

**Bill Knott's verse draft
blog posts from 2009,
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 “A CONTRAST OF MUSTERS” 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

knottptyx@gmail.com



January 01, 2009

druffs and raffs

*

MEDLEY

A sunflower follows chessmoves
back and forth, but the minutehand
hates the hourhand, that big bully—
I myself covet tiny pushdoors, a
terrified via, whose keyholes I use
to bleach matchsticks in hope of
paler purer flames! And sometimes
across my strums, in madwallow
sprawled I lie, or else I escape
pelted by sculptors' raisins. Aboard
the meow express or the purr local
I will flee, trying to forget the White
House ear, to instead hear my pancakes
collapsing in laughter. It is perhaps
my fault entire that I cannot sham
their humor, that each term solders
me to a glassy voluptuousness of
avoidance, of irreproachable calm / irremediable
which many critics call suburban.

[

*

Gloves flung at statues may fall
into the same grope that shaped them,
rare gesture meant to make not maim,
and which is a resort to ritual—

I hurl my chisel at time itself
but nothing yields its clay to curse,
emptiness blunts each weapon perched
on my stiff pose's withering staff—

Like those splotches of paint Bacon threw
at a finished canvas to undo it,
ruining and opening a conduit
for revision, the statue's stone will grow

malleable but not the fleshly glove
that resists this form of final love.
/that finds its form draped in such love [

*

/

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 gerald

/
too late to kill the virgil
that led me to (not through) this hell
every page the journals circle

lower and lower they go
Neo-Post or Post-Neo
each verse worse than the last
/each more tortured than the rest
inferno follows verse
/ terror follows terror

*

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
Berkeleys, of pastime presences and ghosts
to cause the time 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 in 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, and each doorway gapes pried
from adamant guilty portraits. What pane bears
more, the unseen edge of its imminence over
each 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,
harmonious it wells with grass, grave settlements.

prayer

*

If I could only blank it out, every last bit of it, all the past, all my stupidities my
hapless behaviours and failures in detail, if I could forget the details of those
endless humiliations, especially the faces, the faces of everyone who rightfully
reproached me with disgust and contempt, all those who censured me with disdain
and disapproval, all of them with their glaredowns and gloats, browscolds and
sneers, the way all those faces looked as they made known to me how shameful,
how small and inadequate I was and still am. . . . The fact that they will die too is
no consolation, because they will not die with me on their minds whereas in the
final moments of my dying I will see nothing but a montage panorama go-round of
their faces as I lie there heaving for a last rale of air: their scornfrowns will fill my
eyes with all.

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drafts and roughs 01/01/09

*

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.

of all such efforts, the miracle that baits
your quest, the heightstakes you must surpass.

/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.

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January 11, 2009

drafts and roughs 01/11/09

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Pale. The silent aspect
of pearls at dawn.
Neptuneless mirrors.
Li'l inchling mummies
that milk me.

So I am sacrificed upon your like.

Love's a war where both
of them want to be
the Axis, neither one
wants to be the Allies.

Lime tango of lisp,
ripening sparks, the prose
pears of a moth's ear
are lit with your garish.

Eclipsed stopwatches
in throat's-wool, prey
I thrust my goldfish aura
at beggars. Snowleash

barricades halt the migration
of thimble ballets from
navel to thumbpull.

A crop-rotating
electric-chair leans over
the balcony and shatters
from too much Nova Scotia.

My furnace listens for bananas
while each day I pray
to stay out of the stray.
There's a huge monster

gorilla that's constantly
growing to outlandish
proportions loose
in the streets is

my favorite line from Konga.

*

remember your young loves
in case you forget the old
and lie there night after night
complaining that it's cold

remember your old loves
in case you're young
and you lie there believing
that you've just begun

then try to forget them both
in case they remember you
lie there in the middle
and hope that one was true

lie down inbetween them
in case they're feeling cold

young loves old loves
they won't let go their hold

no matter how hard you try / they hog the bed won't share
to forget they stay [/ the blanket

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January 24, 2009

roughs and drafts 01/24/09

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Dawn voices peals
and clarion mutes
whose vocal rays
make climate as it shines.

In the arbor of days
wine's press reveals
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 further 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.

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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,
grope 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-
staffs 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-
staffs 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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*

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 ...[].

*

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.

*

*

*

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

*

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 twelve 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 []

*

*

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

*

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

*

*

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 scotchtaped to a crashed window
/windshield]

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*

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,
[]

*

*

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

*

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

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: puffer 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

"Are human beings innately aggressive . . . ? The answer is yes." —Edmund O.
Wilson, On Nature

Rambo millenium—Back to Iraq—the Sleep
of Reason? our raison d'etre? The debate, the beat
goes on; oldest Oldie, B.C. Boogie: waves
of myrmidons besiege Troy—by stepping across
their friends' bodies. Whether of wood, or concrete,
the walls of our forts are Mother's body: sexist,

you say? I quote Freud. As if he weren't sexist—
Wars, of course, are sexist, a way to sleep
with the Enemy who eludes our concrete
mirrors—we meaning us: males. Me? Me?! Me beat
my wife?!! Hell, I'm civilized. It's not me across
the ocean battling SCUDs down with my bare hands, waves

of rocket launchers up my ass: my peacesign waves
alongside all the other 60s (no sexist
thoughts in our brains!) pinko lib-wimps, across
the hideous video monitor of sleep,
the Oprah-show of dreams . . . Meanwhile, the beat
of traffic continues on the concrete

street, offering as usual its concrete
reason to trade Blood for Oil: without these waves
of gas our Ship of State would sink. And so the beat
cop waves our cars on, the robocop; the sexist
cop's partner is Mel Gibson, who says: "To sleep, perchance to dream . . ."
Whoops, wrong movie. Oh Mel! across

your chest-hairs, or the cross-hairs of your gun, across
those ubiquitous shots of your buns, our concrete
runs. Our road. Road Warriors! Even in sleep
our gasguzzlers are Moses and those Red Sea waves
get date-raped. Our Judeo/Christian/Sexist/
Postmodernist/Neotestoserone beat

can't be beat, it beats that ThirdWorld beat—
xenophobe bop. Or else we'll kill it: across
the world our troops engage their troops in the sexist
version of sex. Male to male, set in concrete,
the War continues: Troy burns. Love burns. The waves
of its arms through the flames signal our sleep,

ask us to beat back this hopelessness, these concrete
feelings of helplessness. Across leaden waves
of sexist, racist propaganda, is peace sleep?

January 31, 2009

well then it's not a poem [roughs and drafts]

*

POEM IN MOTIFS

The window's clarity reflects upon
the windowsill's clutter too brightly
to be believed. Each pane pleads show,
don't tell. Beyond this, what else exists—

wishing the sun would set on his wrists,
exsanguinate day with one fine slash
like horizons married to shy bottles of wine
whose red has not bled drybed as mine—

As butterflies would appreciate slower
yoyoes, so I wait draped to uncurt my span;
I pay the fares of long forgotten trains.

Peaks plunge, cloaked in pregnant parachutes;
the soprano's single hairstrand stands on end.
My words erase your typist's fingerprints.

*

POEM IN TIEFMOS

Like sponges dipped in nude
a kiss of guess on the lids
discloses its thicket shed microlux—

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 seems
to indicate moot might intervene

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

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

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

Limbs are lethal clamped in 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,

refuting whomever lets opposites
stride your wedsaddle carpets.

*

POEM

let's have our duel on
a seesaw
I brought some along

Lillian Gish leaping
icefloe to
icefloe,
heel
and toe—
go, Lill!

can you read it through the envelope
no?
well then it's not a poem

/
*

drafts 01/31/09

*

a necktie
negates me

and of course
the shirt's worse

the pants
oh drat I 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 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

complain complain nag nag
least you got a rag

on your back my skeleton
pipes up look at me none

but when did this crack
occur with my shoerack

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 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

sympatico

uniform

what
when was the point
of disjoint

I can't change
their need for revenge

what made a rhomb

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

...

February 07, 2009

draftshorts and roughcuts

*

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 heaven's-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:
oh! my '50s-fave Dot's got stuck with some bit-part cameo.

*
*
*

like a frog in a slingshot
I'm somewhat
opposed to the apropos

and yet
I sigh pennies from my navel
don't I don't I

*

echo ache of the opera
your easy forever runs on
earlier harms than mine

*

scorched curtains
on the hotplate
a frozen shoelace

*
*

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.

**

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

*
*

[UNTITLED]

The moon's a wishingwell you threw
all your sources to, 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 access 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

*

*

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 unders 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.

*

*

February 17, 2009

drafts cloths

*

a necktie
negates me

and of course
the shirt's worse

the pants
oh drat I 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
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wants me dead

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are filled with loathing

my duds exact revenge
whenever I change

into them each item
claims me its victim

just getting dressed
is dangerous

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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

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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

complain complain nag nag
least you got a rag

on your back my skeleton
pipes up look at me none

but when did this crack
occur with my shoerack

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 made our aims separate

was I ever pleasing
to these raiments

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to whom I'm victim

but why why

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

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and all of them loathing

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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

...

March 02, 2009

POEM IN MOTIFS

The window's clarity reflects upon
the windowsill's clutter too brightly
to be believed. Each pane pleads show,
don't tell. Beyond this, what else exists—

wishing the sun would set on his wrists,
exanguinate day with one fine slash
like horizons married to shy bottles of wine
whose red has not bled drybed as mine—

As butterflies would appreciate slower
yoyoes, so I wait draped to uncurt my span;
I pay the fares of long forgotten trains.

Peaks plunge, cloaked in pregnant parachutes;
the soprano's single hairstrand stands on end.
My words erase your typist's fingerprints.

*

POEM IN TIEFMOS

Like sponges dipped in nude
a kiss of guess on the lids
discloses its thicket shed microlux—

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 seems
to indicate moot might intervene

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

or sap that jumps these yawns—
art's aspirations leagap, they make
the ripples on the lake linger

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

Limbs are lethal clamped in 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,
refuting whomever lets opposites
stride your wedsaddle carpets.

*

POEM

let's have our duel on
a seesaw
I brought some along

Lillian Gish leaping
icefloe to
icefloe,
heel
and toe—
go, Lill!

can you read it through the envelope
no?
well then it's not a poem

/

*

May 04, 2009

another "transversion" in process

*

EPOCHS

Even the tamest media trembles
When it hesitates to depict the gods
Raping and raging down on us mortals
Though as always the middle class applauds

Others fear this bestseller artistry
And they run hide between bare walls of earth
In such troubled times officials must see

An increase in myths of a virgin birth

If miraculously you can survive
Opening spring through its fine frozen doors
Hoping to catch any ally alive
Notice all the windows in the big stores

All of them show a swan bedded in blood
Her advertised blue eyes lidded with mud.

/

Though usually the middle class applauds
Although on cue the middle class applauds
But as always the middle class applauds
Though soon enough the middle class applauds
Though soon or late the middle class applauds

/

When it engages to schedule the gods
When it engages in showing the gods
When it depicts the old fables where gods
When it engages to enact the gods / schedule
When it engages to simcast the gods
When it engages to broadcast the gods / offcast
When it endeavors to depict the gods
When it hesitates to depict the gods
As it hesitates to depict the gods
In hesitation to depict the gods
livecast deadcast

/

Perhaps in such epochs the viziers see
Perhaps such epochs are the times that see
Perhaps during such epochs viziers see
For/In such troubled epochs the viziers see
Perhaps in such troubled times viziers see
Perhaps in such stirred times the viziers see
/ in such harsh times experts
Certainly such troubled epochs
Even the choicest tapestry trembles / the smoothest

Raping and raging against us mortals
But all too soon the middle class applauds

Even the oldest/youngest tapestry trembles
Enacting their bestseller / outrageous best fables
/ rape fables

Even the newest tapestry trembles / appals

EPOCHS

Old tapestries seem to tremble
Whenever they depict the gods
Engaged in rape-and-rape until
Even the middle class applauds
Others fear such fine artistry
And run hide between walls of earth
Often these evil epochs see
Increased myths of a virgin birth
If miraculously you survive
Opening spring through frozen doors
Hoping to find one ally alive / one bare soul alive
Note the windows of big stores
Each shows a swan bedded in blood
Her dead blue eyes lidded with mud.

Hoping to discover allies alive / to find any ally alive

Old tapestries tremble and try

Pursuing their usual/same fables

/
Hoping to find one ally alive / one bare soul alive
Hoping to find one soul bare alive
Hoping to find you're barely alive

/
Each with its raped swan advertised
Curtains of mud cloak her blue eyes.

Each shows a raped swan advertised
Curtains of mud cloak both blue eyes.

But daubs of mud coat both her eyes.

Daubs of mud curtain her blue eyes.

Each shows a raped swan with/her blue eyes
Lidded with mud as advertised

Each shows a raped swan on her bed
As advertised the eyes are mudded.

Whose advertised eyes are mudded. / blue bled.

Each shows a raped swan and her stud
Their advertised eyes blue with mud

Their wide blue eyes shoveled with mud.

Their mild blue eyes shoveled with mud.

Their mild blue eyes lidded with mud.

Each has a raped swan on display
Whose skyblue eyes lie caked with clay.

Each shows a swan bed red with blood
Her dead blue eyes lidded with mud.

/

Engaged in rapes and rage until

Engaged in rage and rape until

Engaged in rape-and-rage until

Chasing their rape-fables until

/

Chasing their true fable until

Chasing their lone fable until / sole / one

Chasing their lost fable until

Caught in their one fable until
Even the middle class applauds

Act out their sad fable until
Even the middle class applauds

In their only fable until
Even the middle class applauds

Enacting their fable until / Chasing

Haunting their one fable until

/

Each with its raped swan advertised
Her blue eyes curtained in dirt-dyes

The skyblue eyes in mud arrayed / displayed

dirt / flirt / skirt/ unhurt /

Her blue eyes shining through dirt dyes

Her skyblue eyes lost in dirt dyes

Her skyblue eyes curtained with clay

How the same raped swan lies displayed
Her blue eyes covered with nightshade / grave spade
Each blue eye covered by a dirtspade
Each blue eye shoveled under mud

Where the same raped swan lies blooded flooded
Her skyblue eyes covered with mud

Where the same raped swan lies wedded / offered
ud / cutprice downgraded / for sale / on sale

Where the same swan awaits her stud
Her blue eyes shoveled under mud

Where a swan lies raped by a stud
Her blue eyes shoveled under mud

Blue eyes covered in mud and clay

Blue eyes curtained with mud and clay

Her blue eyes curtained with mudclay

How her blue eyes lie cloaked in clay

How her blue eyes are caked with clay

See her skyblue eyes cloaked in clay / choked

Her skyblue eyes clotted with clay
/
Others view such threadwork with fear
And hide out between walls of earth
Often these evil epochs rear

Others run from such artistry
And hide between bare walls of earth
Often these evil epochs see
Increased myths of a virgin birth

Others fear such smooth artistry / such great artistry
/ huge artistry

Sometimes evil epochs decree / see

Often such evil epochs see
An increase in myths of virgin birth

Others view such artistry with fear
And run hide between walls of earth
Often these evil epochs rear
Myths concerning a virgin birth

EPOCHS

Old tapestries seem to tremble
Whenever they depict the gods
Enacting in/ Acting out their favorite fable
While the middle class applauds

Others view such artistry with fear
And hide between walls of earth
Sometimes these evil epochs rear
Folkmyths about a virgin birth

What miracle to survive
Opening spring through frozen doors
Hoping to find one ally alive
See in the windows of big stores

The usual raped swan display
Its skyblue eyes curtained with clay

*

Époques (by Jean Follain)

Que de main-d'œuvre
dans ces tressaillants rideaux
figurant des dieux
certains bourgeois acclamèrent
d'autres se terrèrent
entre des murs nus
un corps parfois s'offre
dans ces époques troublées
s'il y survit
il se peut qu'il ouvre la porte
donnant sur une cour glacée
où gît un mannequin
aux yeux bleus
couvert de terre argileuse.

*

trans. by Serge Gavronsky:

Epochs

So much workmanship
in these trembling curtains
depicting the gods
some good men applauded
others went to earth
between the bare walls
sometimes a shape appears
in these troubled epochs
if he survives them
he may open the door
on a frozen courtyard
where a mannikin lies
its blue eyes
covered with clay.

*

Others are afraid of such skill
/ Others view such skill/artistry with fear
From which they may emerge / appear /
/ From which they / In which they find the evil / of these
During these trouble epochs / If these evil epochs come forth
/Into which they disappear
They timidly bare their wrath / bare there their wrath
They lie there bare in their wrath

/ When these evils epochs come forth
And when these evil epochs appear
They may timidly
/ Timidly rehearse/strip naked their wrath

If one of them survives / If any of them survive
And if he opens enough doors / And if they open
Not expecting to see anything left alive

/to find others alive
To see in the windows of big stores
/They may see windows of big stores

The usual raped swan display /
Holding/Showing the usual raped-swan display /
Light the usual raped swan display
His blue eyes curtained with clay / in clay
/ Its skyblue eyes curtained with clay

Can any of them survive / Could any of / Should any
And if they open enough doors / To grope open enough
Hoping to find their/some allies alive
Instead/Will they see windows of big stores
See in the windows of big stores / the usual raped

In their/Offer the usual raped swan display
Show the usual raped swan in display
Its skyblue eyes curtained with clay

/Old tapestries seem to tremble
Whenever they depict the gods
Enacting their favorite fable / In enactment of their
Engaging in their favorite fable
While the middle class applauds

Others view such artistry with fear
And hide between walls of earth
Each time these evil epochs rear
Sometimes they poke their heads forth
May cause a miraculous birth

Others view such artistry with fear
And hide between walls of earth
Sometimes these evil epochs rear
Myths of a miraculous/virgin birth

What miracle to survive
Opening spring through frozen doors
Hoping to find one ally alive
See in the windows of big stores

/ What miracle to survive
/ But what a miracle to survive
Opening spring through frozen doors
Hoping to find one ally alive / Failing to find
See in the windows of big stores
/ And see in the windows of stores

The usual raped swan display
Its skyblue eyes curtained with clay

//
POSTED BY KNOTT AT 9:46 AM

May 07, 2009

*
WATER

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
wait you can't leave it like that wait up
no: I have finished mourning you
hey wait up fraud fraud stop you catchesleeve you cheat
sorry: you have been mourned as much as you can be
but don't worry:
I am the mourner

**

POSTED BY KNOTT AT 8:00 AM

May 08, 2009

*

IMP

as i sd to my
the darkness sur
always talking i
caught maybellene
at the top
of the hill drive
he sd for christ
sake john why
can't you
be true i sd but
john was
not his name
his name was not
sd his name
no not was
never his
name i was not
his john though
as i was
motivating
over the hill i
saw him come his
cadillac sitting
like a ton
of lead sd sur
why not i caught
john at the top
of christ i

sd christ which
was not his name
maybellene mary
i sd which
was not his come
why can't you be
true drive he
started back do
ing the things
he sd john he
sd christ my
cadillac you
used to do what
can we do
against it why
can't we be
true for christ
sake look out where
yr going john
was not his name
came yr going
not look out
where not his
not no one
to witness to
adjust drive he
maybellene mary
i caught at
the top of the
cross was not
the darkness sur
creeley sur
berry sur
rounds us shall we
and why not
why can't you
be true drive
he sd for
christ sake you
can't be true
why can't can
we do against
and why not buy
maybellene a
goddamn big
car a god
cadillac to
witness and
adjust no
one to drive
he sd for
buy buy look
out why
can't you true
at the top of
the hill as
i sd to my
name which was
not why can't
why can't you
be true

[

///

POSTED BY KNOTT AT 10:24 AM

*

Just as all streets and roads should
be amended to include
bicycle paths,
so all literary avenues
should have a sonnet lane—

Everywhere those big
poems roar expelling their
hauxious exhaust, there
also our footpowered craft
could glide—

all SUVs (surface ugly verses)
ought to make room
for these smaller more
eco-esque vehicles.

*

Often while making love
hate would use our spine
as a one-string abacus

adding and subtracting
the tremors/numbers of orgasm as
we would slam and slam

on that empty jamb. Fruit
smoldered on our antlers
we drove the mouth [

[...]

*

In my father's house there are many homes
and in every one of them there's no way out
in ancient Crustpusyule the cossacks cry
they killed my son the mothers heap cry

while far out to sea the shark the crew
was knitting for their captain's birthday
opens its yak. Our life is such a strengthless pause
of waiting while it takes a jailer to pick

through his keyring to find the final door's
and the white hordes your voyeurkinder cried for in cradle,
oh skinny-factored earth, will they ever open

and bless with high falconry these thrusts
or is it else we pray. A razor-stacked savior
nods to show okay from the doorway.

/foam topples foam torrents above
the tower turrets float in aplomb
until the stones dog them down

eats nuts
to infiltrate the zoom

*

the barber slaps my face with minnows
to show how localized desire is

it stagnates at the bottom of a polevaulter's teardrops
or sweat and scums his efforts to measure up

to the fetish's pinpoint
as it melts
like the beauty of barking trapped inside a doll
but where flickers catch shadow and fall

the sky is filled with crayons running from eyes
and when the eyes are emptied
they blink

moist and lost
out of focus thrust-assed
a watercolorist barefoot in the alps

/

his sweat attempts to measure up

POSTED BY KNOTT AT 8:54 AM

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and why not buy
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goddamn big
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i sd to my
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they blink

moist and lost
out of focus thrust-assed
a watercolorist barefoot in the alps

/

his sweat attempts to measure up
POSTED BY KNOTT AT 8:54 AM

May 13, 2009

drafts

*

UNMIGRATORY

The Eskimos have 26 words for
snow but apparently none for why
the fuck are we freezing our ass
off let's pack up and move south—

Language presents its dislocations
in the guise of placements where
or there don't care, you're born to it
inherit its limits its circumlocutions

/or there don't care, ass as opposed
to the chair it squats on in the act / it squats/sits to mark the act
/to the chair it occupies with [?]
[to the chair it stole from the 3 bears]
/or there don't care, the 3 bears
for/are one transumptive [?] act / coming home to an empty tract / foraging
/or there don't care, the 3 bears
and Goldilocks may share this tract

of trespass: my case is no less sad
than those furclad northerners though
I lack the subtle need/distinctions to name
/I lack the discrimination to name / the discriminouns to name

my 26 aches/complaints/chills and more, numberless
the numb gradations of despair / these numb
that will not let me leave here. [] / will never let me leave here.

