
Imagine all the people
(all the people in the capitol)
Sharing all the world
(yeah the Lee Harvey Osworld)

Ya, the old North Pole
where Santa Frog (ho-hop-ho)
chops a splashin'-hole!

*

IMMUNE

Listening is confined to seashells,
What we call ear uncalls all we hear—
Eyesight applies to hawks and owls
But never to our narrow peer:

Each animal sense we experience
Here as human pales, halved or less
To a modest of their male-ness—
Smell; touch; taste: can you even guess

Which of them if any still might prey on
Our higher-evolved state . . .
Which of that five's alive at this moment—
Dead to its lunge we wait.

*

Which of that five's alive at this moment—
Dead to its outreach we wait.

Dead to its out we wait.
Dead to its lure we wait.

Even eyesight's reserved for hawkview

Even eyesight's reserved for hawkscowls
Within whose shrivened shade we peer:

Here as humans just pales, lessened

/Dead to it we sit up late

*/Which one if any I can still vow
Which one I can still vow
In my diminished state . . .
Dead to its onset, late.

Which of them if any can still try/apply/descry
Thin echo yields/mutes/dulls all we hear—
Echo mute is all we hear
Thin echo's all we can hear
If any of them still apply to

To a modest of it, small—
To a modicum of its whole
To a modest of its essence—
To a modest of its coinage—
To a modest of its expense—
Much to a modest of its mettle
Much to a modest of its suchness
Each to a modest of its muchness—
To a modest of its greatness—
to a modest of its haleness
to a modest of its wholeness
expanse—
exchange—
circulation
medium

Thin echo smalls all we hear

*

Imagine if Sylvia Plath
had gone and wed
her nice-girl half,
her nebbish self
instead of the Ted:

can you see her spell
Mrs Larkin
out in a doodle
heart on the margin
of her doctoral

thesis (Risen Revision:
the Lazarus Motif
in Virginia Woolf)
and picture her in
their kitchen

post breakfast eggs
a teacup for her cigs,
giving the TLS dog-ears
post porridge eggs
with a teacup of dregs
dog-earring the TLS
as she waits for
Phil to make
the lunch bags

it's Phil's turn to fill
in time for school,
the U. of Hull
where tenure
has instructed her

to write Venereal
Visions: the Fin de
Siecle De(fin)cycling
of Michael Field
(sic) and her "Sick Crowd",

not to mention
Suffragette Strategic
Mutterings of
the Denoue-monde,
or Re-Sexing the Tragic

Mode of Wilde's Love
Triangles, frowning if
he fucks her tongue
sandwich up with the wrong
mustard again to prove

he can save a few p.
at the checkout counter,
to show he's frugaler
shopping than her—
for matrimony

doth make bargainers
of us all—

*
his elevenses

imagine what a
gossip deficit we'd
be suffering
now:

we'd be bereft of—
the U. of Hull
would be her school
and her books dull

*
on paths that matchspurt us
straight to their end
or pillows lovers keep
adjusting beneath themselves to find
the right slant that
of person walking against strong wind

you watch those lovers swaying
behind a screen
of switchblade duennas

you see these beauties air
their gasps on a coathanger

their handclasps on a coathanger

*
in the overcoat called Fred
be careful where you put your head
if you put it in the sleeve instead
odds are you'll end up dead
they'll take you to the morgue
and dissect you like a forg
cut off your head and feet
your legs below the knees
the only solace being
the overcoat called Procrustes
will fit you exactly then
and if this were to happen
I know you'd be grateful
for that consolation

*

nothing will justify your sadness
or something will
you long to shrink to that bare level
where either is believable

where both equally console
your tongue probes the cavity
of a kiss
your hairspray sticks to the gods

shrivel ground where
her absence will not matter
will not embody this
starkest idol

where her absence will
not matter or apply
or fill the whole sky, not be
the world's equal

forced to deny what holds it whole
the limits of your house
your hands unbraided the silence
the days that fuse us

coming up the horizon
can the brow be lashed to it
to end a storm

whose bed squeaks in your coffin

a flag-covered coffin
with dice rattling inside
Hart Crane bequeathing Melville

*

*

how to remain mienous
as you face
the mirror's worst

I who scorned the house
unto its rafters

a self-finished man with all
his comforts I offered
my soul to the dust
that I tossed onto others

money poured
from my halo

now the limp repeats
what the stride said
when it ran in full pell toward
the meld of flight

too late the salt

bare as the way north
where they lade the gates
with the way south

to repeat the instances
as hands pinned
upon the target
may applaud when hit
your aim

trued to its shoot
why do I stay
stage-left of my exit

*

when he woke in bed
it was 12 by the stones
that fell on his head

it was none by the night
and alldone by the day
in either case it was too late

now a picture of his pores
handpainted on his bones
may show the way to others

shuttergrids of his face
promise pretty much that
yes he existed times space

his cup was both hands full
you can see it in the photo

Cupolas capitalize the skyline till
us folks caste lowercase and fly

like we got a wing up our ass—

SONNETAIRES

*

what if I could
somehow combine

the games of
solitaire and

sonnet what
the heck would be

the rules for such
a mongrel game

(called sonnetaire)
how would you

even know if
you won ahah

last card slapped
down or last

word or what

*

PONSONNETS

*

how far have I come
to get to where
I never am

is said to something
jammed against
the thwart part

unless the rhyme arrives
its time has too
though ineffective till

reach the sill where
there's more
for your ponder to will new

themes from when
its own finds all

*

the bouquet resists the sobriquet
almost successfully

one might say
but no idea comprehends

our faltering toe sooner than this
and yet it is so

that drought-cracks lack
exactitude

nicknames are applicable
to the silence perhaps

I guess
but I wondered

whether days died beside their hours
or their ways

*

if every beginning
is captured cry
by slaves of the end

will I shiver
like a tuningfork
touched to a flame

when my sword
is nailed to the dawn
with caedmon skill

like cigarette aligned
to accentuate
the cheekbone

what good is genesis
confined in seed

*

NO/YES

N is for open; O is for now.

We ought to have been here forever,
adding the necessary zero to history's account,
regarding our origin as insipid;
long ago outliving any locale that might
have demarcated these boundaries

that oppress us with the present: they should
have established their stock as gods, hollow
coin passed among our multi, separate
exchange units for a commonhold—
dispensing shares of continuity to each

enquiry; while, like a mast that weaves webs
of knowing we stammer beneath a fort
lost in willowtrees, half-listening
to an impetuous wheel shriek. Thus the "we"
dwindles toward singledom, the one-diminished I—

Though gosh if I know what's earth to me now,
curtainary tree I twigged too late to blossom from. Oh
rind around the end, stymied-ground, soil
that extends one grave too far for me.

YES is anybody's guess.

RODIN'S THINKER

I am nothing and
I am a nothing,
a nope. Already

before I begin I end,
whose first-person
pronoun mine

equals minus sign;
in the niche of time
I'm wedged malign.

Mathematically if
there were 2 of me, I
might add up to one,

but schizophrenia is
a pleasure shared
by who's two alone. Where

my I is contains
enough room to think
Rodin through him

if only I could aim
my Rilke higher than
his own likeness

in stone. Steeples

hoist up such souls
to people their walls.

*

HISTORICALE

If I were part of a tableau viveaux
and I fell asleep or died
none of the spectators
would notice or else
they haven't so far—
they haven't realized yet
that in essence I am absent
from this artful scene
when it freezes to depict
the panorama where
I nurse various withered
lamplit emergencies, /spotlit /muse-lit
though perhaps there
is one in the audience
who suspects, who fears
that he or she will surely
be hauled up on tiers
to replace me soon,
and who even now
shrinks back in their seat
and frowns at my perfect mimicry.

POEM

The comet whose path is contentment
doesn't appear often: compared to it
Haley's daily. The eye rared to it
may discern a speck in the spent

sight crossing the night but he's
not really looking for such salvation,
which he imagines requires knees
genuflection. He has no vocation

(he boasts) to pray for the path caught
by two poets he used to know, converts
M and F. He wishes them success in their sought
salvation but insists he won't perch

on that search. No matter what bright sphere
orbits to offer its ice-crystals here.

/no matter what christosphere
orbits to shower its ice-office here

that Saul/Paul pastiche clone replacement
(don't pick up that hitchchrist hiker

August 25, 2008

Ashbery's Visit to Pahlevi, 1972 (after James Wright's "Eisenhower's Visit to Franco, 1958")

Ashbery's Visit to Pahlevi, 1972

The American poet must kiss ass
The forces of darkness.
He has flown here first-class
And come down in the oil fields
Of Iran.

Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlevi stands in a shining circle of CIA.
His wallet opens in welcome.
He promises all USA cars
Can gas up forever now
And live like Beatniks "on the road."

His police fill the prisons
With dissidents. Ashbery follows
His fellow celebrants to the banquet
Of the Avantgarde Arts Fest
Where Her Royal Empress Queen Farah
Gilds to their honor.

Smiles glitter in Shiraz.
Ashbery has touched hands with John Cage, embracing
For the Cultural Attache's report.

Clean new tankers from America
Glide along gantries now.
Their prows shine in the docklights
And their hulls swallow all
Of Iran.

*

As everybody knows, and knew at the time, Pavlevi's reign was a CIA op from the start——

they ran the coup which put him into power,

they trained the gestapo forces he wielded to keep his people in terror and suppression——

and I assume they advised him that putting some of his swindled billions into an annual "Avantgarde" Arts festival would pay off as a publicity stunt

to help counteract international outrage and protest against his police state regime
——

I assume the Avantgarde artists invited and paid handsome sums to attend this yearly farce-stival

were vetted and chosen by the CIA's Cultural Committee——

carefully selected for their a-political esthetics——

*

September 01, 2008

drafts

*

I want to purify the poem
by dedicating it to myself,
but the pot darkens
the archeologist and holidays
are dull. There must

be a magazine that publishes
blushes but no, probably not——

To lie on one's back limb by limb
and play with pebbles in a knot
is my lot. Personal stylites dot
my I's pillar and then fall off

enough. The sparrow-dried wafer
will flit tonight, when the veil
clutches cameras. Echo-infant
cymbals will scar our thirst
on dole.

*

THE LOVES OF A DRAIN

Our embrace/lovmaking summarizes the wallpaper,
designed to repeat the pattern we lie apart/

/its repetitive visual rhythms find
their analog in each urgent thrust—/

/designed to repeat patterns our flesh meets
and lies apart, subsumed in the love
of a drain. The drip of repetitive
visual rhythms across the ceiling
finds analog in the clogged couplings of

/to lie on one's back and advocate crumbs
is all I can do, or denude the bed
by waking to transgressions that express
me better than

*

storm performance: its tree-toss rage
like a pianist's head-swags over/above the keys; / like a Van Cliburn above the
piano;
can wind-criinged powerlines engage
the debut of this ever-new virtuoso—
weather is the prodigy of every stage

head-seige /head-play/ head-surge above

head-swings / head-hurls /

storm performance: its tree-toss rage
a young pianist mugging his piano; / finalist /
like a young pianist mugs his piano;

/ mugging over the piano;

like a young pianist mugging at the piano; browbeating the piano

browng at the / eyebrowing the piano / pompadouring the piano

*

FURTHER

maybe the name stenciled on
your frankenstein kit is mine
but its letters appear random

pointspread on a gambler's odds

yet causality you declare fervid
is the sole veto the lone rune gods
can use to dispute their senses
so that no later than someday we

will believe in our superstitious
existence as names on dotted lines
clot up and thicken into a polyglot

ingot and yet all the gold in Fort
Knott cannot fudge its value here or
absolve me from this longshot bet

POEM

Weatherchannel the campfire I crouch at,
the goldfish bowl my mouth drinks grease from;
eden of interpretations, petrified pasture,
obsolete Xfact, tossed indoor-right.

Shun panacea, provide only unique cures—
that's how they'll know you're a savior;
suffering is for worldlings, not locals like us;
in bask of tiptoe days ungrasped, shall we sense
whose death has weighed our rights.

Does the moon surface so. The way you dive
beneath your skin must emerge pre-emptorily
linked to all, plumbline cast for depths
whose new, stripped presence should reveal

how the moon scowls beneath its skin each dawn
to remain visible to the spyprobes the satellites
that aim to link all scan to cast our depths
earthsurface tall till we emerge new in its

empty strips surveillance to announce
some edenic pasture, greasy, tribal,
mouth flicked with goldfish scales.

Windchimes carved from a petrified
forest fire hang from the limbs there.
Their tinkling interprets our tribe skoal.

The surrounding mountains pursue their peaks
leisurely, the day keeps advancing its ideas
of felicity, ripe ideal beneath which we pine
in shadows of actual, shadows of real,
deserving less than this, less than the showfacade
facts,

unless, by leaning merely wallow in this tadpole
pose,
we fear to test our tongue's obnoxious thrust,
offering this benefice to none who might indeed
need its opacity of old: as if that were all the heel
one could offer global meanings marked down

in meadows more mortal or else despising much
capital, lots of plenty-of-peace sulk-palaces,
all hoping pure can interrupt bare.
Moon now in penance for the sure sense of being;
in its favor, we share its spent sense of withholding

all we owe to native motives. Dense with
forgetfulness, fornicatory notes, avid snows
across the violins' astringent cold.
Icier strings than known, lattices across
whose strips the movie throws its sold liquidities.

*

Casting, like ripeness, is all: and thus the Dantean vision
of love that moves Basic Instinct 2 improves on 'BS One'
by removing all moviestars save the heaven-own Sharon Stone.
(Which leaves just me and Her up there on the screen, alone.)

*

Basic Instinct . . . what a waste to cast Dorothy Malone:
she's just lost in the young star-geist of that Sharon Stone,
too stone-perfect for her role as an ice-pick dildo—
oh! my '50s-favorite Dot got stuck with a bit-part cameo.

*

The last page of
life reads the same
in everyone's
book, and even

Agatha Christie could
spring no surprise
there: one never
has the urge to cheat,

to sneak a peak
to see the murderer's
identity because we

know it and yet
this boring story absorbs
us as if we didn't!

*

what if you
prefixed beautiful
with a ball throw

on my grave throw
a bell and a bowl
to represent hollow

hollow or silent
in the end we all
lack instrument

ring the bell fill
the bowl throw
the ball until

the prefix is over
the word through

*

Her ribcage so beautiful it hovers before her in the air,
my billion screen starves one infant;
in unison the accusers of mob soar,
pastimes graze on your eyes, perennial

victims squeeze beneath your fingernails,
to pacify a thorn's blush
high over the event
each cliff laughs at its abyss's devotion.

Festival du Cannes Angelina Jolie
her ribcage floats flashcam billion TV
ah the charity the beauty
to starve one infant—

Throwing dice at a bomb as
it descends may disarm it
but the odds as always favor
the house: any abacus chorus

hymns these numbers, billion TV
can starve one infant, the plus-signs
will sustain your chain of being, the hybrid
somewhere between fish and confetti

for Angelina UNICEF to save,
the videograph/ nightly my infant saves
to stroke whose testes in sync with/
tapering tinier than shrinkporn/ squibbles of ink spilled on marble statues in the
Vatican's porn collection

*

My late Master's maze
minotaur bastards
my face. I am fossed

/in postured/ pit stone/ stone. Let steeples

Picture your sculptor as
the cause of your crisis
and fosse their likeness

in postured stone. Steeples
hoist up such pure souls
to people their walls.

Rilke's higher distress / amanuensis
than his own likeness hides his own likeness

like three islands
balanced in the mind
in the niche his time
has wedged malign.

whom one is claiming
to focus me always on
despite my name
to focus me wrought

*I am nothing and
I am a nothing,
a nope. Already
before I began

my first-person
equaled minus sign

A little breath is misting itself

with me, a snapped off twig
or sap that jumps the yawn—

Aspirations leapgap, they make
the ripple on the lake linger
with circle-sorcery. Kindest

thought when all is lost, stray

Dice game inside a flag-draped coffin.

Limbs are lethal clamped in sate

The elusive lines in our palms
resemble a key's cuts, jag-edged
unlock fate-chain-chart. Future—

Black and white movies can be
entered via the black and white
emissions but never by the techni.

lets opposite
stride your wedsaddle carpets
Brushed by roundtrip tickets in
the gathermaze

let's buy a roundtrip ticket
to the maze today
but a ticket to the maze
is always one-way

*

as rarest flowers you blossom
in out of way places small
of back say or nook of knee

your loveliness is always unexpected
and always has to be
stepped back one step from

*

I blossom as rarest
flowers in out of way
places inaccessible
valleys and capes
/crevices/crags which no
one ever reaches to see
while the face of me
is outward ugly /is public ugly

*

the poem
emerges from
the nonce
it wants
to be the non
sense of unless
it's one itself
already in
which case what's
the problem

/

the poem
comes from
the nonce
it wants

to be
the non
sense of
unless

it's one
itself
already

in which
case what's
the problem

/it's one
itself
instead

in which
case what's
your problem

*

it says
otherwise / its term / some term

it says
no way

hose zay nosegay
but see

itself contrary
but see
if that's

the case
what's
the problem

/
to be
unless
it's already
one it says / one itself says

nonsense
one itself /one

*

RODIN'S THINKER (pentasyllabics)

To reduce my thought
to none is my aim
to spite the trite name
that bit chisel brought

me knee elbow bound
thick fist to forehead
pedestal posted

niched on no good ground.

Rilke's master was
the cause of this curse
who fossed his likeness

in stone. Let steeples
hoist up such pure souls
to people their walls.

*

*

*

*

*

Antigone waits with spade in hand to mound
the sand her siblings kick as they comber in from

their swim. She pats that castle down with palms
caked hard as Creon's curse, that consequence

whose idol winks quietly at my verse. Like a desk
calendar I think fate's best read one page per day

despite what you've heard Tiresias say blatant on
the steps of his god's versailles. Its pillars mount

like capital. The people starve to prove them whole.
A marketplace can't exist without statistics dole

but picture those cherubs of Oedipus at play, their
grimace as they hurl blindfolds across the waves

or yank lassoes similar to coily Casta's noose.
They pour her lipstick pot on a salamander as

other rouged reptiles climb morning bright,
then boring childhood pranks prance them to light

the footstool in flames, the one she stepped off
of to hang herself. How tragic: unlike all other

kids who can never be certain their mother
didn't diddle the plumber, these three share

knowledge no one but them knows the terror
of patrimony ID certifiable as any infant mill.

They burn banknotes now in the fire of her toes'
phantoms, upholstered ottoman's womanblotto

they ignite each furniture of their former [

[Names never sound the ground they fathom home
or proclaim they've conquered the slightest inch—

Only a flag planted to confound the soil will
extemporize more than our sublimest wish.]

[of the capitol [the king's citadel mounted pillars]

*

like pinpricks-minus-pain
the mist is on our skin

autumn mops up the poppets
of spring

they lose their heads in happendown drift
lofted-off fluff

blown of color
bled dust

white-frail
dandelions are

fright when they rare
more hues than us

which leaves but more air
to be covered with ice / frosts

if only that trotting
tragedian time took all

and stripped his guise
scrubbed this gray decay off

overly-wise we cry
stemstruck bent to like's likeness

*

*

DUNCE RHYMES (FOR THE MOMENT)

and if this poem
has made you a hearer
of ghosted voices
that fade when you get nearer
and everytime you look
into the rearview mirror
you scream and clutch
at your hands in fear
at what those futures show

and then will you cry out
for all to hear
the cripple the promqueen
and the seer
don't you think that now's
a good time to be freer
than you were
a second ago

*

The day CSI tried to
chalk outline one
corpse of Proteus
too many we heard

his memoranda read
over the wind, against
the phone. It was

a long lot like trying

to entice bandaids off
worms followed by
the usual appall, the same
mad-dog meanwhile.

Thus each time the chess
champs throw dice to
dictate their next move
a vase and an owl debate

the outcome. Wait,
there's more aspic
precipice please, closeup
of dead peasant, arms

flogging his baby's path.
It lasts until it laughs.
It takes place in the lab
where they vie to put

the me back in mediocre
and the I in you. Equating
quakes the sound made in
the 1950s by a thousand

typewriter covers being
slid off to write the word
whose sound can never
repeat that thou-slid sound,

suggesting the collective
actions of our fingers
pressing this keyboard
add up to a standard or

a flag prompting vertigo
across the nastiness when
it stands to sing the nation.
Thousands of them sound

their voice in one body as
Proteus who includes
their nature in his and has
to if we maul our crowds. / mall / wall in/
to if we mall in crowds.

*

Like sponges dipped in nude
a kiss of guess on the lids
discloses its thicket micular form.

Dawn blinds hair before face
or thornless angelus deceives
but I faint on the figure-eight.

Apparently newshour once came
to complete me but time
seemed to indicate moot if

I with blazing rations wait. Yet
one little breath is misting itself
here in a snapped off twig

or sap that jumps these yawns—
aspirations leapgap, they make
the ripples on the lake linger

with circle-sorcery. Kindest
thought when all is lost, stray
dice tossed inside a flag coffin.

Limbs are lethal clamped sate—
but elusive lines on our palms
resemble a key's cut, jag-edged
to unlock fate's chain-chart. Future—
let's buy a roundtrip ticket to
the maze but a ticket to the maze

is always one-way they say
to refute whoever lets opposites
stride your wedsaddle carpets.

Black and white movies can be
entered via the black and white
emissions but never by the techni.

*

If I put the me back in
mediocre and the i in idiot
what does that leave you—

if you want to participate just
say so.