/my 26 weathers and more, numberless
the numb icebergs of despair / glaciers

/ the numb ice-boats / whiteouts of despair
/the numb blondations of despair

[trains of thought, temperate climes
here we come. The subterfuge of
the migrant occupies a frozen aspect [of

////

*

There in my bathroom mirror the watcher finds
All flesh is not desirable, though steam
Promises always fairer fauned 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 forms unless

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

[no less cognizant] than any boy grown old
feels his tepid taps run their course to cold.

/whose tepid taps here/have run their course to cold.

now tepid taps

/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.

Promises always fairer fauned/found than mine

////

*

BURIAL

On this opened edge/ askance
At this pendant moment / At this lip of a moment
/In these pendant moments
Earth seems most balanced /
Earth seems singularly balanced / particularly/peculiarly
Between its elements / Suspend between

The sun the cloud the wind and soil
All exert an equal pull
So the coffin's descent / So when the coffin sinks/ boinks
Is something never meant / Seems a variant / anomalous/
/ It seems to be from choice/
When the coffin enters
There are no dissenters / competing forces

Dressed in empty suits
All mourners are scarecrows
So as they shake hands across
The gaping grave it's too far

And they/They can barely brush their
Limp glovetips against each other

They flap their sleeves and brush/ touch
The limp empty glovetips
Together to

And they only barely brush / graze

As if by its own effort/ transit

BURIAL

Parting like long innards under postmortem
The sky pours
The winds come covey to call
Earth's balanced between its elements

The rain falls clinging to the mist
Which is its shadow
Is that why scarecrows are
Attending as the sole mourners

Now the bereaved shake hands
Across the open grave but some
Are too timid or too gap-fragile

To reach over far enough
For a consummate grasp
And can only barely brush their wet limp glovetips

*

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

....

POSTED BY KNOTT AT 8:50 AM

May 14, 2009

drafts

*

EMIGRATIQUE

The Eskimos have 26 words for
snow but none it seems for why

the fuck are we freezing our ass
off let's pack up and move south—

Language presents its dislocations
in the guise of placements where
or there don't care, you're born to
bear its limits its circumlocutions

of impasse: am I less inhibit than
those icebound northerners if
I lack the discriminouns to name

/of impasse: is my state less inhibit / thwart
than those icebounders if

/of impasse: am I wrong to believe
that unlike those icebounders I can escape
if I refuse to learn/label the nouns to name

/of impasse: unlike those icebounders
can I escape if I refuse to learn
the names of my 26 hells and more

the 26 hells I inhabit, numberless
the environmentals of despair
that try/vie to keep me from leaving here.

/my 26 hells and more, numberless
the environmentals of despair
that prevent me from leaving here.
/that prevent me escaping there.

/or there don't care, ass as opposed
to the chair it squats on in the act / it squats/sits to mark the act
/to the chair it occupies with [?]
[to the chair it stole from the 3 bears]
/or there don't care, the 3 bears
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islands that balance a splinter
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raves and wanders like a photo-chirp—
puppet finery adorns their pyramids—
the pawed-at touchstones sermonize

....

POSTED BY KNOTT AT 8:50 AM

May 15, 2009

drafts . . .

*

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 balls
miss those solid whitenesses
in this air of milkmurk

I too grope 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 I cleopatra
the cows until
they rameses

the zero that regulates my one
is angry at me

ave sister
ave triste

now each time
my hands try to fill
the abacus its numbers
empty them

I continue to fly although
I know 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

my smoke-signals all
claim to be drowning
though perhaps / unless / or else
I am reading them wrong

//

*

THE LOVES OF A DRAIN

Our lovemaking summarizes the wallpaper,
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
two who find themselves sinking into

each hole with swirl-on-cue tongues
insistent, barely saved by the act
gestures they denude the bed with,

waking transgressions that express
vent the urge to lie on one's back and
advocate crumbs. Gurgling passionately

their pipes express me better than I,
internal plumbing meets in these feints
across the sheets like a hand waving me

away from the precipice edge, whose
fidelity [
]

...

* THE LOVES OF A DRAIN

Our embrace/lovemaking 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

*

POSTED BY KNOTT AT 9:06 AM
drafts

*

LAPSES, LAPSES

There is no us unless it's Us: the Movie,
though every ocean thinks it remembers
Narcissus from somewhere, some death-scene smooth

and mugging for the camera, each drop
of water posed in its particular loss jacket,
beyond such reflections we meet in brackets.

Even more unwilling to assume the loss is

beading up accrued as a 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 morphous
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
that false 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.
Till antics with gleaming 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 autobi-hogs from the photo-insert
pages in the middle: soon 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, marble

halls filled with stills of Garbo Brando sex
studded poses, does anyone anyone, do you?
There is no us unless the movie version shows

tactile its evasions, pair that stills films glimpsed
loss of memory mare-sleep, simple narcosis.
Beyond such reflections us is lost in beckons.

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

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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
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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—

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get slurred together, get forgot—although

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/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

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POSTED BY KNOTT AT 6:19 AM

May 16, 2009

drafts.....

*

my smoke-signals all
claim to be drowning
though perhaps
I'm simply reading
them wrong
how many other
messages have I
misinterpreted today

I continue to fly although
I know the salvo as it soared told
me to fall and its shells
mentioned something
on their way through
maybe I misheard

each time
my hands try to fill
the abacus its numbers
empty them
in exchange
the commerce
of our encounter
equalizes further
with each caress

verse like mist
measured not by its reach
but its impenetrability
in blindness to bump
and break my womb's
earphones clapped
on the void

my teacher was echo
she made me stay after
and write her name on
the blackboard over
and over

my ears gave arbor
to endless infants
drunk on coifs
the pigtailed of their parents

I grope in the dark
with all my else and ouch
I enter the testament hole
where shroud embarks
I clasp a licenseplate and rub its
scenery of bitemarks

ave sister ave triste
save me have me

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

my hair done up in pitchfork tines shines
and I cleopatra the cows until

they rameses

the zero that regulates my one
is angry at me

ave sister
ave triste

////

in this known land
where all is named glare
a key
hidden inside an icicle drips on my door

....
POSTED BY KNOTT AT 8:33 AM

May 17, 2009

drafts....

*
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 or lockstates to steady 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 portrays 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? What can he prefer to see
Beyond me: Hell! what else is there to be?

/

/ voice
consciousness
morality
memory
maxim
death
transcendence
immortality
joy
pain
fate
figure

charity
pride
wisdom
salvation
matter
nightmare
duality
authority
(Goethe's list: daemon / chance /
love / necessity / hope)

/Beyond me? Ma! 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? Ma! What else is there to see?

*

POSTED BY KNOTT AT 9:20 AM

May 18, 2009

drafts...

*

let me stab this glass slipper into your heart
to see if it fits

the prison left our pores and they inhaled night
what else was left

what else was left
for flayhuman tongues to wax if not this

the escape route was so old
some of us found it in our bones

you belong fused don't you
you belong nailed to lumps of coal at bones end

their fingerprints turned wind and wind
till that corridor lost them

my mermaid mona lisa
bodiless arms remain your mime

I am bound to waft you
waft you astride

[

////

POSTED BY KNOTT AT 11:44 AM

May 19, 2009

draft....

*

DISENROUTE

Between her breasts was
a glass of water from
which I paused to sip myself

occasionally, to augment
the moment. And since
I've failed to regain that thirst,

can it happen again when
I re-read the poems from
that night, still fragments

for the most part, forgive
me, I know one word leads
to the one right for it, but

I can't stand an anthol,
a whole—the book held
by its pages together shows

its total tangents caught or is
that thought an adequate
lack of transition—there

are rules to excuse these
detours, yet I resent the facts
that run me offtrack—for

if I were linear called
and kin of rails, my schedule
my purpose no choice, set

to refuse the switchshuttle
intent of this; and were
say weather for instance

its own similar, if rain
was the rain, like an express
it would never stop but

express itself in drops,
its destination contained
within the figure, no need

to board the Noah needle
swerving single-mindedly,
bound to change at the next

station although some claim
the immanent, the round
the bend one alone houses
all the sights the others
suppressed while others
sedentary, say there is

no need to proceed unless
vicarious, for whom a flyspeck
on the wall will fix fully

the great ideal of goal, be
that what's-met metaphor
to greet our roamer with as

he returns from the endless
crash, the west of his word.
Pilgrims of the accord, sigh

what lies beyond? Faced
with this wait, this plexideath
present, this plain computer

pane, I'm gone. If life bye
(switchyard skyport harbordock)
is a processor of arrivals

and departures, can there be
a point at which the two mesh,
a Heisenbergian mote-spot

where bi-quarks mate
monosexually, where the map
disowns these double-junctures,

shedding its gathered tours
in disembarkment's cloak:
it takes place guise, the twain

train comes goes, the terminal
time empties fills like a well
oasis, the desert's depths

get piped together in sate
instant to create a kiss, its
memory is parched-up on lips

that halfbelieve the lie I lay
beside her in the denoue of
lovemaking, or that I'll stay

survey the nipples that kept
distance placed the way any
window reveals its view by

far: I spell it out there in my
arms for the spill of it, start

recount: whereupon that

template that heartpump aims
to fructify the waste sill,
render more sand fertile

facile—temperate it tries
overstrewn overmonsoon
to wade straits, facilitate

garden and wine-grove, grow
similitudes of old term-twines,
codesystems called rhymes,

a life sentence of coils
undermined yet constant
ark buoyed by breakers,

though lingering inside
every sign's writing entails
a vine-pattern, erratic

struggling with the field
of its tributaries, till wow
revolves but pow stays put.

Because the hands are
what the arms would be
if they crumbled and

each thing falls into its lesser
extremities, its future
attributes/beauties, their

distant vista's view veiled,
as if by glass. If she
shattered, I told her, she'd be me.

///

POSTED BY KNOTT AT 7:25 AM

May 21, 2009

some poems i'm working on or not working on—as the process has it—:

*

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,

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.

POEM IN TIEFMOS

Like sponges dipped in nude
a kiss of guess on the lids
discloses its thicket shed micromix—

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 seems
to indicate moot might intervene

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

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

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

Limbs are lethal clamped in 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,
refuting whomever lets opposites
stride your wedsaddle carpets.

POEM

let's have our duel on
a seesaw
I brought some along

Lillian Gish leaping
icefloe to
icefloe,
heel
and toe—
go, Lill!

can you read it through the envelope
no?
well then it's not a poem

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 trust 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

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

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.

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

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.

SENTENCE

Since the sentence of my head,
syntacted by ears for clauses
and browful nouns and eyes
verbs, modifiers nasal, as

the period the mouth merely
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.

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 keep hoping the street
will kindly parallel me a ways
before resuming its maintenance
of the distance

TERMINALSTAGE PASS

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 consist, the sun rise,
the coffee boil. But does this consensus
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.

POEM

the eternity in my left wrist abhors
the instant in my right unless
jungles use leopards as a condiment or
pleistocene ferns burst from oiltruck vents

the fire engines 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 tardily
evening's gauze gnawed me with gold as
a hat-rack fishing off an iceberg caught ships
the air is bottling me for nips

[do waves recede with the same bitterness
as words down my throat

]

WATER

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
wait you can't leave it like that wait up
no: I have finished mourning you
hey wait up fraud fraud stop you catchesleeve you cheat
sorry: you have been mourned as much as you can be
but don't worry:
I am the mourner

RESIDUE

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.

POEM

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
Your dream paused there last night
To look out at the yard you had been saving

For reality [absorption / alternative / reserved]

Lust catered by the puffiness of cheeks at dawn
They were easing it up onto the lawn

NOSEGAY

the poem
comes from
the nonce
it wants

to be
the non
sense of
unless

it says
no way
or else / false face / hose zay / but see if that's the case what's

(in which
case what's
your problem

NOTE

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 screenupations
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.

HEATINGPAD

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.
Ego 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.

MEDLEY

A sunflower follows chessmoves
back and forth, but the minutehand
hates the hourhand, that big bully—
I myself long for tiny pushdoors, a
terrified via, whose keyholes I use
to bleach matchsticks in hope of
paler purer flames! And sometimes
across my strums, in madwallow
sprawled I lie, or else I escape
pelted by sculptors' raisins. Aboard
the meow express or the purr local
I flee, trying to forget the White
House ear, to hear instead my pancakes
collapsing in laughter. It is perhaps
my fault entire that I cannot sham
their humor, that each day solder-rotten
me to a glassy voluptuousness of
avoidance, of irreproachable calm
which some critics call suburban.

////

POSTED BY KNOTT AT 7:02 AM

May 24, 2009

drafts....

//

APPARITION

The comet whose path is contentment
can seldom appear: compared to it
Haley's daily. Yet the eye flared to it
may spy that rarest speck in the spent

of space debris, moonspat starstation
some magi spot/locate Bethelhem by,
bauble the Hubble holds in gem-high
illumination. I have no vocation

to search or pray for that ray caught
by two poets I used to know, converts
Karr and Wright. May they sing as sought
in what/each/every light the night sky asserts/adverts

each time that asteroid or ice sphere
orbits to nail up its christsign here.

orbits to signpost some christsite here.

/its christgate here. / its christpost / christ

/doesn't often appear: compared to it
/cannot random appear: compared to it
will seldom appear: compared to it
Haley's daily. The eye flared to it
may spy that rarest speck in the spent

of space debris, moonspat gem magi
find Bethelhem by, starjunk salvation
the Hubble holds agild with high
illumination. I have no vocation

/of space debris, moonspat salvation / fixation /starstation
some/wandering/some lost magi find/spot Bethelhem by,
/eager magi find Bethelhem by, / some magi locate Bethelhem by,
/magi might locate Bethelhem by,
starjunk the Hubble holds in high / strayjunk /payload
illumination. I have no vocation

/of space debris, moonspat starstation
magi might locate Bethelhem by,
[] the Hubble [gem] high / sequin/bauble the Hubble holds in gem-high
/gem the Hubble studs in high
illumination. I have no vocation

(I vow) to pray for that ray caught
/to pray for that strayer ray caught / that aimless ray caught
by two poets I used to know, converts
Karr and Wright. May they sing as sought
in such light, which I will doubt worst

/to pray for that salvation ray / to pray that salvation ray
/[]

no matter what ice or christ sphere
orbits to nail up its innsign here.

/no matter what icecrusted christsphere

∧

APPARITION

The comet whose path is contentment
doesn't appear often: compared to it
Haley's daily. The eye flared to it
may spot/spy a rare speck in the spent

of space debris, moonspat gem magi
find Bethelhem by, starjunk salvation
the Hubble holds agild with high
illumination. I have no vocation

(I hope) to pray for the ray caught
by two poets I used to know, converts
Karr and Wright. May they sing as sought
in such light, which I refuse to search
/ which I will besmirch / will doubtsearch

no matter what rock or ice-sphere
orbits to fix its christsticker here.

/orbits to blazon its christpost here.

orbits to hoist its christflagon here.

no matter what ice or christ sphere
orbits to hoist/plaster/nail up its innsign here.

of space, moonspat debris: gem magi

//
APPARITION

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

of space debris, moonspat gem magi
find Bethelhem by, starjunk salvation
the Hubble holds agild its high
illumination. I have no vocation

(I hope) to pray for the ray caught
by two poets I used to know, converts
Karr and Wright. May they sing or sought
in such light, which I refuse to search

no matter what rock or ice-sphere
orbits to fix its christsticker here.

/orbits to blazons its christpost here.

/
of space, moonspat debris: gem magi

///
for that star, no matter what ice-sphere
orbits to focus some christsite here.

sight crossing the night where magi
may still seek/strive for such salvation,
find/spy their constellated salvation
which I imagine requires high
which even/dare the Hubble hold[s] in high /beheld in high
genueflection/illumination. I have no vocation

/
POEM

The comet whose path is contentment
doesn't appear often: compared to it

Haley's daily. The eye rared to it / flared to it
may discern/spot a speck in the spent

/may spot a rare speck in the spent

space-spat moon-debris: gem magi
find Bethelhem by, starjunk salvation
the Hubble holds agild its high
illumination. I have no vocation

sight crossing the night where magi
may still seek/strive for such salvation,
find/spy their constellated salvation
which I imagine requires high
which even/dare the Hubble hold[s] in high /beheld in high
genueflection/illumination. I have no vocation

(I say) to pray for the ray caught
by two poets I used to know, converts
Karr and Wright. May they succeed sought
for/in such light but me, I won't search
/linger sought / bask in sought/ harbor sought

/. May they find their sought
in such light, but I refuse to search

for that star, no matter what ice-sphere
orbits to focus some christsite here.

no matter what rock or ice-sphere
orbits to fix its christsticker here.

on that search. No matter what christsphere
orbits to offer its ice-crystals here. / to blazon its
orbits to blazon its ice-core here.
/its ice-height here. / ice-span/ ice-space/
/nova /

/no matter what bright sphere
orbits to shower its ice-office here

/for that star, no matter what ice-sphere
orbits to parade/blazon its christshow here.

///

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

///

POSTED BY KNOTT AT 11:11 AM

May 25, 2009

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 deathhooks
guttled 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

far from their evil wars
and lust to []

POSTED BY KNOTT AT 7:31 AM

May 27, 2009

drafts...

*

I know the salvo as it soared told
me to fall

in this known land
where all is named glare

*

Pale. The silent aspect
of pearls at dawn.
Neptuneless mirrors.
Li'l inchling mummies
that milk me.

So I am sacrificed upon your like.

Love's a war where both
want to be the Axis
and neither the Allies.

Lime tango of lisp,
ripening sparks, the prose
pears of a moth's ear
are lit with your garish

Eclipsed stopwatches
in throat's-wool, prey
I thrust my goldfish aura
at beggars. Snowleash

barricades halt the migration
of thimble ballets from
navel to thumbpull.

A crop-rotating
electric-chair leans over
the balcony and shatters
from too much Nova Scotia.

My furnace listens for bananas
while each day I pray
to stay out of the stray.
There's a huge monster

gorilla that's constantly
growing to outlandish
proportions loose
in the streets.

*

*

*

Gloves flung at statues may fall
into the same grope that shaped them,
rare gesture meant to make not maim,
and which is a/no resort to ritual— and hardly a resort to

I hurl my chisel at time itself
but nothing yields its clay to curse,
emptiness blunts each weapon perched
on my stiff pose's withering staff— / stiff wrist's
/the air blunts each weapon launched/lurched/hurled
from my stiff wrist's withering staff—

Like those splots of paint Bacon threw
at a finished canvas to undo it,
ruining and opening a conduit
/ for his hand,
for revision, the statue's stone might grow

malleable/to perfection but not this fleshly glove
that resists every form of final love.
accomplished. / formal / perfection / artistry

/that fends off every form of perfect love.

/that finds its form draped in such love [

*

POSTED BY KNOTT AT 8:37 AM

May 28, 2009

drafts...

*

Each face strikes a different hour in the heart;
The final tolling it will be yours.

His hard-ons may glisten saintly,
But pulse love fingers the ore,
The unearthed superfluous in its path.

/

\
A clone can look at an own,
but I can't see you again or
what happened to the dead
will happen to me: my fate may be

what occurs to the living, loss
and its increments, that tithe
of tomorrows today must pay,
morose bribe. Each skylight sees

from its sewer of stars the pride
I've shed, all tactile [towels and tuck-ins]
lapse overflowing with permits.

Summoning unique grains
to raze my browse [/
wingbeats baring a man in space [

*

the barber slaps my face with minnows
to show how localized desire is

it stagnates at the bottom of a polevaulter's teardrops
despite all our efforts to measure
our expertise to find
a particular urge
to pinpoint every fetish
as it melts
like the beauty of barking trapped inside a doll
but where flickers catch shadow and fall
into skies that once were tinted
the color of crayons running from eyes
when the eyes are emptied
they blink out of focus
they are thrust away in disgust
while still dazzling albeit lost
a watercolorist barefoot in the alps

//
the barber slaps my face with minnows
to show how localized desire is
it stagnates at the bottom of a polevaulter's teardrops
amidst all my efforts to measure
to pinpoint the fetish
as it melts
like the beauty of barking trapped inside a doll
but where flickers catch shadow and fall
the sky fills with crayons running from eyes
and when the eyes are emptied
they blink moist lost
out of focus thrust-assed lost
a watercolorist
barefoot in the alps

//
moorpath /// ragtag / since

....
POSTED BY KNOTT AT 9:45 AM

May 29, 2009

drafts....

*
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, glass islands that balance
a splinter in their heart. Bound
by final lens 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 raiiside/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—

///

POSTED BY KNOTT AT 8:50 AM

May 30, 2009

drafts and roughs....

*

*

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-criinged 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

POSTED BY KNOTT AT 11:09 AM
drafts....

*

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 []

///

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]

////

//

in an opaque ocean
the transparent fish
reflect each other

*

POSTED BY KNOTT AT 11:04 AM

June 01, 2009

drafts... this one never coalesced; maybe i'll get back to it someday:

*

SALOME

those veils you shed
have made every eye
weep for beauty
even Herod cried

/

at the veils you shed / the veils you shed
every eye weeps beauty / make eyes weep their beauty
even Herod would cry
into his/for a Salome salad

that striptease finished
your curls can [] spice
like pearls of pubis
the headiest dish

every apostate john
would love to sate
his tongue in castrate
communion on

your labial plate
sweet onion

/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 comunion
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

*
*

POSTED BY KNOTT AT 7:44 AM

drafts... this one never coalesced; maybe i'll get back to it someday:

*

SALOME

those veils you shed
have made every eye
weep for beauty
even Herod cried

/

at the veils you shed / the veils you shed
every eye weeps beauty / make eyes weep their beauty
even Herod would cry
into his/for a Salome salad

/the veils you shed
make us weep for beauty
even Herod would cry
in his Salome salad

that striptease finished
your curls can [] spice
like pearls of pubis
the headiest dish

every apostate john
would love to sate
his tongue in castrate
communion on

your labial plate

sweet onion

/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 comunion
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

*
*

Posted by knott at 7:44 AM

June 03, 2009

drafts....

/

*

BOTH

They slept with each other kept
under their pillows
in case of alarm,
hoping to wake up in time
should love threaten. This is
the only way to arm
themselves against the marriage
that lurks in nightly unlinkings
imposed by the body's need
for rest. What sounder protection
could be reached for, though
the examples of death
witnessed onscreen
might comedically suggest
various other postitions
to assume as they twist
the bedclothes into a monster
who leaves them defenseless, a sphinx
who quizzes this threshold theater
with the spectre of their final embrace
and that riddle confronts them
until the answer owned
by every dream they've ever shared
rouses and breaks apart
when day emerges from both its arches,
the one of triumph and the other
one of retreat.

/

That cannot be the protection
reach for each night, though
/ costume/

//

*

APPARITION / [(enneasyllabics? ...

The comet whose path is contentment
will seldom appear: compared to it
Haley's daily. The eye flared to it
can spy that rarest speck in the spent

of space debris, moonspat asteroid
which magi might find Bethelam by,
bauble the Hubble holds in gem-high
illumination. No vocation void
[/illumination. They say you can't avoid//it, but]

have I to pray for that view ray caught
by two poets I used to know, converts
Karr and Wright. Oh may they sing as sought
in such light, but I will not pay church

no matter what shit-shale-and-ice sphere
orbits to nail up its christsign here.

/despite what shit-hole shale-and-ice sphere
orbits to nail up its christsign here.

^
POSTED BY KNOTT AT 9:27 AM

drafts....

/
*

BOTH

They slept with each other kept
under their pillows
in case of alarm,
hoping to wake up in time
should love threaten. This is
the only way to arm
themselves against the marriage
that lurks in nightly unlinkings
imposed by the body's need
for ease/release. What further protection
[for cease. What more protection
could be clutched at, tugging]
could be reached/groped for, twisting/wrenching
the bedclothes into a monster
who leaves them defenseless, a sphinx
who quizzes this threshold theater
[who hisses/catcalls at the two gates
of their threshold theater
where the spectre of his final embrace
or last kiss confronts them
like a riddle whose answer's hid
in every dream they share
until its momentary refuge
rouses and breaks apart
when day emerges from etc]
with the spectre of their final embrace,
their last kiss, or does
that riddle still confront them
with the answer owned [secreted/ hidden in]
by every dream they've ever shared
whose disappearing sponsorship/mentorship/aegis/release/relapse
/whose momentary shelter [blessing/protection/safetynet/refuge/salvation]
rouses and breaks apart
when day emerges from both its arches,
the one of triumph and the other
one of retreat.

/

BOTH

They slept with each other kept
under their pillows
in case of alarm,
hoping to wake up in time
should love threaten. This is
the only way to arm
themselves against the marriage
that lurks in nightly unlinkings
imposed by the body's need
for rest/ease. What sounder protection
could be reached for, [though
the examples of death
witnessed onscreen
might comedically suggest
various future positions

to assume] as they twist
the bedclothes into a monster
who leaves them defenseless, a sphinx
who quizzes this threshold theater
with the spectre of their final embrace
and that riddle confronts them
until the answer owned
by every dream they've ever shared
rouses and breaks apart
when day emerges from both its arches,
the one of triumph and the other
one of retreat.

/

That cannot be the protection
reach for each night, though
/ costume/

//

*

APPARITION / [(enneasyllabics? ...

The comet whose path is contentment
will seldom appear: compared to it
Haley's daily. The eye flared to it
can spy that rarest speck in the spent

of space debris, moonspat asteroid
some magi might find Bethelhem by,
bauble the Hubble holds in gem-high
illumination. What vocation void

I have to pray for that view ray caught
by two poets I used to know, converts
Karr and Wright. Now may they sing as sought
in such light, but I will not pay church

no matter what shit-shale-or-ice sphere
orbits to nail up its christsign here.

/despite what shit-hole shale-and-ice sphere
orbits to nail up its christsign here.

/no matter what shale-and-ice shitsphere
orbits to nail up its christsign here.

/no matter what shit-hole shale-ice-sphere
orbits to nail up its christsign here.

^

Posted by knott at 9:27 AM

June 05, 2009

*

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

/

POSTED BY KNOTT AT 7:04 AM

June 06, 2009

>>>>>

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 killer
or slimeball husband inside has resisted all
the handbook ploys—once I asked the Chief
why me? why a poet? wouldn't a standup
comedian be more appropoe? 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 our hide-outs are no good,
the authoridudes will get us in the end, you
on death row or me on the shelf where my
policed volumes plug their sanctioned crimes

of rhyme in line with the old Villonmyth, just more antithet, smug outlaw of brute verse."

*

POSTED BY KNOTT AT 9:02 AM

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 killer or slimeball husband 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 our hide-outs are no good, the authoridudes will get us in the end, you on death row or me on the shelf where my policed volumes plug their sanctioned crimes of rhyme in line with the old Villonmyth, more antithet, [/another smuggy badguy of verse."] /antithet, old badguy badinage, male verse."

*

POSTED BY KNOTT AT 9:02 AM

>>>>

draft....

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 killer or slimeball husband 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 our hide-outs are no good, the authoridudes will get us in the end, you on death row or me on the shelf where my policed volumes plug their sanctioned crimes of rhyme in line with the old Villonmyth, [our jails jealous of each other, barricaded in this terror of empathy, this cowardly face-off [] where yours murders, mine bores them to death with its antithet, its smug badguy of verse poses, until the final shootout solves [?]"

*

POSTED BY KNOTT AT 9:02 AM

June 08, 2009

ms in progress

draft: here's a book I'm trying to patch together—whether these poems will be in or not, or in their present state is in flux of due or don't . . .

*

DROPPING SYLVIA PLATH ON HIROSHIMA

and other poems

BILL KNOTT

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*

The poems in this book are fictional.

Names, characters, places and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used ficticiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

*

At this point in my life it's hard to tell new poems from old,
or keep them straight in my mind or in my computer,

but all these are "new" in the sense that they have not appeared
in the other books in

this series of p-o-d pubs——

*

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,

Loud as a ball bounced off a statue of Zeus
The mania for scintillations fills your mind

Or else on stilts will survive the folio hero
Wielding a cage of umbrellas to capture it.

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.

POEM IN TIEFMOS

Like sponges dipped in nude
a kiss of guess on the lids
discloses its thicket shed micromeld——

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 seems
to indicate moot might intervene

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

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

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

Limbs are lethal clamped in 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,
refuting whomever lets opposites
stride your wedsaddle carpets.

UNEARTHED TO EARTH

fluttering to earth the shot
bird scuds mud with its spasmed dyings—
in poetry's sky the knott
likewise flails to find his wings

POEM

let's have our duel on
a seesaw
I brought some along

Lillian Gish leaping
icefloe to
icefloe,
heel
and toe—
go, Lill!

can you read it through the envelope

no?
well then it's not a poem

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 trust 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

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

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 twiggged 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.

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 choiring 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

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.

SENTENCE

Since the sentence of my head,
syntacted by ears for clauses
and browful nouns and eyes
verbs, modifiers nasal, as

the period the mouth merely
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.

EN PASSANT

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

I keep my whatstabs in the air
hoping others might
agree with me despite
the whywounds they bear

on every chance we meet
our lives dispersed as days
I keep hoping the street
will kindly parallel us a ways

before resuming its maintenance
of the distance

TERMINALSTAGE PASS

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
Berkeleys if life is to consist, the sun rise,
the coffee boil. But does this concensus
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.

POEM

the eternity in my left wrist abhors
the instant in my right unless
jungles use leopards as a condiment or
pleistocene ferns burst from oiltruck vents

the fire engines pass with all
your silences working furiously within
but like a guillontine blushes when
it contemplates the soul

I let the tragedians down from the attic tardily
evening's gauze gnawed me with gold as
a hat-rack fishing off an iceberg caught ships

the air is bottling me for nips

[do waves recede with the same bitterness
as words down my throat

]

RESIDUE

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.

POEM

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 sandal-down 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
Your dream paused there last night
To look out at the yard you had been saving
For reality [absorption / alternative / reserved]

Lust catered by the puffiness of cheeks at dawn
They were easing it up onto the lawn

NOSEGAY

the poem
comes from
the nonce
it wants

to be
the non
sense of
unless

it's one
instead
in which

case what's
the god
damn problem

NOTE

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 screenupations
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.

HEATINGPAD

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.
Ego 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.

MEDLEY

A sunflower follows chessmoves
back and forth, but the minutehand
hates the hourhand, that big bully—
I myself long for tiny pushdoors, a
terrified via, whose keyholes I use
to bleach matchsticks in hope of
paler purer flames! And sometimes
across my strums, in madwallow
sprawled I lie, or else I escape
pelted by sculptors' raisins. Aboard
the meow express or the purr local
I flee, trying to forget the White
House ear, to hear instead my pancakes
collapsing in laughter. It is perhaps
my fault entire that I cannot sham
their humor, that each day solder-rotten
me to a glassy voluptuousness of
avoidance, of irreproachable calm
which some critics call suburban.

SIGNALS

my smoke-signals all
claim to be drowning
though perhaps
I'm simply reading
them wrong
how many other
messages have I
misinterpreted today

I continue to fly although
I know the salvo as it soared told
me to fall and its shells
mentioned something
on their way through
maybe I misheard

each time
my hands try to fill
the abacus its numbers
empty them
in exchange
the commerce
of our encounter
equalizes further
with each caress

(stanza break)

verse like mist
measured not by its reach
but its inpenetratedensity
its blindness to bump
and break my womb's
earphones clapped
on the void

my teacher was echo
she made me stay after
and write her name on
the blackboard over
and over and so

my ears gave arbor
to endless infants
drunk on coifs
the pigtails of their parents

I grope in the dark
with all my else and ouch
I enter the testament hole
where shroud embarks
I clutch a licenseplate and rub its
scenery of bitemarks

ave sister ave triste
save me have me

(stanza break)
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

my hair done up in pitchfork tines shines
and I cleopatra the cows until
they rameses

the zero that regulates my one
is angry at me

ave sister
ave triste

THIN ECHO

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? []

*

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 corruptions 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
/

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

*

so outwit your

medium

Thin echo smalls all we hear

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

Always trying to alliterate Jeckyl with Hyde,
me with you,
us with we,
I 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.

HORIZON

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.
You make my ink topple in unison.

AUTUMNAGAIN

Time migrates its sun
closer to the core
of my prismperson.

The semi-falling leaves
flesh out their coined
profiles; they achieve
a self only on 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.

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

ANTLERS

To imagine our own death is impossible,
Freud says; elsewhere at the taxidermist
a rosebush demands to be treated
like an animal—I too would like to get petted
without thought like a cat, incomplete
gestures fluff the fur that clots your lap
flap flap. That's a bat. The errors
of IDing accumulate to 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, or wish they could—

(Your 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.)

Aghast as antlers haunted by virginity I
wafer unction to a shoeless gong.

LOVE POEM TO DAMIEN HIRST

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.

POEM

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 zeus lens
if you're going to arrange
desire in these concealments of.

POEM

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 chance at a loftshot.

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 its penis
it feels up
the décolletage of its diff and tries tries
to collate love

detached it rises to kiss this inert heart
this welcome glove

COLUMBUS

Hiding his flag down my throat
He claims this land for Spain
His crew knitted a shark for his birthday
We're sinking
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 try 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
Invalidate the New World we're
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

COUPONS AVAILABLE

Whenever CSI tried to
chalk outline 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 still 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 once we mall ourself.

MEMOIRISM

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.

///

POSTED BY KNOTT AT 10:26 AM

June 11, 2009

*

THE CLIMB

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 that 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
this act of aspiration alone, this try—

stay in his tracks, obey the protocol
of all such quest-stakes, the miracle
no treelines mar, the height it takes.

/no treelines touch / no treelines scrape/scratch
no treelines dare / no treelines broach / break
gain / attain / match

//

such quest-stakes call for, the miracle
/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.

of all such efforts, the stale miracle
that waits past treelines, the heightstakes.

....

Posted by knott at 2:36 PM

June 13, 2009

drafts....

*

the train draws perspective
from its sleeve
in order to leave
one must first conjure distance

the magician tracks his tricks
until they arrive in
the postcard to show an echo
etching its heights

the precipice pokes its finger
into a wedding ring
but seen as it passes
the train flashes its windows

glass islands that balance a splinter
in their heart

*

Gloves flung at statues may fall
into the same grope that shaped them,
rare gesture meant to make not maim,
and which is a/no resort to ritual— and hardly a resort to

I hurl my chisel at time itself
but nothing yields its clay to curse,
emptiness blunts each weapon perched
on my stiff pose's withering staff— / stiff wrist's
/the air blunts each weapon launched/lurched/hurled
from my stiff wrist's withering staff—

Like those splotches of paint Bacon threw
at a finished canvas to undo it,
ruining and opening a conduit
/ for his hand,
for revision, the statue's stone might grow

malleable/to perfection but not this fleshly glove
that resists every form of final love.
accomplished. / formal / perfection / artistry

/that fends off every form of perfect love.

/that finds its form draped in such love [

*

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into the same grope that shaped them,
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for revision, the statue's stone might grow

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that resists every form of final love.
accomplished. / formal / perfection / artistry

/that finds its form draped in such love [

*

APPARITION (enneasyllabics)

The comet whose path is contentment

can seldom appear: compared to it
Halley's daily. What eye flared to it
can spy that rarest speck in the spent

of space debris, moonspat asteroid
some magi might find Bethelam by,
bauble the Hubble holds in gem-high
illumination. What vocation void

I have to pray for that view ray caught
by two poets I used to know, converts
Karr and Wright. Well may they sing as sought
in such light, but I will not pay church

no matter what burning-witch-tailed sphere
orbits to nail up its christsign here.

//

/ shadowy noosphere

cosmic / astro / tailed luciferic

fire-tailed / astro-tailed lucisphere

no matter what bright-tailed firesphere

the Inquisition burning at the stake

no matter what burnt at the stake sphere

witchburn stake tail / witchburnt
whatever witchburning stake tail sphere

whatever heretic-burning sphere

/no matter what burning-stake-tailed sphere

no matter which burning-witch-tailed sphere

^ no matter what shale-dust-and-ice sphere

APPARITION

The comet whose path is contentment
doesn't appear often: compared to it
Halley's daily. The eye flared to it
may spot/spy a rare speck in the spent

of space debris, moonspat gem magi
find Bethelam by, starjunk salvation
the Hubble holds agild with high
illumination. I have no vocation

(I hope) to pray for the ray caught
by two poets I used to know, converts
Karr and Wright. May they sing as sought
in such light, which I refuse to search
/ which I will besmirch / will doubtsearch

no matter what rock or ice-sphere
orbits to fix its christsticker here.

/orbits to blazon its christpost here.

orbits to hoist its christflagon here.

no matter what ice or christ sphere
orbits to hoist/plaster/nail up its innsign here.

of space, moonspat debris: gem magi

///

for that star, no matter what ice-sphere
orbits to focus some christsite here.

sight crossing the night where magi
may still seek/strive for such salvation,
find/spy their constellated salvation
which I imagine requires high
which even/dare the Hubble hold[s] in high /beheld in high
genueflection/illumination. I have no vocation

//

*

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.

///

EMIGRATIQUE

The Eskimos have 26 words for
snow but none it seems for why
the fuck are we freezing our ass
off let's pack up and move south—

Language presents its dislocations
in the guise of placements where
or there don't care, you're born to
bear its limits its circumlocutions

of impasse: am I less thwartypoo
than those furclad icebounders if
I lack the discriminouns to name

what hellscapes I inhabit, numberless
the environmental of despair
whose numb glaciers pen me here.

/

/of impasse: is my state less inhibit / thwart

than those icebounders if

/of impasse: am I wrong to believe
that unlike those icebounders I can escape
if I refuse to learn/label the nouns to name

/of impasse: unlike those icebounders
can I escape if I refuse to learn
the names of my 26 hells and more

the 26 hells/hellscape I inhabit, numberless
the environmental of despair
that try/vie to keep me from leaving here.
whose igloos keep me leaving here.

whose numb glaciers pen me here.

/my 26 hells and more, numberless
the environmental of despair
that prevent me from leaving here.
/that prevent me escaping there.
of impasse: am I less inhibit/thwartpoo than

/or there don't care, ass as opposed
to the chair it squats on in the act / it squats/sits to mark the act
/to the chair it occupies with [?]
[to the chair it stole from the 3 bears]
/or there don't care, the 3 bears
for/are one transumptive [?] act / coming home to an empty tract / foraging
/or there don't care, the 3 bears
and Goldilocks may share this tract

of trespass: my case is no less sad
than those furclad northerners though
I lack the subtle need/distinctions to name
/I lack the discrimination to name / the discriminous to name

my 26 aches/complaints/chills and more, numberless
the numb gradations of despair / these numb
that will not let me leave here. [] / will never let me leave here.

/my 26 weathers and more, numberless
the numb icebergs of despair / glaciers

/ the numb ice-boats / whiteouts of despair
/the numb blondations of despair

[trains of thought, temperate climes
here we come. The subterfuge of
the migrant occupies a frozen aspect [of

MIGRATORY

The Eskimos have 26 words for
snow but apparently none for why
the fuck are we freezing our ass
off let's pack up and move south—

Language presents its dislocations
in the guise of placements here
or there don't care, ass as opposed
to the chair it squatters. Caught in the act

of trespass my case is no less sad than
those furclad northerners though I lack
the subtle distinctions to name

my 26 aches/complaints/chills and more, numberless
the numb gradations of despair
that will not let me leave here. []

/my 26 weathers and more, numberless

[trains of thought, temperate climes
here we come. The subterfuge of
the migrant occupies a frozen aspect [of

////

*

Clouding my bathroom mirror purer steams
Confound the faded flesh that desires to find
Adonises always fairer fauned than mine —
Handsomeness waits just a wisp away it seems

To him shivering in the sheenshed glass,
Or is he simply suppressing the emergence
Of some god who must have succored presence
Once in such fallen minor forms unless

This vapor misting my razor outpours—
Its shorebank will brook no pollutant face
As ugly as this streamy Narcissus
If beauty still enfountains more source

Cognizant as such when any boy grown old
Feels his tepid taps run their course to cold.

/

/whose tepid taps here/have run their course to cold.

now tepid taps

All flesh is not desirable, though steams
Clouding my bathroom mirror hope to find

/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.

Promises always fairer fauned/found than mine

*

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

////
AT BURIAL

On its shoveled open edge
On this lip of all our dreads
Earth seems most at balance
Betweenst its elements
The sun the cloud the wind and soil
All four exert an equal pull
So when the coffin enters
It presents no dissenters.

Dressed in empty suitclothes
All mourners are scarecrows
Too far apart each one stands
So when they reach out hands
They can barely brush their
Limp glovetips against each other.

/
Earth seems most at balance

No matter how close they press/line the grave it's too far
Too far apart the grave stands

/// And if they try to reach hands there
Across the grave it's too far

Their limp glovetips brush mostly air

They line the grave bothsides over
When they reach across it's too far

They barely brush they flap their

Barely brushing they flap their
Limp glovetips against each other

In fear of tipping over they flap their

Limp glovetips against each other

In fear of tipping over
They can barely brush each other

Barely touching their
Limp glovetips brush mostly air

And when they try to reach each other
They can barely flap their
Limp glovetips against the air

And when they stretch hands over
The grave between them it's too far

They flap their sleeves and brush/ touch
The limp empty glovetips
Together to

And they only barely brush / graze

As if by its own effort/ transit
On this opened edge/ askance
At this pendant moment / At this lip of a moment
Earth seems most balanced /
Earth seems singularly balanced / particularly/peculiarly
Between its elements / Suspend between

BURIAL

Parting like long innards under postmortem
The sky pours
The winds come covey to call
Earth's balanced between its elements

The rain falls clinging to the mist
Which is its shadow
Is that why scarecrows are
Attending as the sole mourners

Now the bereaved shake hands
Across the open grave but some
Are too timid or too gap-fragile

To reach over far enough
For a consummate grasp
And can only barely brush their wet limp glovetips

///

*

VATION

In my father's house there are many homes
and in every one of them there's no way out
in ancient Crustpusyule the cossacks cry
they killed my son the mothers heap cry

while far out to sea the shark the crew
was knitting for their captain's birthday
opens its yak. Our life is such a strengthless pause

of waiting while it takes a jailer to pick

through his keyring to find the final door's
and the white hordes your voyeurkinder cried for in cradle,
oh skinny-factoried earth, will they ever open

and bless with high falconry these thrusts
or is it else we pray. A razor-stacked savior
nods to show okay from the doorway.

///

MOON AND HUE

Puppet apparatus, gene-globs—
[this first line is fucked... time, space, what do i want here— eden/paradise/Hermes
— where's the thread? from deities to the personal "you" the descent of it, the
death/decap of it....]

Unfortunately rockets must be linear—/ bombs
/

Sadly, rockets have to be linear—
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.

////

Posted by knott at 3:02 PM

*

Breakfast rhymes

I suspect the obverse of this cereal
box is blank and that the colorful

images on this side would vanish too
if I turned its cardboard 180.

*

Posted by knott at 9:49 AM
drafts....

*

//

[PARADE]

The day was resting on all its descents
as I escaped blackly down my boundaries
through years the severity of lips print

forgiven stargrams of against each window
plucked from its season of elsewhere—

Going sad endured I led cliffs and caves,
the world crawled as far as the one wall me,
fishnet eyes a jeweler's piece was fucking
while barmaids begged Raskolnikov to buy
them another drink: what was I thinking!