Brushed by roundtrip tickets in
the gathermaze

I hear you say hey

*

as rarest flowers you blossom
in out of way places small
of back say or nook of knee

your loveliness is always unexpected
and always has to be
stepped back one step from

*

I blossom as rarest
flowers in out of way
places inaccessible
valleys and crags which
no one ever reaches
to see while the face
of me is public ugly

*

I am as rarest
flowers that bloom
in out of way
places inaccessible
valleys and
crevices which no
one ever reaches
to see while
the face of me

is public ugly

*

beauty is backpedal
its continuum a pedestal
beneath which I grovel

my childhood fades in untold photographs
even the clouds want down please

it's enough to transmogrify your mogrifies

her iso-splendor of arm pointed out
where stars like gnawed thimbles glow
dawn dild on my gildmold lids

writhic and positively full of loll

after the monster drinks the world
he spits out all the people
and they fall into your lap

the encore whose enema eats me

watch my occupant clutch parts of his breast
like a tweezers species /
embracesomely he was
swathed in sash

The bottom of that wishingwell festers
hypodermically: shot into strato
sparsed among errata it waters what?

bereave-voids/ spittled
drape finale
divestment empire as that should be lit

throughout some antique sleep
they kept their demands sultry
to attenuate my traumas
the corruption of cloying devils
while zeroes scamper across the clock
unless the cows, those old belgians, were
passing a debonair vowel (inept
attacks swept the barracks) whose
bared torso fed the marathon beyond shuddering
they scrounged and smoked a lozengeskull
what prompted this roam-colored ghazal
I am an aspirin-old that's all
sullen torn essence across this false perplex of nabes
slavish pensive as senile mic succor
though our flesh is minus the tongue's doubt
your pout (chagrin of suede) led the nation
they fear your gridlock sedatives hear the mime-spider

**

shall I paint through all the Isms to you
you who remain my No Period
my unportrayable

now I watch for your foot to interfere
with the flow of the gown
as it gathers its folds to freeze

solace of a word soaked in lieu-sense
at the bottom of a blue suspense train

to pass across myself with one eye closed
is to see many rasps for reason

to place me in significance to you
would be an augmentation of unbelievability
an under-life to reign my own

the art of fingerprint arrangement
(blooms of fate, unvased)
to correct the self
to perfect the I with a voila

in this way I may chance at last
upon weapons trained to sleep while
they seek each others range
gauging blows that argue no reprise

for my absence

the canals a-swish with big ships

my cased-in-ooze emptiness
outlasts all address of its distances
though the intent is worth more
than any gift fitful gush of thanks

my tongue bathes in my necktie

I felt a random urge to unhand a juggler

how come we never meet on forklifts
slept in just once by bare-fucked us
affix with cafts that line our veins environs
the doorknob drains the hand
our impatient posing in beckons toward
the end I may not invoke hard forgiveness
your love haunts its occasions like grief

I watched the wind lifting your rain-cape's points

You tie me to a chair
and give alms to the garbagebag.
The windows sag like handkerchiefs.

one can't exaggerate one's beggarliness
in an age of mechanical reproduction

pale corridors wander through room-Moreaus
floor-Magrittes ceiling-Sages mirror-Finis

static their flesh throws slow volts in the air

the blurb god gave my book awed the sweat expo
in roughed up eye fashions I lay

the stars through thin citrus laid

their fugue vitiates all my sieve hints

they placed their sky on the ski-lift and waved it off

sunglasses allow us to be modest in the face of ourselves

one-noter, doodle-shooter

**

*

EN PASSANT

above our toes is where
we like to be below our hair
but are we really there
the occasions rare

I kept my whatstabs in the air
as one probing answer
hoping others might
agree with me despite

the whywounds they bear
on every chance we meet
the occasions rare
our lives dispersed as days

I kept hoping the street
would kindly parallell me a ways
before resuming its maintenance
of the distance

*

every time we meet
in life dispersed as days.

despite the whystuff they say
every time we meet
in life dispersed as days.
each time we chance to meet
in life dispersed as days.

The occasions rare—the street
kindly paralleled me a ways
before resuming its maintenance
of the distance.

on every chance we meet

September 03, 2008

who's that coughing in my coffin

*

BAT HABIT (or, Who's that Coughing in My Coffin?)

bats are the nicotine of night
that's why I always need a light
ten packs o' Dracs a day or die
my lung-caves crave that fang-wing high

skreakedy skreak suckin' soot-sticks
makes me blind but I find my fix
when I unearth my undead stash
I slake its flake through a neck-gash

bat-weed bleeds me butts and gobbets
can't switch to cygnet cigarets
flick and sip those swan-white filt-tips

no heck I'm hooked black-hack bad-toke
what a tough puff bite-you-back smoke
Vlad the Inhaler loves my lips

*

September 05, 2008

*

*

You will know you have reached
the peak the moment your bootsoles
go out of sight, since you can only
get there by following yourself up.

Craning your neck to see the trail,
you plummet past a mirage wedged
in the rock, hidden dances deep
in genderbar. If your eyes like death

omit nothing, a lineage of ignitions,
is that enough to kindle

/to conceal one's sex in a dimple
or a navel at Festival Du Cinema,
the Director's Cut twice as long
(God's Edit is eternal by comparison)

*

Can I cast off enough malaprops
ripe-heard at night-ne'er
where I suspect my virtue lies
in sidestepping the opportune hour
to arrive in halfmore. Cleverly

I serve those who lie with the sun
at times by their open window
pretending they are sad to see
a poppy ban ivory from
its balcony of unmanned.

I serve their pain. In my slippersoles
/

*

Acting out the origin
of how to occur in a story
is more than I have saved /served
from any empire's glory; /any empire's

lack of rain rusts umbrellas,
minus pain dulls my mind:
if green extolls oasis
no wonder one's hard to find

in this desert of dinky, each
Vegas lusting to be Rome.

I pause goodbye a breather;
start to escort the door home.

/
the tendency of green
to exaggerate its oasis
paints the bread dull

*

THE POEM IS ALIVE

The critic's hand is cured by atrocity
That shields the next dictated homily

Gripping cash beneath arctic lamps
The uncompiled umpires run through fields

The pheromones have gone home
To a cathedral catheterized by eels

Above the wheat's bending amen-figures
Night convinces the day to wait for us

Upstairs with all the rest of the frauds
I remain with my finest demonstratives

Of course the poem is alive to its limits
To the length that composition permits

*

Windows bound by final lens, glass
islands that balance a splinter
in their heart. Or mirrors where

my arrows may drink their instant
from rage, subduing the breath
that pursues sleep, but I hesitate

to knight the noise of every urge
or let its beaming monster quit
spate. I fear the habit-murmur

that lets stones become shklovskied
with no respite. What leave can
I inhabit, accustomed maze of

lameness chaining my head in this
endless train of perspective down
the oneway track distance still

draws from my sleeve, conjured
as I crane to catch each view
and hover-fresh aspect outside

my choo-choo chin, freightface
fraught with passengers forced
to record/rattle off their cattlecar days with

my choo-choo's chinoiserie

The trip dollies

days along its railbed

the railside/outlook passes slowly, time

To him shivering in the sheenshed glass,
Impatiently/Patiently wanting/daunting/suppressing the emergence
Of that/some god who must have succored presence
Once in such fallen minor form unless

...

*

All of us who lived on earth
and all our loves and wars
may not appear at all / may not appear all that much
in the moon's memoirs.

may not appear too much

*

POEM

The comet whose path is contentment
doesn't appear often: compared to it
Haley's daily. The eye rared to it
may discern a speck in the spent

sight crossing the night but he's / I'm
not really looking for such salvation,
which he imagines requires knees /time/some
genuflection. He has no vocation

(he boasts) to pray for the path caught
by two poets he used to know, converts
Karr and Wright. He wishes them a sought
success but insists he'll never perch

on that search. No matter what bright sphere
orbits to offer/display its ice-crystals here.

orbits to signal its ice-christ is here.

orbits to signal its tail-christ is here.

banners the sky to proclaim he's here. /to signal

/no matter what christosphere
orbits to shower its ice-office here

that Saul/Paul pastiche clone replacement
(don't pick up that hitchchrist hiker

September 06, 2008

furuike ya kawazu tobikomu mizu no oto

*

: After Basho's frog :

*

I thought it might be amusing to bring together (in the chronological order I wrote
them) in one post my various attempts to muse Basho's famous frog—

*

*

*

BASH (ten versions of furuike ya)

If I were a pond
and some frog jumped into me
I wouldn't respond.

I am a pond but
when a frog gets intimate
I keep my mouth shut.

I may look like scum
but some frogs can poke this pond
to orgasm come.

This pond is so old
even its frogs want it sold
to build the new road.

This pond is old as
me. That's how bad-off it is.
Frog-visits, I doze.

You're old, pond—the same
as me. But when your frogs come
you recall each name.

This pond is year-scored
as me. But frogs that shake it
up just make me bored.

I'll float in this pond,
fearing each frog that jumps down
will wash me aground.

This pond is old too—
But when a frog jumps into
It, it still sounds new.

This pond is dead earth
But listen to its rebirth
When frogs take a bath.

*

*

MIZU NO OTO

Pain passes for sunlight at some depths
which most of us never strike; the dive
is too far: or is the ear sheer enough—

Basho by a pond heard a frog make
the usual faucet-dripping-into-a-keyhole
sound; it wisely ignored his efforts

to collaborate. Get your galley-slaves
rowing with icicles for oars, that's

one way some say. Resist the urge

to halve the sea/be laser Moses,
to submerge yourself as a slice
speciman, all random camera words.

Beyond the caprice of earth to slake,
thirst issues from the source it breaks.

Note:

A meditation upon Basho's most famous haiku, whose final syllables
I've used for the title.

*

*

FURU YOU, EEKY YA

*

Ya, the old wash-hole—
wait-a-fuck: a frog?—oh, no!—
goes splasho Basho.

*

Ya, the old North Pole
where Santa Frog (ho-hop-ho)
chops a splashin'-hole!

*

Ya, old-boys brothel—
watch Oscar Wilde get Basho
to wet his tadpole.

*

Ya, here's to Basho!—
there's one frog-boozin' dude you
should raise your glass to.

*

*

Whoa, Ranger Basho!
frog-herd's in the waterhole—
leggo your lasso.

*

*

KAWAZU NYAWKER

I prop each rejection-slip
against a grass-blade

round the pond where
I drown myself to show

those SASE dismissals
hold the reason why

I must die but suddenly
a frog jumps in, ya,

splatterdrops lash over
those printed forms and

the padstamped name
Alice Quinn blurs blots—

ah!—what mizu mizzles all
her no-notes, oto?

*

September 07, 2008

American Love Sonnet

*

AMERICAN LOVE SONNET

My kiss was like our incursion
of Guatemala in 1954,
or was it our intervention
to save Venezuela, 2010:

Congress yes-sirred all
my caresses of your rebel
breastholds—my freedomfingers
storming southward quelled

the clit-tipped capitol ripe
for my liberating lust:
each commie labia fell until
I regained the land at last:

FoxNews huzzaws as I install
the General in his palace. /El General

*

/All Congress / Both Houses voted carte blanche

my caresses of those rebel
breastholds—

Congress rubberstamped / Congress always rubberstamps
my seige of rebel breastcamps— /each fallen rebel breastcamp—
my freedomfingers stormed
southward caressive toward

/Congress always rubberstamps
this seige of rebel breastcamps—
/attacks on rebel breastcamps—

/Congress rubberstamped
my caresses of your breastcamps
rebellious—my freedomfingers

/Congress unanoused all
my caresses of your rebel
breastholds—my freedomfingers

stormed southwards towards

stormed southward to quell

storming southward quelled

Congress rubberstamped /unvetoed all / supported all
my caresses of your rebel
breastholds—my freedomfingers /breastcamps
stormed southward toward

September 08, 2008

klung

*

Regional, racial, ethnic, gender, generational, thematic: if you look at the dozens and hundreds of anthologies of contemporary USA poetry published over the past two decades, you'll find compilations of poems or poets gathered and linked to represent many categories of differentiation and distinction,

with one exception. There are no anthologies based on class.

Why is there no anthology of rich poets, poets who came from a background of wealth and privilege. Elizabeth Bishop, Robert Lowell, James Merrill, Louise Gluck, William Matthews, Richard Howard, C.K. Williams, Russell Edson et al.

Class is the most important influence on the lives of USAers, the significant marker which defines who each of us is. Our culture at its deepest level is founded on class, on its financial and educational inequalities. We face and interact daily with the continuities and conflicts of class. It touches and permeates us in every way, in every aspect of our public and private systems.

But in poetry it doesn't matter?—why? because Art exists in a realm separate from Life?

*

They paint its walls with clocks
which cause corners and vision blur,
screens of option believing

I see furtive robins rush, through
scar-wept panes my maiming hands
cling toward that cohabitation
of wings and pride. That nest

eludes me. Home is a dream
immured behind a sign of some kind,
its outline bad as an aura's.

went on, went on past
all idols, to seek the pure forgiveness
of mirrors; he gave himself to a murderous
cleavage of owls; indulging his need
for abasement, he, while the here was
left ajar, the far slammed shut, had noplac—
What a bullseye sill his mockery made.

Penis encapsulated in its stupid froth
half-same as a memory dawn, prime scum—
dead doilies my wraith consumes in burnt-out
mimescapes. Now the time for roofless actions begins.
though an evening's gauze gnawed them with gold;

a deep cleavage of owls

lost, and was it all only an illusion
as bullseye rain overt
leaving

earth's equation on an aquarium where
the word never is always penultimate, never
late, intacting itself, present, cognizant

of rain's narrowest precedent, tremors
that make us take breath

*

*

as the bumblebee said
to the mumblemoth
Louder Louder

as the stumblebear said
to the lumbercat
Faster Faster

the bumblebees told
the mumblemoths
to speak right up

I took the lay of our lo quickly

Twilight tweety-swans
fishscale fangs and
optic worms

I grab my belt to feel the equator

In chaste beefslippers I trod

walk this broken glitter
marquee marks your name in light
break off its letters shine by shine
take it tonight
while the pain is still kind

tomorrow the street will sweep it away
and all that glitters then is day

Still fresh still cut
from the stills the scenes
no premiere will show
your designer nose

along that pavement and taste the stabs
along that pavement till it was stabbed
along that pavement that now lies stabbed
a thousand times by what still fades
to a taste of the past so fast it burns
the throat that swallows
/fleetingness
of flashcams/

and dirt and somehow cram that mix
taste the shame and fame mixed in

tonight before the pain is salved, if
you could taste her wake while it is
glitzied by

glitzy with its backdrop of nobodies
cut-out dolls / cheering facades whose
name is yours on loan of scam, on
complicity in this crime/drama/exorcism
ritual of scapegoat only Coriolanus
at the VFW convention with Pres Bush
escapes to his loss...

/and all their haste/chase//
tomorrow sun will glitter lust/last/chaste / rise in
will add its gloss in
/then/till sunrise glitters sensation in

gloss/gross/dirt of glam
/sheer ugliness /smeared ugliness

*

Fail at all I try,
disaster gaffe,
cry of laugh,
pain for breath.

Brainless stunts
fall prat, weak
hands can't
grasp enough,

agony of me
is all I feel. Fool.

*

Marching my laundry
to its death
I leap into sway
the shirts
and socks obey.

*

Synchronicity of a ferrous whore
Derivative jars filled with conked nudes
While car-thieves emaciate dawn
Silence
Easing the eon of our anglo rule

*

hats are blown off by headwinds
and watches waft-away
on wristwinds
and tailwinds of course
take your arse

*

repeating block anecdotes to spectators in a cage
which daily erupts the deluge surge
rips in the facade
where dice
shed their endless head-lice
decisive cries in a crater

coif-echoes and besides who else
lives on his lips
the differing stitch
inverted bullseyes line the mime's white cage
life of the final hybrid
veins glow in their setting trains
behind hedges
signals held by scissors
sphere for archetype
leaden the word
its laborious syllables repeat their papyrus duplicity
how can I resist such sunder divide

Round or sown or fall
sound of plunge or pearl
held for its swoopshape
toboggining moon and all

Held for its stoopshape
the welcome mat may honor it
by rising up to it
unless it's only visible through
the eyelets of my bluejeans

*

*

scaling a wall love runs dry
fondling a tide
compared with copulation's slime riches
burden warp the cable lazy vomit
pulp frowns arise

muzzling fear dozing mound
owl cheese fist
summitting peak bells
all stones gravitate
to the small end of the island

putrid urine unless
teaching how to shackle the neck's mold
puddle molding a cloud of dust
wall bulwark seaweed
unless the shell slabs a shore
possessed of castle murder marsh
showers of fish and a slip tongue
faints bares an embrace
that summarizes the wallpaper
designed to seduce icons

when bells summon the peak
all stones gravitate to the small end
of the island
where a shore composed of castles
showers us with murdered fish

*

SONG OF THE NOTH

like a moth but not
the noth flies
south to its ways
gift-faring the loneliness
moulting purities

shed by its own hand
handmemouth grown
from yonderbye
the noth's wings are nothing
and nothing's why

each noth-nest is full
of hungry cries
they speak for their beaks
and as they fly
they wave to their why

nights the noth migrates
but days it returns
is it an insect or a bird
real or absurd
I wish it was that straight

sometimes it swoops
around my head
off-course who knows
where earthen it's been
so barren its share is

so child its sheer is
here to ground
and air to polar
or back to therefor
a sortes of series

I wait for more
expecting neglect
has found its foul
day in which to fall
nightmare for soar

noth flight is right
route or wrong
but each time it
rebuffets him
with a simple shrug

baffles batters / grounds him
shoots him down

with a simple shrug

so bairn its share is

/

the sandground down
with/to its own list

/flownways

my peace find place
an armistice surcease roughtangle

like pinpricks-minus-pain
the mist is on our skin

dandelion moppets lose
their heads in white

all we's poppets unclose
in happendown drift

lofted-off fluff
blown of color

bled dust
our fright to see it rare

more hues than us
leaves but more

to be covered with ice frosts
if only this trotting tragedian

took all and stripped time's guise
got this gray decay off us

overly-wise we cry
stemstruck bent-like

september mops up
dandelion loose ends
[to the tune (sort of) "The Girl from Ipanema"]

Britney passes and as she passes
she smashes the paparazzi masses
and all their asses lie spunk across the sidewalk—
oh taste the gust of this gutter glass
with its bits its flecks of grit
with its golden rust
and then get scrunched
by that foot-horde of fans
until you're ground
like mica-mote grains, thin
as Britney was in those distant Disney days
beware if your hair is ugly
and stare when she puts in the jugglies
but what god creates a star
from smaller dust than this—

now you want to run your tongue
along the pavement before it's gone
like a thousand stabs of flashcam crammed
into one—

against the street go scrape your shoe
to scratch up some of that glitter grue
which those collision divas in their dashes
left just for you—

hear a thousand marquees crashing
see the thousand names in lights you'll gash in
to your wrists if you can only pick up one slash
of it to good-bloody your fingers on
and unbody your skin till it's gone
to get it ready for the steadiclone—

now Lindsay flashes her gorgeous gashes
and then she sasses all the nasties
that Britney hasn't
oh greet her feet as they flop there
meet your fate in her opera
then smooth-a-rama like a trauma
and move away from all the drama

before the sun can render it real
and you're gunk under her heel
so junk you know how it feels—
when your blood-scar congeals—

like a CSI sequel deal—
a stupid cop car squeal—
zoom-in ambulance wheels—
clung! your morgue-door seals—

*

Not enough moviestars. Why not one for each of us. Until then every film we attend mocks us with its excess of cuts and cameras, when we know what it lacks. Until then their sparse disparity disconsolates us, and we treasure down each glimpse of that rumored screencomer, that cinemanque who roams the scenic wilds around this premiere's campfire of kliegs and smiles.

*

*

Dawn voices peals/clarion mutes
whose vocal rays
make climate as it shines.

In the arbor of days
it speaks garbled roots
and clear vines.

*

If every valid absence points to one thing
that shucked the cornsilk out of my ass's reaches,
an object presence has overlooked unless
the none-scape guilt I clone so quickly intervenes.
Is it the synchronicity of a ferrous whore or
the fear such insignificance baits that makes us
lock the sermon in a drawer till Sunday morning
when, dashed by the stripes of a snake's parasol,
it trips a step. Do animals proceed to extinction
via their hindlegs or fore? The mind restrains
this project for the sane, their unquarried energy—
that god grounds us in gloves I guess. They keep
our omnihands from touching flesh with flesh, they
prevent the relapse, the desire for one's kind,
the prophylactic response: similarity haunts
the ruins of every fingerprint which bears it,
which partakes patience to outwit identity.
Aftermath's a studio of mirrors, a curt salon
where prudent heirs sweat in overcoats, sure
their profiles can disgrace our art-dartboards.
Ergo nature finds its quickest aim in beginnings,
a naissance to obliquely punish yesterdays with.
Cradling an antenna's unripe fruit, your gusts incite
the white apartment, its darksome rooms where
derivative jars filled with conked nudes ripen.
But all in all, the central event will not relent.

*

POEM

This slobbered-over virus of the visible,
The living, the seen, what antibody cures—
Echoesque whose draped torso of rain on
Taunt's panes was flung for cry sakes, for crime X,
Castle whose stones have not yet come to rest:

Loud as a ball bounced off a statue of Zeus
This mania for scintillations fills your mind
Or else on stilts will survive the folio hero
Wielding a cage of umbrellas to capture
Strongbrow shelved for futher thought: more patterns
Examined by a selfportrait of one's own
Pores, exposed as they are to icy nemesis
Plural, to spelling out its false names in sweat:
Where elsedom do they welcome open as
Often as this door does, quench-map that mires
The path from our left nipple to our right
Where, bisected by itself, the heartguise dies.

*

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*

The directions one takes
in a computer
are not those of the compass,
that normal needle's paths are
null here. Here, routes
roam downward, backward
through the ego superego id, seeking
infancy. Birth permeates each gesture
addressed to the keyboard, the
commands that create
the never-deleted screen seem
to come from a stethoscope probing
the pelvic region, peering
into the recessed bellybutton
of the expectant mother
whose navel is a hole around which
live flesh masses, a gap whose absence
is obvious. The navel is a shaft
into the mind of the subject,
but the subject evades itself
by the clever use of screensalvations
and games: icons converse
across this schizoid
void. Each new program provides
a further diversion, a rhymescheme
to be defiant of,
a stanzaic requirement one can flaunt
with impunity, no crime
or shame, since forgiveness
is packaged in the save option.

*

*

*

To give this offensive death a gesture beyond
A kind of candle-paint, a mist, dawn where night
itself, you could be flowers stiff with dawn,
experiences its eve, where my eve excels its eye,
or a cat that lacks your sweet reasonableness,
calm in the midst of vanishing, of two eyebrows
hurrying to earth, hair freed

of groping now: being replaced by necessity,
time that impaled on summer's flute-spurts,
incognito your surf-lingering thoughts are
insists on fate to be brief, to synopsise the
like a truth carved by halves of core;
as shallow as snorkel knighthoods, or
steady decay of flesh as cover, a shirtsense
a thimble poured from a navel, you migrate
over crop-rotations, fly through gushers
existence. You outlast all year-end prospects
which eventually beached by all that follows us,
groped for crow'snest-fruit: but if
the sky is a place for a bundle of old blushes
abbreviations that suddenly find themselves
to raise/replace these amputatoes, these
whole, acronyms now, but not changed a pith
thankyou-writhed witnesses--its intrusive
plumage still invades my silence as it
swirls like a seashell's mating-period;
peach-red kerchiefs tied to my tusks attest
your presence, the resonance your profile
worth. How could it have happened when
I am the same, how could this death have
occurred as a word whose meaning has gone
from a nickname to a noun? And only
the faintest taste of ripeness, the harvest
shudders between heads of others: avid
for your nape-hairs to stir in their muck
and speak with a voice whose sighs slope
us toward homage, unique as its purpose
(which glints in every pore), solo voice
conclusive as weights in theater-curtainhems,
impending voice that ensures descent
whenever the near is ending and the far
is beginning, oh can't
I be the imminent nexus of this crush?
Haven for revisionists, the future excerpts
itself from us, an anthology that reveals
some of what we were at all, wholly there.
a fizz, no lesson leading us home, home that
signals its horizon to close-up, zoom-in, profile
slashed by blood, by innocence-putative limbs
substituting your testifying prudent myth,
whose words always counter my indifference.
Days to love you, years to regret—the last
teardrops facile, leaky faucet concepts fucked
continually, instant island insert, an island
discovered to be without inhabitants is where
nature gathers its examples of us, paradigms
as a slope flowers upwards, each foothold another
face, the rockface impervious to solo—the privacy
of the commonplace valued as omission, found
only as the opaque hornclock levels its gaze
lensward: techniques that sever the sentence
from firsthand endeavors, each unique niche
concealed by empty perspective bleeding true.