Binoculars reeling no wonder I proceed
so suicide. The ribbon that asks me the way
home is frayed. Exalted. The dream whose guests
we are here lacks a host. I'm cueball if
I care. And from that time we shared its birth

many but its end never. Eluding even us
like donuts in a volcano the shapes echo, so
if Einstein's boxinggloves can't punch a hole
this paperbag must be real. Centuries of crossfire
crashland. Everyone was going to have his own

life they said; in the interim hands regnant on
the doorknob or flags the color of null came.
One spat out his tasteless end, his cud
of finale. He watched the procession avidly:
the way they took such care, plucking flaws

out of every sleeve as they marched by, heads
turned god's way. They might as well gallop
I say, limping along behind them, straightarming
a lemonade cart. Down the street every marquee
slumps weeping on my shoulder [

....

]

///

*

They move in a realm unturned
to real, their profiles shun
the wallpaper's refrain. Parachute
their eyes see where you land.

Acropolit they stand. The grass
frothing on its endless chain
cannot retain [.....]

/

even as real their profiles shun / profiles scrounge
a wallpaper refrain, chisel to
repair my pulse-drooled lips, so
many neck toss-offs, zippers
that will not bulge. Parachute
their eyes see where you land. Acropolis
they stand. When their breasts break
a measuringtape it falls it lies in
strap shapes, naiflike armbands/
our relic flexes its plex better than portrait—
Hints, hints, why behave if dross invites us?
the metier of whose modem fills me with frolic hymns/
it's like a child's backward-reward /
the grass frothing on its endless chain/
resolver of justice and ash/

who blazoned me in their hair/
car too slow I asked him to step on the glue
I was having problems with my anonymous
sewing kneepatches onto Boot Hill
reruns of Hamlet continued juggling my buttocks
every horizon resargassoes the stance struck
by pliant ruins of ourselves, outcroppings
stone temples spill and spill until
each synapsing of one's transient incipient
lets the wound probe for its theory/
flesh will never overseal itself, heal
to a sole/
lifelag the least caress overpopulates
/to expel the finer doldrums learned through lapse, those segues into and out of,
couple pledged to protective measures, lambs chopped off the tire treads/

*

Out the window snow falls like an insistent tugging
at a sleeve or a generalized sloppy tide of miracles.
They put a mirror in a testtube and call it clone. Oh
sperm-spume dripping down a favored wall of cave
to yield a stereo distance of shore—a petitioned real.
Some measure of contempt holds me ransom, makes me
pose like this in roughed up eye fashions. Amnesia
[for other measures] who suspect I play no part in my
identikit capsizing finally homo ref, mime corps
spreading immune icicles to blatant those targets whose
savant I was incrued by; remember my echo dispersal
field of ratio blanket, verbs who crop up the futile—
gelid morning slim in its queue, the thumb
for an instant was poured that way. Appointedly.
World of roses in which the thing stands whole again,
programmed by phoning the echo, converting it
to cash behind me. Message intimate for the blond
sincerity if you repeat it slowly eyes closed. A delve
away from here the day I crowned prattler fills me
with mythbolic, and if I were not destined with it
I could foretell what vast sky constraining this
ensured the god of my wide road was you. Inevitable
enough for two, more borne than the one strands
painted less of, their scrawl all I knew in the end.

//

Posted by knott at 9:36 AM

June 14, 2009

WEBSTERS OFFICIAL ANTHOLOGY OF AMERICAN POETRY

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WEBSTERS OFFICIAL ANTHOLOGY OF AMERICAN POETRY

doesn't exist. But
if it did, I wouldn't
be in it.

*

Posted by knott at 9:23 AM

draft dump

old files...

December 19, 2008

draft dump

*

*

*

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 bygoness

*

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 all-consuming 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 smooch 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 squirrels space. 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/interregnans 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
wring. 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
reverses
where I submit my salute to addict-fools:
love between cigarettes is a supplication,
imploing 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;

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 android's shy mindless equivalent
of these human retainmentsó
I can't, 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
which must be faced unthinkingly, obviously,
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 poisoning 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 moulte 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' unclesing 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

[
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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
atropy 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

commeasurate, 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, unhalting,
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 uncleansing 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.

...

Posted by knott at 7:53 AM

June 16, 2009

frogpo

after Basho's frog

*

I thought it might be amusing to bring together (in the chronological order I wrote them) my various mess-arounds with 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

these SASE dismissals
hold the reason why

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

shatter-drops splash over
those printed forms and

the padstamped name
Alice Quinn blurs blots—

ah!—what mizu mizzles all
her no-notes, oto?

*

Posted by knott at 8:29 AM

June 17, 2009

drafts...

NAILBITER

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 some greater fault,
maybe it keeps me from
committing that overt evil
I've eyed for life a while—

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 would 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 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 prayers
for, instances that palliate

the inherent guilt as it
increases its doses versus
the rest of us halfbent 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.

....

Posted by knott at 10:32 AM

June 18, 2009

drafts....

*

the train draws perspective
from its sleeve
in order to leave
one must first conjure distance

the magician tracks his tricks
until they arrive in
the postcard to show an echo
etching its heights

the precipice pokes its finger
into a wedding ring
but seen as it passes
the train flashes its windows

glass islands that balance a splinter
in their heart

*

Gloves flung at statues may fall
into the same grope that shaped them,
rare gesture meant to make not maim,
and which is a/no resort to ritual— and hardly a resort to

I hurl my chisel at time itself
but nothing yields its clay to curse,
emptiness blunts each weapon perched
on my stiff pose's withering staff— / stiff wrist's
/the air blunts each weapon launched/lurched/hurled
from my stiff wrist's withering staff—

Like those splots of paint Bacon threw
at a finished canvas to undo it,
ruining and opening a conduit
/ for his hand,
for revision, the statue's stone might grow

malleable/to perfection but not this fleshly glove
that resists every form of final love.
accomplished. / formal / perfection / artistry

/that fends off every form of perfect love.

/that finds its form draped in such love [

*

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into the same grope that shaped them,

rare gesture meant to make not maim,
and which is a/no resort to ritual— and hardly a resort to

I hurl my chisel at time itself
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accomplished. / formal / perfection / artistry

/that finds its form draped in such love [

*

APPARITION (enneasyllabics)

The comet whose path is contentment
can seldom appear: compared to it
Halley's daily. What eye flared to it
can spy that rarest speck in the spent

of space debris, moonspat asteroid
some magi might find Bethelhem by,
bauble the Hubble holds in gem-high
illumination. What vocation void

I have to pray for that view ray caught
by two poets I used to know, converts
Karr and Wright. Well may they sing as sought
in such light, but I will not pay church

no matter what burning-witch-tailed sphere
orbits to nail up its christsign here.

//

/ shadowy noosphere

cosmic / astro / tailed luciferic

fire-tailed / astro-tailed lucisphere

no matter what bright-tailed firesphere

the Inquisition burning at the stake

no matter what burnt at the stake sphere

witchburn stake tail / witchburnt
whatever witchburning stake tail sphere

whatever heretic-burning sphere

/no matter what burning-stake-tailed sphere

no matter which burning-witch-tailed sphere

^ no matter what shale-dust-and-ice sphere

APPARITION

The comet whose path is contentment
doesn't appear often: compared to it
Halley's daily. The eye flared to it
may spot/spy a rare speck in the spent

of space debris, moonspat gem magi
find Bethelhem by, starjunk salvation
the Hubble holds agild with high
illumination. I have no vocation

(I hope) to pray for the ray caught
by two poets I used to know, converts
Karr and Wright. May they sing as sought
in such light, which I refuse to search
/ which I will besmirch / will doubtsearch

no matter what rock or ice-sphere
orbits to fix its christsticker here.

/orbits to blazon its christpost here.

orbits to hoist its christflagon here.

no matter what ice or christ sphere
orbits to hoist/plaster/nail up its innsign here.

of space, moonspat debris: gem magi

///

for that star, no matter what ice-sphere
orbits to focus some christsite here.

sight crossing the night where magi
may still seek/strive for such salvation,
find/spy their constellated salvation
which I imagine requires high
which even/dare the Hubble hold[s] in high /beheld in high
genueflection/illumination. I have no vocation

//

*

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.

///

EMIGRATIQUE

The Eskimos have 26 words for
snow but none it seems for why
the fuck are we freezing our ass
off let's pack up and move south—

Language presents its dislocations
in the guise of placements where
or there don't care, you're born to
bear its limits its circumlocutions

of impasse: am I less thwartpoo
than those furclad icebounders if
I lack the discriminouns to name

what hellscapes I inhabit, numberless
the environmental of despair
whose numb glaciers pen me here.

/

/of impasse: is my state less inhibit / thwart
than those icebounders if

/of impasse: am I wrong to believe
that unlike those icebounders I can escape
if I refuse to learn/label the nouns to name

/of impasse: unlike those icebounders
can I escape if I refuse to learn
the names of my 26 hells and more

the 26 hells/hellscape I inhabit, numberless
the environmental of despair
that try/vie to keep me from leaving here.
whose igloos keep me leaving here.

whose numb glaciers pen me here.

/my 26 hells and more, numberless
the environmental of despair
that prevent me from leaving here.
/that prevent me escaping there.
of impasse: am I less inhibit/thwartpoo than

/or there don't care, ass as opposed
to the chair it squats on in the act / it squats/sits to mark the act
/to the chair it occupies with [?]
[to the chair it stole from the 3 bears]
/or there don't care, the 3 bears
for/are one transumptive [?] act / coming home to an empty tract / foraging
/or there don't care, the 3 bears
and Goldilocks may share this tract

of trespass: my case is no less sad
than those furclad northerners though
I lack the subtle need/distinctions to name
/I lack the discrimination to name / the discriminouns to name

my 26 aches/complaints/chills and more, numberless

the numb gradations of despair / these numb
that will not let me leave here. [] / will never let me leave here.

/my 26 weathers and more, numberless
the numb icebergs of despair / glaciers

/ the numb ice-boats / whiteouts of despair
/the numb blondations of despair

[trains of thought, temperate climes
here we come. The subterfuge of
the migrant occupies a frozen aspect [of

MIGRATORY

The Eskimos have 26 words for
snow but apparently none for why
the fuck are we freezing our ass
off let's pack up and move south—

Language presents its dislocations
in the guise of placements here
or there don't care, ass as opposed
to the chair it squatters. Caught in the act

of trespass my case is no less sad than
those furclad northerners though I lack
the subtle distinctions to name

my 26 aches/complaints/chills and more, numberless
the numb gradations of despair
that will not let me leave here. []

/my 26 weathers and more, numberless

[trains of thought, temperate climes
here we come. The subterfuge of
the migrant occupies a frozen aspect [of

////

*

Clouding my bathroom mirror purer steams
Confound the faded flesh that desires to find
Adonises always fairer fauned than mine —
Handsomeness waits just a wisp away it seems

To him shivering in the sheenshed glass,
Or is he simply suppressing the emergence
Of some god who must have succored presence
Once in such fallen minor forms unless

This vapor misting my razor outpours—
Its shorebank will brook no pollutant face
As ugly as this streamy Narcissus
If beauty still enfountains more source

Cognizant as such when any boy grown old
Feels his tepid taps run their course to cold.

/

/whose tepid taps here/have run their course to cold.

now tepid taps

All flesh is not desirable, though steams
Clouding my bathroom mirror hope to find

/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.

Promises always fairer fauned/found than mine

*

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

////

AT BURIAL

On its shoveled open edge
On this lip of all our dreads
Earth seems most at balance
Betweenst its elements
The sun the cloud the wind and soil
All four exert an equal pull
So when the coffin enters
It presents no dissenters.

Dressed in empty suitclothes
All mourners are scarecrows
Too far apart each one stands
So when they reach out hands
They can barely brush their
Limp glovetips against each other.

/
Earth seems most at balance

No matter how close they press/line the grave it's too far
Too far apart the grave stands

//// And if they try to reach hands there
Across the grave it's too far

Their limp glovetips brush mostly air

They line the grave bothsides over
When they reach across it's too far

They barely brush they flap their

Barely brushing they flap their
Limp glovetips against each other

In fear of tipping over they flap their
Limp glovetips against each other

In fear of tipping over
They can barely brush each other

Barely touching their
Limp glovetips brush mostly air

And when they try to reach each other
They can barely flap their
Limp glovetips against the air

And when they stretch hands over
The grave between them it's too far

They flap their sleeves and brush/ touch
The limp empty glovetips
Together to

And they only barely brush / graze

As if by its own effort/ transit
On this opened edge/ askance
At this pendant moment / At this lip of a moment
Earth seems most balanced /
Earth seems singularly balanced / particularly/peculiarly
Between its elements / Suspend between

BURIAL

Parting like long innards under postmortem
The sky pours
The winds come covey to call
Earth's balanced between its elements

The rain falls clinging to the mist
Which is its shadow
Is that why scarecrows are
Attending as the sole mourners

Now the bereaved shake hands
Across the open grave but some
Are too timid or too gap-fragile

To reach over far enough
For a consummate grasp
And can only barely brush their wet limp glovetips

///

*

VATION

In my father's house there are many homes
and in every one of them there's no way out
in ancient Crustpusyule the cossacks cry
they killed my son the mothers heap cry

while far out to sea the shark the crew
was knitting for their captain's birthday
opens its yak. Our life is such a strengthless pause
of waiting while it takes a jailer to pick

through his keyring to find the final door's
and the white hordes your voyeurkinder cried for in cradle,
oh skinny-factoried earth, will they ever open

and bless with high falconry these thrusts
or is it else we pray. A razor-stacked savior
nods to show okay from the doorway.

///

MOON AND HUE

Puppet apparatus, gene-globs—
[this first line is fucked... time, space, what do i want here— eden/paradise/Hermes
— where's the thread? from deities to the personal "you" the descent of it, the
death/decap of it....]

Unfortunately rockets must be linear—/ bombs
/

Sadly, rockets have to be linear—
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.

////

Posted by knott at 3:02 PM

*

Breakfast rhymes

I suspect the obverse of this cereal
box is blank and that the colorful

images on this side would vanish too
if I turned its cardboard 180.

*

Posted by knott at 9:49 AM

drafts....

*

//

[PARADE]

The day was resting on all its descents
as I escaped blackly down my boundaries
through years the severity of lips print
forgiven stargrams of against each window
plucked from its season of elsewhere—

Going sad endured I led cliffs and caves,
the world crawled as far as the one wall me,
fishnet eyes a jeweler's piece was fucking
while barmaids begged Raskolnikov to buy
them another drink: what was I thinking!

Binoculars reeling no wonder I proceed
so suicide. The ribbon that asks me the way
home is frayed. Exalted. The dream whose guests
we are here lacks a host. I'm cueball if
I care. And from that time we shared its birth

many but its end never. Eluding even us
like donuts in a volcano the shapes echo, so
if Einstein's boxinggloves can't punch a hole
this paperbag must be real. Centuries of crossfire
crashland. Everyone was going to have his own

life they said; in the interim hands regnant on
the doorknob or flags the color of null came.
One spat out his tasteless end, his cud
of finale. He watched the procession avidly:
the way they took such care, plucking flaws

out of every sleeve as they marched by, heads
turned god's way. They might as well gallop
I say, limping along behind them, straightarming
a lemonade cart. Down the street every marquee
slumps weeping on my shoulder [

....

]

///

*

They move in a realm unturned

to real, their profiles shun
the wallpaper's refrain. Parachute
their eyes see where you land.

Acropolit they stand. The grass
frothing on its endless chain
cannot retain [.....]

/
even as real their profiles shun / profiles scrounge
a wallpaper refrain, chisel to
repair my pulse-drooled lips, so
many neck toss-offs, zippers
that will not bulge. Parachute
their eyes see where you land. Acropolis
they stand. When their breasts break
a measuringtape it falls it lies in
strap shapes, naiflike armbands/
our relic flexes its plex better than portrait—
Hints, hints, why behave if dross invites us?
the metier of whose modem fills me with frolic hymns/
it's like a child's backward-reward /
the grass frothing on its endless chain/
resolver of justice and ash/
who blazoned me in their hair/
car too slow I asked him to step on the glue
I was having problems with my anonymous
sewing kneepatches onto Boot Hill
reruns of Hamlet continued juggling my buttocks
every horizon resargassoes the stance struck
by pliant ruins of ourselves, outcroppings
stone temples spill and spill until
each synapsing of one's transient incipient
lets the wound probe for its theory/
flesh will never overseal itself, heal
to a sole/
lifelag the least caress overpopulates
/to expel the finer doldrums learned through lapse, those segues into and out of,
couple pledged to protective measures, lambs chopped off the tire treads/

*

Out the window snow falls like an insistent tugging
at a sleeve or a generalized sloppy tide of miracles.
They put a mirror in a testtube and call it clone. Oh
sperm-spume dripping down a favored wall of cave
to yield a stereo distance of shore—a petitioned real.
Some measure of contempt holds me ransom, makes me
pose like this in roughed up eye fashions. Amnesia
[for other measures] who suspect I play no part in my
identikit capsizing finally homo ref, mime corps
spreading immune icicles to blatant those targets whose
savant I was incrued by; remember my echo dispersal
field of ratio blanket, verbs who crop up the futile—
gelid morning slim in its queue, the thumb
for an instant was poured that way. Appointedly.
World of roses in which the thing stands whole again,
programmed by phoning the echo, converting it
to cash behind me. Message intimate for the blond
sincerity if you repeat it slowly eyes closed. A delve
away from here the day I crowned prattler fills me
with mythbolic, and if I were not destined with it
I could foretell what vast sky constraining this
ensured the god of my wide road was you. Inevitable

enough for two, more borne than the one strands
painted less of, their scrawl all I knew in the end.

//

Posted by knott at 9:36 AM

June 20, 2009

drafts....

ADVERTISEMENT [AD CIRCULAR / AD SIGN /
BILLBOARD / ADMASS (too British, but I like the connotations) / NEON
SIGNBOARD / ADBOARD / NEON AD SIGN
what's the right phrase????] (enneasyllabics)

The comet whose path is contentment
can seldom appear: compared to it
Halley's daily. What eye flared to it
shall spy that rarest speck in the spent

of space debris, moonspat asteroid
some magi might spy Bethlehem by, / magi might neon Bethlehem by, /
/magi orbiteer Bethlehem by,/ magi orbit toward Bethlehem / which magi orbit
Bethlehem by,
bauble the Hubble holds in gem-high
illumination. What vocation void

I have to pray for that view ray caught
by two poets I used to know, converts
Karr and Wright. Well may they sing as sought
in such light, but I will not pay church

no matter how witch-burnt its tail sphere
orbits to nail a christsale pitch here.

orbit nails up a christsale pitch here.

nails up orbit a christsale pitch here.

no matter how witch-bright its tail sphere
burns to nail up a christsale pitch here.

/
ad words:
promo / rollout / spot / board / card / brochure/
logo / hype graphs / mockup / POP / flack / starflack / advertorial / plug pitch sell
/

orbits to nail up its christsign here.

despite its witch-burning tail that sphere

when its zillion-witches-burned tail sphere
orbits to nail up a christsign here

no matter how witch-burnt-tailed that sphere

when its getcher-witches-burned tail sphere

no matter how million-witches-burned its tail sphere

no matter how witch-blaze-tailed that sphere

no matter what witchblaze tail that sphere

no matter what witch-burning-tailed sphere

if that burning-witch-at-stake tailed sphere

if it ignites its burning witch tailed sphere

despite what burnt-witch-at-stake-tailed sphere

when that ignite-witch-at-stake tailed sphere

// APPARITION (enneasyllabics)

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can seldom appear: compared to it
Halley's daily. What eye flared to it
can spot that rarest speck in the spent

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some magi might spy Bethelhem by,
bauble the Hubble holds in gem-high
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by two poets I used to know, converts
Karr and Wright. Well may they sing as sought
in such light, but I will not pay church

when that burning-witch-tailed sphere
orbits to nail up its christsign here.

....

Posted by knott at 10:18 AM

drafts....

ADVERTISEMENT [AD CIRCULAR / AD SIGN /
what's the right phrase????] (enneasyllabics)

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can seldom appear: compared to it
Halley's daily. What eye flared to it
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by two poets I used to know, converts
Karr and Wright. Well may they sing as sought
in such light, but I will not pay church

no matter how witch-burnt its tail sphere
orbits to nail up a christsale here.

/

orbits to nail up its christsign here.

despite its witch-burning tail that sphere

when its zillion-witches-burned tail sphere
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I have to pray for that view ray caught
by two poets I used to know, converts
Karr and Wright. Well may they sing as sought
in such light, but I will not pay church

when that burning-witch-tailed sphere
orbits to nail up its christsign here.

....

nine syllabics

graffiti promo-po handbills

town cry Edo-ad

"the first American advertising to use a sexual sell was created by a woman – for a soap product"

(SONNETARY)

over a tosscorps divan I drape repose
like a condom slipped upon a rose (yes, this flaunts its thorny latex factor!)
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
until your deceitful sweat has no use (yes, transferring ownership adds dandy
appeal!)
but to mold my gold hair
in my cold face's likeness

(SONNETARY)

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
until our deceitful sweat has no use
but to mold my gold hair
in my cold face's likeness

June 21, 2009

drafts...

*

In the country of the blind everyone
points at me.

[
(Being a good citizen, I don't see
the nation of fingers aimed my way—)
]

I heard the scythe-cries of the fallen
then I changed the channel.

There rolled tearlike down cheekwise
the word help or such was, and never
another said.

*

*

The throat of the wall holds
(fire of broken faucets) yea-when
tribal chants / gauge haven / oblique
stereosoph / 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 / tortures 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 / melting is
the only way to find the snow's doors/exits [

...

///

Posted by knott at 11:31 AM

June 23, 2009

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. Echo-infant
cymbals will scar my thirst for dole.

*

To give this offensive death a gesture beyond
its candle-paint, a mist, dawn where night
enough is calm in the midst of vanishing,
being replaced by necessity, time that impaled
incognito your surf-lingering thoughts: or
shallow as snorkel knighthoods, a steady
decay of flesh as cover for, a shirtsense
existence. You outlast all year-end prospects

which eventually beach all that follows us,
a bundle of abbreviations that suddenly
replace the thankyou-writhed witnesses, intrusive
plumage that still invades my evasions—
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
the faintest taste of ripeness, the harvest
shuddering through heads of others: avid
and speak with a voice whose sighs slope
us toward homage, unique solo voice
conclusive as weights in theater-curtainhems,
impending voice that ensures descent
the imminent nexus of this crush is
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.

////

POEM

Everytime the photo tears it to pieces
the body forgets to surface. Day or night
remain redundant when it comes to sight:

carrion-wafers/eyelids emulate how,
crying on cue, the branches are prepared for
Spring, which remembers to emerge when it's due.

A headless man out of whose collar a string
ascends to a balloon on which is painted
my head, as if that's plain enough for the wind.

The fastest lens has the deepest aperture.
[??????????]

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 simply rhetorical of mine.

Icicle addresses, their uniforms pressed
and ready to wear.

Roped to the precipice for the insane.
They dangle me over it.

.....

Posted by knott at 9:07 AM

June 25, 2009

drafts...

*

When questioned, the ground denied everything.
It stretched out flat and unaccusing.

/

My application for the job of 'corpse, public'
was rejected, but similar employment
of private sector beckoned from the horizon,
as always it was a question of dimension,
where one stood in regard to it. Despite
the choicest forsakings I was deposed
by each strata etcetera, earning the scorn
of my diminished status all too quickly
to heal the breach in sardine measures that
taught me six feet deep doesn't need us
to fill it. Flailing over the bannister didn't
help. Safetypins jabbed into my shoulders
should enable me to fly soon: until then
I'll muck up my manque like a lapidary ape
standing at an ungainly height I can never
attain, a topiary lust can merely relate
till mimed by flowers the wind carries it.

*

I fell in step with the graveyard,
altering my pace to its spacing of stones,
halting where it held itself aloft
for the tablet of time. My feet

were tricked into that terpsicore,
terse, tense, like trying to dance

with Mt. Rushmore. The memorials
were wallflowers at a desperate prom

whom no one would waltz off with.
I stood at last in [stride of stasis]....

...

*

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

home to the celebration or must
I attend this endless [.....]

*

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

////

Posted by knott at 12:07 PM

June 29, 2009

drafts....

*

Longing to fellate Rudolph
the Red-Nosed Reindeer I crouch
behind a snowclad chimney shivering
less from the cold than from my
cringing proximity to the loved one as
he lands skidding a little on
the icy roof: that could open
one abrupt chapter of verismo
rugged enough to succor its desired
agency. I might say my feet
stamp out the small bravoes
of the snow as it falls. Or else
pretend I never began in a cove
full of eels eliciting the Aegean delay
of day post-finis its dracular intent,
sinister and opaque, tactile even.
Impatient to breed the satyr-hyena
from a handful of fruitkin, in
all formats whose aperture drools
duelling swimmers coiffed at dusk—
the children of accidental eclipses
may concur. Yet an attic that's
dustmopped daily is no attic, I cry,
drinking ice-tea in a sandstorm,
all sulk-ember and numb-only.
Abashment's beverage. My hair
needles the dust. I comb through
photos of mythological scissors,
I tend to fly like I got a wing up
my ass but at least I try. Imagine
a balloon released at a burial to signal
the bloodnests in the caves, the eave
cotes of blood Earthbound leaves

his sister Skybound to fend with.

[

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
wring. 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,
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.

pounded 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
emissary 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:

With my bare hands I pulled the eyes out. When I had six I lay down, shoved them
into my rectal cavity, then started to fall. I willed my fall. Telescopes were trained on
a vein beating in my left temple. Its train took me away—the eyes were ballooning
inside me. I peeled my scrotum to get two more—my spinal column was dripping
plungers of acid by now—I erased everything that held me to the fragments which
had never been human if by human I meant this penis spurting eyes
which sting the running sores on my spine's tongue
on its terrace of toilets which was falling freely at will in the air like sweatflak—black
—burst—as every cave hangs by a string and longs to be wafted—shoot all over
the lips of Keats' deathmask—did I enter—his mouth—

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.

////

Posted by knott at 11:01 AM

June 30, 2009

drafts...

*

VACATION DESTINATION

They were cabinets in secret, the trees—
they kept their contents hidden, often—
is a list necessary. Knowing is what's
nough enough. They wept openly as
the coffin was rotisseried on the hour.
I began to pour white paint on the spots
the mime missed. My ardour wakes
no mirror like a mobile of stabs into light.

Cryptically hostile I fly de Milo high
over your emaciated eiffels, towers
where lambs shower the multibaa you
mistake for bells. Each rose powdered
with tint of retouseé, or wagtails parks
evacuate till gelded highrise ranks panic
and sleep. They oracle us down this [

If one without diff speaks of his same
who there, obscurest in their nearness,
echo minty all his words if dazed by
the circumference of this sheer niquity,
long tainted in the cease, the gravitational
caress on the soles of a corpse, who—
And yet origin needs nothing to be
itself. The way numerals on a digital

take an exact time to appear, to etch
themselves anon, sweet enemies of
the ether. Contrast them with your
old ticktock clock, the one you wind up
and stick in a sulk so you can't hear
it, how clumsy its numbers seem
compared to these. It's like that flash of

green when the brake is going down and
the sky is anchorscent of rave and sane.
Rags bathed in bull, more tenant with
void than breeze, we parade Pompeii
in blank laundry. Don't pout at the Marquis
de Sade please. And don't pet the snake he
uses to spice up his enemas with, either.

[

[
/

In the country of the blind everyone
points at me. And I, if I want to be

a good citizen of that land, must pretend
I don't see it when a nation of fingers

aims my way—I must be equally
sightless as them, conforming to

a unanimity of political purpose
whose power to deny [
[?????]

///

...

Posted by knott at 9:57 AM

July 01, 2009

drafts...

At the god end of evening to sit and read
deeply 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. Let them
swab your temples with bloodhazel;
or else wait until the hour has reached
its most thereaboutish, when they will
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, real, the true wallpaper:
and yet that statue of you wears
its chisel's aura too lightly, doesn't it?

Trying to emulate life is hard:
when fish swim deeper the heavier they breathe,
the more they whisper to their haloes,
surface the lake repeats as pure.
Its calm simulacrum holds tight charm
we would cognize more intimately ours if
its echo caroled cloud corrosions with
each transmittal a kind of scantron rabbit:
unbound and shunned, I shy at
that dream-emissioned fable whose ears
give no harbinger to me—
By ebb and gashes I shed 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.
After all, prisons link horizons;
and most quotes remain a deux.
Insert time-interims for that onion
whose udder nurses twelve 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.

////

At the deity bounds of evening to appear and readdeeply in the errors, nostrils
arrayed beyond a strand Euclidean; and then on the spur of the moment to feel the
me-too mouse-trap attach together you, still you in the sentiments of the
snuggery, its windows identical-eyed, ablaze with unification. Let them swab your
temples with bloodhazel; or else cool one's heels until the hour has reached its most
thereaboutish, when they will daub you in the dreams you count up as final—Through
your inmost-movie's corridors or along the wards where waxen things wait for their
bandages to be yanked off and jumped up and down on; where grimace-doers
corpse uncaught; where you apprehension the wallpaper contains enough
inconsistencies in its pattern to be valid, verified, the constant wallpaper: and to this
day that effigy of you wears its chisel's ambience too lightly, doesn't it? Trying to
emulate resiliency is sedulously: when fish swim deeper the heavier they blow, the
more they suspicion to their haloes, surface the lake repeats as maidenly. Its candid
simulacrum holds fasten charm we would cognize more intimately ours if its
reverberate caroled cloud corrosions with each transmittal a breed of scantron
rabbit: unbound and shunned, I timorous at that dream-emissioned fable whose
ears give no put one's signature on to me—By low tide and gashes I peel off my all to
anyone who fought the slap of my tobacco finito. Its convergence forms a technique
to check such, rudiments all, the figure scattered over its saddening em-dash, its
bone-chilling faded sketch (moments the end) can jestingly a doubters' partition in
any technique. After all, prisons together horizons; and most quotes corpse a deux.
Hooves vomited one-time vowels know its idol-paved domes uphold every lie as I let
someone know why my rifle-butt's bed-ridden. Insert time-interims seeing that that
onion whose udder nurses twelve owls in monthly systematize, one-time
verity's stray, pasture for our inner wail.

///

Posted by knott at 2:36 PM

July 08, 2009

drafts....

*

What becomes of the white flags after the surrender (we know what happens to the defeated: the movies have verified history or vice versa)—the museum for them would have my name on its door.

Among my kind I could find solace/respice. So thin their threads that laid one on top of another they'd form a bed in which I would cower while another blindness upon my face slowly grows illegible.

[.....] the mutilations cowards reveal only to our mirrors [

A soldier his bones aimed at his flesh describes an empty rain with hesitant gestures; the effort burns like jewelry inside my nostrils. He speaks eureka

to me in the birthplace of helmet and heliostroph. /// [

recoiling from the slap of balloons

....

on the steps of a crumbling saliva

....

your cunt is the lost tribes of your skin [?]

....

amputated cupids guard Coughedup City from the incursion of [...]

....

I was named identically across my grid I was nailed identically across my cross

....

As in times past when everyone on earth died, we must wait for [insert name] to come and [...]

....

that [name of art] is the anti-Medusa for our stone eyes [

....

fit the gumball globe over your head like a diving helmet and feel its planets drop into your eyes [

....

you are in the sky a kiss dissolving in flesh your eyelash propellers spin ready for the take-off

....

imagine summer if it had indirect lighting instead

....

Etude ending with the destruction of the profile

....

the tiniest musicbox in the world, and you're trying to save it from drowning

....

to arrive at the artichoke's heart on high scuds of wheels skidding around curves whose sauvy increases during Lent—blending fur sluice with chaotic barbers—and bitter as paradise to a wish-granting garden—my motto twits yours, mum autochton [...]

....

Posted by knott at 9:25 AM

drafts...

*

[hendecasyllabics [?]....]]

There inside my bathroom mirror the flesh steams
Ardent-spent with desire that fades-out to find / Overfaint with desire etc
Adonises always fairer fauned than mine
Whose handsomeness waits just wisps away it seems

To him shivering ever the sheenshed glass
Or is he still suppressing the emergence
Of many gods who must have succored presence
Once within such fallen minor forms unless

This vapor misting my razor [...] outpours
Sure its shorebank will brook no pollutant face
As ugly as this streamyfaux Narcissus
If gendered beauty still enfountains more source

Cognizant as such should any boy grown old
Feel his tepid taps run their course to cold.

/

To his shade shivering in the sheenshed glass

/

Teemed inside my bathroom mirror purer steam
Mistplays the faded flesh that desires to find
/There inside my bathroom mirror the flesh steams
Over with desire that fades in to find
Adonises always fairer fauned than mine
Whose handsomeness waits just wisps away in seem
/Whose handsomeness waits just wisps away it seems

And yet what shorebank brooks a pollutant face

/

If beauty still enfountained/entertained more source

Teeming/Inside my bathroom mirror purer steams
Impound/Misplace the faded flesh that desires to find

Teeming my bathroom mirror purer steams
Confound the faded flesh that desires to find
Adonises always fairer fauned than mine —
Handsome-ness waits just a wisp away it seems

To him shivering in the sheenshed glass,
Or is he simply suppressing the emergence
Of some god who must have succored presence
Once in such fallen minor forms unless

This vapor misting my razor outpours
Surely its shorebank brooks no pollutant face
As ugly as this streamy Narcissus
If beauty still enfountains more source

Cognizant as such should any boy grown old

Feel his tepid taps run their course to cold.

/whose tepid taps here/have run their course to cold.
Clouding my bathroom mirror purer steams

now tepid taps
Its shorebank will brook no pollutant face

All flesh is not desirable, though steams
Clouding my bathroom mirror hope to find

/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.

Promises always fairer fauned/found than mine

*

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
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

*

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—
Handsome 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 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

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 drydrips for the rapid boy grown old /grown rapid old
Now each tepid tap runs its course to cold.

Than drydrips for the tepid boy grown old
Now each tap runs its rapid course to cold.

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
?

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

...

////

Posted by knott at 9:26 AM

July 15, 2009

drafts....

*

[hendecasyllabics [?]....]

There inside my bathroom mirror the flesh steams
Misty with desire that must fade out to find
Adonises always fairer fauned than mine
Whose handsomeness waits just wisps away it seems

To him shivering over the sheenshed glass
Or is he sheer suppressing the emergence
Of many gods who would have succored presence
Once within such fallen minor forms unless

The vapor kissing my razorblade purepours
Sure its shorebank will brook no pollutant face
As ugly as this streamyfaux Narcissus
If gendered beauty can enfountain more source

Cognizant as such should any boy grown old

Still feel his tepid taps run their course to cold.

/
To his shade shivering in the sheenshed glass

/

...

////

Posted by knott at 9:26 AM

July 19, 2009

*

UNEARTHED TO EARTH

fluttering to earth the shot
bird scuds mud with its misflying dyings—
in poetry's sky the knott
likewise flails and fails to find his wings

/

bird lies dying in mud-scaped flyings—

bird dies in misfire mudflyings—

bird dies in desperate spasmed misflyings—

bird scuds up mud in misfire flyings—

bird scuds mud with its misfire flyings—

bird scuds mud in ebbfire dying flyings—

?

////

Posted by knott at 9:48 AM
drafts and roughs

*

All solar worlds are the same:

no inspiration
rises from the ground—
instead
it descends from above

to find secure a spot to pray
for crevice for haven.

From the land surrounding me
some sill holds firm in
its origin, and yet
how thwart all design grows.

Always the interval arrives,
sauve guillotine

honed on its air
of precedent, of accident.

Fissure to tap the well's outgurg—
even that surge
seems prefixed from on high—

Its word crowns descent
with enemies/energies animal
in nature, or
questionable as the machine

spirit crypt
that crumbles
beneath this issuance.

*

OFFENSE OF THE MIST [hendecasyllabics]

Stamp inside my bathroom mirror the flesh steams
Pout with desire that must fade awake to find
Adonises never fairer fauned than mine
Whose handsomeness waits just wisps away it seems

To him shivering over the sheenshed glass
Or is he sheer suppressing the emergence
Of many gods who would have succored presence
Once affront such fallen minor forms unless

The vapor kissing my razorblade purepours
Sure its shorebank will brook no pollutant face
Unlookly as this streamyfaux Narcissus
If gendered beauty can fountain up more source

Cognizant as such should any boy grown old
Still feel his tepid taps run their course to cold.

Half ugghost Unghostly as

Stuck Stout

Aghast with desire / Fested with desire / Fetid

Ghostlike with lukewarm moist

anent attent appoint aroit alloin aloin

affright affix

*

*

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 only 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 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.
Face to face, god what imperatives of glove.

T-shirt worn backwards to appease mirrors
with a logo/slogan whose moral is familiar
if we could somehow get in there to read it.

//

*

SHOWER

Needing martyrdom to live, I multiply
the papyrus duplicity of my hero—
duplicity is my hero—that double.

Outside the rain pours all fours
the fields that spread like search
patterns but find only more of us.

Depictions. We might atone by
using schoolmates for our self-portraits,
but otherwise remain sole. Simplifying

is the word I need here in the normal
beep-sense of its daily use, a warning-voice
evident as tatters. Can you remove

enough details to make your life immune
to autobiography. /enough details from your life to

make it immune to biography.
All the words skipped
by readers make a better picture of one's

own picture. The problem of the empirical—
the "crumbs of raisinbread in the coat
pocket," to quote Benn, the coat itself—

are unsolvable except through love of
the contingent, meaning the sacrificible,
the stuff you can easily throw away—

That's why the grounds out there are
surface of earth deep, why each of its borders
pretends to be elsewhere. Pretense is

the premise of the hero always required
to regard his origins as timeless. As
elsewhere. Distant as abandoned rooms

that narrate their cobwebs, since time
causes us to stride centerstage and gawk
multitude-timeless at engravings passed

among the lucky audience that thrives
by dispensing shares of continuity
which never yield enough for leftovers—

Everything left out of the text is always
too legible, the expository details
lacking which the reader is forced to

hold the page wedged in both hands
trying to anchor its disparities by spread
tactics, the way amid raindrops we hold up

our inbetweenities with a net of lollipops
[the distance rescued from whitewash
lone survivors of the commonground

//
Equidistant family trees have stranded me
Nomad the less
To obtain a common addled perspective
Nevertheless it is necessary
In the valley 3 wisemen mutilate their camouflage or replace it with studies of how
the wind sugars their footprints
with dopeduds
or soapsuds
snowing on its cloth
the miracle of salt reduced to a condiment
to spice the
they sneak a tootsieroll up under the statue's petticoats
deigning the closeup
to complete its kiss,

///
Posted by knott at 9:38 AM

the Neve Campbell villanelle

*

Before I retired from teaching, every spring semester I would conduct a Forms of
Poetry class, wherein the students were assigned to write poems in a variety of
forms—

Invariably when villanelle time came, I would urge them to choose subjects from history/myth/literature: Romeo and Juliet, I'd always suggest . . . I'd recommend that they take characters/plots from familiar popular movies (whatever the current favorites were)—

the villanelle, I would lecture them, is too short for linear narrative: the reader must grasp the situation/the theme immediately: Orpheus/Eurydice, Brad/Angelina, Hamlet/Ophelia . . . use characters/events like these, and the poem will be much easier to write!

Not many if any ever took my advice, which increasingly frustrated me over the years . . . and in short, I never found the formula to persuade them—

Their recalcitrance nagged at me past retirement: had I been wrong all those semesters?

Then a while ago, finally out of my lingering feelings of defeated ego and as if to justify my rhetoric albeit too belatedly, I thought to take my own instruction, to try and write the kind of villanelle I could never convince them to attempt—

this one:

*

THE NEVE VILLANELLE

He was a Montague and she was a Capulet
yet 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 that Neve Campbell that left them reft-heart—
It was Neve Montague and Neve Capulet

they wrote on their carnal diaries' most intimate
page: every 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

manse and navigate some Neve-or-die site
and ram 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
stopped them from loving Romeo and Juliet.

*

*

Posted by knott at 5:28 PM

July 20, 2009

workstuffs/drafts/roughs...

*

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

*

at summerfest
I think of the mallet
the crematory uses
to graniate
the harder bones

*

high over the event
how the cliff laughs
at its abyss's devotion/hangdog attentiveness

*

some birds drop worms
on my hat's brims
but not/instead of blossoms

*

Sure Donald Trump in penthouse plush enthroned
Is happy, with his lovely wives and kids—
And Jorie Graham bent upon the grids
That stretch her page beyond those margins known
To minor sophs like me: or Sharon Stone
[]

*

names never sound the ground
they fathom home
or proclaim they've conquered
the slightest
flag planted
to confound the soil[]

**

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
[]

*

*

Posted by knott at 7:12 AM
whoa angel

*

WOULD IT KILL YOU

Desiring your love I am
like a mendicant asking
an angel for a feather,
uncertain if what he
requests is too little or
too much, something that
would not be missed
or something vital—

*

whoa angel lend me a feather
got a match to light it with
cool puff puff PUFF oh my
god is this what they mean
when they say you're on high

///

Posted by knott at 6:48 AM

July 21, 2009

workstuffs/drafts/roughs...

*

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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.

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would not be missed
or something vital—

*

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got a match to light it with
cool puff puff PUFF oh my
god is this what they mean
when they say you're on high

///

Posted by knott at 6:48 AM

*

UNEARTHED TO EARTH

fluttering to earth the shot
bird scuds mud with its misflying dyings—
in poetry's sky the knott
likewise flails and fails to find his wings

/

bird lies dying in mud-scaped flyings—

bird dies in misfire mudflyings—

bird dies in desperate spasmed misflyings—

bird scuds up mud in misfire flyings—

bird scuds mud with its misfire flyings—

bird scuds mud in ebbfire dying flyings—

bird scuds mud with its last dying flyings—

bird scuds mud with its final dying flyings—

/

SCRAPE ESCAPE [title? — Scraping escape / free]

fluttering to earth the shot
bird scuds mud with its last dying flyings—
in poetry's sky the knott
likewise flails and fails to find his wings

////

Posted by knott at 9:48 AM
drafts and roughs

*

*

August 04, 2009

drafts...

*

time in and theme out
losing the footing of its fetish
the train faints on the figure-8 piano keys

[embrace]

the problem with the end is
that you have to start reaching
out for it beforehand and so
sometimes your arms only
get the penultimate instead

/

EMBRACE

the problem with the end is
that you have to start reaching
out for it before you get there
and all too often your arms
end up getting filled with
the penultimate instead

/and all too often then
one's arms end up filled with
the penultimate instead

/

*

dark in the asylum's dayroom
the insane count me on their fingers
but I still add up to nothing
(therapeutically speaking)

*

*

nothing will justify your sadness
or something will
you long to shrink to that bare level
where either is believable

where both equally console
shrivel ground where
her absence will not matter

will not embody this

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
coming up the horizon

can the brow be lashed to it
to end a storm
will its paths matchspurt me
straight to their end

the latter and the former put
me to sleep with their spoils
of inevitability shall I find it
in 3 squirts of dead-end
bouncing the longputer doorway
two arms meeting in a circle of carrion
whatever was drowned in
serial skins as they confirmed
the x ray's snazzy speed
a lullaby of antennas that stripped
causality from bounds
adjunct of god and fang
the sighs rearrange themselves to
the music but one can only
sip it through an exploding straw

*

Posted by knott at 7:39 AM

drafts...

*

time in and theme out
losing the footing of its fetish
the train faints on the figure-8 piano keys

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that you have to start reaching
out for it beforehand and so
sometimes your arms only
get the penultimate instead

/

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adjunct of god and fang
the sighs rearrange themselves to
the music but one can only
sip it through an exploding straw

*

August 07, 2009

recent shorts

*

NOLI ME TANGERE

In the country of
the blind everyone

points at me.

*

INSCRIBE

sex is tracing paper of murder
so let me lie under you
when you do it

*

SCENARIO

My soul fell asleep
during the beautiful part
of the mirror, leaving
my body
to face it alone.