*

evidence our scene remains

inherent, pure intent. World
cast away by so much worth.
Aspect offered forth as self,
view regained through stealth--

I know the days gone by stay
filled with the omens forecast
before, but they never last,

Every hour unhalved my issue
whole, but none carved a true
attest of their emptiness.
Nature:try the grassblades above me.

Am I their land: whose bones
once stiff and straight as flag-
staves have become a flag,
white. Crumbling I atone

how victory impaled each
secret unknown quest, each search.
Acquiescent to this quiet,
fit for the sight of it.fit for.
secret sometimes.
Concept I kept refusing,
skull was fit for it-- killed me.
Soft girthed defenses.
Befitted past my skull for it all.
Attached numbness.

They fade, restrictions
of some prism, like sepias
displayed panorama

 impressions--

Of course the ones gone by stay
crammed with omens forecast
as wise, but they never last,
least of all the days today.

strafe the grass above me.

Am I their land: whose bones
stiff as salutes, straight as flag-
staves have become a flag,
white. Crumbling I atone

each victory. The won defeat
is our secret quest, our fate.
Acquiescent to this quiet,
fit for the sight of it.
Every hour unhalved my issue
whole, but none gained a true
attest of their emptiness.

*

*

beauty is backpedal
its continuum a pedestal
beneath which I grovel

my childhood fades in untold photographs
even the clouds want down please

it's enough to transmogrify your mogrifies

her iso-splendor of arm pointed out
where stars like gnawed thimbles glow
dawn dild on my gildmold lids

writhic and positively full of loll

after the monster drinks the world
he spits out all the people
and they fall into your []

the encore whose enema eats me

watch my occupant clutch parts of his breast
like a tweezers species / embracesomely he was
swathed in sash

The bottom of that wishingwell festers
hypodermically: shot into strato
sparsed among errata it waters what?

above our toes is where
we like to be below our hair
but are we really there

he kept his whatstabs in the air

flotsam sampling our poison's portion of calm
bereave-voids/ spittled draped finale
divestment empire as that should be lit

throughout some antique sleep
they kept their demands sultry
to attenuate my traumas
the corruption of cloying devils
while zeroes scamper across the clock
unless the cows, those old belgians, were
passing a debonair vowel (inept
attacks swept the barracks) whose
bared torso fed the marathon beyond shuddering
they scrounged and smoked a lozengeskull
what prompted this roam-colored ghazal

I am an aspirin-old that's all
sullen torn essence across this false perplex of nabes
slavish pensive as senile mic succor
though our flesh is minus the tongue's doubt
your pout (chagrin of suede) led the nation
they fear your gridlock sedatives hear the mime-spider

*

*

shall I paint through all the Isms to you
you who remain my No Period
my unportrayable

now I watch for your foot to interfere
with the flow of the gown
as it gathers its folds to freeze

solace of a word soaked in lieu-sense
at the bottom of a blue suspense train

to pass across myself with one eye closed
is to see many rasps for reason

to place me in significance to you
would be an augmentation of unbelievability
an under-life to extend its reign

the art of fingerprint arrangement
(blooms of fate, unvased)
may correct the self
perfect the I with a voila wrist

*

while they seek each others range
gauging blows that argue absence
the canals and all they bare lade

our impatient posing in beckons toward
the end I may not invoke hard forgiveness

my cased-in-ooze emptiness
outlasts all address of its distances
though the intent is worth more
than any gift fitful gush of thanks

even if nothing else waits for
embarkation in a swan lounge

the random urge to unhand a juggler

we never meet on forklifts
slept in just once by bare-forked us
affix with cafts that line our veins environs

your love haunts its occasions like grief
I watched the wind lifting your rain-cape's points

You tie me to a chair
and give alms to the garbagebag

the blurb god gave my book awed the sweat expo
in roughed up eye fashions I lay

the stars through thin citrus laid

their fugue vitiates all my sieve hints

they placed their sky on the ski-lift and waved it off

sunglasses allow us to be modest in the face of ourselves

one-noter, doodle-shooter

storm recital: the treetops toss
like a young pianist's upstrung hair:
wind-criinged powerlines bear
their debut of this latest virtuoss—
weather is the prodigy of everywhere

*

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*

To fellate Rudolph the Red-nosed Reindeer
at the god end of evening—
to sit and read in the errors,
nostrils arrayed above a stream Euclidean;

and then suddenly to feel
the me-too mouse-trap clamp you,
stir you in the heart of the lair,
its windows identical-eyed, ablaze with unity.

They swab your temples with bloodhazel;
or else they wait
until the hour has reached its most thereaboutish,
and then they daub you in the dreams you count as final;

through your inmost-movie's corridors or
along the wards where white things wait
for their bandages to be yanked off
and jumped up and down on;

where grimace-doers remain uncaught;
where you fear the wallpaper contains enough
inconsistencies in its pattern to be actual,—
and yet your statue wears its chisel's aura too lightly,

doesn't it? How to emulate time: fish swim
deeper the heavier they breathe,
the more they whisper to their haloes,
surface the lake repeats as pure.

calm simulacrum [] hold tight [] charm

*

*

undo this I.D. for me will you
remember the last scene in an hourglass movie

poetry is often defined as
the intricate magnification of mental anomalies

*

unsanctuaried

*

*

you ask me why I come among you to mourn you
I say: I am the mourner
but we are not dead or dying
well: I am the mourner
we aren't afraid of you
I know: I am the mourner
but what do you mourn then if not us
not you: I am the mourner
is there anything worth mourning but us
yes: I am the mourner

when you leave us do you continue to mourn
to mourn: I am the mourner
your answers are only echoes
to echo is to mourn: I am the mourner
we won't feed you you know you'll starve
I live on lament: I am the mourner
but we are young and strong we don't need you
I am the mourner
here's a dollar beat it
thanks: goodbye
where will you go from here
there are others to mourn: I am the mourner
wait a sec is that all don't you have anything else
to say to us
I say: I am the mourner goodbye
you can't leave it like that wait up a while
no: I have finished mourning you
wait up you fraud you catchesleeve you cheat
sorry: you have been mourned as much as you can be
but don't worry:
I am the mourner

*

whose prey prevails sails these drain-edged seas

*

last cobweb from my arms an
ankh length away it fades

as the fin paces off the fish
for room to flower
in a glove you collect dust for udders

if bread surrenders to the poor
and wine to the rich
if

hold
this while I isolate my deathwish and kick
the h out of it
then "deatwis" sit
and read the daily crosshairs

*

songs still hover near the mouth
like winestains on a table's steeped cloth

there where all our windows sowed their sills
I remember your lipstick color

*

whoever does not love you loves me
but only when I am you
and if your name was X
your clothes labels all would read
made from 100 percent virgin X
but only when I'm wearing them

*

*

Like a ciggypoo lit by lightning I
feel grateful yet belittled some by the
ardor of your love which I find over
determined as 1930s murder ballads.

[]

*

fenced in by endless one-act stress

*

Would I be encouraged
if a magician doing cardtricks
disembowelled himself
in the process somehow.

Through some slight slip in skill.
Might it hint my poems
so slight and easy and simple
could be similarly lethal

in their task of sleight.
Otherwise their lack of risk
is easily spotted by children

who unlike us have not
put two and two together
and reached their bloody climax.

to reach this bloody climax.

and reached its bloody conclusion.

and reached its slain conclusion.

and therefore have no stake/say in it.

interest further stake.

before and therefore have
no expectations but sight./what's seen.

*

*

The poetry I wanted to write before
I started examining myself was
a poetry of self-examination. I

wanted to lie still while my genitalia
roved over me like a stethoscope
seeking the flaws inherent with time.

[hiatus / charade / detached
/a sign scotch taped to a crashed window
/windshield]

*

*

His candle of blood is snuffed
before its drippings can form fangs
to gore him home. Emptyhanded
he winds the clock. Alarms won't
wake him, his [] gone, side wrong
scan holds no scope that's not gap.
No one can take his one as whole.
He stands stumbled, a humped
repellantive. Suicide? he smiles,
glad salve. Vanishing cream his crown,

[]

*

*

from old worksheets and drafts

*

*

THE D AND M'S

I've got the D and M's,
despondency madness
hare me everywhere,
despair or mal-de-mess.

Diagnosis is malignant,
day channels the moon,
my denials mechanical,
all darkness equals mine.

Dearth and mourn.
Doldrums in mire.
I've got the D and M's

and all their dire malign
deep-plodes my mind.
I can't stand these damns.

to my medium drug
is where I'll never find
[]
adds more design

]

*

*

THE DEATH OF NARCISSUS: A MYSTERY

To either-or my, your, or anybody's face
for that matter, is impossible: the mirror
of mind is not glass—it is a river, which shoots
beyond the banks of the known—past the stable
shore of causality; though our detective
work of deduction/induction (ebb/flow) may pool

it up at times into an illusion, a pool
of foolishness we try to fall into face
first. Illusion, I say, but the detective
in me disagrees: he wants to break that mirror
across my skull, wants to unbolt the stable
of my brain and see what gruesome animal shoots

out slimy-eager to eat up the young shoots
of tadpole-grass, to paw at things in the green pool
of the real . . . no! Our perceptions aren't stable
enough (re Heisenberg's Uncertainty) to face
monsters and know which is them/which is our mirror
of them. Sadly it's only in detective

stories all problems get solved: the detective
by sifting clues does find out who shoots
who, who dies, who lives, but who cares? In the mirror
of our evil is there no oasis, no pool
where the truth will gulp out at us with a face
not ours? Shouldn't "entertainments" stable

our nerves, our doubts: but, besides keeping a stable
of freaks employed, what good is all that detective
crap on TV? The felony we face in the mirror
each day is not the sort that stabs or shoots;
it's more subtle than that. It's like a pool
deep down in us—it seeps out from our mirror—

pollutes each eye. Drip drip, the mirror
is a tap; our face, the drain. Chemically stable
—or volatile—the poison forms a pool
—or matrix—of motives, which the detective
we call superego longs to solve but shoots
himself in the foot if he does: or in the face—

Death by mirror's the only crime this detective
solves. But, like a stable stuffed with wheat straws, hay shoots,
now drought-grass fills the pool where Narcissus knew his face.

*

AN INCOMPLETE INVENTORY OF DORIAN GRAY'S CLOSET

First of course, there's the portrait, whose outside face
withers at a velocity no mirror
can detect: it looks like something the hero shoots
at in a holovideo; or a stable
Hercules scrubbed. The mirror's a detective
who spies our skin thickening like scum on a pool

and the baldspots spreading like ripples on a pool,
a pool in Hell, where hero Hercules proves his face
is young still. But then, even the dumbest detective
learns to search the mirror first. What mirror?—
maybe the one you meant to hold, to stable
yourself on, for a minute—though look, it shoots

right out of your pallid hands, hands which time shoots
(has shot) through with wrinkles: falls in a pool
of non sequitur. Shit! Is this a stable
or a closet I'm trying to itemize? Face
It: my face is manure unless I use a mirror
to solve—solve what? Is Dorian a detective

novel at heart? No? And what sort of detective
am I: poofier Poirot—or the toughguy who shoots
photos of himself in Medusa's mirror
(which Hercules has borne down to be a pool
in Hades, the pool Heraclitus's face—
Heraclitus, who said nothing's stable:

"All is flux"—will fill with an unstable/stable
gaze of rage/ennui. He knows. The detective/
accomplice of this decay, whose young/old face
dies born. Time, he whisper/shouts, is a rapids shoots
past so fast we can't step into the same gene pool
once or something like that)? But only the mirror

Dorian uses is a real mirror.

All other so-called mirrors lack its stable nature: their faces age. Gaze-glaze, ice-froze pool, it shows the same ID always to Detective Death. Like moviestars on location shoots it deigns to autograph our brain with its face . . .

What mirror finds our flaws? Don't ask this detective!
Birth? That happens in a stable. —Straws, weeds, wisp-shoots—
new grass fills the pool where Narcissus gnawed his face.

*

POEM TO X

I used to watch you sleep when I couldn't sleep—
even in the dark I thought I could see the beat
of the pulse in your neck: your breasts rose in waves
and fell according to the breath; across
your skin the collarbones bumped, like concrete
speedbreaks. Am I going too fast? Am I sexist

to describe you in a manner which is sexist,
comparing a woman with images? You sleep
so entire, so there, so disturbingly concrete
that, if I regressed to fantasy, if I beat
the odds of such beauty by a picture across
a screen, what then? In old movies they show waves

crashing, horses rearing: said horses, said waves
signified passion, or were they sexist
equations of Nature with Love? Hurling across
such projections is the question our sleep
answers: Is biology destiny? We beat
free in dreams, we flap or fly above our concrete

cities, down there where our selves, our concrete
selves puppetize their roles. We see the waves
of people put through their paces, caught in the beat
of what-is-to-be, conforming to those sexist
patterns: like sleepwalkers who can't sleep
they toss and turn and thrash in queues across

the dream landscape we're still soaring across
until we wake up—crash back—trapped—in these concrete
bodies. Broken by the disparity sleep
reveals, we want to believe our dreams are waves
of the future: where we will float free of sexist
impositions: where we will dance to the beat

of our own drumdums, those strummers who beat
deepest in dream. . . . I put the blanket back across
you: it's cold—you kicked it off in a sexist
nightmare which is all too real, all too concrete—
and which I could never share. I stare. Each wave's
the last when you're drowning; each sleep

saves. Outside, they run: feet beat on the lost concrete;
wings race across collapsing waves.
To escape is sexist, but I long for sleep.

*

Poem for Jan 23, '91

"President Bush has declared this Sunday 'National Sanctity of Human Life Day.'"

—NY Daily News, Jan 22, 1991

paraphrases those features
everyone must compose in order
to parse it, why does my neck

hold it so studiously
close—so marked and ready—for
my body to peruse: to read

what? an Nth-generation xerox
evolving toward Neanderthal;
a fossil-legible face; a scrawl.

Note:

A variation on traditional figurations which present
the face's features as letters, numerals, etc.

*

POEM

now where's the oar to steer
my window away from night
stonethrows patrol the site
targets narrate what's near

which of us can pleasure share
unique enough to seem regular
angle all year to get it right
airing each gasp on a coathanger

skilled anchor-priests will tow
ulterior rain in their uterus
but you-and-I's prodigies know
our genitals are relatively oral

cue-quiz the vatican's factwhore
scrape that mock off your back
phantom-orbed in destiny's husk
maybe the quays will come to shore

new-weds milk the greenhorn's hammer
behind its veil what wheel waits
to be invented before it can bear
to bury occupy inside my hideyhair

*

September 09, 2008

workdrafts

*

My face reminds the world of Anonymous,
each feature generic as Doe—
no wonder I've become eponymous
for nought and nil and no.

...

All I can do is lie there
limb by limb alone
and try not to cry
loud enough to care.

[]

*

*

POEM

The comet whose path is contentment
doesn't appear often: compared to it
Haley's daily. The eye rared to it
may discern a speck in the spent

sight's lightyears whose pent force
can smash continents oceans apart
and render species their desert/ revert / inert /
/picart/ petard / [hoisted on his own petard] / unstart /
/dis-start / discard

and misdeal species their discard /and leave species in the discard

sight crossing lightyears with enough force

lightyears hurtling enough pent force

/sight's lightyears hurtling/storing/ has enough force
to smash continents oceans apart
and render species to their last hurt, /their desert,
or blazon the births of saviors

like the one those two poets I used / once /
to know, converts Karr and Wright,
now profess: I wish them all the best / wish them salve-rite / all the rite
though I won't be tending that rite /sharing that salvation / deliverance

no matter how bright that Christ-sphere / despite how brightly
brings/ augurs more extinctions here.

/sight crossing the night but he's / I'm
not really looking for such salvation,
which he imagines requires knees / time
genuflection. He has no vocation / I have no

/which I imagine requires knee-time
and elbow-space. I have no vocation

/sight crossing the night as once before / as if to smash
in ancient eons it came to smash species
and continents apart

/ cross species off

and continents apart—

(he boasts) to pray for the path caught
by two poets he used to know, converts
Karr and Wright. He wishes them worth of that sought
transcendence but insists/and promises he won't wish worse

/(I boast) to pray for the path chosen
by two poets I used to know, converts
Karr and Wright, though I wish them well in
that archaic course, that dinosaurs' search.

[dinosauric] obsolete eons-obsolete pangaea

obsolete species []

/on that/their search. No matter what bright/high sphere
orbits to offer its ice-crystals here. / its ice-christus

its christ-crystals / orbits to figure/augur another christbirth here.
orbits to shine for/advertise/marquee another christbirth here.

/no matter what christsphere
orbits to shower its ice-office

their search. No matter what Christ-bright sphere / Christ-lit/ Christ-starred
sphere
impends to blast more extinctions here.

*

that Saul/Paul pastiche clone replacement
(don't pick up that hitchchrist hiker

He wishes them success/worth in their/that sought

transcendence but insists/and promises he won't perch/ wish worse

September 11, 2008

workstuffs

*

My testicles have divorced, but continue to share the same lodging.
If the scrotum is a house, does that make the penis a chimney.
The penis if sharper could cut the scrotum in two to resolve this rental problem.

*

in life these two
lived between each other
in a perfect renting
of me and you

*

that cloud overhead
has a hundred places to go/hide
and none of them here

*

I entered the contest unaware
the prize was a hundred
thousand guitars whose wood
fed the fireplace but the strings were
a problem: what to do with them?
they wouldn't burn: the flames
left their no-color the same. What
color are guitar strings anyway?

*

my soul fell asleep
during the beautiful part
of the mirror/movie, leaving/abandoning
my body
to face it alone

each alert responder /each pert responder
stops listening once

they've answered until
a single one remains
the Z-person whom
no one hears but himself

the poet
last on the list
he who listens to all

the others while knowing
none of them will note
him present the final Here /as he presents the final Here

/the poet last on the list
he who listens to all
the others while knowing

none of them will note
when he presents /as he presents
the final Here

/the poet
last on the list
he who listens to all the others

knowing none of them will note
his shouted Present
his whispered Here /whimpered

**

hope the mortician
remembers to put
mothballs in my pockets

*

tailless crotches surround the twin sibilants
each of them eager to loan the jaillord
a questionnaire's splinters
their seven-vow was caught robbing a bath
of hidden dances deep in genderbar
[]

*

September 13, 2008

zed poet

*

when attendance is taken
everyone listens
until their name is called
and then they stop listening
to the poem

/after their name is called
no one continues listening
to the poem

/after my name is called

I continue listening
when attendance is taken
in case they forget I said here

/no one listens to the poem
when it takes attendance
unless/until their name is called

/the past was listening
to attendance being taken
until the present said here

/the rollcall took attendance
name by name the poem
said here

*

as droningly their names
are called in attendance
each alert responder /each pert responder
stops listening once

they've answered until
a single one remains
the Z-person whom
no one hears but himself

the poet
last on the list
he who listens to all

the others while knowing
none of them will note
him present the final Here /as he presents the final Here

/the poet last on the list
he who listens to all
the others while knowing

none of them will note
when he presents /as he presents
the final Here

/the poet / this is the poet
last on the list / always last on any list
he who listens to all the others

knowing none of them will note
his shouted Present
his whispered Here /whimpered

**

September 21, 2008

imagine all the assholes

*

LONE GUNMAN

Imagine there's no heaven
(the CIA gave me this gotten gun)
It's easy if you try
(see the FBI boys they're wavin' byebye)
No hell below us

(the Pope says you reap what you sow us)
Above us only sky
(Nixon okayed the kill so die)

Imagine there's no countries
(I stand behalf of all the police)
It isn't hard to do
(I'm programmed to terminate you)
Nothing to kill or die for
(I'll kill you and you'll lie there)
And no religion too
(you can't say no religion
you can't say that and live John)

Imagine all the people
(the Church ain't gonna weep you)
Living life in peace
(who d'ya think paid for this firepiece)

You may say I'm a dreamer
(like the Manchurian Candidate remember)
But I'm not the only one
(it only takes one misfit loner gone wrong)
I hope someday you'll join us
(gotta plug you in the groin-ass)
And the world will be as one
(they brainwashed me to see it done)

Imagine no possessions
(imagine us mind-wiped assassins)
I wonder if you can
(all unbelievers are damned)
No need for greed or hunger
(they said put that Brit six feed under)
A brotherhood of man
(blam blam I'm from the Vatican)
Imagine all the people
(all the Wall Street capital)
Sharing all the world
(yeah the Lee Harvey Osworld)

*

September 25, 2008

today's drafts

*

the alphabet of a lost man
in a woodblock print
using a ruler to measure
the gifts of the forest

shrine where waters lapse
lazy years on an egg vacation

the none of knives the few
of forks the sparse
of spoons in their lives
surveying each ear

/

Aftervintage pages vanish,
the pestle of darkness rejoices,

laden with update truth—
my anon escape descends
the flopsteps where I stand
sneezing into a crown.

Can I detain the ruins
a little with my life, that
sucker desperate for capitol,
strengthening the vein
of blindness inside lumps of coal—

Gem dress my skull, Damien
thick lacerations of scam
I fidget like rouge
on an unruly carpet. Please sell me
Hirst-first—

Eager as love in a downpour
of thumbs
they bite each other shock absorber.

I pledge refuge, porous pawn,
sky which ocean swears
is wasted, my coat's cannibal lapels
will mend your monsoon wound,
largess gush mode.

Your most roseate pimple veils
its thorn ouch-eunuch: I save
the world not to its mold but mine,
the way Hitler liked to switch
his mustache from one nostril
to the other, likely my Bi revolves
around all the earth quells—

the pissed-in wadingpool:
apparent suicide fondles my bait,
I am that couture of soul which
coats make flap, raiding the sockdrawer
for perspective, but why cover
the corpse's eyelids with zoomlenses
if you're going to arrange
desire in these concealments of
(I'm your tease-host here) partial
similar

*

Fruitquake-aged wrestlers, your
palms succumb to sprinklers born
of relapse; a lot of javelins are
omnivore. Every true mother's rush,

multitudes beaten in elastic rooms,
you prevail at first by shining at
catch, your blame tender as young silver;
over the breathless banquet I fall as

always, weeping seesaws all day, my
worship vigilant to oracles in armor.
Subdued untrodden frauds licentious
at first daily I barbered my Zeus;

the elevators fell, versed on shore
where I hover in an ogle
arrogant as fetid [i lost my else in a loftshot]

*

Always you will know you have reached
the peak the moment your bootsoles
go out of sight, since you can only
get there by following yourself up.

Craning your neck to see the trail,
you'll plummet past the hope to scale
this summit if you overtake a guide
whose shadow is you, whose spoor

you are. Know him as the truer you,
the perfected precursor emitted by
the act of aspiration alone, the try—

stay in his tracks, obey the protocol
of all such efforts, the stale miracle
that waits past treelines, the heightstakes.