*

HOUSE AND HOLDMATES

how long these two
lived between each other
in a perfect renting
of me and you

*

HAIKU IN H

that cloud overhead
has a hundred places to go
and none of them here

*

FETE

at summerfest
I think of the mallet
the crematory uses
to graniate
the harder bones

Posted by knott at 11:36 AM

August 17, 2009

drafts....

*

I scream down the ward. But can
this scalpel slash the right
rooster from my veins, oh though.

Polar sundials measure this
hollow traffic as Atlas feels
Antlas crawling up his leg—

But with neither frothing on your
shore you don't care. Tied

to a civilization that lacks my brain

I confide in spittle amnesia
or paint toenails with tickles . . .
I scream down the ward, the silo

hooves of duelling havens. At
the UN one flag lacks alive.
That deathland's montage-hatch

is what I scratch at. My
face a horror to novice idolators.
That maze moults its walls

too late for me to enter. A child
separated from his thought
can function as before but when

I lose my I scream down the ward.
Snail-icicles line the lids
of my inmates. I try to lay

my tiny laughing tithe on
Sodom's sinuous ancestry high.
I annul the Reptile Age, dead

speadeagle, dangling testtubes.
I forbid my coattails to bark.
Crossroad gymnastics; suitable sex

closed the conference whose m-
embers merged. How slovenly
I bent at the eyes, beckoning wild

with either fingers like a north
sought by nothing equidistant,
indicators passing wings with

the transparency of hands flung
up to ward off a blow's verification
of flesh. Lands beware all told.

////

Posted by knott at 9:11 PM

drafts....

*

In order to recall
the features of the one
lost, one must gaze
into nothingness. One
must lose the present
to regain/recount the past,
the face we see must be
blank so it can flit
across the screen of its
mind to wither the images
there [...]

When we search the past for someone
the face we find must be blank
so it can flit across the screen
of the mind to erase the features there [

the search necessitates losing
the present to the degree we pursue
its opposite. The ratio may not
be exact though, we may lose more
present than we regain past,
the numbers may not even out.
There may be an excess of gap
facing us when we return to
the present clutching the face [whomever]
we've brought back, a void which
may be not filled by the retrieved
features no matter how beautiful
they hover there [...]

/

which increases in ratio to
the search for it, since the search
necessitates losing the present
to the exact degree we pursue
the lost. The ratio may not be
exact in the column of the
tabulation [

/

you wake up only when
the dream you're having
can no longer come true

you wake up only when
it's the old you again
and not that dream person

you wake up in suspense
at what will come next in
the dream that just ended

///

Fate resisting whatever failure
asks of it. I come in too late
to change the caution, to catch
the rate operating my mind—trying
to reach the voice on the phone
that leaves me alone, frightened
I won't/will get the details right,
holding the receiver fetch /
retriever [... the sills that
overstep our homes / despite
our voyages away / fail to find
a stalk-hold on [stilettoes
[that touch us at every pore like air does]

////

Posted by knott at 8:56 PM

August 20, 2009

*

Just as all streets and roads could
be amended to include
bicycle paths,
so all literary avenues
should have a sonnet lane—

Everywhere those big
poems roar expelling their
hauxious exhaust, there
also our footpowered craft
could glide—

all SUVs (surface ugly verses)
ought to make room
for these smaller more
eco-esque vehicles.

*

Posted by knott at 10:05 AM

*

IMP

as i sd to my
the darkness sur
always talking i
caught maybellene
at the top
of the hill drive
he sd for christ
sake john why
can't you
be true i sd but
john was
not his name
his name was not
sd his name
no not was
never his
name i was not
his john though
as i was
motivating
over the hill i
saw him come his
cadillac sitting
like a ton
of lead sd sur
why not i caught
john at the top
of christ i
sd christ which
was not his name
maybellene mary
i sd which
was not his come
why can't you be
true drive he
started back do
ing the things
he sd john he
sd christ my
cadillac you
used to do what
can we do
against it why
can't we be
true for christ
sake look out where
yr going john
was not his name
came yr going

not look out
where not his
not no one
to witness to
adjust drive he
maybellene mary
i caught at
the top of the
cross was not
the darkness sur
creeley sur
berry sur
rounds us shall we
and why not
why can't you
be true drive
he sd for
christ sake you
can't be true
why can't can
we do against
and why not buy
maybellene a
goddamn big
car a god
cadillac to
witness and
adjust no
one to drive
he sd for
buy buy look
out why
can't you true
at the top of
the hill as
i sd to my
name which was
not why can't
why can't you
be true

*

Posted by knott at 9:49 AM

August 21, 2009

*

THE RETRIEVAL

In order to recapture
the features of the one
lost, one must gaze
first into nothingness.

And yet the found face/profile/mugshot
we encounter thus must
be blank so it can flit
across the screen of

expectation, and wither
all the images there:
as we scan the past for
someone any the same

we see must be cipher
enough to erase that
old recognition which
we hold in our mind.

The search necessitates
losing the present to
the degree we pursue
its opposite. The ratio

may not be exact though,
and we may lose more
time than we regain,
the numbers may not

even out. There can be
an excess of loss, a gap
that greets us when we
return to our senses

clutching whomever
we've brought back to
this void which can't
be filled by the then

recalled person no
matter how beautiful
they hover here now
in place in front of us./in place in facing us.

....

Posted by knott at 9:03 AM

August 30, 2009

drafts....

*

YOU

The decalcomane's rashness fits its
illiterate seizure of every first
perk-of-chaos. Each pattern blots
backwards so the teen angst hurts

less than birth's, when one's alien
asserts himself: lightyears awash
doorsills toppling to frame errors / doorframes topple to stay errors [.....?]
may stray ever homeward, land

at last upon a study of the steps,
the staircase whereon they gain
this guidebook grace. Its gaps

flood all, see: even the wallcrack vein
from which Roderick Usher drew
his daily syringe brims with you.

/

the staircase where you learn to lack
each guidebook grace. Its gaps

flood all, look: even that wallcrack
from which Roderick Usher drew

his

/
the staircase where you learn to build
a trapdoor place. [.....] its gaps

flood all, see: even that wallcrack flue
from which Roderick Usher filled
his daily syringe brims with you.

/
land/
where always [.....] view
whose staircase you have to build
with the bricks they stuck on your back,

[. . .] but look: even that wallcrack
from which Roderick Usher filled
his daily syringe brims with you.

/

/
asserts himself: lightyears awash
his entrance frame the house arrears/always
straying from homeward bound to land

/.... lightyears awash
house his frame in straight errors
which stray from boundwards to land

/
frame his days in straight errors
which fray asshomewards and land

///

*
I sit at the froth pits of my crimes
which luridly-combed largess primes
with primal guilt. Sometimes

in the mirror the brow's nemesis
are these navel-encrusted nostrils
of mine. I shun my cognatal

pre-nog's eye too barely to see how
the snowfall mimes the air
with blue percussion and [...]

lava-slided gauguins. Judging
by the blood dripping down
on me I see there's only one

place they can't desecrate, if
I could only keep my trepan
scrubbed clean I mean.

*

///

I've studied the wallcrack
from which Roderick
Usher filled his syringe

at regular intervals but
no decalcomania occurs
when I trace it in my mind

or find a speck of chaos
to watch writhe. Illiterate
each pattern bolts me back

till teen angst hurts less
than birth beyond which
it's all alien, lightyears

assert themselves every
sill, or toppling snowfall
mimes the air with blue

precisions. Is it right to
frame it in errors largess
costumes in such nemesis,

encrusting the nostrils
with navels for example,
letting the body's rooms

merge in decay or worse,
cognition. My sister
counts worms for luck,

the curse of us Ushers
towers over the muck
it sucks its swamp from.

[...]

*

Posted by knott at 11:58 AM

September 7, 2009

drafts....

*

Knott-plotting to fellate Rudolph
the Red-Nosed Reindeer I crouch
behind a snowclad chimney shivering
less from the cold than from my
cringing proximity to the loved one as
he lands skidding a little on
the icy roof: verismo venture, ploy
rugged enough to succor its desired
agency. I could even add my feet
stamp out the small bravoos
of the snow as it falls. Or else
pretend I never cowered in a cove
full of eels eliciting Aegean delays
of day post-finis its druglord intent,
sinister and pale-opaque, tactile even.
Impatient to breed the satyr-hyena
from a handful of fruitkin, in
all formats let your aperture drool

duelling swimmers coiffed at dusk,
the children of alternate cramps
may concur. And yet an attic that's
dustmopped daily is no attic, I cry,
drinking ice-tea in a sandstorm,
all sulk-emberish, numb-only.
Abashment's beverage. My hair
needles the dust. I comb through
photos of mythological scissors,
I tend to fly like I got a wing up
my ass but at least I try. Imagine
balloons released at burials to signal
the bloodnests in the caves, the eave
cotes of blood Earthbound leaves
his sister Skybound to fend bare.

///

NAILBITER

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 some greater fault,
maybe it keeps me from
committing that overt evil
I've eyed for life a while—

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 would 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 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 prayers
for, instances that palliate

every inherent guilt as it

increases its doses versus
the rest of us halfbent 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

.
....

form draped in such love

///

PEACE CONFERENCE

I scream down the ward. But can
any scalpel slash the right
rooster from my veins, oh though.

Hollow traffic—polar sundials measure
your tall world's encroachment.
Atlas feels Antlas crawl up his leg.

But with neither frothing on your
shore you don't care. Tied
to a civilization that lacks my brain

I must confide in spittle amnesia
or paint toenails with tickles . . .
I scream down the ward, the silo

hooves of duelling hymenhavens.
At the UN one flag lacks alive:
that westbourne's montage-hatch

is what I scratch at (my
face a horror to novice idolators).
Doubtless that maze moults its walls

too late for me to emerge. A child
separated from his thought

can function as before but when

|||| scream down the ward.
Snail-icicles line the lids
of my inmates. I try to lay

my tiny laughing tithe upon
Sodom's sinuous ancestry high.
I repeal the Reptile Age, dead

speadeagle, dangling testtubes.
I forbid my coattails to bark.
Crossroad gymnastics; suitable sex

closed the program whose I-
ectures merged. How slovenly
I bent at the mic, beckoning wild

with either fingers like a north
sought by nothing equidistant, its
indicators passing wings with

the transparency of hands flung
up to ward off a blow's verification
of flesh. Lands beware all told.

////

/

///

Fate resisting whatever failure
asks of it. I come in too late
to change the caution, to catch
the rate operating my mind—trying
to reach the voice on the phone
that leaves me alone, frightened
I won't/will get the details right,
holding the receiver fetch /
retriever [... the sills that
overstep our homes / despite
our voyages away / fail to find
a stalk-hold on [stilettoes
[that touch us at every pore like air does]

///

*

Often while making love
hate would use our spine
as a one-string abacus

adding and subtracting
the numbers of orgasm as
we would slam and slam

on that empty jamb. Fruit

smoldered on our antlers
or tremors worked south

we drove the mouth at.

[...]

*

the latter and the former put
me to sleep with their spoils
of inevitability shall I find it
in 3 squirts of dead-end
bouncing the longputer doorway
two arms meeting in a circle of carrion
whatever was drowned in
serial skins as they confirmed
the x ray's snazzy speed
a lullaby of antennas that stripped
causality from bounds
adjunct of god and fang
the sighs rearrange themselves to
the music but one can only
sip it through an exploding straw

**

WHEN TO THEN

When 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,
though Newtonian formats provide an end-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
a post-it note urging occupants to leave.

/all latent urge to clarify my decisions then.

/a post-it note on the door informing occupants

////

//

*

The red-laden nude of no vows
will not resurrect
///

Half ugghost Unghostly as

Stuck Stout

Aghast with desire / Fested with desire / Fetid

Ghostlike with lukewarm moist

anent attent appoint aroit alloin aloin

affright affix

*
*

Posted by Bill Knott at 9:01 AM

September 11, 2009

drafts....

*

Windows bound by final lens, glass
islands that balance a splinter
in their heart. Or mirrors where

my arrows drink all 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

where stones get shklovskied
without 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

////

Posted by Bill Knott at 5:07 PM

September 13, 2009

drafts. . .

*

POEM

At the god end of evening to sit and read
deeply 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. Let them
swab your temples with bloodhazel;
or else, wait until the hour has reached
its most thereaboutish, delay they
daub you with 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, real, the true wallpaper:
and yet that statue of you wears
its chisel's aura too lightly, doesn't it?

Trying to emulate life is hard:
when fish swim deeper the heavier they breathe,
the more they whisper to their haloes,
surface the lake repeats as pure.
Its calm simulacrum holds tight charm
we would cognize more intimately ours if
its echo caroled cloud corrosions with
each transmittal a kind of scantron rabbit:
unbound and shunned, I shy at
that seem-emissioned fable whose ears
give no harbinger to me—

By ebb and gashes I shed 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.

After all, prisons link horizons;
and most quotes remain a deux.
Insert time-interims for that onion
whose udder nurses twelve 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.

*

*

*

POEM

Out the window snow falls like an insistent tugging
at a sleeve or a generalized sloppy tide of miracles.
They put a mirror in a testtube and call it clone. No
sperm-spume dripping down a favored wall of cave
to yield a stereo distance of shore—a petitioned real.
Some measure of contempt holds me ransom, makes me
pose like this in roughed up eye fashions. Amnesia
for other measures who suspect I play no part in my
identikit capsizing finally homo ref, mime corps
spreading immune icicles to blatant those targets
savant I was incrueted by; remember my echo purse
field of ratio blanket, verbs who crop up the futile—
gelid morning slim in its queue, the mold thumb
for an instant was poured that way. Appointedly.
World of roses in which the thing stands whole again,
programmed by phoning the echo, converting it
to cash behind me. Message intimate for the blond
sincerity if you repeat it slowly eyes closed. A delve
away from here the day I crowned prattler fills me

with mythbolic, and if I were not destined with it
I could foretell what vast sky constraining this
ensured the god of my wide road was you. Inevitable
enough for two, more borne than the one strands
painted less of, their scrawl all I knew in the end.

////

Posted by Bill Knott at 9:27 AM

September 20, 2009

drafts.....

*

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
yet angle all 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

who-weds milk the beehive's hammer
behind their veil each wheel waits
to be invented so it can bear
to bury octopi in kraken hair

////

Posted by Bill Knott at 8:22 AM

September 26, 2009

drafts....

*

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 hi-yo horsie lassoes similar to coily Casta's noose.
They pour smear her lipstick pot on a salamander as

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

the room in flames, even the chair she stepped off of
to hang herself. How tragic: unlike all other bratlove

kids who can never be certain their mother did not
diddle the plumber, these three share a secret that

no one but them knows—the terror of pure patrimony

sure of their ID more certifiable than any infants
who ever scanned their birth for flaws of entrance.

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]

*

How I painted you, first
offering the blank canvas
a cigarette and a blindfold:

such executions burst
their frames purloin the vast
world once boundheld,

vanishing through the next
text that cliques into view.
What scar has interhearted

us in poses the thousand
roved letters I wrote must
have mentioned, the notes

I wrought in similar airs
to you, simpleton valley, bald
hive of greenery, desultory

vista. Smirking as I tease
your yawns keep reading
their kleenex for the word

(sought as one, it dims;
wrought by many it screams)
tar vomit covers day with.

If snow unsheathed those peaks
it holds above our craned up
necks would find out how sharp.

What echo-other heights keep
more deaths suspent than this;
my pane re-sinews bleakly

every wind from up there.
[.....]

///

*
raindrops windowpane
I can't see myself wearing
more daring outfits

...

....

EMPTY [/broke/busted/cashed out/ etc]

I look harder
in my wallet
than in my mirror
I already know
what it holds

.....

*
A flick of the equator and here
you stand, lost in Upharshinland
where every cream-thesp fails
to be dark by a candle's worth—

can such tiny palliates save us
if we remain in vogue with brains
pared from the sudden occasional
or a spacesuit filled with feathers

enters heaven. Somewhere between
the moon our apogee must see
are you that neighbor halt, of all

the format unfound? Each face
strikes a different hour in the heart
(haply thine the angelus art—)

....

Posted by knott at 11:50 AM

September 27, 2009

draft...

*

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 killer
or slimeball husband 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 saddest
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—
both the critics and the cops want a big 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 to quell
the violence you manifesto in flesh, the flash
fails its prosaic finale, the hostages flail hell,
footnotes revenge this transgress and trope,
hopeless my every appeal. But you in there
my ideal captive audience, you must know
our hold-outs our hide-outs are no help,
the authoridudes will get us in the end,
you on death row and me on the shelf where
my policed volumes plug their sanctioned
crimes of rhyme in chime with the same old
Villonmyths, Rimbaud selling slaves to find
his fateful famous shame, what the hell? You
and me, buddy, what good are we? God hail
this suicidal shootout and movie macho
has no chance of precedence in the pants,
it can't oedipize your dad and mine and what's
his name the president the king the man—
so come out now and let our tame jails remain
jealous of each other, barricaded in their
terror of empathy, these cowardly face-downs
just to create what, an obvious world where
yours murders, mine bores them to death
with its antithet, its smug badguy of verse
poses, there's nothing worse than this stale feud's
duelling each other to whose purpose, you's?
Give it up. Undo your dope. Look—it's like
the avantgarde out here, every rifle round me
is bristling with theory to prove you wrong
and them right, right between your eyes,
stooge—

[.....]

///

Posted by knott at 9:47 AM
draft....

*

POEM

To give this offensive death a gesture beyond
its candle-paint, a mist, dawn where night
enough is calm in the midst of vanishing,
being replaced by necessity, time that impaled
incognito your surf-lingering thoughts: or
shallow as snorkel knighthoods, a steady
decay of flesh as cover for, a shirtsense
existence. You outlast all year-end prospects
which eventually beach all that follows us,
a bundle of abbreviations that suddenly
replace the thankyou-writhed witnesses, intrusive
plumage that still invades my evasions—
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
the faintest taste of ripeness, the harvest
shuddering through heads of others: avid
they speak with a voice whose sighs slope
us toward homage, unique solo conclusive
impending voice that ensures descent, yet
the imminent nexus of this crush is a fizz
lesson leading us home, home always signals
its horizon to close-up, zoom-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, more paradigms
a slope flowers towards, 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
every sentence from firsthand endeavors,
each unique niche of it forever featured, no,
concealed by empty perspective bleeding true.

////

Posted by knott at 8:18 AM

September 30, 2009

drafts....

*

THE LOVES OF A DRAIN

Our lovemaking summarizes the wallpaper,
its repetitive visual rhythms find
their analog in every 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

two who find themselves sinking into

each hole with swirl-on-cue tongues
insistent, barely saved by the act
gestures they denude the bed with,

waking transgressions that express
vent the urge to lie on one's back and
advocate thumbs. Gurgling passionately

their pipes express me better than I,
internal plumbing meets in these feints
across the sheets like a hand waving me

away from the precipice edge, whose
fidelity assuages the prayer to die here
caught in this transit of self, the score

scaled in ascent. Otherwise in else to
lie here submerged in the event that
creates its surge, in which our part

is incidental, striptypes in the format
of excitation and release. And then
eager as love in a downpour of thumbs

they bite each other shock absorber.
They requite each other in prescient
passage, the prince whispers let me

stab this glass slipper into your heart
to see if it fits. Cindy stirs in her stupor
of tongues, what can we say that

won't be more. The prison left our pores
for a moment; orgasm hopped a plane
to the coast. The departures were

staggering, or rather staggered, staged
at conversant intervals. Let me see
what fits there inbetween the cursive

stains on the blanket, the rack's blood,
see what they try to cover over with
arabesque or maze motions, shapes

half occupied by what we measure
the nonce of it with. Recurrent tides
engulf the buttered side the butchered—

behind that facade we hide [.....]

October 01, 2009

drafts....

TRAIN PASSING A CEMETERY

The train's compartments are the size of graves,
Each day they paint in their fast frames of glass
The colorless stones and plots with screensaves
Less-lasting than [] the weeds and grass

That show death's depot's always overdue—
Time's faultless schedules force them to portray

The cemetery's vista of decay,
View which is nothing but residue.

Where even the trees are obituaries
The passing cars' avid artistic panes
Assemble the reflections no one here sees

Though their transit-by seems slower than sheer.
Defunct in an instant, incessant refrains
Depict. They forget their destination's here.

.....

///
Sanity descends to water via no stairs
I have installed in the blood—
winding asylum I find myself locked in,
corridor shy, holding smugglers' trophies.
I can see through the windows distant
events, pageants and costumes enlivening
each scene. Even recent rivers on drawn wings,
hovering once, show thirst has sashes.
Here sanctum-bound, I linger on the threshold
to discover its intent. What does the doormat
indicate? Every keyhole I approach knows me.
Threads scrape flesh down final doorways.
Out there the world belongs to tossup.
Balloons whose footprints sting the air with soft
occasion, clawing with magnetic fingers
the sleep and the donation of exalted drums.
Here my penance opens throat-loquets, revealing
the face of someone in the movies, born
between sweet and sweetness, with masks
each day another hero must relinquish,
jettison person, sad cadence of the farceur.
By evening the arcade outside has passed—
blindly bronchial the subtle-submerged ink
of a 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 a 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
with the year, the seasonal jams and jellies
that record our passage across the isthmus
of defeat, the photos racked recursive gender.
My face is a quizbox killed by zoomrays.
A roadsign to a snail might shift and be real
to me if I were reduced in my features,
undermining the question with furtherplod,
memorable to your ghost, whose features
take on the exalted tension of a foreseen
allusion torn open at the throat by exactitudes
bidden 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 name, stumbling in a cower
toward the harbor's caress festival, that lovelag.
But when the unexcited lava covers us
with barefoot condiments, will, unhalting, I
drink dirt from sloppy seashells—
Long candle, ponder, short candle, think—
or fail to overcome what fatal inertia.
Conclude-child, at last to lie across exhaust:
I pray my pedestal's unyield will moulting 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 unclespoor offers
to crunch up a window wad up the scene use
it to mop the sill where each sunbeam mutates—
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 further face.