/that baits your quest, the heightstakes.
/that weighs your quest, the heightstakes.
/your quest has

single line/border
/of achievement's arch/breath, the treeline's goal
the height/s it takes.

/treelines surpass, the height it takes.

you are. Know him as the further you, /truer you,
stay in his tracks, obey the protocol / stakes
of all such efforts, the stale miracle
that waits past treelines' single line/border
/of achievement's arch/breath, the treeline's goal
the height/s it takes.

/treelines surpass, the height it takes.

*

September 26, 2008

today's drafts

*

TV anchors should wear bibs in case
the nonsense starts to dribble
and splatter, the sense utter a moan,
while zodiacs weep on the clocks behind them.

Those clocks—have you noticed?—show
how excitingly time varies with distance,
as opposed to any heartbeat's
hometown-like monotony—

Starlets loll across windshields,
the police freeze in profile.
I am your tease-host, they glimmer.

Have you noticed? CSI props down
each corpse's eyelid with a zoom-lens.
They say you can see everything that way.

*

I endure the dust in footish dwindles,
high in the wind's pride I dwell
adorned turning. Take custody herd,
the buffoons inspect me, divvying

my heave through subdued flesh
or meddling bones, corrosion of the []
habitat for humanity the corn wheels
over the hill, lambs []

September 29, 2008
today's drafts

*

SALOME

those veils you shed
make even me
the tyrant Herod
weep for beauty

striptease done / striptease finished
these pearls can garnish
their curls upon / their curls along
the headiest dish

here every sainted John
envies my evil state
and converts his tongue / faith
to take communion

from your bitter plate
sweet onion

/
striptease finished
these pearls can garnish
their curls along
the headiest dish

here every sainted John
converts his tongue
and joins my evil state / to my evil state
to take communion on /and takes/finds communion on

your bitter plate
sweet onion

/
here every sainted John
envies my evil reign
and finds communion
[/] salivate

*

salivate / fate / state / plate / wait

/
here I salivate
over every sainted John
and convert his tongue / and use his tongue
to take communion

from your bitter plate
sweet onion

/striptease done / stripteased finished
these pearls can garnish / can allocate
their curls upon / their curls to garnish
the headiest dish / the headiest plate

/here every sainted John
envies my evil fate /envies my evil wish
and converts his tongue
to take communion

from your bitter plate / bitter dish
sweet onion

\
/striptease finished
these pearls can [-ate]
their curls to garnish
the headiest plate

/here every sainted John
envies my evil throne
and converts his palate
to take communion

from your bitter plate
sweet onion

/here every sainted John
envies my evil fate / evil reign
and converts his tongue
to take communion

from your blessed plate / from your bitter plate
sweet onion

/
here every sainted John
will join my evil state / will join my evil bond
and convert his palate /convert his palate
to seek communion / and seek communion

from your blessed plate
sweet onion

*

/here every sainted John
will convert to evil / will join my
and come to this table
to seek communion

*

/here heretic John
and every Judas Pilate
will join my salad palate will join my evil state
and seek communion from

your blessed plate
sweet onion

*

/here heretic John
and every Judas Pilate
converts his palate /will convert his palate
for tart communion /to seek communion
/and seeks communion

from your blessed plate / on this blessed plate
sweet onion

*

/here heretic John
and every Judas Pilate
will join me/ my palate /my palate salad
to seek communion

/
here heretic John
and every Judas Pilate
transubstantiate
their tongues for communion

from your blessed plate
sweet onion

/
every heretic John
will convert his palate
every Judas Pilate
seek your communion / seeks communion

on this blessed plate /from this blessed plate
sweet onion

/
here heretic John
converts his palate
every Judas Pilate
seeks communion from

your blessed plate
sweet onion

/
here heretic John
and every Judas Pilate
seeks communion from
and converts his tongue upon

your blessed plate
sweet onion

/striptease finished
your pearls can garnish
their curls

*

/for blessed communion
on your tart plate

*

/striptease done
these/those curls will garnish / all garnish / can garnish
[/your pearls can garnish
their curls upon]
/their pearls upon
the headiest dish

/striptease done
let your pearls garnish
their curls upon
the headiest dish
[SALOME SALAD]

/every heretic John
shall transubstantiate
his palate
in/with this communion

sweet onion

/let/here heretic John
every Judas Pilate
convert his palate
for tart communion

every heretic John
will convert his palate
/would convert / would judas his palate
(every Judas and Pilate)
to find communion
with this blessed plate

every heretic John
will convert his tongue / convert his palate
and seek communion
on this blessed plate

each heretic John
converts his palate
to seek communion
on this blessed plate

sweet onion

shall steep his palate
transubstantiate
with your communion / union
in this blessed union

shall transubstantiate
his palate tongue
in this blessed union / communion

will convert his con

/and on your plate / and from each plate
my palate / my palate tongue
will join the heretic John
and lap you up / tongue / and lap you long
in this benediction / communion

sweet onion

/transumption / transubstantiation

shall transubstantiate
my palate

/every heretic John
shall profess your tang /
and simmer long
in this communion

/the heretic head will garnish
your plate sweet onion

striptease done
shall your pearls garnish
my heretic tongue
the headiest dish
your plate sweet onion

the vilest dish
the heretic John

shall decorate
your plate
until my palate

tastes your curls
sweet onion

*
*

September 30, 2008
today's drafts

*
*

SALOME

those veils you shed
have made every eye
weep for beauty
even Herod cried

/those veils you shed

make even me / make even the eye
the tyrant Herod / of tyrant Herod
weep for beauty

/those veils you shed
make every eye
even vile Herod / every vile herod / like vile Herod
/see vile Herod / of vile Herod / a vile Herod
weep for beauty

/those veils you shed
make every eye
weep for beauty
even/like vile Herod

/striptease finished
these curls can spice
like pearls of pubis
the headiest dish

/striptease finished
these curls can ooze / cooze / can pubis
the headiest dish
this side of Jesus

/striptease done
these pearls can garnish
their curls upon
the headiest dish

/every sainted john / every sainted one
before he pass the gate / passes on
would take/lap communion
and lick apostate /shall lick apostate

your labial plate
sweet onion

/every lopped off john

/every sainted john
would apostate
his tongue castrate
to find communion on

/would love to sate
his tongue in castrate prostrate / his tongue in slit / monstrate
communion on

/would apostate
his tongue to find
communion on

your castrate plate
sweet onion

/each apostate john
would love to sate
his tongue in castrate

communion on

your labial plate
sweet onion

/every castrate john
would apostate
his tongue to join /to sate
communion on

your labial plate
sweet onion

/every sainted one
envies my evil crown/throne
and would apostate
his tongue to stait / sate
the communion
of your bitter plate
sweet onion

/every sainted john
would apostate
his tongue to sate / mate/prate/
communion at

your savory plate
sweet onion

/every sainted john
before he pass the gate
would heretic

his tongue to lick
your labial plate
sweet onion

/ hesitate / strait

/every sainted john
longs to lick this strait / longs to strait this gate

/longs to lap your strait
and take communion

at your

/longs to bear my crown / reign / throne
and would apostate
his tongue to crown

/every sainted john
before his tongue is done
longs to taste apostate
and lick communion

from your labial plate
sweet onion

/every sainted John
shall apostate
his tongue palate
for communion /to seek communion

at your bitter plate
sweet onion

*

here every sainted John
envies my evil state
and converts his tongue / faith
to take communion

from your bitter plate
sweet onion

/
striptease finished
these pearls can garnish
their curls along
the headiest dish

here every sainted John
converts his tongue
and joins my evil state / to my evil state
to take communion on /and takes/finds communion on

your bitter plate
sweet onion

/

here every sainted John
envies my evil reign
and finds communion
[/] salivate

*

salivate / fate / state / plate / wait

/

here I salivate
over every sainted John
and convert his tongue / and use his tongue
to take communion

from your bitter plate
sweet onion

/striptease done / stripteased finished
these pearls can garnish / can allocate
their curls upon / their curls to garnish
the headiest dish / the headiest plate

/here every sainted John
envies my evil fate /envies my evil wish
and converts his tongue
to take communion

from your bitter plate / bitter dish
sweet onion

\
/striptease finished
these pearls can [-ate]
their curls to garnish
the headiest plate

/here every sainted John
envies my evil throne
and converts his palate
to take communion

from your bitter plate
sweet onion

/here every sainted John
envies my evil fate / evil reign
and converts his tongue
to take communion

from your blessed plate / from your bitter plate
sweet onion

/
here every sainted John
will join my evil state / will join my evil bond
and convert his palate /convert his palate
to seek communion / and seek communion

from your blessed plate
sweet onion

*

/here every sainted John
will convert to evil / will join my
and come to this table
to seek communion

*

/here heretic John
and every Judas Pilate
will join my salad palate will join my evil state
and seek communion from

your blessed plate
sweet onion

*

/here heretic John
and every Judas Pilate
converts his palate /will convert his palate
for tart communion /to seek communion
/and seeks communion

from your blessed plate / on this blessed plate
sweet onion

*

/here heretic John
and every Judas Pilate
will join me/ my palate /my palate salad
to seek communion

/

here heretic John
and every Judas Pilate
transubstantiate
their tongues for communion

from your blessed plate
sweet onion

/

every heretic John
will convert his palate
every Judas Pilate
seek your communion / seeks communion

on this blessed plate /from this blessed plate
sweet onion

/

here heretic John
converts his palate
every Judas Pilate
seeks communion from

your blessed plate
sweet onion

/

here heretic John
and every Judas Pilate
seeks communion from
and converts his tongue upon

your blessed plate
sweet onion

/striptease finished
your pearls can garnish
their curls

*

/for blessed communion
on your tart plate

*

/striptease done
these/those curls will garnish / all garnish / can garnish
[/your pearls can garnish
their curls upon]
/their pearls upon
the headiest dish

/striptease done
let your pearls garnish

their curls upon
the headiest dish
[/SALOME SALAD]

/every heretic John
shall transubstantiate
his palate
in/with this communion

sweet onion

/let/here heretic John
every Judas Pilate
convert his palate
for tart communion

every heretic John
will convert his palate
/would convert / would judas his palate
(every Judas and Pilate)
to find communion
with this blessed plate

every heretic John
will convert his tongue / convert his palate
and seek communion
on this blessed plate

each heretic John
converts his palate
to seek communion
on this blessed plate

sweet onion

shall steep his palate
transubstantiate
with your communion / union
in this blessed union

shall transubstantiate
his palate tongue
in this blessed union / communion

will convert his con

/and on your plate / and from each plate
my palate / my palate tongue
will join the heretic John
and lap you up / tongue / and lap you long
in this benediction / communion

sweet onion

/transumption / transubstantiation

shall transubstantiate
my palate

/every heretic John
shall profess your tang /
and simmer long
in this communion

/the heretic head will garnish
your plate sweet onion

striptease done
shall your pearls garnish
my heretic tongue
the headiest dish
your plate sweet onion

the vilest dish
the heretic John

shall decorate
your plate
until my palate

tastes your curls
sweet onion

*
*

October 07, 2008

repost from 11/21/07 (excerpts)

...
marginalia 11/21/07

*
Anxiety can pluck feathers from an egg.

*
Like most corny jokes, it has a few kernals of truth stuck in its toothy grin.

*
*
If it was labeled, tagged with
one letter set upon each tooth,
what would your smile spell out—
whose mouth can find the word
to speak its name to mine.

*
All I'm asking is that the Academy of American Poets requisition a supply of suicide capsules from its bosses at the C.I.A., and issue one to me. And to other elderly poets who likewise seek a quick demise. The AAP should be shamed and blamed that it does not offer this most humanitarian of services to the poetry community.

*
The Father's business success: each floor he rises drives another elevator shaft into his children's heart.

*
Where the heck are those Kabuki—
Nothing to do but sleep tonight . . .
Our mountain town looks plain empty;

The trees alone step out in white.

*

Still waiting for that Actors Troupe?—
Take off those duds: get back to bed.
Dull mountain village, all lit up;
The plum-tree blossoms glare too red.

/Stow your town-ropes; go back to bed.
/Doff off those gauds, scoot back to bed.
/Mothball those prom-clothes; stay in bed.
/Shed those new-rags; head back to bed.

*

Spring is a drag this year, so wear
your jammies instead: back to bed!
Stop asking where those actors are—
their oxcart's stuck, or else they're dead
as our nightlife, dullsville hill-town . . .
Get that plum-tree's get-up red gown!

/as nightlife here, mountain muck-town . . .

October 10, 2008

WEBSTERS OFFICIAL ANTHOLOGY OF AMERICAN POETRY

doesn't exist. But
if it did, I wouldn't
be in it.

October 12, 2008

as they pass

in an opaque ocean
the transparent fish
reflect each other

Posted by Bill Knott at 8:48 PM
“**snot poetry rag**” **blogger**

*

October 13, 2008

clockhands stuck in the birthday cake
where everyone tries to light them
around the table the family sprawl
in the new sass-style clothes
and yet extinctly can their skulls
be shrunk small enough to act
as fillings for god's cavities so
his smile might reach the first row
as chilled by all the applause of
sahara he opens the show but
how near-jut can I get [to go]

Posted by Bill Knott at 11:57 AM
“**snot poetry rag**”

October 14, 2008

*

Helplessly the clock's hands cleanse
its numerals as they pass, trying/failing
to wipe away the jealous glances
and fretful glares of our daily
watch, the fears and doubts
whose dust filthifies time at last. / eternity

whose dust will filthify time at last.

*

have you ever swallowed
a sinkplug and drowned
has someone pulled your navel
till laughter gurgled down

*

As usual I'm slumped in the Maltshop
riddled with straws,
assaying the light by sifting it
through the window that proclaims
the impeccability of commerce,
but does this gold ever weigh
any more than me.
I sip my shake and wait to see.

*

the alphabet of a lost man
in a woodblock print
using a ruler to measure
the gifts of the forest

The alphabet of loss is like a man
who sees a woodblock print each time he looks
at a tree whose yardstick measures all the span
between his gaze and its reality's books /
between his gaze and what its hold/geld/leaf forsakes

beside a shrine where waters lapse to pray
their eggs may not vacate the lazy years
[] survey
the distance that only the far ear hears

in its aftervintage pages vanished
(anon escape descends the flopsteps where
I stand and sneeze into a blindness vein

shrine where waters lapse
lazy years on an egg vacation

the none of knives the few
of forks the sparse
of spoons in their lives
surveying each ear

/

Aftervintage pages vanish,
laden with update truth—
my anon escape descends
the flopsteps where I stand
sneezing into a crown.

Can I detain the ruins
a little with my life, that
sucker desperate for capitol,
strengthening the vein
of blindness inside lumps of coal—

Gem dress my skull, Damien
thick lacerations of scam
I fidget like rouge
on an unruly carpet. Please sell me
Hirst-first—

Eager as love in a downpour
of thumbs
they bite each other shock absorber.

I pledge refuge, porous pawn,
sky which ocean swears
is wasted, my coat's cannibal lapels
will mend your monsoon wound,
largess gush mode.

Your most roseate pimple veils
its thorn ouch-eunuch: I save
the world not to its mold but mine,
the way Hitler liked to switch
his mustache from one nostril
to the other, likely my Bi revolves
around all the earth quells—

the pissed-in wadingpool:
apparent suicide fondles my bait,
I am that couture of soul which
coats make flap, raiding the sockdrawer
for perspective, but why cover
the corpse's eyelids with zoomlenses
if you're going to arrange
desire in these concealments of
(I'm your tease-host here) partial
similar

*

Fruitquake-aged wrestlers, your
palms succumb to sprinklers born
of relapse; a lot of javelins are
omnivore. Every true mother's rush,

multitudes beaten in elastic rooms,
you prevail at first by shining at
catch, your blame tender as young silver;
over the breathless banquet I fall as

always, weeping seesaws all day, my
worship vigilant to oracles in armor.
Subdued untrodden frauds licentious
at first daily I barbered my Zeus;

the elevators fell, versed on shore
where I hover in an ogle
arrogant as fetid [i lost my else in a loftshot]

*

Always you will know you have reached

the peak the moment your bootsoles
go out of sight, since you can only
get there by following yourself up.

Craning your neck to see the trail,
you'll plummet past the hope to scale
this summit if you overtake a guide
whose shadow is you, whose spoor

you are. Know him as the truer you,
the perfected precursor emitted by
the act of aspiration alone, the try—

stay in his tracks, obey the protocol
of all such efforts, the stale miracle
that waits past treelines, the heightstakes.

/that baits your quest, the heightstakes.
/that weighs your quest, the heightstakes.
/your quest has

single line/border
/of achievement's arch/breath, the treeline's goal
the height/s it takes.

/treelines surpass, the height it takes.

you are. Know him as the further you, /truer you,
stay in his tracks, obey the protocol / stakes
of all such efforts, the stale miracle
that waits past treelines' single line/border
/of achievement's arch/breath, the treeline's goal
the height/s it takes.

/treelines surpass, the height it takes.

*

a mirage wedged
in the rock, hidden dances deep
in genderbar. If your eyes like death

omit nothing, a lineage of ignitions,
is that enough to kindle

/to conceal one's sex in a dimple
or a navel at Festival Du Cinema,
the Director's Cut twice as long
(God's Edit is eternal by comparison)

*

Can I cast off enough malaprops
ripe-heard at night-ne'er
where I suspect my virtue lies
in sidestepping the opportune hour
to arrive in halfmore. Cleverly

I serve those who lie with the sun
at times by their open window
pretending they are sad to see

a poppy ban ivory from
its balcony of unmanned.

I serve their pain. In my slippersoles
/

*

Acting out the origin
of how to occur in a story
is more than I have saved /served
from any empire's glory; /any empire's

lack of rain rusts umbrellas,
minus pain dulls my mind:
if green extolls oasis
no wonder one's hard to find

in this desert of dinky, each
Vegas lusting to be Rome.
I pause goodbye a breather;
start to escort the door home.

/

the tendency of green
to exaggerate its oasis
paints the bread dull

*

THE POEM IS ALIVE

The critic's hand is cured by atrocity
That shields the next dictated homily

Gripping cash beneath arctic lamps
The uncompiled umpires run through fields

The pheromones have gone home
To a cathedral catheterized by eels

Above the wheat's bending amen-figures
Night convinces the day to wait for us

Upstairs with all the rest of the frauds
I remain with my finest demonstratives

Of course the poem is alive to its limits
To the length that composition permits

*

Windows bound by final lens, glass
islands that balance a splinter
in their heart. Or mirrors where
my arrows may drink their instant
from rage, subduing the breath
that pursues sleep, but I hesitate

to knight the noise of every urge
or let its beaming monster quit
spate. I fear the habit-murmur

that lets stones become shklovskied
with no respite. What leave can
I inhabit, accustomed maze of

lameness chaining my head in this

endless train of perspective down
the oneway track distance still

draws from my sleeve, conjured
as I crane to catch each view
and hover-fresh aspect outside

my choo-choo chin, freightface
fraught with passengers forced
to record/rattle off their cattlecar days with

my choo-choo's chinoiserie

The trip dollies

days along its railbed

the railside/outlook passes slowly, time

the day raves and wanders like a photo-chirp—

puppet finery adorns their pyramids—

the pawed-at touchstones sermonize

me with god-dunes and streams

A bachelor chasing elevators
or cleaving his bathtub may stop
if shown prophet—

*

the train draws perspective
from its sleeve
in order to leave
one must first conjure distance
from a hat
widowed by flammable fauxpas/
flames and errors persist
how to pluck the horse from the field
the child from the pane
the echo responds to the postcard
corresponds/ the postcard echoes
that shows a precipice poking its
finger forth with a wedding ring
the ritual of rock when
solemn-seen

/aboard the endless train of perspective
the railside/outlook passes slowly, time
raves and wanders like a photo-chirp—
puppet finery adorns their pyramids—
the pawed-at touchstones sermonize

*

There in my bathroom mirror the watchers find
All flesh is not desirable, though steam
Promises always fairer's-fond than mine—
That handsome's just a wisp away it may seem

Could handsome be a wisp away or seem

A deeper self/vision version in the sheenshed glass,
The valid self shivering sheenshed glass,

Cruelly suppressing the emergence
Of some god who must have succored presence
Once in such fallen minor form unless

The vapor clouding my razor ignores
[] brooks no pollutant face /faces
As ugly as this streamy Narcissus
[beauty / loveliness /fountain] more source
Wishing beauty would fountain fashion more source
Who wishes beauty would fountain gush more source
Who wishes beauty's fountain gushed more source

Who wishes beauty's rapids gushed more source

Than drydrips here upon a boy grown old
Should his tepid tap run its course to cold.

rapid

Than that which drips here in this boy grown old
Now each tepid tap runs its course to cold.

Than drydrips here in this boy grown old
Than drydrips for this pourish boy grown old

Than any dripping here
[drop by drip] than any boy grown old
feels each tepid tap run its course to cold.

/here all tepid taps run their course to cold.
/so all tepid taps turn their course to cold.
/tepid the watertap runs its course to cold
now his tepid taps run their course to cold.
feels his tepid taps run their course to cold.

Promises always fairer fauned/found than mine
Handsome waits just a wisp away it seems
Handsome waits a wisp away it may seem /as may seem
?

To him shivering in the sheenshed glass,
Impatiently/Patiently wanting/daunting/suppressing the emergence
Of that/some god who must have succored presence
Once in such fallen minor form unless

...

*
All of us who lived on earth
and all our loves and wars
may not appear at all / may not appear all that much
in the moon's memoirs.

may not appear too much

*
There in my bathroom mirror the watcher finds
All flesh is not desirable, though steam
Promises always fairer fauned/found than mine—
Handsome waits just a wisp away it seems

To him shivering in the sheenshed glass,
Impatiently/Patiently wanting/daunting/suppressing the emergence
Of that/some god who must have succored presence
Once in such fallen minor form unless

The vapor clouding my razor ignores
[] brooks no pollutant face
As ugly as this streamy Narcissus
[beauty / loveliness /fountain] more source

[] than any boy grown old
feels each tepid tap run its course to cold.

/here all tepid taps run their course to cold.
/so all tepid taps turn their course to cold.
/tepid the watertap runs its course to cold
now his tepid taps run their course to cold.
feels his tepid taps run their course to cold.

...

LAPSES, LAPSES

There is no us unless it's Us: the Movie,
though each sinkdrip thinks it remembers Narcissus
from somewhere, some deathscene in the end

even more unwilling to assume the loss
beading up accrued in its stopgap than this
stifled hope it's happening to someone else—

when evaporations have drained every face,
when who's there, suffer-thing, damn lack of focus
get slurred together, get forgot—although

the ocean thinks it remembers Narcissus—
yes: wasn't he the one who claimed "Coitus
is best against a mirror"; or was it "window"?
Beyond such reflections there is no us,
I mean no univocal being to be jealous
of, scream at, hate and (sometimes) love: or so

the sink thinks. Dishes stacked with Narcissus
or other perversions too ketchup amorphous
to name or too shared perhaps. Oh! one must go

beyond such reflections. There is no lust,
really, as you well know, just this vacuous
anonymous that fills the eye with those faux

the drink thinks it remembers. Narcissus?—
simply to name him suggests his bare guise is
the only face glimpsed from your porthole

of consciousness, the window you failed to save
when every beaut-boat was drained from below
by a backpedaling Picasso, an ocean of shrink

dripping with theme-matic modes, themedies.
Antics whose glaucous target-painted chests
form a last lifejacket dispatching its parch-fate

as the picket-flicking projectors easily show
reruns of the same old spoonshaped profiles
likely to fall out when you crack the spines

of their autohighhogs from the photo-insert
pages in the middle: ah descent into the drain
sargasso impinges and yet to know the arrow

is a disciple of the ball is no giveaway or tic
to squeamish at. How many of us complain
about the Vatican's porn collection, those marble

halls filled with stills of Garbo Brando in sex
studded poses, I don't know of anyone, do you?
There is no us unless it's the movie version

tactile in its evasions. In unison the accusers of mob soar pastimes on your eyes

to be grasped by
[] it remembers narcosis . . .
[beyond such reflections waits someone else.
To think you remember them is useless.]
/just the one porthole saved from a wreck that
*

Posted by Bill Knott at 6:53 AM

October 14, 2008

THE NOTES

given the fame
surrounding
the recent book
of unfinished or
abandoned writings
by Elizabeth Bishop
won't someone
plan another
consisting of her
(and the concept
might work as well
with Robert Lowell
or James Merrill)
penned instructions
to the maid
the menus she
handed the cook
the lists she left
for her secretary
and what about
her stockbrokers
the screeds they got
regarding assets
and every scrap she
(or Russell Edson
or Louise Gluck
or Richard Howard)
wrote should be in it
all the notes
to the chauffeur
the wine steward
the groundskeeper
the butler
the manicurist
the psychotherapist
the poolboy
the hairstylist
the dressmaker
the wigcomber

the authorized
biographer
the pillwrangler
the gardener
the cleaning staff
the masseuse
and what about
the servants
we don't know about
the flunkies
whose functions
remain hidden
whose arcane chores
are kept secret from
us the public
unimaginable
to us lowerclass
unbelievable
the sponge-wringer-outer
the sexologue
the doubled-over doters
the astro-prefixed kneelers
and of course
the lawyers on retain
not to mention
the critics on retain

*

October 15, 2008

*

the juggler could
amputate parts
of himself
and juggle them

to fill the air
with synecdoche
the boffo finish
one final echo

to climax his act
to sacrifice limb
by limb his all

transformed to ball
that juggler'd
never fall

*

I am not interested in masks
but in what faces reveal only
to the below side of a mask:
that grimace is it, or moue
of acceptance, complicity, pure
boredom—whichever expression
the face affects before sinking under
that reality which equals its,
that applique of shadow,
that Medusa-gift-wrapped [],

*

while the gelded pins fall from your veins

...

i can poise my whole
and with it juggle all
in slo-mo now
those globes aloft
immobile as
a catatonic's teardrops

if nowhere remains of us
we must migrate
to peaks apparent
in clouds that drift
by for pale

*

Posted by Bill Knott at 7:40 AM

snot poetry rag – blogger

October 16, 2008

*

the sound of bees circling inside a clock
no sass the doctor warned the fetus
the bees hissed louder
but it was a sugartit dressed in mourning
it was a ukase of whim
zap-potion and movie devotees
they filled my filthy-as-Asia hallways
with their dirty-as-North America walls
no repartee I warned them no witticism
can out-Wilde this
but my protests were frail
and useless
as a saint's passport
waved in the face of Charon

*

Posted by Bill Knott at 9:29 AM

snot poetry rag - blogger

October 27, 2008

*

cig ember gemming my navel
burn me when no one is looking
dig blisters like sugar eyelids
around my anat

plunge knives to my ticker quicker than love
let your clarity
dilute my drool

golfers groping through mist
for their lost ball
miss that whiteness
in the dark
the testament hole
where shroud embarks

shall I collapse beside
a licenseplate and rub its
scenery of bitemarks

with all my else and ouch

ave sister ave triste
save me have me

my hair done up in pitchfork tines shines
and rams the cows till
they turn soggy

the zero that regulates my one
is angry at me
ave sister
ave triste

each time my hands try to fill
the abacus its numbers
empty them

to pick a signet
knowing the salvo as it soared told
me to fall

in this known land
where all is named glare
a key hidden inside an icicle drips on my door

unearthed to earth the shot
bird scuds mud with its spasmed dyings—
in poetry's air the knott
similarly fails to find his wings

*

fluttering to earth the shot
bird scuds mud with its dyings—
in poetry's sky the knott
likewise fails to find his wings

*

I heard a doctor warn a fetus: No sass
no retort no riposte to birth
no witticism can out-Wilde it

[.....]

Posted by Bill Knott at 2:00 PM
snot poetry rag - blogger

*

November 02, 2008

*

To imagine our own death is impossible,
Freud says; at the taxidermist
a rosebush demands to be treated
like an animal. I'd like to be petted
without thought like a cat, incomplete
gestures fluff the fur that clots your lap
flap flap. That's a bat. The errors
accumulate me into a decrepitude
which even Mistook-the-Magician
can't correct. Evils cropping up
on every q-tip will soon secularize
my misty inquisition with darker
motives than purity, as if they could—

[]

The next neologism will replace these words.
Soundcheck refuses a teardrop to Joseph's cloak.
To venerate it better, pack the vase in shards.
Noncelebs giggle and make an audience of themselves.
Even in heaven nuns finger their key-rings.
The spark and feather we call smoke clouds my take.
Colonnade in stamen-warm night, bleached
Floodlit with the breeze down it—
Lust catered by the puffiness of cheeks at dawn.
Aghast as antlers haunted by virginity I
Wafer unction to a shoeless gong []

November 17, 2008

swat poet

*

They use me as an anticlimax, right before
smoke bombs door rams bambam guns—
I'm a swat poet. After the fuzz negoce has
got nowhere they haul me up as a semi-last
resort, hand me the bullhorn and I'm on. It's
usually too late by then, the crumbum husband
or slimeball criminal inside has resisted all
the handbook ploys—once I asked the Chief
why me? why a poet? wouldn't a standup
comedian be more appropo? Yeah they would
he grunted but like if it's poetry we can get
a grant. I stand there and address my ad lib
lines to the felon fugitive holed up in his mad
grudge, what'd I say? Yesterday I started with
"The haystack itches where the needle is, but
it can't reach that far." But today I'm peeved
by something I just read, so I tell the crazed
killer: "Camille Paglia says this poem began
with pizzazz but its zazz always pizzles out she
says. Paglia and the police want explosions,
bang finish, the rough beast y'know, Bethlehem
every time. But all these stand-offs fizzle in
their droll, you die and I slink to the U. to teach
the junior bards how futile words are, the flash
fails its prosaic finale, the hostages flail hell,
the critics revenge each transgress and trope,
hopeless my every appeal. And you in there
my ideal captive audience, you must know
our hold-outs are no good. [.....]

*

From gem to semen is moan
The sound of two lipsticks rubbed together
[] get your agon on Antigone
Oink douche evangelist bludgeons 12

Can you feel his sandaldown hair
Do you know his mission can you see
Printed on the back of his shirt it reads
Progress is coming to Sherwood Forest

Slim colonnade in stamen-warm night

How long the window's clarity has
Reflected on the windowsill's clutter
Your dream paused there last night

To look out at the yard you had been saving
For reality [absorption / alternative / reserved]

the eternity in my left wrist abhors
the instant in my right unless
jungles use leopards as a condiment
I won't understand
the firetrucks pass with all
your silences working furiously within
but like a guillotine blushes when
it contemplates the soul

I let the tragedians down from the attic
evening's gauze gnawed me with gold as
a hat-rack fishing off an iceberg caught ships
the air is bottling me for nips

pleistocene ferns burst from oiltruck vents
in a retro fit
do waves recede with the same bitterness
as words down my throat

lust catered by the puffiness of cheeks at dawn

*

December 02, 2008

day's drafts

*

Everyday yawns, not a hand
but a body covers the yawn,
the body's innate politeness
hides death. Its ill-mannered

dailiness offends our sense
of occasion. Why can't it be
a holiday to take off work or
a wishfilled birthday instead

of this always. We'd appreciate
it better and celebrate its
unique event if only we knew

beforehand to buy the candles
happen before the candles
and balloon

here and now and when we
are never prepared, but then.

/

*

All the world's a stage, a
revolving planet that revolves

too fast, when we step or rather
leap will we enter the terminal
comforts of backstage or into
the smacking terror of audience—
dizzy, spinning on a platform
of white-hot razors, the choice
of where we land's not up to us.

*

The day CSI tried to
chalk outline one
corpse of Proteus
too many we heard

his memoranda read
over the wind, against
the phone. They entice
bandaids off earthworms

via mental telepathy,
projections followed by
the usual appall, the same
mad-dog meanwhile.

Thus each time the chess
champs throw dice to
dictate their next move
a vase and an owl debate

the outcome. Wait,
there's more aspic
precision in this next shot
of dead peasant, arms

flogging his baby's path.
It lasts until it laughs.
It takes place in the lab
where they vie to put

the me back in mediocre
and the I in you. Equating
to the sound made in
the 1950s by a thousand

typewriter covers being
slid off to write the word
whose sound cannot
repeat that thou-slid sound,

suggesting the collective
actions of our fingers
pressing this keyboard
add up to a standard or

a flag prompting vertigo
across the nastiness when
it stands to sing the nation.
Thousands of them sound

their voice in one body as
Proteus who includes
their nature in his and has
to if we mall ourself.

to if we maul our crowds. / mall / wall in/

*

cig ember gemming my navel
burn me when no one is looking
dig blisters like sugar eyelids
around my anat

plunge knives to my ticker quicker than love
let your clarity
dilute my drool

golfers groping through mist
for their lost ball
miss that whiteness
in the dark
the testament hole
where shroud embarks

shall I collapse beside
a licenseplate and rub its
scenery of bitemarks
with all my else and ouch

ave sister ave triste
save me have me

my hair done up in pitchfork tines shines
and rams the cows until
they turn CGI

the zero that regulates my one
is angry at me
ave sister
ave triste

each time my hands try to fill
the abacus its numbers
empty them

I continue to fly a signet
knowing the salvo as it soared told
me to fall

in this known land
where all is named glare
a key hidden inside an icicle drips on my door

unearthed to earth the shot
bird scuds mud with its spasmed dyings—
in poetry's air the knott
similarly fails to find his wings

*

fluttering to earth the shot
bird scuds mud with its dyings—
in poetry's sky the knott
likewise fails to find/dig up his wings

*

I heard a doctor warn a fetus: No sass
no retort no riposte to birth
no witticism can out-Wilde it

[.....]

*

the sound of bees circling inside a clock
no sass the doctor warned the fetus
the bees hissed louder
but it was a sugartit dressed in mourning
it was a ukase of whim
zap-potion and movie devotees
they filled my filthy-as-Asia hallways
with their dirty-as-North America walls
no repartee I warned them no witticism
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the juggler could
amputate parts
of himself
and juggle them

to fill the air
with synecdoche
the boffo finish
one final echo

to climax his act
to sacrifice limb
by limb his all

transformed to ball
that juggler'd
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but in what faces reveal only
to the below side of a mask:
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of acceptance, complicity, pure
boredom—whichever expression
the face affects before sinking under
that reality which equals its,
that applique of shadow,
that Medusa-gift-wrapped [],

*

while the gelded pins fall from your veins

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i can poise my whole
and with it juggle all
in slo-mo now
those globes aloft
immobile as
a catatonic's teardrops

if nowhere remains of us
we must migrate
to peaks apparent

in clouds that drift
by for pale

*

December 03, 2008

drafts uh

*

[Poem]

on the wall a boxing-glove lactates

nailed to the wall a boxing-glove
bleeds milk

what tit is it
that drops dollops
of great sweat
that whiten the carpet

yanked from its frame the room dies

my insert eye
sigh-mates and
my insert semen migrates

detached from its frame the room rises
to milk the wall
whose udderlamp
drips light
that drained the champ
of all his fist

hand squeezes penis for distance
massages its pugilist part
feels up the décolletage of its
diff and tries tries
to collate love

detached it rises
to kiss this inert/crucified heart
this welcome/virginal glove

/

to criss this crossified part

hand gropes penis to gauge
its distance from the end
minor climax of earth withheld
abeyance [energy

ZED POET

when attendance is taken
each boy stops listening
to the daily rollcall
after his own response

only the final name
waits compelled to hear

the entire roster
drone its endless muster

this zed lad is like me
last on every list
harkening to all the others

knowing none of them will note
my shouted present
my whispered here

*

Mistis my sinecure. [defense/sense/essence

/Mist
is my nonce. Not
an all at once thing,
it curls into the world,
pearl being peeled.

Pared from the sudden
occasional, the erupt
past, gradual [rind or wave
it can't be sought
as a whole, only a trace []

*

december 09, 2008

draftstuff

*

Antigone waits with spade in hand to mound
the sand her siblings kick as they comber in from

their swim. She pats that castle down with palms
caked hard as Creon's curse, that consequence

whose idol winks quietly at my verse. Like a desk
calendar fate is best read one page per day

despite what you've heard Tiresias say blatant on
the steps of his god's versailles. Its pillars mount

like capital. The people starve to prove them whole.
A marketplace can't exist without statistics dole

but picture those cherubs of Oedipus at play, their
grimace as they hurl blindfolds across the waves

or yank lassoes similar to coily Casta's noose.
They pour her lipstick pot on a salamander as

other rouged reptiles climb morning bright,
then boring childhood pranks prance them to light

the footstool in flames, the one she stepped off
of to hang herself. How tragic: unlike all other

kids who can never be certain their mother
didn't diddle the plumber, these three share

knowledge no one but them knows the terror
of patrimony ID certifiable as any infant all.

[Unlike the rest of us they know who their dad is
and ergo can resist humming Beethoven's Ninth]

They burn banknotes now in the fire of her toes'
phantoms, the ottoman's womanblotto sears

tears as they ignite each former furniture
that stagnates malignant with home, each chair

and most of all the mirror where she [

[Names never sound the ground they fathom home
or proclaim they've conquered the slightest inch—

Only a flag planted to confound the soil will
extemporize more than our sublimest wish.]

[of the capitol [the king's citadel mounted pillars]

*

*

like pinpricks-minus-pain
the mist is on our skin

autumn mops up the poppets
of spring

they lose their heads in happendown drift
lofted-off fluff

blown of color
bled dust

white-frail
dandelions are

fright when they rare
more hues than us

which leaves but more
to be covered with ice / frosts

if only that trotting
tragedian time took all

and stripped his guise
scrubbed this gray decay off

overly-wise we cry
stemstruck bent to our like

*

MOON AND HUE

Just puppet apparats, gene-globs—

not the immolations of angels or
the serenity from Eden: my eyelids
cannot shake off the lassitude

of longitudes, that decapitated
semaphore occasion called home,
map scrawled on white butterflies
impaled by antlers. Paradise.

Write more that I may transmit
your Hermes'-sperm and bear
some message both-forth the same

way that sign-language is hand-
tinged; as I am tinged by you in
sun and shade, or moon and hue.

*

December 12, 2008

draftdrol

*

solipsistic villanelle

Above his toes is where he prefers to be,
Below his hair. Precipice paradise!
Beyond himself, what else is there to see?

All others are, for all their airs, merely
Landmarks, mountains to orientate his eyes
Above his toes. Is where he prefers to be

That faraway? In that fabforeign sea
He drowns to a uniformity that lies
Beyond himself: what else is there? To see

One's soul as separate is to agree
Distance is just estranged as the disguise
Above his toes is. Where he prefers to be

Sullen, apart, believing himself free
Of entangle temptations, seeking no prize
Beyond himself, what else is there to see

But acutely—in evil amalgamize,
No? do I share the body that daily dies
Above his toes? Is where he prefers to be
Beyond me? Hell, what else is there to see?

/

/Beyond me? Mal! What else is there to see?

/

And you? Over us he stands and cries
/And you and is it us he cries recognize

/All others are, for all their airs, merely / their finery, merely
Distractions
Perspectivisms to orientate his eyes
Perspectives to keep from stumbling his eyes
Prepositions, ways to keep/steady his eyes

Above his toes.
Signposts, finepoints to guideline/orient his eyes

//A mirror? Yes, if by the word mirror we
Mean being aware of all he cannot recognize
Beyond himself. What else is there? To see

/A mirror? Yes, if by the word mirror we
Signify a frame whose meaning always dies/lies
Beyond himself. What else is there? To see

/One's face as separate is to agree
With time or space or whatever the fate that lies/sighs
Above his toes is. Where he prefers to be

/This objectively—a bit of him in me/ more of him than me
/This objectively—more of him than me
And do I share the body that daily dies
Above his toes? Is where he prefers to be
Beyond me? Mal! What else is there to see?

*

*

to openly display my culprit
what sin am I oppressing
like a mustache that has lost
its urge to duel
twin swords crossing
above the lip grow pale
the gossip lamp is lit
bleak whispers sidle up
not doe jam you fool
to placate my wrath
one two three
suction-cups plop
off the fruit when it's ripe
the fruit I have offered roundness to
like jelly-on-a-bone
I extended it in my hand
with alarm and pharmaceutical pajamas
I entered the fray
dead doilies my wraith consumes in burnt-out mime-scapes
[]
still wondering how my little bod
got eliminated from the world's verticalities
[] lost is the road I strode heaving
believing in vain
my shakes and shivers would bring me sane [
love strained through childhood may find
its influence has become flight
terminal yachts of spaghetti whisper their ETA
I taunt the transparent with purer see-throughs
their eyes recline on the cheek of night
sex is tracing-paper of murder
my head hovers in severed hourglass
hegemony hegemony mercy
who finds his manhole's lover finds his manacles
they sponge king kong with leashes
trans-flak I lick the clutch sandwich
targets mime my arrows' incest
the gumballs hushed as I trod them
around Castle Sprach the moat is mute
the mailslot denies me thrice
unless time scints my illants

what chance have I
lost in Citizen Kane's century
The Waste Land's year
Waiting For Godot's month
Self Portrait in a Convex Mirror's week
Gimme Shelter's day and Diving into the Wreck's hour
what minute is it or rather what's minute is it
what ocean tied swirlies to my orgasm
what navigates our no
gravitates our go
it halves the gates of now [
gamblers pin their lapels to falling leaves
(ineptitudes, who can I apologize to)
glanceless as glaciers I pin my thrill walls
with liana
liana don't hurt my hammock
liana maze inside my pristine
liana whorls of dust confine my instep's innocent refueling of minus
statues cast
no moon to lead us fence
targets are always backing away from me but why why
why are there no avenues too pure to extract drone-zebras from
insipid gloves on fire-escapes
the oracle strapped to our veins
rumors that tame one nostril and wilder the other
[

*

*

draftsop

LAPSES, LAPSES

There is no us unless it's Us: the Movie,
but each sinkdrip thinks it remembers Narcissus
from somewhere, some scene reveals the end
when evaporations have drained every face,

who's there, suffer-thing, damn lack of focus
get slurred together, get forgot—although
the water thinks it remembers Narcissus—
yes; wasn't he the one who claimed "Coitus

is best against a mirror"; or was it "window"?
Beyond such reflections there is no us,
I mean no univocal being to be jealous
of, scream at, hate and (sometimes) love: or so

the sink thinks. It kitchens Narcissus
and his other perversions, too amorphous
to name—or too shared, perhaps. Oh! one must go
beyond such reflections. There is no lust,

really, as you well know, just this vacuous
anonymous that fills the eye with those faux
the ocean thinks of its struggles: Narcissus?
Yet to name him suggests his rare guise is

just the one porthole saved from a sink that

drains every beauty, he whose glaucous
eye runs with reruns of the same old show
dispatching his parched fate in the sargasso

the water thinks it remembers. Narcissus . . .

*

Fingering the faucet, I wonder
if each sinkdrop thinks of Narcissus
ever, or is even his face lost

in the foam of time, contemptuous
fear to urge this enough as it is puddle
all traceless saliva, communionwafers

or temples paved with ointment—
none here survive a jumpcoal sun
if this world of dew is a world of

dew (Issa) but even so, no one dares
even the skin they bared me upon
the none-scape guilt which I am

able to clone so quickly it shames me/

[]

when loss was still bitten off
the big slice of words, some lost that doesn't flow—

Each sinkdrip thinks it reflects Narcissus
Or used to back in its beautiful youth,
Because the mirror makes our loveliness

Out of its desire to indulge its lust
To see its glow in our dull

mudcess

its reflections cover/contain/capsule everyone of us.
its random memory

its reflections visit the beyond of us.
that its unique frame may express a shadow/ an exit bolt-hole
to swim from when you're sinking like Narcissus
but to name one is to suggest more or less
that its unique guise may be the very porthole
un-rained evaporations claim every face

*

LAPSES, LAPSES

There is no us unless it's Us: the Movie,
though each sinkdrip thinks it remembers Narcissus
from somewhere, some deathscene in the end

even more unwilling to assume the loss
beading up accrued in its stopgap than this
stifled hope it's happening to someone else—

when evaporations have drained every face,
when who's there, suffer-thing, damn lack of focus
get slurred together, get forgot—although

the water thinks it remembers Narcissus—

yes: wasn't he the one who claimed "Coitus
is best against a mirror"; or was it "window"?

Beyond such reflections there is no us,
I mean no univocal being to be jealous
of, scream at, hate and (sometimes) love: or so

the sink thinks. Dishes stacked with Narcissus
or other perversions too ketchup amorphous
to name or too shared, perhaps. Oh! one must go

beyond such reflections. There is no lust,
really, as you well know, just this vacuous
anonymous that fills the eye with those faux

the drink thinks it remembers. Narcissus?—
simply to name him suggests his bare guise is
the only face glimpsed from your porthole

of consciousness, the window you failed to save
when every beaut-boat was drained from below
by a backpedaling Picasso, an ocean of shrink

dripping with theme-matic modes, themedies.
Antics whose glaucous target painted chests
form a last lifejacket dispatching its parch-fate

as the picket-flicking projector easily shows
reruns of the same old spoonshaped profiles
likely to fall out when you crack the spines

of their autobihogs from the photo-insert
pages in the middle: ah descent into the drain
sargasso impinges and yet to know the arrow

is a disciple of the ball is no giveaway or tic
to squeamish at. How many of us complain
about the Vatican's porn collection, those marble

halls filled with stills of Garbo Brando in sex
studded poses, I don't know of anyone, do you?
There is no us unless it's the movie version

tactile in its evasions.

to be grasped by

[] it remembers narcosis . . .

[beyond such reflections waits someone else.

To think you remember them is useless.]

/just the one porthole saved from a wreck that

*

/loss that doesn't show— / some loss that's still nouveau—

LAPSES, LAPSES

There is no us unless it's Us: the Movie,
yet each sinkdrip thinks it remembers Narcissus
from somewhere, some loss that doesn't show— / some loss that's still nouveau—

its evaporations have drained every face, so
who's there; suffer-thing; damn lack of focus
get slurred together, get forgot—although

the water thinks it remembers Narcissus—
yes: wasn't he the one who claimed "Coitus
is best against a mirror"; or was it "window"?