Define distance as an erased echo,
a looksee puddle of ourselves, though
Can it keep a taste wept this openly?
and yet mourns all the wheels killed
in inexact wars, all the tiny levers:
I know he can never redeem his life
a growth that drains and ripens daily
Yet he himself is simply an exchange
for my non-existence, a sign to offset
my furtive, unmost-unglimpsed entity
whenever I linger between some trees
If we conspire to hide from each other
The sleep I poach from is posted with echoes—
RAIN

Besides its breezes, the sway of whose loft
is greater than day's, we feel the sky as
prior, as pilgrim. The cleave in our love
leaves a field or bare place for where to build.

Strangely energized by the windshield
wipers, animated by each stoplight's
imperative, by every presence other
than our own grown so absent, we drive

toward the horizon, that groveled traveler.
And we ourselves might kneel before ourselves
if all our effigies hadn't crumbled/decayed

to a bare/stoop pedestal. That stance of us
as we kissed was not as statuary
as we had planned, was it. Less foot less firm.

Balloons whose footprints sting my air with soft
occasion. The world belongs to tossup. 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 At times they create an alternate life
but that is no prior claim.

QUEEN AGAINST JACK

The better to steady myself I rose
In her arms the better to stay: say
She has to remember me I am nobody
To be without, and I am nobody to be without her—

To see in her special-glacial eyes the die
Disdain she was right to feel for me,
Made me hope that atop their snowcap
A mirror could be bent by a sigh—

My pillow poem, my blanket whose holes are home,
My white sheets array themselves for her,
She who I pray finds me in all but the final way—
But wake alone, amid hoistless pulse of thrust—

(Somewhere, snug inside his mute cube, a jack
In the box is having a heart attack.)

///

Meadow of matchsticks,
soon to be kindled
by Spring the incendiary.
The exact flame of your blossoms
will ignite the passions
rapidly sapped by time,
its pinprick and moss
of another grasp. Drop
by drop your excess essence went
and now miner's hats
light up like love before your vein,
the depth of your decibel
dark diurnal frame in which
to depict the drift, the waste
as when I painted the review copies
they sent me. But those books
opened to polar pages and you
and I weigh the ends of this
teeter totem down, you at the
head and me nadir, where
postmortem is the aura of
self-portrait, its spiritual half.

If only no-man's-land were not
nomadic; if its unarmisticed
place did not constantly
hover between our shifting
reserves, if there were a place

of peace, a lull to sing,
to sing a bye to, a space

in whose endless sign
genesis is lost. Gone. Dropped off—
The path dispatched, its message
sent to the yet fingertips
which spread with merchandise
which is always either
too modest or too rich
re a beggar asking an angel
for a feather: too little
or too much! Would it kill you?
Like flesh fauved from the bone,
one must blindfold the precipice
before leaping from it.

My marriage to the the young
arms of the abyss. Its overwealth
is a gulf. Its plenty a void. Spring.
Greensward, table which Summer
puts its elbows on, depraved
its manners, the meal a mess,
what's left of the feast, the rest
of that cornucopia, a pose
that mitigates our sacrifice, a
pause, a snowflake pinned
to our bones, a sun that gulps
thermometers whole? And tidal

stage-curtains that open and close
per the moon. Spotlight, assisted
in mid prestidigitation by the wind,
wielding a shishkebob of heads
whose tongues hang swaying,
saying what the wand wants.
It points out the birthmarks
of alias. The plethora that sugars
our footprints and dusts the sunset,
its occasional ancestral-tao.
It tames one nostril and leaves
the other wild,

AFTER GOETHE

Hear the hilltops lapse
Until each copse of trees
Drops so still that there
Is scarcely an air
Left for the birds to share
Their songs: slowly, by degrees,
Like you the forest stops.
Where is this place? Nowhere.
Tear up your maps.

///

Your hands of glass wired to ancient seepage
of foxes whos moan on the sunlit side of a star
offer to me the piano glancing back at its shores
where native spiral sobs (geysers) thumb through
a torrent cut fresh from the heart of a silo's

pregnancy of otters aiming their initials at
a wristwatch's dunes where you sit naive as
electricity, wise as taps on the window every
midnight glaciers pulling sleds across the envelopes
that shatter from a single wisp—a single star-wisp
perfume that blows on its hands to mist the bridge's
blueprints of boney honey flying over the sparrows
that interrupt amnesiacs who recede with pale red
threads that suckle a knee of lonely last-calls for
the knife that scrapes off an echo to make an ocarina
tamed as blood of tablets etched with velocity's temperature.

A nose surrounded by a flaw, my face
spanks its placenta to please the scalpel's
uncle: the curtains drawn show their figures
to the birds that lay their eggs on the rim

of a volcano then fly off never
to return, trusting the heat to hatch, waves
of surf that crash like a steeple of cold
teeth, the blackout, the rust culminating

in eyes. My eyes are like crosswords, filled-in
rather than full; I inhale the here
but exhale the there: my pastimes are where

I'm always correcting the clock's accent
or putting makeup on my lack of tattoos.
I wear imploded sandals instead of shoes.

Balanced wild on the shore
yield my rain.
Incubus prism epidermus emits the nobodiest nest

I saw each window
Tipped toward the infinite by its light

After I replace the bars of the cage with my bones
And then put the bars inside my body will I have escaped
The state of proscenium?

will
reveal a

A door-deep animal embracing each
fathom of welcome.

Fucking; nightcrawlers smashing my anonymous.
unfell the swoop of this

Male means to be in the crime of things here,
murdered raped and landscaped into nowhere.

Its mercatorous cleavage of owls weeps
and taps at bullseye-sills with chills, with fever-scrapes.

Someone to pause and take pills with during
the act of coition, the fact of cosmos, the pure

assemblage or tract of gravity's gropings

to express us in inexact, round figures—

His faith lost to die, the lover glares
(Oh what sundry I am under, yawnfrefres).

Through two keyholes at once an aura
can't go.

QUEEN AGAINST JACK

(The better to steady myself I rose
In her arms the better to stay: say
She has to remember me I am nobody
To be without, and I am nobody to be without her.)

(To see in her special-glacial eyes the die
Disdain they bled at me. To feel no me,
To know how cold how lost I'd have to lie,
Wrapped in a blanket whose holes are home.)

(Now if I wake at night my veins alone
From a dream of her, she who I pray
Finds me in all but the final way,

(Somewhere stuck inside his mute cube a jack
In the box is having a heart attack.)

///

NAVEL

Last link with the Mother's body,
and therefore with the self,
I accumulate around you. My belly
oceans your lame island.

You are the eye that blinks only once.
Prism or portal or priapism's plinth,
I resist your imperative only
to my injury. So if I take one giant

Step away from childhood's site, you
Whose games were themed to hold us safe,
I must ask permission first
Of sunset's unsettled light

Where most you seem at home,
Great ambient figure draped for flight.

drop by drop in closeup glissade
my figment fatima of lull repute—

Sticks on his back will keep his heart
intact, declared the orphan's keeper.

ORIENTATIONS (enneasyllabics)

The deaths I lost to childhood are blue
as a precipice, green as a wish:
their sheerdrop panels are books of hours
from which a minute drips now to paint

the floor a corner-colored drape-doored
each day and more the shape I escape—
its miser mode offers a thumbnail
handful, apt for elbow-erewhionists.

Chosen randomly, primarily
for their sound, my children surround me demanding each to die. Their figures
are an unravel I travel toward.

To hail them here, to seal their names in
time; to feel their navels cupped with home.

Now
me to die finds its pose. I am the now
night of the then day.

At times they create an alternate life
but that is no prior claim.
Balloons whose footprints sting the air with soft
occasion. That world belongs to tossup. 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

Whenever heaven's equation of one on
the panes is rain, the commodious
robe of time, letting its mind-drifts loose
like a veinous essence drained by vines—

like the character most often misplaced
in Dostoyevsky's Idiot, Rogozhin, his face
was like and yet
he was able to intrude on beyond it.

(The sleep I poach from is posted with echoes
whose mayonnaise cleavage of owls weeps
and taps at bullseye-sills with chills, with fever-scrapes.)

His faith lost to die, Rogozhin glares
like an aura trying to go through twelve keyholes.

Oh what sundry I am under, yawnfrees.

As for Myshkin, Mushkin, Mindkin, whatever
the fuck his name lacked, it made up for
in pseudonyms, in same-isms, in equations
for heaven, for heaven's misplacement here—

each metaphor an error, attenuating
the word in a myshdash of sounds, a glossolalia
which idiots propound, poet-sure their gaga
patter might actually matter a whit to the King

of Kings whose symbol they simulate with wit
drooljisms, 'cause biting His ear barks the only
sentry to the word that grows fruit faded, leaving

no alternative to theirs, I guess. Prince Knott
I'm not. My godhead guards itself with 3
versions of itself, none of which I believe in.

*

You must judge, 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
Magazine pages yellowed by semen are
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 italics.
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.

////

One too many nights away from tomorrow

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;

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:
lightningbolts which, when their shadow catches
up with them, die? 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,

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.
My face is a quizbox killed by zoomrays.
sunlapse, past the semi-earthen moon, which
functions as aftermath,.
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 smack-like between the sight.
Unwrapped from the moment, time is born

in place of, always in place of. And so
Posthumous preface to a prenatal afterword,
I pause here to currycomb bygones.
There is an evil I cannot name because
its fellow evils will swirl around me crying
for like recognition. 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. I long to forge
that smorgasbord bodyguard restored by bed.
Long candle, ponder, short candle, think.

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 squirrels space. 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
—

Nothing is changed by beauty because
beauty is a part of the way things
were changing anyway, because
it isn't a catalyst but a process,

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

Yet what would I use for oil if I found it? You?

Someone to pause and take pills with during
the act of coition, or the fact of cosmos, the pure
assemblage or tract of gravity's groupings
gathered to express us, constellated figures—
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 withoutassholes.

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 alarms—

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 SOMNAMBULISTS' HONEYMOON

don't fall apart on me now
to be married while sleepwalking
the minister at least was awake
the vows appeared in this morning's edition
the groom could have worn it as an accessory
though the bottom of page one needed hemming
the happy couple flew off with muffled engines
the funny way they tried to wake up when the ceremony ended
don't remind me I may want to go back there some day
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 beaches there and the satyrs in profile
the wedding of the somnambulists was 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

That's why we journey, ferry our body
onward to shed oneself across the border,
bright as the shine off
a trigger toad—
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

THE MOURNER

Cast in the shapes of his passing
he goes down ended avenues.
A lament-passant, he longs to
rub his ass antlers on statues

of Moonpie. He swans whether
he has a place here. And indeed
with trees to testify its ground
the land around him is purified.

He just dawned on what he went,
though each day he has the mindgrain
to watch an hourglass wash itself,
and often he lets his face rain

above his mouth, above his eyes,
his nose: lets it hover in the cloud
of its ignobility. Sometimes he
opens his arms wide in order to hide,

resembling that horizon profession,
camouflage, that chameleon akin to
the distance one always comes to
too late, the line light breaks from.

POEM

Clutching with my pores a torn wild thing which
I must let go of before the flood finds me
in sweat's equidistant vacancy, I
try to insert forest mobiles amongst

urban stables, enabled by my fear
nostalgia for nature as it takes place
under dissimilar clouds which
POEM

Like all children you were a de facto
Member of the Flat Earth Society—
Nothing existed but what you could see
Or touch or whatever sense led act to

Fruition: the years and the yearfalls bring
Perspective to all solipsistic maps,
Whose terra incognita is being
Traipsed now by brief traffic/time's trash collapse

Scattered across the acres of freehold
Which boyhood knew as unpolluted
Potential, pure virgin territory.

Global (and therefore fatal), you worry

kids of course lack the tact to
Pretend otherwise; that comes with maturity.

The years, and all they bring, yield a certain
Skill to one's solipsism, a skin zone
Between you and those you're sure to hurt in

Your attempts to gain your attain, your own
Entitlements, named as yours at curtain
Number 1: the fame, the money, the women:
Justifications cling to the tongue

Each time you plunge the knife in enemy
Claimants for the same prizes in many
Cases theirs by right, plaudits that belong

Not to your devious race, the wrong strong
In self who slip the solip the penny.

I evinced no interest
In principal phenomena beyond mine.
What saves childhood from itself is the
doctrine Possessions,
Disciple A sincere solipsism
Of a doctrine based on the principle
is the best Theory ensured
POEM

The 2 dead moviestars I believed in
embrace, forcing their makeup to
become intimate as a possibility
of channelsurfing past ourselves,
their blackandwhite/colorized eyes
present an alternate first-person
which is not nominalist, which preserves
a soupcon of the neoplatonic
void felt by Nazis hiding out in
monasteries (coals to Newcastle—
stones to an old castle) to avoid
their ancient fate called Late Show . . .

POEM

Attempt to insert forest mobiles
amongst urban stabiles, the sky
is sequenced by extracts of eternity,
but its attempt takes place as
dissimilar clouds which the mouse
I take from my nipples each day
knows as multiformulae for previous
contraband, a traffic of leaves redundant
as the year persuades Autumn to repeat
the tree's chaos.

I would suck dice but which dot is the nipple?
The hurt shirt of his breath flaps,
His eyes are light's shrapnel,
flak from a burst sun. but his skin is held
human by memory's stretchmarks. leads to a discernment of the
meshing profiles of the dual
screenimmortals, the recombinant
strategies for integrating one's
past with whoever's present, reruns
whose I-of-intermittance does perhaps
scatter the czar too far, or make stasis
the practical opponent as opposed to
the ideal. is its sediment,
instinctual as heaven.

POEM

Cast in the shapes of his passing
the mourner goes down ended
avenues whose windowpanes hint

at the redeemibility of falling leaves:
cupped in a gasp of blueprints,
each house awaits its me-too fall.
The mourner blows on his palms,
trying to mist over like glass the place
where the keys nest that fit these
deserted doors, stigmata that fit
his hands' grooves. See: his skin is
held human by memory's stretchmarks.
The hurt shirt of his breath flaps
its lament-passant. He longs to
rub his ass antlers on statues
of Moonpie, but his eyes are light's
shrapnel, flak from a burst sun.
With trees to testify its ground the land
around him gives way. He proceeds
to the sill of caged needs, secret
as a nun's sweat. He has the patience
to watch an hourglass wash itself,
cleansed for the rebirth of time,
and often he lets his face rain
above his mouth, above his eyes,
his nose: lets it hover in the cloud
of its unknowing. Sometimes he
opens his arms wide in order to hide,
resembling the horizon in professed
camouflage, chameleon akin to
the distance one always comes to,
a line light breaks from.
POEM

The 2 dead moviestars I believed in
embrace, forcing their makeup to
become intimate as a possibility
of channelsurfing past ourselves,
their blackandwhite colorized eyes
present an alternate first-person
which is not nominalist, which preserves
a soupcon of the neoplatonic
void felt by Nazis hiding out in
monasteries (coals to Newcastle—
stones to an old castle) to avoid
this fate called Late Show . . .
No, really, the attempts to insert
forest mobiles amongs urban stabiles
leads to a discernment of the
meshing profiles of the dual
screenimmortals, the recombinant
strategies for integrating one's
past with whoever's present, reruns
whose I-of-intermittance does perhaps
scatter the czar too far, or make stasis
the practical opponent as opposed to
the ideal. The sky is sequenced by
extracts of eternity, but those extracts
take place as dissimilar clouds which
are already multiformulae for previous
contraband, a traffic of leaves redundant
as the year inscribes Autumn to repeat
the tree's chaos: the mouse I take from
my nipples each day is its sediment,
instinctual as heaven. Clutching with
my pores a torn wild thing which I must
let go of before the flood finds me
in sweat's equidistant vacancy, I would

suck dice but which dot is the nipple?

ELEPHANT AND ENVELOPE

They both carry memory too far—
Like the poor guy in Borges' story,
That doomed eidetic forced to recall
Each sense, each scene, the elephant and
The envelope maintain only pristine
Thoughts: no matter how creased or stained
Their skins the images/the words they contain
Remain fresh and therefore true, over-true
Perhaps, ergo false? They're never lost,
The years or yearfalls, the misspelt applause,
The letters traced in rote or sent passionate
And image the elephant's shy mindless
Equivalent of these human retainments—
I can't, clutching in my hand unanswered
Remnants all written to myself and never sent.

Your hands of glass wired to ancient seepage
of foxes whos moan on the sunlit side of a star
offer to me the piano glancing back at its shores
where native spiral sobs (geysers) thumb through
a torrent cut fresh from the heart of a silo's
pregnancy of otters aiming their initials at
a wristwatch's dunes where you sit naive as
electricity, wise as taps on the window every
midnight glaciers pulling sleds across the envelopes
that shatter from a single wisp—a single star-wisp
perfume that blows on its hands to mist the bridge's
blueprints of boney honey flying over the sparrows
that interrupt amnesiacs who recede with pale red
threads that suckle a knee of lonely last-calls for
the knife that scrapes off an echo to make an ocarina
tamed as blood of tablets etched with velocity's tempature.

A nose surrounded by a flaw, my face
spanks its placenta to please the scalpel's
uncle: the curtains drawn show their figures
to the birds that lay their eggs on the rim

of a volcano then fly off never
to return, trusting the heat to hatch, waves
of surf that crash like a steeple of cold
teeth, the blackout, the rust culminating

in eyes. My eyes are like crosswords, filled-in
rather than full; I inhale the here
but exhale the there: my pastimes are where

I'm always correcting the clock's accent
or putting makeup on my lack of tattoos.
I wear imploded sandals instead of shoes.

Balanced wild on the shore
yield my rain.
Incubus prism epidermus emits the nobodiest nest

I saw each window
Tipped toward the infinite by its light

After I replace the bars of the cage with my bones

And then put the bars inside my body will I have escaped
The state of proscenium?

will
reveal a

A door-deep animal embracing each
fathom of welcome.
unfell the swoop of this

cleavage of owls weeps
and taps at bullseye-sills with chills, with fever-scrapes.

Someone to pause and take pills with during
the act of coition, the fact of cosmos, the pure

assemblage or tract of gravity's gropings
to express us in inexact, round figures—

His faith lost to die, the lover glares
(Oh what sundry I am under, yawnfretes).

Through two keyholes at once an aura
can't go.

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 which in retrospect
I wish I had made. I loved the wrong ones,
the burden of knowing I was wrong is like death.

track which conveys the stone, the much
praised meteor, its momentum come.

*

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:
To openly display my culprit, what sin am I oppressing.
latent when
the near is ending and the far is beginning.

the mask
the mouth where our thirst

is work enough.
Replenishment and more if said, because
out there is an evil I cannot name because
its fellow evils will swirl around me crying

for like recognition. Here,
summoned from sleep, is that now on.

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. How many pencils can

Medusa hold in Her hair? Oh no—
already they scrawl fractal ticktacktoes
across this poem's vacuum compile.

Knowing even the none tastes nude to the poor moth,
my nipples nap in an urchin's ore.
Since then, like a fountain, my libation reprimands
pavements.

The house turns the corner to the room
where they are skinning a cage; as
always the blood of martyrs
drips straight to hell: a purple
plumb-line; a Tyre-wire true.

How prescient those Phoenician tradewars—
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.
Imagine surgeons were to
carve their names in proudly under
the scars they'd made.

My current core/inner nature
is all facade-and-run—
a teapot tumor, a comma gun;
the endless journey toward a single step.

Meanwhile I grow expansive,
lounging towards lebensraum
like pygmy godzillae, or is it humans
I see slug down their Mafia-Cola.

Oh surely I must remember that
the body is the soul's stuntdouble/
stand-in—its issued nudity fills

the streets; the campanile
where each shut window and door force
my eyes to be the decor of the visible.

Apparently the rain signs tangent its light
across things, an us-effaced lake makes
my countries carry their faraway
farther away. I would stop this if I might,

fearing each 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,
though my search continues past sunlapse,
past the semi-earthen moon, which functions
as aftermath, whose doors collapse all frontiers.

Posthumous preface to a prenatal afterword,
I pause here to currycomb bygones.

Your worm in all desire of course occurs:
you want a swoonathon, want the intensity
to go on and on, but I don't. So too bad if
the philosopher finetunes her forefinger by

flicking it at clocks. Like a bird licking
an anthill, spilling through a godpillar
of doors whose keys fill my pockets
with clothing, I dupe upwards, mantra

recited by dreamdrains, taps offering
advice to seashores rich in parallel,
obstinate proof of the sea's patience.

It exhibits a tactic of trembling
(the final particle suffers from proximity),
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 roadsign 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 uncleansing spoor 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 squirrels space. 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.

Mountain crushed by a passing roc's feather,
I pray my pedestal's unyield will moult me.

Jettison person, sad cadence of the farceur:
up there this belongs to tossup.

Balloons whose footprints sting the air with soft
occasion. 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.
Always the tick hops
in and out of the clock,
while the tock never
budges. I

carefreed my clothes once,
but can they traverse their
own buttonholes,
pass through

into a new suit,
a transformation
of the case?

And watching it
ever thus, must
I deface (like a sunflower duelling an asterisk) this—
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.

Adjusting the questionmark around my neck,
I have but parroted your concern. So I pose
for Man With The Paradise-Tossed Belly.

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—
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. And so
(humble aquarium of lordly thumbs)

I am a small house, a house solely known
for my having lived there. Its brass plaque shows
an oxygen eye in which two pupils

of hydrogen burst. Water/fire: I strike
matches whose insight approaches me at
great velocity then veers off into flame—

Magazine pages yellowed by semen are
crumbling kiss me, kiss me my choicest forsakings,
where an evening's gauze gnawed me with gold;
I woke saying Keep the neon signs on please:

neon waxes the sky so our gaze slides right off:
our love of earth is increased by not being
able to get an eyehold on anything above.
Penis encapsulated in its stupid froth

half-same as a memory dawn, prime scum—
dead doilies my wraith consumes in burnt-out
mimescapes. True to its tremor, the teardrop

alludes the cheek clear to the floor. The wall
girds me with assert desires, delire acerbs.
Then the time for roofless actions begins.

Nothing is changed by beauty because
beauty is a part of the way things
were changing anyway, because
it isn't a catalyst but a process,

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
What I'm trying to figure out is
which one of my pores creaks when I pass
through it, as I invariably do—
Yet what would I use for oil if I found it? You?