Beyond such reflections there is no us,
I mean no univocal being to be jealous
of, scream at, hate and (sometimes) love: []

the water thinks. It remembers Narcissus
shed other perversions, too amorphous
to name—or too shared, perhaps. Oh! one must go

beyond such reflections. There is no lust,
really, as you well know, just this vacuous
anonymous that fills the eye with those faux

the sink thinks it remembers. Narcissus?—
simply to name him suggests his rare guise is
/just the one porthole saved from a wreck that

/just the one face glimpsed from your porthole
of consciousness, the window you strained/failed to save
when every beaut-boat was drained from below

/drained every beautboat, out of whose glaucous
ocean reruns run of the same old show
dispatching/ its parch-fate as a last sargasso

to be grasped by
[] it remembers narcosis . . .
[beyond such reflections waits someone else.
To think you remember them is useless.]

*

*

december 13, 2008

draftcerpts

*

The throat of the wall holds
(fire of broken faucets) yea-when
tribal chants / gauge haven / oblique
stereosph / sphere / thread / put a blindfold
on that handkerchief / stones riding a veil
across oceanfloors / while prodigies wrap
their mothers in clothelines (bird-tassels,
ambivalent oblong abduhahs)—
(title: Why I Am Such a Laughingstock)
confessions no one bothers to lipsync
anymore— / highware execution of baggies
kill them baggies the crowd screams
watertower girders, magicmarker resin (sap)
it seeps from the stem of ash / nozzle
tracks seaweed / over-excited by fright wigs
first in our plus pale list / by melting
I would memorize the snow's exits [

...

Shadows are more indigenous to summer
than other days; in sunless winter they may
appear as friends from a former season,

companions for an endless cold—because
you need a certain percentage of Bishop
Berkeley's if life is to pass, the sun rise,
the coffee boil. But does this census
include those in transit, at the bus stop
patting their pockets automatically,
statistics decide we don't all die at once,
breastbraving uniformity for 6 Muzak
eternities. Simple wounds could hatch
your winglessness. Bruises when tiring
times fall and evening secures an after-lag
of it, when mermaids keep their stomach
pumps handy, each doorway pried from
adamant guilty portraits. What pane bears
the unseen edge of its imminence over
that sill's tense anarch of candles, while
the frontbell is ringing a little something,
whose wording has not come down to us,
we call it confluence or Cincinnati, some
home at random under the habit of a snowpeak,
pure alp up which the gaze drowns all hands lost,
indigenous it wells with grass, with settlements.

*

EXHIBITION

the canals a-swish with big ships

lanes I wander without cause as
my tongue bathes in my necktie
to show how exhausted how often
I have felt the doorknob drain

my hand of its urge to enter then
in this way I may chance at last
upon weapons trained to sleep
or down where the depot drops

its loss the canals the lanes the streets
how often I or they have reached
for my pocket in the face thrust of it
although one can't exaggerate

one's beggarliness in an age of
mechanical reproduction it seems
the museum where pale corridors
zoom through room-Moreaus

floor-Magrittes ceiling-Sages
mirror-Finis and other names
hushed curtains reach to the floor
which probably needs excavating

static their flesh throws slow volts in the air

**

ADGE

such the strength of signs
I mean abbreviations

that before he dies
someone often tries

foolishly to devise
to dream up one

as if the right acronym
might save him

from time he scatters
out the letters

of his name arranging
them

in different combinations
or anyone's

to spell out the logo
the curt slogan

whose shortcut on
the screen asserts

the brand buy
the standard eye

can respond to
any cant will do

any congerie of
some might work

every shtum may
shtow the way

but not a phrase
it has to be less

than a word it must
resist the mind almost

equally as errata
and yet mean more

than any term can
it must determine

itself as a what's grasped
a spasm like the gasp

that wakes from dreams
what syllable it seems

to the dumbest ipod
it's no anagram stupid

so drop your digiter
halfwit fidgiter

you can't tap it in
fingertip or dumbpad

even if you erase it with

your sanity's bleach

it must reach
you instantly i.e. breach

your customary
perceptions like Laurence Harvey

in The Manchurian Candidate
brainwash etcet

it must replace you
with a clone-face you

which is you instead
of the one on your head

*

EACH TIME

Sometimes I dream of Rumor's house, which,
I just read in Ovid, is situated

at "the world's center," the core of cores
beneath us all. He contends its windows doors

are forever open, a porous palace where
every word uttered by every person is stored

in what I'd call the ultimate anthology.
Where is this house, in what country?

Its closets hold not only the past,
meaning the brain's nine-tenths lost

noncognitional of the capacitated,—
because it collates not just the said,

but all that will be said: Each text
it bleeds from the future is convexed

theoretically to also heal our sole flaw:
that underlying chamber, that cellar

which upholds these capsuled corridors:
that fissure floor one-celled horrors

emerged from eons earthwide scattered,
too patterned for breeding, those far

glugglugs, these slogged zillenia ago.
Each trans-cthonc myth—genetic fragments

we once keeled our island egos against—
is shored Eliotically, in toto—

but not in a waste land: in this place
nothing is wasted, each fact is facet

composite a euphemistic peg, whose hole
lies in what one might term a zero,

though the zero that defines that one
should look through itself to see what's gone:

What used to be the bookshelf
it swallows, and feeds throughout itself:

it sits each of us there at the hell
level its circuits need, and circulates us

around the entire system's railroad
to embody our brain a la bloodmode,

knowing its node is only made more real
by the fact each hypertold spongecode

can be simulsold for further gore:
every PC glued to GossipNet

increases the sanguinary poet's debt.
But I hear you say in ways this constant

poured out current has wrecked Intent:
floor-it geared, it steers us most toward

a surface abyss, a maelstrom facade—
the sargasso rock-critic, the facile hard-crowd—

it's said our eyes are icebergs in that sea.
But where they are dispelled completely

beyond my room night comes into swim.
Somewhere out there I know grow fossils

of protozoa-to-be, omega mammals,
animandroids roaming manuals

whose outreach program, whose proffered rim
as far as I'm testcase-concerned

should fend off every ocean, every cunning
void evolution took some of its beginning

from: for longspan has that epoch broke
when rumor heard what human spoke.

**

DUNCE RHYMES (FOR THE MOMENT)

and if this poem
has made you a hearer
of ghosted voices
that fade when you get nearer
and everytime you look
into the rearview mirror
you scream and clutch
at your hands in fear
at what those futures show

and then will you cry out
for all to hear
the cripple the promqueen
and the seer

don't you think that now's
a good time to be freer
than you were
a second ago

*

POEM

how to remain mienous
as you face
the mirror's worst

I who scorned the house
unto its rafters

a self-finished man with all
his comforts I offered
my soul to the dust
that I tossed onto others

money poured
from my halo

now the limp repeats
what the stride said
when it ran in full pell toward
the meld of flight

too late the salt

bare as the way north
where they lade the gates
with the way south

to repeat the instances
as hands pinned
upon the target
may applaud when hit
your aim

trued to its shoot
why do I stay
stage-left of my exit

*

POEM

Shun panacea, favor the unique cure,
savior, or else suffer its worldling stance,
its grasp of all you held in bask of tiptoe
days, that essence whose deadweight felt right.

Shun panacea provide only unique cures
that's how they'll know you're a savior
suffering is for worldlings not locals like us
in bask of tiptoe days ungrasped sense
whose death has weighed our rights.

Avenues poise their point route
of ever-return, that choring circumference
you must evade with mimed handouts,
your gifts still penny-parched, heavens left
to dry out by hells who barberpole mimes

return to the streets and poise themselves
point choirs surround them to sing evasions
of heaven or hell penny-parched gifts contend
with handouts from a barberpole up the sheerest cliffs.

Does the moon surface so. The way you dive
beneath your skin must emerge pre-emptorily
linked to all, plumbline cast for depths
whose new, stripped presence should show that

the moon dives beneath its skin each dawn
to remain invisible to the spyprobes the satellites
that aim to link all scan to cast our depths
for earthsurface till we emerge new in its
empty strips surveillance announce

some edenic pasture, greasy, tribal,
mouth flicked with goldfish scales.
Windchimes carved from a petrified
forest fire hang from the limbs.
Their tinkling interprets the tv tribe—

Weatherchannel is the campfire I crouch at,
the goldfish bowl my mouth drinks grease from
eden of interpretations petrified pasture
like an obsolete Xfact tossed indoors.

The surrounding mountains pursue their peaks
leisurely, the day keeps advancing its ideas
of felicity, ripe ideal beneath which we pine
in shadows of actual, shadows of real,
deserving less than this, less than the showfacade faux,

leaning merely to wallow in this tadpole pose,
we fear to test our tongue's obnoxious thrust,
offering this benefice to none who might indeed
need its opacity of old: as if that were all the heel
could enter global meanings marked down

in meadows more mortal or else despising its
capital, its plenty-of-peace against which we sulk,
through sulk-palaces hoping pure can interrupt bare;
moon now in penance for the sure sense of being
in its favor, its spent sense of withholding

all we owe to nearer motives. Dense with
forgetfulness, fornicatory notes, avid bows
across the violins' astringent cold.
Icier strings than known, lattices across
whose strips the movie throws its sold liquidities.

*

December 14, 2008
drafts of

*

SIGHT

so billions of humans for millennia looked
at the blue sky of a summer day and saw it as
bright until one day the boy Rimbaud looked
and saw that shining normal blue as darkness

and said I have removed from the sky the blue
which is darkness but his saying so did not
result in heaven's being stripped of its blue
to leave only immense endless light and hot

sun nothing but sun from horizon to horizon
sheer fire encompassing gorging the eye
no in fact and amazingly his sly vision
or protest proved to have been only a sight

true and all despite his description the blue
which is darkness stayed it remained bright

/
result in heaven's being denuded of its blue
result in heaven's being disbeamed of its blue
/ unbeamed / sheared / sheaved / reaved
screeved / shaved / stripped / shed / shorn

until its blaze was all our compass view

nothing but blaze and all its compass view

encompassing blazing gorging the eye's view

sheer fire encompassing gorging the eye

/despite his depiction

/but the Rimbaud boy's view

/sun and nothing but sun from horizon to
horizon blaze encompassing gorging the eye
SIGHT

so billions of humans for millennia looked
at the blue sky of a sunny day and saw it as
bright until one day the boy Rimbaud looked
at that warm summer blue as darkness

and said I have removed from the sky the blue
which is darkness but his saying that did not
result in the sky being stripped/peeled of its blue
to leave only immense endless sunlight hot

gold surrounding us from horizon to horizon
fire on fire encompassing gorging the eye
no in fact and amazingly his high vision
his protest against the sky was only a sight

true and all in spite of his assertion the blue
which is darkness stayed it remained bright

blazing spanning gorging all eyes in view
till its blaze was all the eye could hold in view
until its blaze was the eye and all the view
encompassing with its blaze the world view
/

SIGHT

so billions of humans for millennia looked
at the blue sky of a summer day and saw it as
bright until one day the boy Rimbaud looked
up there and saw that shining blue as darkness

and said I have removed from the sky the blue
which is darkness but his saying that did not
result in heaven's being stripped of its blue
to leave only immense endless light and hot

sun nothing but sun from horizon to horizon
its blaze fire encompassing gorging the eye
no in fact and amazingly his sly vision
or protest proved to have been only a sight

true and all despite his description the blue
which is darkness stayed it remained bright

/despite his depiction

/but the Rimbaud boy's view

/sun and nothing but sun from horizon to
horizon blaze encompassing gorging the eye
SIGHT

so billions of humans for millennia looked
at the blue sky of a sunny day and saw it as
bright until one day the boy Rimbaud looked
at that warm summer blue as darkness

and said I have removed from the sky the blue
which is darkness but his saying that did not
result in the sky being stripped/peeled of its blue
to leave only immense endless sunlight hot

gold surrounding us from horizon to horizon
fire on fire encompassing gorging the eye
no in fact and amazingly his high vision
his protest against the sky was only a sight

true and all in spite of his assertion the blue
which is darkness stayed it remained bright

/

SIGHT

so billions of humans for millennia looked
at the blue sky of a sunny day and saw it as
bright until one day the boy Rimbaud looked
at it and saw that common blue as darkness

and said I have removed from the sky the blue
which is darkness but his saying that did not
result in the sky being stripped of its blue
to leave only immense endless sunlight hot

gold surrounding us from horizon to horizon
fire on fire encompassing gorging the eye
no in fact and amazingly his high vision / his nay vision / his fey vision
his protest against the sky was only a sight / or protest

true and all in spite of his assertion the blue
which is darkness stayed it remained bright

*

*

SIGHT

so billions of humans for millennia looked
at the blue sky of a sunny day and saw it as
bright until one day the boy Rimbaud looked
at it and saw that same blue as darkness and

said I have removed from the sky the blue
which is darkness but his saying that did not
result in the sky being stripped of its blue
to leave only immense endless sunlight

surrounding us from horizon to horizon
fire on fire encompassing gorging the eye / view
no in fact and amazingly to our detriment
his protestation or insight was blind too / was a lie

true and all in spite of his assertion the blue
which is darkness stayed it remained bright

*

. . . so i have the idea, the image, the set-up and conclusion, but what do i want to
say—

that his vision was a lie, a delusion? a pipedream out of Baudelaire's medicine
chest, an adolescent's stubborn refusal rejection of the stated norm the
conformities of his culture—

the idea of it's being a "protest" comes of course from Breton's assertion that
"Lyricism is the elaboration of a protest," which was in turn his, Breton's, protest

against Paul Valery's statement that "Lyricism is the elaboration of an exclamation."

Exclamation or protest: choose your poison.

....

December 17, 2008
what's second

*

here in Citizen Kane's century
The Waste Land's decade
Waiting For Godot's year
Self Portrait in a Convex Mirror's month
Gimmie Shelter's week
Diving into the Wreck's day
Warming Her Pearls' hour
I'm wondering what
minute is it or rather
what's minute is it

*

socialist poets / fascist poets

December 19, 2008

draft dump

*

Whenever CSI tried to
examine one
corpse of Proteus
too many we heard

his memoranda read
over the wind, against
the phone. Enticing
bandaids off earthworms

via mental telepathy
was then followed by
the usual appall, the same
mad-dog meanwhile.

Thus each time the chess
champs throw dice to
dictate their next move
a vase and an owl debate

the outcome. Wait,
there's more aspic
precision in this next shot
of dead peasant, arms

flogging his baby's path.
It lasts until it laughs.
It takes place in the lab
where they vie to put

the me back in mediocre
and the I in you. Equating
the sound made in

the 1950s by a thousand

typewriter covers being
slid off to write the word
whose sound cannot
repeat that thou-slid sound,

suggesting the collective
actions of our fingers
pressing this keyboard
add up to a standard or

a flag prompting vertigo
across the nastiness when
it stands to sing the nation.
Thousands of them sound

their voice in one body as
Proteus who includes
their nature in his and has
to if we mall ourself.

*

*

Hiding his flag down my throat
He claims this land for Spain
His crew knitted a shark for his birthday
They call him Columbus but I say his name is crime
The law of gravity is sponsored by ads for tiptoe fruit
A totempole on crutches
I'll let those faucet audit junkies
Addicted to drips stop listening to this one
I'll take my zipper for a walk on its leash
Land ho my hearties my zelots
Unless the feathers coupling us decide to
Invade the New World
Crossing the ocean dripping with feathers
They stick fingers in their sweat
Peregringos they claim this land for finance
They bribe customs with slithery eggs
Drip drip the ocean colonizes the shore

[

/

on the trail of my journey
at some point I went astray
and started writing poetry
/inferno curse that day
/which at first was sort of okay

/sex with Paulo and Jocasta / kissed
led to perversions / worse / more desperate
Deep Image or Neoformalist
all cannibalism and hate / curse

/now in my nethermost years
with blurbs by Judas and Satan
my Collected Poems appears
remaindered on Amazon

and still I heel that Virgil
like a dog through his geral

/
too late to kill the virgil
that led me to (not through) this hell
every page the journals circle

lower and lower each Neo- or Post-
verse was worse than the last

/each more tortured than the rest
inferno follows verse
/ terror follows terror

*

POEM

Now there is an evil I cannot name because
its fellow evils
will swirl around me crying
for like recognition

But my mother knew that evil
and presided over it
squatting over it
with her hellhair
her pubis hiding in fear

My world was a squirt of urine
from that teem-traum-dream
in anger my belly flings
a drop of cum back

On humanity's photograph
ripples appear
smack between the sight

Unwrapped from the moment
time is born in place of
always in place of
I pause here to currycomb bygones

*

I suspect the obverse of this cereal
box is blank and that this colorful
copy confronting me would vanish too
if I spun its cardboard 180.

Spittle gapes at my beauty of soft hotels.

Behind me my footprints debate my return
to retrace is to console, to find an excuse for
the allconsuming pain, the anodyne's icicle
melts so slowly. Penetrabilia

To outline with a pencil my frightwig map,
aspiring to desired heights
I try to joke about the cost of such dreams,
knowing all my leaveway was a gift,

All my leaveway was a gift,
a speciman impaled on rosethorn
calipers.

Oedipus sticks his thumb out but

none of the fatherly vehicles halts.

As in a play by Shakespeare where
the Air Minister has a car waiting
at the cafe but we average folk
must walk home in a sulk.

I smoosh the mice of my nipples
into these scenes of former harrow.

Under its weight of erasure
the soul's silk recoils from exposure.

Names written over our own
are not a kindred skin, a clone
corresponding mine. You remain
alien to me. We stay
betrayed by Jesus' kiss.

I climb the barberpole
with my eyes closed
the sky is near its end
I am far from mine the mime said
but facts eat us alive
groceries aim god at the heart
pages torn from a harmful text
with our lips how can I hide myself from you
harm comes to the hope
halfway up the pole I am retracting time
my carafe caress
attended by exits
a moment grants its wane

with eyes that measure my means
the continuum
upon each wave the answer's white
as I climb higher
clouds which stand still to pose downward their event

Now clouds unscarf the moon and scar
it back again to mis-display
the promised gift to the birthday
child who can't reach up that far

on the enterprise day
night's counterpart design
the peer system, resemblances balanced for
an instead against the signboard

Love? That anthology.
Its stupor stuffs the shelves with denial,
facade shadow focused in deep rows
of throwaways. I long to forge that wedge,
that smorgasbord bodyguard restored by bed.
Long candle, ponder; short candle, think.

/
*

How many pencils can Medusa hold in Her hair?
I see they scrawl this poem's vacuum compile.
Knowing even the none tastes nude to the poor
moth, my nipples nap in an urchin's ore.

Like a fountain, my libation reprimands pavements.

Winding asylum I find myself locked in,
corridor shy, holding smugglers' trophies.
Sanity descends to water via no stairs
I have installed in the blood (as for skin,
what blush colorcodes mine as "preen chain"?)

My so far feeling fetches out a little face
and it is me,

Jettison person, sad cadence of the farceur:
clawing with its magnetic fingers the sleep
and the donation of exalted drums.

sunlapse, past the semi-earthen moon, which
functions as aftermath,.

Conclude-child, at last to lie across exhaust:
I pray my pedestal's unyield will moult me.
Even recent rivers on drawn wings, hovering once,
show thirst has sashes.
Threads scrape flesh down final doorways

the fate of the someone to overcome its depth
the cosmos and all its assemblage
of gravity's groupings, constellations
whose figure eludes the myth we venture/endure/inure

To estimate the carats of an altar, plough
a spider to scratch. To arbitrate the tree's offer,
learn to burn squirrelsplace. Your chest of
archaic clay and large collar imply drought;
into barren ice place yourself for examination.
Approve passage to make the possession
of supply nearing its prop to align dawn, note.
I wish my hands could crunch up the window,
wad up the world and throw it away.
Heapcushionings of litter,
separate births catheterized by an eel
attached to the soul. Poor King Lear must
use both hands to raise Big Mac toward mouth.
Reiteration. Emphasis. Stock footage
which, used over and over, demonstrates
how normal are the murders and monsters it mattes,
how exemplary their tics, how tonic, how true.
An edge-egg falls and shatters,
Remembered, and therefore imposed upon
the mind as it makes up its mind against
memory's staged incursions bright as

Does whitened linen color the moon?
Imagine incense mounting, non-lemony,
pure as the only flaw the heart feels kindling itself:

exclusivity is a starting-point,
as is. Single something out, anything.
Use your glance as a scratchpad to jot down
whatever and then note

whether your subject will hold still for that,
immobilize itself to be your thought.

Yet what would I use for oil if I found it? You?

I am a mite too afraid that wow revolves but
pow stays put.
Ot puckering-to-kiss, withering-to-caress.
It is not possible to repair prunes without assholes.

And so each word does hold a multitude
of sins, if for sins we read modifiers, though of course
reading is a transgression each word modifies.

Penance is therefore only possible after
the period. The sentence, then, begins only after
the period, if for sentence we read sentence.

in the throat are always fossils, dead diagrams
from the same-end of time, the homosexuality
that attends my birth, surviving its intensity
is echo the satellites bounce off our alarmsó

that surrounds our cloistered
sentence. Immured word, fenced-off pasture
where . asleep and poles apart the couple

confound. The unprovability unheard failure defeat
than an impossible, always stroll

It's only since my existence that I make
the moment my memoirs dwelt on too long,
an homage to a domicile, a childhood
communion that gave my desires pity.

Bloodveins held to the cheek like solace
broke the form of a washcloth, a shroud ended
sheering me past the way I should have gone:
Whose shade I tried to avoid.

The story appeared this morning's edition
I could have worn it as an accessory
even though the bottom of page one needed hemming
it was still page one
how chagrined page two was
I wonder how much it costs to print a face with no features
but a newspaper must take that into account

were us finally
the gesture gathered strength
the thought seeps into your blood and takes census
dumb and certain to our own devices
desire has made us callous
our spouses cannot exist without the sample kit
containing ourselves
the nymphs and satyrs in profile
That's why we journey, ferry our body
onward to shed oneself across the border,
bright as the shine off
a trigger toadó
Ugh those mud mannequins wore my skin? Its dais its date
(chattel chip/slaveblock splinter) has hardened since:
MICHIGAN MEMORIES #16

In my father's butchershop
In my father's butcher
The road to school was lined with snakes
Snake curbs snake sidewalks
If there had been a line painted down the middle of the road
I would have been that line
No spaceship flying over would have seen me as me
A spaceship full of Nazis
Nazis are not Z's therefore they are A's
The alphabet is a A-student
It can't be chopped by father's cleaver
But I can
Father's sculpture wears
In my eye seepage there dies the visage
Of a skull turned on a wheel circular
Father fakir rethinking his perpetual serpent

Lull the skill to gather eggs from a face
I am past the age of my father
when he died therefore I win
I beat my mother's same long ago I
have outdistanced all competition in this race
Which to my surprise has just begun
The snake circling back
The cinder track etcet so that
If I mispronounce ourobourous
As Oral bore us (from the mouth
We emerged) or You rob our O's (to repay
Our A's the perennial A-student on the way
To school is dressed in
Snow's outerwear rain's inner sense)
Peculiar pulses wending what arm

Aloof I line the road to school with effigies
Chopped from father's arm
The cleaver descending chops the road in two
The Nazis descend their ship lands on A-students
The alphabet bites its only tail
If there were a line painted down the middle of this line
A poem painted down the middle of me
If I could paint my father's cleaver chopping
This poem in two and offer his sculpture
The road I have lined with snakes

the jaw is a bald candle,
serif icicle of lever

JUXTA

Earrings are the anchors of widows,
mooring their heads to keep them
from drifting out to sea where
I paddle a small kiss intended
to lap their brows with gentleness.

Lust occasional as islands rises
and I want to disembark across

that causeway washed with us.
Levitations, leavings: what keeps us apart?

All boats implore me by the length
of their launch as echo-mad skies
pursue their strewns of sail, and yet
I've got some bit of diffident floss

trapped in my teeth; a sculptural
manifold of bitten lips intrudes
itself, juxtapose neither can rouse.

Between, space neither can cross.
eventually or sideways glances

You are the one giant step
I took from childhood on, the one
mother may I said I could take.
when games were themed to hold us safe.

Poem I ask permission to leave
where most you seem at home,
great ambient figure draped for flight.

No field holds this traffic of heels
longer than it takes the wind
to provide parachutes
with falsified flesh
above cloud-solemnities.
inter-pregnans/interregnums where
one's entire skin harbors more frames, where
our sky leans against an invisible ocean.

frame-stills / cuts (cinematic)

POEM

Rumor fogs the mirror,
startles the doormat, time
defeated in a circle of people.

a room that excludes the house
address, audiences of children
who contain warships repeatedly.
A rubber band keeps the cards
broken in opus.
The walls we live in, their
rectitude aligns and shapes us
for perpetuity, training us,
profiling us for an eternity
we can never share.

SALVATION DESPONDENT

fortitude
which is funny why trophies
brandished at the banquet
are no consolation for the one
who nominates himself and then

SCULPTOR

Each of us has tried to console
a sculptor abandoned
by her posthumous fame.

Our million pleats of eyes
clothe hers in homage; the mail
of her fingernails gives our dance
that glance of gold.

This fadewash, this sepiation
tells us all is flawed.

We-weight, you-yield, what's the diff?
To see nothing past the clarity
of causes; to admit no effects.

Bearing only the beggars' pardons
on my back I leave.
Town to return to at night
Confessions made while asleep
remain anonymous.
dapple-delphic.

POEM

The pianist's wrists
are circled by flamelets;
she forgot to take off
these fiery bracelets
before playing, or else
her assistant who normally
does it was detained
by the concert crowds
who now push forward
in their ripest seats to see
an arsonist's jewelry;
upon each wrist
a flakwork watch
shows the time is now,
music burns to stop the glow.

THE SIGNS OF THE STOPSIGN

Howsoever longer than life the entity they
proceed from is they are here termed too late or
to micro it, never. Names or signs it seems must

be functional or ceaseóscars tooóuntil,
gentled genderless, they interrupt my babytalk
with teethingring-razors . . . then I woke up:

When, I asked an approaching closeup, do
I arrive? Gazes as found as mine in yours are
are sure to be lost amongst this sun dubbing

its gold into all tongues beneath stoplights that
change to go and ergo are not true, not whole?
Yet no sun holds us gunpoint as this, no sky:

in the hurt shirt of my breath worn
by no one I stand unbabbling another theory
(amnesiacs are laconic by necessity, not choice)

fetus rides a balloon to the burial of
a rainbow where, a sleepy lake where each's
entire like horses nailed to their torn-off
manes we cling to our frames; incantations
of crowns, collision footprints are

Disperse the message is lost across
recoilless oceans. Lions circle a landfill
of shoes with icicle laces, all the casualties
of who's who. At the doll's graveyard one's
entire skin participates. Imagine a balloon
released at a funeral to signal the bloodnests
in the eaves, the cotes of blood Earthbound leaves,
a blueprints gasp gathers the incidentals of least aspect by which the thumb grabs
one approach
beckoning endward the berry and the sheer
via which a story astonishes our
sense of conclusion based on all guidance,
each house abating/abiding its me-too fall.

my correspondant blows on his palms
which fit these doctor doors, stigmata keyed
to his hands' grooves.
of pink perfume figurine abandoned grafted
wrung. which loves to leave puddles to play in
and recoil from each time

Ask the mourner who clutch their throats and dissolve—they drop their dolls in
dive.

This tradecraft made, traitors against the one.

Tradecraft made, whose traitors curry union.

Made sure by tradecraft, whose traitors daggers drawn.

the other one.

Yet tradecraft might catch its caught in narrow pass
While cover identities they evade usurp their state.
of traitors daggers drawn.

Featured here,
They hatched here,
Revealed here,
Nurtured here, these traitors worth dying for.
They laid here
A noisy spy on a highway
in a chocolate raincoat drags
a cupboard sewn to his neck,
white thorns stretch wide around.

The tumors on our body's map
indicate settlements where tribes
have lingered long enough
to structure arrogance;

lazy easels where entire worlds open
their ruins so that daily ephemeralia can
scrawl a few verses on the crumbled walls,
while the island city sinks like a white barge
in a tux whose lapels tell lies to swans.

like chessmen's hats
by hammers. Pistons.
Walk toward the sea in single file and if
the wave arrives pray you are the last in
line or the first. Those in the middle are
emisarry to you. Hastening to find water
oasis by a toothpick path, a monolith of
matchsticks, that inflates travel into a monstrous screen, dead end;
the site where guards must be posted to
ward off these passionate augurs who kneel:

Noodles caress the weasel prize. Of course.
damaged shields all
in all a lavish headhalt sights across
the nearby. The fields nucleus anniversary
its pistons make.

a train passing crashes like
a handful of masterpiece,

The pockmark of oil, grease that revenges
reveres
where I submit my salute to addict-fools:
love between cigarettes is a supplication,
imploring the drunken dog patriots to
charm home; ambiguous flat-irons greet
sorrow; some say: their infants
brighten dawn's open autumn; chairs receive
repose; relieve the haven antenna of safe
oppressions;

HYPEHEAD

My bio is buttered by mother, my auto
by father. First, father autobio'd mother,
who then bio'd his auto in her ms. son,
the misery one. Non-bio exploits I abhor

as does every contemporary litterateur
adhered to being, that sole mode: we know
that those who imagine their works not
as me or I should be forced into therapy

made to take psychotropic drugs. No
exceptions are allowed: I too must join
the rest of you in this rendered real, this

overratio of truth to fable, I too must tell
lifelike anecdotal excerpts from my actual
personal past spiced with empirical detail.

Like proverbs carved in
an elixir place of flowers,
it is never us who take
a pilgrimage to reach
unanimously the destination
with gaps in its passport
to cross borders how ascetic,

lines drawn by twigs in darkness.

Encountering other demarcations
impassable, it is impossible
to end with all one's strength
(death is no second wind).
Sprinklers in the cemetery
should be aimed so as not
to splash the headstones,
a matter of centimeters, gauge
and setting creating the scene:
not one drop must hit the incised
inscriptions, the dry dates of
birth/death, statistics. With gaps
in one's passport one must chisel
with a twig to scrape entrance.

Any emptiness we hug but none
more than that one glimpsed from
the getagrope eye. I pity us all
the more for appearing here on earth
dressed up in green age broken by
old oath-things. My flaw confronts
the whole in which there is no where
to go. My flaw can't fit its piece shard,
its anomalous llama; truncate death.
Nonentity your sweat crystallizes
to fill each hand gasping in study
of a horsekerchief. A hand's ass
is what you are. Envy the ceiling
all the more for appearing here
readily, held to the mouth of lampbrown
broken things: problem how to vanish
from every facet of the dilated voice
brimming to claim his room is the shadow
of its emptiness, a projected cavity
enclosed sponge groping tentacles that
transit should mold me from bacterium
flare to socket sanctum. Anecdotal
redundance by servants of

Lace waterfield, lake where the slavery
of gesticulations soars incestuously
across your shimmer: no wisp
rings light enough to land there,
to sink the silence I glue together
with decapitations that drift motionless
as hope atop prophet stream. A dream
ledge of willow bracken, lichen
approved by devoted roses, tint codes.
Evacuate the pastel from the flower
beneath whose pedestal seeds are
shorn faithwise. My fear is squared by
such elevations, such skins evolving
from my spine. Dawn enjails all
violators of night, those who did not
love you for one, for this crime
there is no pardon. Pinpoint
ephemeral crown, eternities chained
in rays, lightyears, why can't your
focus guide me way. Neuter poses which nullagraph
death to all future aisles. Hung from
the instant islands of your pulse,

eyelids dropped by parachute upon
one's scan, I oscillate origin, chained
pinpoint, where are you now, mouth always
muting its savor of doors, savage adorn. Tongue warring against slavery breath.
Etude ending with myth mourn, mourning one step of my stepless existence, the
moment scorching you pasture and
cup, disrobed

What a hype concept. I must resist
that slave-bop or try to, hoping rythms
like this are too recursive to reap me.
Thimbles they. Burial, birthday,
graduation, christening, will-reading,
anniversary. A poem for each. Everytime
evolution creates a portrait nature
discards it. Evade your efforts and find
that absence is the effigy of time,
though its metaphor deserves an heir
higher than the sea decorates driftwood
with. Only planetary islands recognize
these rearrangements.
every tree that has a let/lien
on my sight. Buttering his decisive
rodent instrument.
Whimsies that persist other to
that other who awaits my trespass.
Its perfunctoriness gyrates my ass.
Its spirals overpopulate.
To pronounce justice and finalize
the moments when it commences,
that house of myself where habit
has made sure cued-up salvation
My correspondant knows, but
all his misspelt applause,
traced in rote or rent passionate by
an androidís shy mindless equivalent
of these human retainmentsó
I canít, clutching in my hand
his missives all meant for myself and
yet somehow never sent . . .
my purity defended by
glass creditcards,
Because you have set your lips in my life
like an event, the date I had missed
and longed for unknowingly, dumbfounded
ponderous as splinters/iceskates that remind
the wound to confess. This is the terror of
the (non) unique, the error of the unique
not to share the loneliness that clings
to shoelaces and all the daily trivial chores
whcich must be faced unthinkingly, obliviously,
the cat's litterbox et al: in this forgetfulness
of accomplishment my boundaries expand;
somewhere there is a house where I am a word
that fell from passing homes. But do I want
to go there to suffer that. (We take unique
views of the vid, we flock alike.)

like surgeons tying sutures deep in
tennis-ball cans, continuing my quest

for the conundrums above, which
eventually I will solve, probably
while being whacked by people
who are really on the guestlist,
daily they pop up like biceps TV
we exchanged toffee and slaves for
until the verboten chapel ate our
button pudding for encore.
examined, , its overarching sole.
the concise decision.

Then the hush as she trod me
soles bath and scented.
Weave the occasion
page first, though none has conveyed
(hopeless close, means happen)
that escape plateau where
plowlands funnel our fetus glance.
None has punished
the noun enough, though
a husbanding suede-of-things
made hotpoker love, numb embers
disaporae, byways that galore
the persona of habit.

In a happy hunt the hunter never looks
backwards, but I the male must kill at a blast
sudden as seedpods in the wind blown past.

My weapon has hallways where diamonds blink.
A crystalball binds me to a lamp, satanic mouth
projects me as I focus, each soft spear of my hairline
deceptive as dying in place.

The hunt is never backwards, it remains close
yet distant, like mail in adjoining slots whose names
are dissimilar of I, rhetoric of me.

Icicle addresses, their uniforms pressed
and ready to wear.

side of the

Pausing like tiptoe the old man is alone
to better

Sounds, sizzling sounds, you like
the last fat on a saint at the stake. Crackling noises:
probe than this incipit intercept can be.

VOLUME TEST

The wedding's white froth boils off.
It departs like a conceited caterpillar.

roped to the precipice for the insane.
They dangle me over it.

VOLUME

The last sentence of the marriage vow
spills over into the burial service
and both are splashed with a bit
of the baptismal ritual until all the words

of every ceremony flow together
and form an aural-whole tapestry
whose threads gesticulate mutely
in horror. The debate continues.

To ensure that what we bear remains seen,
or at least enough to plead with, look:
each book-margin sustains our grief.

Its space is there to wait for more
observances; its betrayal bound before
our honor learns to read what we sign.

Its space is there to annotate, to fill
with further ritualities, drummed in to us
before we can even read what we're signing.

OBSOLETE

Its double-yuhs lean against dartboards.

The window is a skin cliff you climb,
holiday-distant. Binoculars take one
further than TV's dignified timidity,
its figleaf knife that jabs an elegant
enemy. Hostile to all delicate fields,
see a traffic of heels whose dexterity
frees the clinging mainland to visit
cloud-solemnities. Below, winds
provide parachutes with falsified
creases. What else is visible from
your sill. What else is falling there from
your eye.

*

These movies in common separate us
if we see them as real, as all that
can be salvaged by an image, every
screen as blank as if it were evolving
to some higher form of media,
a schism between the eyes

its outcome sub-titled close-captioned
for the illiterate, the unborn hunger
that gaps like tolled-out hymns—
some site secret as a bridal veils'
graveyard, a facade acropolis
can't penetrate. The day reflecting
against the deep its passage,
a shoreline casting up more dust
than the beach can process.

*

a series of poems called "A Brief on etc"

before you arrived
the dead refused
nakedness
to its corridors
but now
they pause
in the midst
of their solo
honeymoons
to pageant back
safepass
escape evict

POEM

We try to pamper the rain
with a net of lollipops,
by holding up
our inbetweenities.

The gap that separates _____
from _____
heightens.

codes
My poutshroud mouth knows what

crossroads element, what elusive turning
point is poising its deep precariousness,
the binge-innocence of a, a skinless crusade:

my nightly totem-crawl advanced. Dubious
byways led to towns abandoned at the word.

Your soliloquy endures the lightest dress,
whose udders piggybank our heart, yet
intregal-pale, farseen against a gate apart
circularity balcony scene for a dead
Singular, my culdesac unveiling
Fructifying is such an aimless arc.
that juggled, that smile upheld.
POEM

Through an afternoon nibbled by mobile sleep,
We felt Lethe let go of you and me.

A mile is how we met, motif kept up even
Across the halfbreath width of a table at
Which we sat and had tea and never tried
To gobble its lips duckwuck or take fall.

from CAPTIONS FOR FASHION FOTOS
what keeps us apart
cancernodes and painted earlobes
customs search and contraband roads
overlap

But that act
cannot, in the end, distract.

even toads refuse to offer refuge
to disparate lovers
whose shrewd eyes glitter
the border authorities
perfecting their customs search
of cubbyholes

POEM

I crawl the border with a twig
scraping entrance.

Like proverbs carved in
an elixir place of flowers,
with gaps in its passport it must be us.

I wish my hands could crunch up the window,
Wad up the world and throw it away: I'll shed
My conclude child filled with the echoes nether
Made, if coming at last I lie across exhaust
To pray my pedestals' unyield will moult me
Some further shade, sad cadence of the farceur:
he swamp-barbed skin of lovers depicts this wave--
These summer kisses a net-of-gnats that catch
what-

THE SOLITARY SUBJECT

All summer nibbled by thoroughbred thermometers,
You glaze yourself via screendoors' haziness;
Like a sweat-drop surrounded by searchlights,
You feel this

You,
By nightfall the forebode brigade has passed:
Blindly bronchial their subtle-submerged inks,
But water is the root of transparency; even

The swamp-barbed skin of lovers depicts some wave,
Their kisses are a net-of-gnats that catch your
Steepduned hair, their thighclaps and intermittent
Maps' uncleansing spoor leaves you no ideal home:

I hazard an occupation of this room
where the bulletproof vest keeps stabbing itself

beggars my pursuits of its protective
coverings, one's most interior skin.
Its weight takes it on the wide
excavating lifesize replicas of the sun, I want
The letters traced in rote or rent passionate
by thought; the title retains the poem,
though nominally it is ours:
I'd like to suck dice, but which
of those dots is the nipple?

Each day I rip from my nipples
a calendar's cleavage, leaves clinging to
the months that abandon them

[
//

I authorize you to baptize the S.S. Titanic
the voice said and I obeyed but maybe
too well. Goodness, like concealment, has
these defeats, wingbeats baring a face, grass

frothing on its endless chain. But does the sky
distend for further illumination:
To openly display

my culprit, what sin am I oppressing. Sought for
wiping the bandanna from my ensemble,
dumb and certain to one's own desires,
or else because form's forgetfulness is

oblivion tamed by hand, I aim for certainties.

as if a grope that fashion achieves,

*

My face is a quizbox killed by zoomrays.

At times they create an alternate life
but that is no prior claim. Aloft

I see startled robins rush, through scar-wept panes
my maiming hands cling toward those cohabitations
of wings and pride. Each nest eludes me. Home
is a dream, immured behind the sign of perfection,
its outline bad as an aura's. Angels live there,
not me. Heaven's equation of me is an error
in the sum of time, the sleep I poach from is
posted with echoes, the sky's marvelous promise
shows an endless vista, whose cleavage of owls weeps
and taps at bullseye sills with chills, with fever scrapes.
Furtive its syndrome, ancient vexacious aim,

undenied unconstrained at our
uncertain

Oh amputatoes, the resonance a profile
situates against a fullface.

trials protracted throughout their
length

As you migrate over crop-rotations,
fly through gushers or geysers
which grope for crow'snest fruit:
peach-red kerchiefs tied to my tusks attest
crumbling/memory to make
my choicest forsakings.
a deep cleavage of owls
lost, and was it all only an illusion
as bullseye rain overt
leaving

earth's equation on an aquarium where
the word never is always penultimate, never
late, intacting itself, present, cognizant
of rain's narrowest precedent, tremors
that make us take breath

His face was like a stopsign in quicksand.
And yet he went on, he went on past
all idols, to seek the pure forgiveness
of mirrors; he gave himself to a murderous
cleavage of owls; indulging his need
for abasement, he, while the here was
left ajar, the far slammed shut, had noplac
What a bullseye sill his mockery made.

aquarium emptied into a syringe

Penis encapsulated in its stupid froth
half-same as a memory dawn, prime scum
dead doilies my wraith consumes in burnt-out
mimescapes. Now the time for roofless actions begins.
though an evening's gauze gnawed them with gold

*

Of all you held in bask of tiptoe days,
that ball whose deadweight felt right,
what still wins? The streets poise their point

to teeter atop your fingerjoint, to spin

ever-returning, choiring circumference
and try to hold on to ourselves
as long as a portrait
is possible in this sibilant
palette's surplus
presentation
some urge for witness,

I comb my slit with a lit fuse
a man balancing his goodness,
parch and mouth offering to cry
each time I part from the bye.

A man to loll his buttocks on
a blade, I question none in turn

for the horizon to halt
at its rise or fall.
Before such stillness we too
might capitulate/pause in place,
Open throat-lockets, how much you reveal!

Strike fact to a person dissolute is untoward,
a purpose for the police who possess
islands. An armistice of purpose

See me here, a
teeshirt worn backwards
to insult the mirror.

Masturblast of angels,
laid down by a lamp
that shrivels
like a heart
in cellar.

Shut up with stupid
summer insipid
its picnic
logic.

A tickled teaspoon.
Monkey unanimity
can't hedge my house safe.
Archetype infinite, what?
Disgrace. See its face, fearful
The face of those in bed, how sanctum-bound,

how the face lingers to lie on the threshold
to discover its intent. Events, pageants, gather to express its suffice.

HOMESTORM

You feel the frontstep teetering on
the future scatterings of the house,
antique furnishings and forms
you have come to scavenger;

it means there's enough time still
for your foot to stall and your gestures
to grow heavy as cupped eggs

hurry while heaven's favorite paperweight

descends, snow presses the pages that lift
you away like gusts across the desk
and out the door you're afraid to knock on.

Here is another candidate of bend.
Sucking its fist, finding its at-lastness.

crumbling down past the level of fine fibers,
whose glare point out/
outshines taps the glass for drape seconds,
wrap hours we look to the reach of.
but falls distracted,
Why does this suit me more
than that, does every shape captivate
its opposite: picture an ape canvassing
himself by thumbs. My mirror blinks.
On their knees their heads nodding
with the emphasis of melt-blank silences.
Deeper imports, aspects of an occasion
that has an air of being previous to a tale
excites or quenches the dream.
two with mingled
sounds of ecstasy or
The dream would have had to be found
equally by the presence of those who knew
too much and those who knew nothing.

Imagining a trait less real than my own,
the falsity of which lingers until upon
my sacred tongue. Each word fences
off its cow; each syllable allows its dutiful
doubt to engineer the faultline time is
gushing out of: easier to guess the wonder
although bare impartial noses impede,
seconds away from the allies gathered by soon;
believing sand has offered itself for fine
grating, filigree grafitti writing in cache.

handles my cheeks envisioning
roughly. Something trivial, facing
a leaf caught in a grindstone's V,

Let my words reverse the words I say.
Lesser scale I could change the lightbulb
days drag me down with pursuant road
They leave their debt-dross
They leave me to cope, once in a sense
Everyday the accomplishments occur
I push a switch and the lampshade shines
To upstage to step around the broken glass
Because it glows intact in its globe and shows you how
to live. In fact, you don't have to live.
more than regret more than an ant
to live without accomplishments directions

destinations is more than a once
an act of cruddy cruciplastics
It's never over, that act. That chance.
More than. You don't need this lapse-tense
to read and understand that

I see my childhood change the bulb that never burns out:
He regenerates me.
Secrets daylight holds all-too-known,
no point to confess what crevice kept us so, so
undisguised with the urge to lie down
by a lamp fearful in cellar. reverse
their theme. Most of lost by now,
most of old. Past. Placeless.
The font can't mount up the word it said.

a modest ear of corn in my fist makes
my body heel to a priest full of ways
to fuel creation. Each thimble drink
seems to contain that opposite narcotic
the nation. Externals from its realm
infringe my room with radio modes.

The source
remains in the mind as an evasion
of time's interior road, utterly outside
astride its flow, rowing stars along
a stream subsumed, its name in mine.

Does every shape captivate its opposite?
I picture
an ape canvassing himself by thumbs
inside my thoughts.

that split his home
shows the furniture's two-legged there,
surgically his house is cleavered if he

love at first assault
tinged as a stingshell

pine dancer oneshot

Pronounced / pouring out
so daily, so spokespersonally.

SOME SHORTYPOO'S
EPITAPH FOR A STOWAWAY

Pyred windowpanes.

Ivory cameo that milks my profile.

Cream whisked off a dream.

Lewd froth of the newfallen ant
entering the thirst and thorn
of my tongue stabbed stung.

Repeat: its image commemorates
this conceit of mode,

these photo-retouched homicides.

Normally strongholds kill me.

I know my shadow falls twice,
once here,
once where you are.

Its distance revives the moth
that melts palms against hands
mashed together to kill
all these sky-traceries.

I study the nude's description
in personal fissures, I versify
the lamp of dawn, tinge stingshell.
forcements
e-ciphering the words of others in
A few romps before the arrests
occur, restoring our despair
whose order is there to abhor
whatever we offer those tests

resolving to find us some more
which might meet strength face or fore—
yet to bring our vital stats back
consortium against the lack

numbers no gain that can outscore
our opponent's omnipotent
memory for the times we've failed
in the breaking that is vantage

so quiet it allows every
betrayal. Even if it were
Paul Celan playing the prison
warden who recaptures all the

escapees there would still be those
among us who never know how to.

You can't even wait for life to begin
anymore, can you, as if your world
is in the last row of the empty movie
so far back the dialogue goes unspoken.

Trapped at the end of your act, finale
then fade to black, the madeup face
of your neo-noir grave begs for applause.
You can't wait for absence to take your ticket

and usher the bus station locker where
you hid the loot without which your wife
dies hostage every night. Alone now
with the old shapes that bless tables bare,

your lack of preference preponderates,
the healer's apparatus is healed over.
Force, force, uneasy to understand.
Will one word of valid-emerge rise from

that cradle, the scissors repeat their
rhythm across the paper whose cut-outs
collage my mind's mess: beneath the town
bank's clock a child paces reciting

the alphabet to show our time is hard to
learn when around the corner its farms
atrophy while the boy says the letters over
and over to show his fate how smart he is.

My habits are my help
bad as they are, summoned
to resurrect the Jesus I
can't find the rite to rid
my childhood of. Chewing
my nails to nubs probably
conceals yet greater fault,
maybe it keeps me from
committing some evil overt.
Salvation is bad behavior
in small doses, immunizing
the urge that underlies all
I am. This minor blood-act
stripping the quick opaque
shields that could lead my
fingers phalanx to slaughter
the enemy opposing me is
a strange way to avoid sin.
I bite in. My teeth tear at
the halfmoon hornplate,
deep as mouth they remember
war's the norm to some, males
most of them who swarm us
to the kill. Terminal typo
in a font unreadable beneath
its scars, the Y chromosome
is one erratum time must
correct. Many poets claim
the best way to proofread is
to read the damn thing aloud
while someone else checks
the print, this oral method
works best to find the faults
that lie so visible in verse
but remain unseen in us,
the surface we bare

instances
palliates the inherent guilt

Salvation
increases its doses versus
the rest of us alive at least:
salvation helps those habits
to commit the same act of
equal prayer, hope's remnant.
What remains in the form
stays intact. Whole to the soul
a typo in a font unreadable
unless one's eye's my one eye

unleashed in sin bars, lashed
to come to an end season
all dirge. I find my hybrid
by interludes. Effigy affinity
praises the love that consents
to view a face in ordain to
console the partial signals,
I tell the day to wait for us
to enter its past
when all eyes shut
and the dream winks its key.

The pail
overflows what it kept

.
gave knowledge yet end, each
My pilgrimage reaches
that forsaken reservation
the hinterlands hinted at.

The sign was something trivial,
a leaf trapped in a doorway,
leaf stepped on, on a doormat,
crumbling down into fine fibers,
succumbing to at-lastness. Is it
the fear of such insignificance
that makes us lock the sermon
in a drawer till Sunday morning
when, dashed by the stripes of
a snake's parasol, we open?

Animals proceed to extinction
on their hindlegs or their fore,
God grounds us in gloves that
keep our omnihands from
touching flesh with flesh, thus
preventing the relapse to desire
one's kind: similarity haunts
the ruins of a fingerprint with
the patience to outwait identity.
Aftermath's a studio of mirrors, where
prudent heirs sweat in overcoats,
a bulletinboard handles my cheeks
roughly.

whose moral is familiar or not
but distinct and readied at hand,
held for welcome's keeping.
You warm your hands at your feet. Cradling
an antenna's unripe fruit, your
gusts incite the white apartment,
undarkened rooms where rocks
sink in recital. A swarm of central
materials comes to harm you.

Every possible absence points
to one thing, an object which
the present has overlooked.

GAMBLER

Daily he plays place,
he bets the blue racetracks
that run beneath his skin,
and always wins.

No fragile dice of smiles
can recoup the loss
that frowns bones
between his crapshot hands.

The lottery his face wages
for his heart doubles
its prize each time he lives
to stake again the all he has

sacrificed to back this bet.

like a parley

He found in lapse
his body's solo data—
it left him whole
without the halve-of-love.

Forced to eat his camouflage,
forced along those roads
he took no part of home on.

Often at night unseen he flew
at rarities of you.
They were so few.

No wonder when they found him
he was ready to

Rainshowers are ribbed,
Their amoeba network knit.
Like children resigned to surplus
passive in the face of glut
that pets and fondles
its schism-flavored camera.
deaf to indigo to arsenic summers
my cloud buries the resultant quietness
deafness would be a refuge
when my shadow hides behind the light
bubbling on lips like firstborn mushrooms
its facade yield is forbidden by my claim
at the shrine
the monastery behind the scenes
superfluity
against indulgent sober skies endowed
with amateur sugar
while the meshed shampoo of sleep
massages contrary
their cellar disdains the implicit whole
totality announces its safe arrival
in our skull
Can you survive its element
And luxure-thrive there, the way
claim you are not alone with them, that
you withhold your only solitude deep
ebbed from all. Hole company, slick
meaning
induced by sweat. Words shouted at orgasm,
if taped and played back, would you recognize
them? Words you said while pausing in the middle
of other words stamped on the package
addressed to you
until sentiment is over, the

rope that operates its axis impels me to choose
freely

Their categories blur for a solitude/splendor deep
ebbed from all.

SWAN

swan is a serpent with wheels
see the river
its route excretes nature

directionless
it threads the root of glass

love at first assault
pine dancer oneshot
its guitar
is anathema to smart tailors

a postagestamp bears your image
too often
to remain readable

emptiest envelope
museum of grief
expanse of sweat
spectator who squats on the author

All solar worlds are the same,
no inspiration
rises from the ground,
instead it descends from above
to secure a spot where I stay
for a crevice a haven.
From the ground surrounding
some sill held firm in origin, how
thwart one's design grows.

Always the intervene arrives,
sauve guillotine honed on its air
of precedent, accident.
Its surge hands crown descent
with enemies energies animal
question machine spirit crypt
fissure to tap the well's outgurg
crumbling beneath each issuance.

force bears more than we can stand
to a storehouse site where external
one name for mine . . . to recede
against the stream, to substitute
outside astride its flow, swaying backwards
of time's ulterior progress utterly
only prior in the mind as an evasion
Intonations of high tide trip one's words
on the path to Homeric realms.

Playing catch with my final crown
My shadow hides beneath the sun
to inspire me: are
I wait crosslegged, absurd conjugal indigo.

predecessor
ELYSIUM

An echo-ax clears the site
the quote-gate builds to cease
that nonce substance, freshet
surging up where formerly
nothing but egyptland was.

Plum-smoke vista, a bible-double
secures visitors to this site
where bacteria's betrayed
by ads for ego: in the orchard
violins rear up like judges.

Bo-Peep browses a moment
to plant now in; hard rhymes
of childhood ride Grandma
or play a drum in the bathtub,
punished winter of aftermath.

the remains, the garbage-worth.

DEPARTURE LOUNGE

Passersthrough. Our waits wilt
like the heart of a machine
that vends coffee. We're through.

Nowhere to go. Our laps cradle
the wings of bad passage,
the brochures filled with
other destinations.

Albatross has replaced the rose
in the goodbye bouquet
we forgot to buy.

A new existence beckons but
the paperback in our hand
still tells the proles in us
to love the Icarus guys.

Words spoken toward objects
in outway corners still had no intention
to abandon our joint theory that being
lost in the crowd
(either lingering or moving to gather renewal)
was in itself a greater good.

The great poetry press needed some stray parts.

Despite which
you felt this impulse was not gloating enough
to issue promptly enough in a direction that was
not to have been presaged by the course
of their previous encounters: it scarcely matters,
being probably nothing but the speech that ways
would use to startle us with overdetermination.
Though dispersal is the original motive
to view its intrinsic features, pic
tures,
heirlooms, treasures of all the famous;
a vicarious last seriousness
to give ourselves to.

DOT MALONE DIES

in the book he's got his stick
did he get dot with his stick
when dot started out in the 40s
there were lots of brunettes
like her but the 50s got stupid
meaning blonde so dot dyed
he died in the late 40s so he
never saw her pale-headed
his stick with him to the end
brought some fame and fortune
to his author beckett a nobel
but after dot got her oscar for
her part in the flick written on
the wind directed by douglas
sirk who could have adapted
the tale of his lingering demise
in technicut widescreen mode
starring rock hudson rock stick
rock's stick could have probed
the beck of his empty room the
beck and call of emptiness exit
existentialism all the words that
begin with e would have been
dialogue for rock and dot but
dot could have played the part
as well as rock she could have
lain in bed directing her story
toward the essence of Macmann

[

CONTRARY

Dawn leaks consequence. Where it will,
hovering over appletree or railroad, all
bright angles, letting the hopes happen.

Maybe the day is blue, meaning south,
meaning drought can find a path in it,
lack can offer it reasons for not being—

But if the day were gray, would plenitude
negate it? These eithers make a laugh.
They do not consider my health, how

it depends on neitherness's neutrality,
on tepid clemencies and staling bread,

room temperature always preferred.

My armchair's placed beneath a glowing
antenna which even hums a little to ease
the least concern. Twilight, chores done,

the overflow of panting elevators appears
frayed, decayed, despite ferocious washing;
a wasteland imposes grateful ants. Some

say the afterlife will try console our taste
for communism: faraway docility, urge-edge,
can you restore such douceur? Transitory

commensurate, the body's border throws
that origin an old lens stained with
the remoteness of incest. Tilled bare,

ground mutes me, bored rascal ill;
I maladministrate the war of handshakes:
sweet rain nets too much pit. Covert

holes perforate air like hints of dark
guidance—are sky's ways unsullied by
route or is it all pre-mapped, programmed

by fate? Here you and I are loath: we
conspire with appears, coy counterfeits,
zeroing in on the spoils that fill spoons

daily with hesitation while intention
awaits all festivity. All reception. Or else.
I'd sink sulkwise if it weren't such regress.
QUEST

Hooking itself on a penis of alas,
certainly the waste won't acquaint us.

Yet grapes the glassblower finds wicked
may pass through fishgills quickly;

so a rose in its vein is a niche
nearer another no longer at reach.

More mail stamped with confetti comes.
Why does the carrier not care?

But I prefer a gravel of nutshells—
if my bare soles have to be hurt

let it be by the cast-offs of growth;
by seeds that swelled to rife flesh

and filled the whole hull to burstness:
please pierce my feet with their overt.

POEM

A category mistake, trying to shake
the alarm clock awake.
To rouse the dead,
break their rigor with your head.

If the dream doesn't know you're awake
you may have to repeat

its action, dialogue, the plot
stacked up in sheets whose white

arrows cross your desk to find that
the paperweight has melted your words
into dreams that don't know what

your waking words signify—costumed
insistent narrative that wakes
you before the dream has told its own
version of snow settling into sleep.

POEM

I want to commission a portrait of you
but I have no money and don't know
any painters to do it for free. I don't
want the portrait for myself, no, it would
go to you. I guess I'd like it if you thought
of me each time you looked at it but
probably after a while you would forget
the circumstances of its installment
and simply glance at it from time to time
as if it had been there always, an old
heirloom or less, a thing kept not for
any memories it stirs but simply because
it has no practical use and therefore
would take too much thought to throw away,
too much effort. If it's successful, that is—
And though I have crammed everything
into this portrait which does not exist,
it remains the non-confrontation you need
to get through each day/ to survive each day's incursions of fate, the daily hurt.

unsatiated, stays compromise.
A thousand campaigns of insightful rummage
cannot glut it, satisfy its imperial essence,
remote ethereal framing. I crave its emptiness,
never-to-be-filledness. It blinks at me,
idol of smithereens, filled with shadow-hush.
Spatial justice, harmonic weight, pinned dream.

REGISTERED TRADEMARK

Mysterious measurements left the house
so empty that all the other houses
have been permitted to pervade it.

Only compared to the sniffing of a dog
trapped in a cupboard, your curiosity
will never deepen to desperation still.

Like a bus bound for crosses laid church-wise
over fallow parents, you barter-gather a land
bladderspasm sculpture has bared before.

You warm your hands at your feet. A swarm
of central materials comes to harm you.
God has his imperatives of glove, but you are

a T-shirt worn backwards to appease mirrors
with a logo/slogan whose moral is familiar,
distinctly held for welcome's keeping.

I understand the concept of diamond, how
its value is based on its rarity—
that's how we children in the orphanage viewed
the few adults we came in contact with.

Their scarcity stood out among us,
shining from above in the form of teacher
or overseer, from the housemasters who
ruled the buildings we lived in, the cooks

and groundskeepers, the whole staff of grownups
it took to run the place, to keep us in place. . .

You might encounter one in your schedule
across the campus and they would be
the anomaly in that village of kids, the odd
find shining up from the dirt, the gem
No fragile dice of smiles can win back the loss
that frowns bones like a stairway
between his delays, his contradictions, and yet
in the interim already
they whispered of days, of dote-to-dote joys,
they lay on a divan of dark spots
and launched a lair-more
to look for.

High above a hovel of unruly pockmarks,
bathed in goodbye's abuse,
narrowly escaping the triumphal arch
that lubricates traffic,
will I find that home, that people

Then I hang mirrors from my scabs
but the wires rip them loose
(note: get tougher scabs next time).
Relieved to have found a spot that cannot
Be mine alone my feet falter-all catch
Backward clumsy in steps they're expert at.

None of its neon towers can tell me why
My wandering eye always undermines

DETOUR'S WIDOW

Historic costumes condemn the earth to half.

Even recent rivers on drawn wings,
hovering once, show thirst has sashes.

Constellations. Autonomy in action.

Every keyhole approached knows me.

By evening the arcade outside has passed
blindly bronchial its subtle-submerged ink

yields dimishment, an interregnum made of
stuffed dolls cast in the figurative. Each smiles
above its fantastic neck, remembering only
the first rejections, the facades of afternoon
and fall in the gathering of desire, each noun
replete with sense of genre crossing titular
fatigue, each handout the beggars receive
beckoning the swamp-barbed skin of lovers
and yet what depicts this wave if not remorse.

Their kisses are a net-of-gnats that catch what
but the year, the seasonal jams and jellies
that record our passage across the isthmus
of defeat, that photo-racked recursive gender.

A roadsign to a snail might shift and be real
to me if I were reduced in my creatures,
undermining the question with furtherplod
memorable to your ghost, whose features
take on the exalted tension of a foreseen
allusion torn open at the neck by exactitudes
forbidden over the phone by giant rays
banning our invictus carafe. From annual and
tender stockades I wait for amusement
commitments to forge my disciples, their cruel
smorgasbord bodyguard restored by bed.

Or litanize whose name, the two syllables
that maintain your tag, stumbling in a cower
toward the harbor's caress festival, that lovelag.
That skag. But when the unexcited lava covers
us with barefoot condiments, will, unhaltd,
I drink dirt from sloppy seashellsó
long candle, ponder, short candle, thinkó
or fail to overcome what fatal inertia.

Jettison person, sad cadence of the farceur.

Conclude-child, at last to lie across exhaust:
I pray my pedestal's unyield will moult me.

It must be retraced, renamed, our skin:
what blush colorcodes mine as "preen chain"?

The skin of lovers depicts this wave, its
steepduned halo, whose unclesing spoor offers
to crunch up a window wad up the scene use
it to mop the sill where each sunbeam mutatesó

Something active, trying in tandem like hands
to estimate the carats of an altar, plough
a spider to scratch. The vertical vertigo waits.

My so far feeling fetches out a little face.
strike whole, focus

. Done. Gone.
quenched completed
me they strike whole, focus,
sole

Stalactitism glides across my face.
Recedes in suedes and browns.

If every valid absence points to one thing,
an object presence has overlooked unless
the fullness ripeness intervenes. Is it
the fear of such insignificance that makes us
lock the sermon in a drawer till Sunday morning
when, dashed by the stripes of a snake's parasol,
it trips a step. Do animals proceed to extinction
via hindlegs or their fore? The mind restrains
this project for the sane, its unquarried energy—
God grounds us in gloves I guess. They keep
our omnihands from touching flesh with flesh, they
prevent the relapse, the desire for one's kind,
the prophylactic response: similarity haunts
the ruins of every fingerprint which bears it,
which partakes patience to outwit identity.
Aftermath's a studio of mirrors, a curt salon
where prudent heirs sweat in overcoats, sure
their profiles would disgrace our art-dartboards.
Thus nature finds its quickest aim in beginnings,
a naissance to obliquely punish yesterdays with.
Cradling an antenna's unripe fruit, your gusts incite
the white apartment, its darkened rooms where rocks
sink in recital. But the central event will not relent.

...

December 30, 2008

drafts and roughs

*

EN PASSANT

above our toes is where
we like to be below our hair
but are we really there
the occasions rare

I kept my whatstabs in the air
as one probing answer
hoping others might
agree with me despite

the whywounds they bear
on every chance we meet
the occasions rare
our lives dispersed as days

I kept hoping the street
would kindly parallell me a ways
before resuming its maintenance
of the distance

*

TV anchors should wear bibs in case
the nonsense starts to dribble
and splatter, the sense utter a moan,
while zodiacs weep on the clocks behind them.

Those clocks—have you noticed?—show
how excitingly time varies with distance,
as opposed to any heartbeat's

hometown-like monotony—

Starlets loll across windshields,
the police freeze in profile.
I am your tease-host, they glimmer.

Have you noticed? CSI props down
each corpse's eyelid with a zoom-lens.
They say you can see everything that way.

*

I endure the dust in footish dwindles,
high in the wind's pride I dwell
adorned turning. Take custody herd,
the buffoons inspect me, divvying

my heave through subdued flesh
or meddling bones, corrosion of the []
habitat for humanity the corn wheels
over the hill, lambs []

*

My face reminds the world of Anonymous,
each feature generic as Doe—
no wonder I've become eponymous
with nil and nought and no.

All I can do is lie there
limb by limb alone
and try not to cry
loud enough to care.

[]

*
*

the poem
emerges from
the nonce
it wants
to be the non
sense of unless
it's one itself
already in
which case what's
the problem

/
the poem
comes from
the nonce
it wants

to be
the non
sense of
unless

it's one

itself
already

in which
case what's
the problem

it says
otherwise / its term / some term

it says
no way

hose zay nosegay
but see

itself contrary
but see
if that's

the case
what's
the problem

/
to be
unless
it's already
one it says / one itself says

nonsense
one itself /one

*

I want to purify the poem
by dedicating it to myself,
but the pot darkens
the archeologist and holidays
are dull. There must
be a magazine that publishes
blushes but no, probably not——

To lie on one's back limb by limb
and play with pebbles in a knot
is my lot. Personal stylites
to dot my I's pillar needed.

The sparrow-dried wafer
will flit tonight, when the veil
clutches cameras. Echo-infant
cymbals will scar our thirst
on dole.

/

*

THE LOVES OF A DRAIN

Our embrace/lovmaking summarizes the wallpaper,
designed to repeat the pattern we lie apart/

/its repetitive visual rhythms find
their analog in each urgent thrust—/

/designed to repeat patterns our flesh meets
and lies apart, subsumed in the love
of a drain. The drip of repetitive
visual rhythms across the ceiling
finds analog in the clogged couplings of

/to lie on one's back and advocate crumbs
is all I can do, or denude the bed
by waking to transgressions that express
me better than

*

storm performance: its tree-toss rage
like a pianist's pompadour mimics bravo;
saluto bravo; /exalto bravo;
/expresso bravo; / taking a bravo; /mimics bravo: /
can wind-cringed powerlines engage
the debut of this ever-new virtuoso—
weather is the prodigy of every stage

like a pianist's pompadour over the keys;
head-seige /head-play/ head-surge above
head-sways over/above

head-swings / head-hurls /

*

*

beauty is backpedal
its continuum a pedestal
beneath which I grovel

my childhood fades in untold photographs
even the clouds want down please

it's enough to transmogrify your mogrifies

her iso-splendor of arm pointed out
where stars like gnawed thimbles glow
dawn dild on my gildmold lids

writhic and positively full of loll

after the monster drinks the world
he spits out all the people
and they fall into your lap

the encore whose enema eats me

watch my occupant clutch parts of his breast
like a tweezers species /
embracesomely he was
swathed in sash

The bottom of that wishingwell festers
hypodermically: shot into strato
sparsed among errata it waters what?

bereave-voids/ spittled
drape finale

divestment empire as that should be lit

throughout some antique sleep
they kept their demands sultry
to attenuate my traumas
the corruption of cloying devils
while zeroes scamper across the clock
unless the cows, those old belgians, were
passing a debonair vowel (inept
attacks swept the barracks) whose
bared torso fed the marathon beyond shuddering
they scrounged and smoked a lozengeskull
what prompted this roam-colored ghazal
I am an aspirin-old that's all
sullen torn essence across this false perplex of nabes
slavish pensive as senile mic succor
though our flesh is minus the tongue's doubt
your pout (chagrin of suede) led the nation
they fear your gridlock sedatives hear the mime-spider

**

shall I paint through all the Isms to you
you who remain my No Period
my unportrayable

now I watch for your foot to interfere
with the flow of the gown
as it gathers its folds to freeze

solace of a word soaked in lieu-sense
at the bottom of a blue suspense train

to pass across myself with one eye closed
is to see many rasps for reason

to place me in significance to you
would be an augmentation of unbelievability
an under-life to reign my own

the art of fingerprint arrangement
(blooms of fate, unvased)
to correct the self
to perfect the I with a voila

in this way I may chance at last
upon weapons trained to sleep while
they seek each others range
gauging blows that argue no reprise

for my absence

the canals a-swish with big ships

my cased-in-ooze emptiness
outlasts all address of its distances
though the intent is worth more
than any gift fitful gush of thanks

my tongue bathes in my necktie

I felt a random urge to unhand a juggler

how come we never meet on forklifts
slept in just once by bare-fucked us

affix with cafts that line our veins environs
the doorknob drains the hand
our impatient posing in beckons toward
the end I may not invoke hard forgiveness
your love haunts its occasions like grief

I watched the wind lifting your rain-cape's points

You tie me to a chair
and give alms to the garbagebag.
The windows sag like handkerchiefs.

one can't exaggerate one's beggarliness
in an age of mechanical reproduction

pale corridors wander through room-Moreaus
floor-Magrittes ceiling-Sages mirror-Finis

static their flesh throws slow volts in the air

the blurb god gave my book awed the sweat expo
in roughed up eye fashions I lay

the stars through thin citrus laid

their fugue vitiates all my sieve hints

they placed their sky on the ski-lift and waved it off

sunglasses allow us to be modest in the face of ourselves

one-noter, doodle-shooter