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?
Pilgrims of the accord are everywhere.
I'll be augment it, byswore laconicity.

Between her breasts was a glass of water
from which I paused to sip myself. 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 costumes/disguises on my list,
or was I bared by such cloth as cries in this.

We want fate to be brief, to synopsise its
boring decease of flesh with pith-worth, short for
existence. Like abbreviations that suddenly
find themselves whole, acronyms now, yet

not changed a jot, I am the same and am
already other; has my defunction occurred
like a word whose meaning has gone from
logo to noun? And if a slogan, what was I

a commercial for—the timor mortis forms
between shoulderblades. Slope for our napehairs
to stir in their muck and speak to what is

behind us supposedly (the past)—speak
and plead our case for an experience unique
as its purpose (which glints in every pore)—

The slim stopsign amid far cacti stood.

Angel linebreak, clawing
with its magnetic fingers the sleep
and the donation of exalted drums.

Eavesdrop-eyed,
you surprised a recognition on its deathbed.

I don't want
to live in a pit that has grown bored of hell's
innocuousness.

In which
you could feel the ribstrokes of my heart cease.

Lionized by dawns,
the horizon

You hope sleep has the good stuff tonight,
Because form's forgetfulness is
Oblivion tamed by hand:
That's why we journey, ferry our body
onward to shed oneself across the border, refusing
to see the world as a net-of-gnats that catch us.
Haven for revisionists, the future
excerpt itself from itself, an anthology
that stuffs the shelf with denial,
facade shadow, focused in deep rows
of throwaways. How many pencils can
Medusa hold in Her hair?
Already they scrawl fractal ticktacktoes
across this poem's vacuum compile.
Knowing even the none tastes nude to
the poor moth, bright as the shine off
a trigger toad—my nipples nap in an urchin's ore!
Ugh those mud mannequins wore my skin? Its dais its date
(chattel chip/slaveblock splinter) has hardened since:
like a fountain, my libation reprimands pavements.
By evening the 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,
a vista in which we swim, sweat, become silent.
I wish my hands could crunch up the window,
wad up the world and throw it away.
Conclude child, filled with the echoes nether made,
coming at last to lie across exhaust.
Mountain crushed by a passing roc's feather,
I pray my pedestals' unyield will moulte me.
Jettison person, sad cadence of the farceur:
I flow. My libation reprimands pavements.
My face is a quizbox killed by zoomrays. I
know what constitutes a roadsign 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 Herald/laggard bard, all my protagonist
Is my people, those to whom I word an anthem
Which if they heard they'd hate.

Long candle, ponder, short candle, think.
The right upsurge of a sapling separates
my buttocks, pacifix crucifix bearing
what bird: is my lipstick a parrot because
it repeats my mouth? Normal in the miscellaneous
sense, I need repairs at birth. Until then
I'll keep knowing that at peace conferences
teacups often get chipped, if not actually
broken. Tepid-deepened, I attempt to intervene
with my fingers and force them to write this..
This monkey-axis or global gnome
Has no home, no clonefolk whose screeds teach a poet
He mustn't form such a planetary country.
It must be retraced, disrobed, our swamp-barbed skin:
what blush colorcodes mine as "preen chain"?
Summer is imbibed via screendoors' haziness,
Blindly bronchial their subtle-submerged ink:
The skin of lovers depicts this wave, its
Steepduned halo, whose unclespoor offers
To solitude all the stupor I gather it with:
Something active in tandem trying 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. A mote that makes us cry
a small piece of grit.
Home for revisionists, the future excerpts itself
From itself, by evening an anthology
Is focused in deep throw on the shelf,
Ballons whose footprints sting the air with soft
occlusion. Upcushionings of litter,
separate births—catheterized by an eel
attached to the soul. Poor King Lear
must use both hands to raise his Big Mac.
Manna osmosis, each land indents our skin.
Those segues into and out of us, us as pair,
montage that measures the lengthiest pledge.
Scoop dawn from the clock's bowl,
future-famined to wake while
nosejack, eyejack, nosejack, the mirror
unplugs itself from you and mimes absence,
failing to overcome what fatal inertia.

Haven for revisionists, the future
excerpts itself from itself, an anthology
that stuffs the shelf with denial,
focused in deep throw--facade shadow,
needing no denial. The room comes
knowing somewhere out on the surface the rim
of the horizon causes us to know the sky
is a sequence, with intervals of eternity.
How many pencils can Medusa hold in Her hair?
Already they scrawl fractal ticktacktoes
across this poem's vacuum compile.
Knowing even the nun tastes nude to the poor moth,
at the shine off a trigger toad--my nipples nap
in an urchin's ore! Ugh those mud mannequins
wore my skin? Its dais its date
(chattel chip/slaveblock splinter) has hardened since:
like a fountain, my libation reprimands pavements.
By evening the 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
Steepduned halo--maps whose unclespoor offers
To solitude all the sin I can catarrh it with
Something active in tandem trying like hands
To crunch up a window wad up the scene and
Dry out the sill where each sunbeam mutates
: mote that makes us cry a small piece of grit.
Summer nibbled by thoroughbred thermometers,
You glaze yourself via screendoors haziness--
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 the serene
Derided echo known as form
Because form's forgetfulness is
Oblivion tamed by hand
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 ouroboros
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

YOU COULD BE, COULDN'T I?

You could be flowers stiff with dawn,
or a cat that lacks your sweet reasonableness,
two eyebrows hurrying to earth, hair freed
of groping now: impaled on summer's flute-spurts,
incognito your surf lingering thoughts are
like a truth carved by halves of core;
as shallow as snorkel knighthoods, or
a thimble poured from a navel, you migrate
over crop-rotations, fly through gushers
which grope for crow'snest-fruit: but if
the sky is a place to
--letting a bundle of old blushes rise
to replace these amputatoes, these
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
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
weighted like weights in theater-curtainhems,
voice that ensures descent whenever the near
is ending and the far is beginning, oh can't
I be the

Haven for revisionists, the future excerpts
itself from us, an anthology that reveals
some of what we were at all, wholly there. The true
soliloquist doesn't care about acoustics:
for them each room or realm is bare.

Monkey-axis year, seasonal jams and jellies,
they claim art is the corkscrew inside the kiss,
the tongue that twirls itself around yours and
yanks you out pop, suave wine of you spilling
a vista in which we swim, sweat, become silent.

Hoping that somewhere past this surface the rim
of our horizon has causes to know the sky
is a sequence, with intervals of eternity.
There is no view anywhere as the room rides into swim--

Sill-pale, knowing even the nun tastes nude to the poor
moth, I shall toss the dust on my feet at
that screen where, lost beyond stare, I bear
a grain of quicksand in every pore.

It begs its boundaries from the surround. And yet
The surround itself must seek its limits in them.

As still as an orchestra trying to tiptoe past
their conductor's deathbed, I wish my hands
could crunch up the window, wad up the world
and throw it away: I'd shed this wedge of wet
which seeks to be glass but softens here toward
the condition of tear. Conclude child, filled
with the echoes nether made, coming at last
to lie across exhaust. Mountain crushed by
a passing roc's feather, I pray my pedestals'
unyield will moulte me. Jettison person, sad
cadence of the farceur: that serene derided
echo known as form leads me through a scalded

snowstorm, it frames in lapse the body's solo data.
I flow. My libation reprimands pavements.

Yes, this year
again the seasonal
jams and jellies,
a pity that the coats
in youth hostels
itch, though for
the young boy the
news is correct, the
jury wears jewels:

the identity of everybody
in the ice cream skaters
club is hard to improvise,
so why try to inhale or
classify your impressions--
I vaccinate the entrance with
my complicated intestines.
The contents overtake the
injection of ink-pale designs
that sign up the insects
to longterm contracts,
filtered through:

the jaw is a bald candle,
a ticket to wisconsin where
art is a corkscrewed kiss,
a coast angry with jellyfish
who say excuse me to every
dime they've lost: I wish
my son would look after the
worrisome salt, but the world
is south to infants and
north to adults, where each
piston in my soft heavy
weak ulcer condition of
teardrops swell the seeming
pool with swimtrunks: swim,
sweat, be silent:

across exhaust, we see that matter
softens handkerchiefs with a pocket torch
in which a salmon with a hourglass puts
to sea in a soap temple: mal de mer they say
seldom catches the self-service sign off
duty, or sends the nervous shotput visibly ill
in an ambulance diseased as a bee in a sidestreet
where we sing pointless pavements.

*

A mousehole Morpheus stamps your passport--
You hope sleep has the good stuff tonight,
the house quiet as an occasion's crescendo?
Because the room is brought into Don't.
Knowing somewhere out on the surface the rim
of the horizon causes us to know the sky
is a sequence, with intervals of eternity.

That's why we journey, ferry our body
onward to shed oneself across the border, refusing
to see the a net-of-gnats shed my leash.
Repetition is atonement--even sex thoughts
must be retraced, disrobed,our swamp-barbed skin:
what blush colorcodes mine as "preen chain"?
Facade shadow needing no denial.
Envy how many pencils Medusa
can hold in Her hair, I scrawl fractal ticktacktoes
across this poem's vacuum compile.
Knowing even the nun tastes nude to the poor moth,
I shall toss the dust on my feet at the shine off
a trigger toad--my nipples nap in an urchin's ore!
Ugh those mud mannequins wore my skin? Its dais its date
(chattel chip/slaveblock splinter) has hardened since:
like a fountain, my libation reprimands pavements.
Summer is imbibed via screendoors' haziness,
Blindly bronchial their subtle-submerged ink:
The skin of lovers depicts this wave, its
Steepduned halo, whose unclespoor offers implode
To solitude all the sin I can catarrh it with:
Something active in tandem trying like hands
To crunch up a window wad up the scene use
It to mop the sill where each sunbeam mutates
A mote that makes us cry a small piece of grit.
Home for revisionists, the future excerpts itself
From itself, by evening an anthology
Is focused in deep throw on the shelf,
Ballons whose footprints sting the air with soft
occlusion. Upcushionings of litter,
separate births-- but some eels thrive in
catheters attached to the soul. Poor King Lear
must wrack both hands to raise his Big Mac.
Manna osmosis, each land indents our skin
with mirrors. It's here
I must turn to purge our whip-applied childhoods,
to lecture the thoughts learned through lapse,
those segues into and out of us, us as pair,
montage that measures the lengthiest pledge.
My face is a quizbox killed by zoomrays. I
know what constitutes a roadsign to a snail,
can foresee what alludes our annual and
its tender stockades which slander the need
to feed chairs through a revolving-door.
And now shall only amusement commitments forge
that smorgasbord bodyguard restored by bed.
Alone now, I laud the vintage of my toothpick.
Or litanize her name, the two syllables
that maintain Rochelle, 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
Even recent rivers on drawn wings, hovering once,
show thirst has sashes. Small-husband to the floor,
my foot stoops in dance, at courtship intervals.

Your hands of glass wired to ancient seepage
of foxes whos moan on the sunlit side of a star
offer to me the piano glancing back at its shores
where native spiral sobs (geysers) thumb through
a torrent cut fresh from the heart of a silo's
pregnancy of otters aiming their initials at
a wristwatch's dunes where you sit naive as
electricity, wise as taps on the window every

midnight glaciers pulling sleds across the envelopes
that shatter from a single wisp—a single star-wisp
perfume that blows on its hands to mist the bridge's
blueprints of boney honey flying over the sparrows
that interrupt amnesiacs who recede with pale red
threads that suckle a knee of lonely last-calls for
the knife that scrapes off an echo to make an ocarina
tamed as blood of tablets etched with velocity's temperature.

My face spans its placenta to please the scalpel's
uncle: the curtains drawn show their figures
to the birds that lay their eggs on the rim
of a volcano then fly off never
to return, trusting the heat to hatch, waves
of blackout, the rust culminating in eyes.
My eyes are like crosswords, filled-in
rather than full; I inhale the here
but exhale the there: my pastimes are where
I saw each window tipped toward the infinite by its light—
A door-deep animal embracing each
fathom of welcome.
I'm always putting makeup on my lack of tattoos.
I wear imploded sandals instead of shoes.

Balanced wild on the shore
Incubus prism epidermus emits
the nobodiest nest
The state of proscenium?
unfell the swoop of this yield my rain.

,
murdered raped and landscaped into nowhere.

Its mercatorous cleavage of owls weeps
and taps at bullseye-sills with chills, with fever-scrapes.

Someone to pause and take pills with during
the act of coition, the fact of cosmos, the pure

assemblage or tract of gravity's gropings
to express us in inexact, round figures—

His faith lost to die, the lover glares
(Oh what sundry I am under, yawnreres).

Through two keyholes at once an aura
can't go.

POEM

Who found in lapse his body's solo data—
it left him whole without the halve-of-love.

Often at night unseen he flew at rarities of you.
How few they were.

Forced to eat his camouflage, forced along
those roads he took no part of home on.

Daily he played the blue racetracks that ran
there just beneath his skin, but never won.

All I learn turns to the belief that all
our breaths rise up into the sky to form
an O which hovers and watches us
struggle for breath.

before you arrived
the dead refused nakedness
to its corridors, but now
they pause in the midst
of their solo honeymoons
to pageant back
safepassé
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 poisoning 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.

Visionvulsion of sweat's features on stone.
Sun dripping from a sweatdial. The garden
Heart horizon dies, line drawn by false

Oars of evening. The ballpoint's mapping of
Near-nipple tension, or is it stress in
Sphinx poles that posit this shadowy pose.

Each grape has a white pin through it.
Vertigo of a bird above tundra.

DEPARTURE LOUNGE

Passersthrough. Our thoughts wilt
like the heart of a machine
that vends coffee. We're through.

Nowhere to go. Our laps cradle
the bird of bad passage. Albatross
has replaced the rose
in the goodbye bouquet
we forgot to buy.

from CAPTIONS FOR FASHION FOTOS
what keeps us apart
cancernodes and painted earlobes
customs search and contraband roads
overlap

Always the fall of hair
across your brow
will stray
the bent of the eye,
even if brushed back offhandedly,
without thought.

But that act
cannot, in the end, distract
the intent
to portray it.
POEM

You'd have us compare madness in a glass
and then for contrast's sake strike one face from
that frame, one name off that list just to see
who's left—But all the asylum I am,

the whole alpha non matter [grata / gather] of heads torn
from the page can't disengage your stare surveil
where I sit, I wait, I browse my state,
I collate these collected offlurks of.

To attain the state each stark strives for, I'll perch [prowl]

on the sill unevolved, a thumbless clone
halfway home, desiring these threshold scenes

of furthest strand.

LETTER FROM HOME

Avenues whose windowpanes hint
at the redeemibility of hellbent leaves:
cupped in a gasp of blueprints,
each house awaits its me-too fall.

My correspondant blows on his palms,
trying to mist over like glass the place
where the keys nest that fit these
desolate doors, stigmata that fit

his hands' grooves. See: his skin is
held human by memory's stretchmarks.
The hurt shirt of his breath flaps
but 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 another's present, reruns
whose I-of-intermittance perhaps

makes stasis the practical opponent
as opposed to the ideal. His sky is
sequenced by extracts of eternity,
but always segments take place as

dissimilar clouds which are already
multiformulae of a penchent,
a taste for previous contraband,
a traffic of leaves redundant when

the year inscribes Autumn to repeat
the tree's chaos: the mouse I take
from my nipples each day is its
sediment, instinctual as heaven.

Clutching with my pores a torn
wild thing which I must let go of
before the flood finds me
in sweat's equidistant vacancy,

I try to suck dice but which dot
is the nipple? My correspondant
knows, but all his misspelt applause,
traced in rote or rent passionate by
an android's shy mindless equivalent
of these human retainments—

I can't, clutching in my hand
his missives all meant for myself and
yet somehow never sent . . .

even toads refuse to offer refuge
to disparate lovers
whose shrewd eyes glitter
the border authorities
perfecting their customs search
of cubbyholes

FASCIST FLASHBACK

The 2 dead moviestars I believed in
embrace, forcing their makeup to
become intimate as a possibility
of channelsurfing past ourselves

or anyone who awaits reunion (all lovers
share a past) while the absence of
their blackandwhite colorized eyes
presents an alternate first-person

which is not nominalist, which preserves
a soupcon of the neoplatonic
void felt by Nazis in the New World
where they have always resumed reign

since history always forgets to tape
its fate on the never late late show.
POEM

how the winner of that game
crawls 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 dot's the nipple?

Clenching with your pores a torn wild thing which
you must let go of before the flood finds you
in sweat's equidistant vacancy—

Each day I rip from my nipples
a calendar's cleavage, leaves clinging to
the months that abandon them

I suspect that obverse of this cereal
box is blank and that the colorful
copy confronting me would vanish too
if I spun its cardboard 180—

I smoosh the mice of my nipples
into these scenes of former harrow

The shorter the poem the
larger the words—
The shorter the poem the
more complete it must be.

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. Penetralia

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,

Eternity gnaws its thirst
Its tusked planets rut suns raw
Its grapes mist the sea
But sleep flows to the fallen

All my leaveway was a gift,
a speciman impaled on rosethorn
calipers.

Oedipus sticks his thumb out but
none of the fatherly vehicles halts
to give him a lift.

As in a play by Shakespeare where
the Air Minister has a car waiting
at the cafe but we average folk
must walk home complaining.

I smooch the mice of my nipples
into these scenes of former harrow

The shorter the poem the
larger the words.
The shorter the poem the
more complete it must be.

EARTH

A disguised zoo we keep blowing up.

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.
The sky is sequenced by
extracts of eternity which
is status/lack of sequence:

dissimilar clouds already
multiformulate themselves
from previous contraband,

traffic of leaves redundant
as the year falls in autumn
to repeat the tree's chaos,

instinctual as heaven: every
day I rip from my nipples
a calendar's cleavage, days

clinging to lays. They say the
summer was mostly grotto.

My shadow hides behind the sun

to inspire me: are all solar
worlds the same, no inspiration
rises like clouds from the ground,
only this safekeeping evasion, this
highheld security where I pass
miming a corner a crevice a haven.

From the ground surrounding me
some sill held firm offers its origin
which yet thwarts one's design or
mine in this case, undoing all I save;
always the predecessor intervenes,
sauve guillontine honed on its air
of accident. Its surge hands grip

fissure to tap the well's outgurg, all
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
enemies energies animal question
machine spirit crypt
Intonations of high tide trip one's words,
playing catch with my final crown
I raise the book
to solidify examples in a body,
their dote-to-dote joy
coheres in a deadheat calm.

On the roof a street-convalescent dies,
a frypan in one hand,
a nervous portrait in the other,
all his paintings are parasite chastisements.

If such a man exposes his ribs
high above a hovel of unruly pockmarks,
bathed in goodbye's abuse,
narrowly escaping the triumphal arch
that lubricates traffic,
his nickname will remain naïve and empty.

His fragile dice of smiles cannot win back the loss
that frowns bones like a stairway
between contradictions.

I wait crosslegged,
absurd in my conjugal indigo.

My habits are my help
bad as they are, summoned daily
to resurrect the Jesus I
can't find the rite to rid
my childhood of. Salvation
increases its doses versus
the rest of us alive at least:
salvation helps those habits
to commit the same act, the
equal prayer, hope-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,
the successive alarms which
echo throughout my derangea.
I study the nude's description
in personal fissures, I versify
the lamp of dawn, tinge stingshell.
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.
Words you have to get by with alone
show you nothing, the way captions jabbed
in the dirt beneath flowers rarely
convey our ignorance of their odors.

Their categories blur for a solitude/splendor deep
ebbed from all. Stuck in a coitus of aspirin,
you try to cite the outside as if it were
a self also, but it isn't truly external:

that force bears whatever we can stand,
since the echo-axe clears every ground
the quote-gate builds.

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
TREE-STEADY

If all the way you believe is beside,
skewed and unaligned to the great faiths
that guide others on their propitious
pith, if your guard-rail gives to the gorge
they all avoid with digital ease, car-carpets
sweeping them home. Their path is like
a spear whose tip correlates what it pierces;
their wound confuses whatever flesh is,
a stalemate in space perhaps, a moment
in the moon's phase when each owl attains
all the sight it needs for the night, meaning
the hunt. Only the path of the predator is true.
Only you are left with no way to go, no
eye to see the prey they endow with vision
whose distribution is brief as the inversion
that delays the day by the globe's habit
of turning over upon sleep side to side
your bed's orbit's caught for a pause abide
in which your dreams contend with siege
weapons snatched away by those who shun you—
Past sunlapse, past the semi-earthen yield
of relics being released from hands that have
not forsaken the normal verities your merit
refuses to acknowledge. Until you are like
a sacrifice still being racked in heaven, still
bound upon churn altars the heart ripped out,
dumb and certain to what such desires bring.
But can you survive the picnic logic of summer,
tickled teaspoons in the backyard, the tree
one ties a wheel to, its thanatopsis toplessness?

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 legend of bad passage,
its wings clipped and cold.

The paperback in our hand
still tells the proles in us
to love the Icarus fools.

A new existence beckons but
the brochures fill up with
other destinations.

Albatross has replaced the rose
in the goodbye bouquet
we forgot to buy.

Mysterious measurements left the house
so empty that the other house
has often been invited to pervade it.

Singly or in couples, on their knees their heads
nodding with the emphasis of two mingled
sounds of ecstasy or melted silences of even

deeper import, aspects of an occasion
that gave it an air of being previous to a tale
that excites or quenches the dream.

The dream would have had to be found
among such suggestions, disconcerted equally by
the presence of those who knew too much
and those who knew nothing.

But compared to the sniffing of a dog trapped
in a cupboard, our curiosity had not deepened
to desperation yet.

Words spoken toward objects
in out of the way 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, pictures,
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 1940s
there were lots of brunettes
then came the blonde 50s
so dot dyed he died in the 40s so
probably never saw her pale-headed
his stick with him to the end
brought some fame and fortune
to his author beckett a nobel
years 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 technicolor widescreen mode

HOMETOWN

In its one vacant house
the windows creak like doors.

A window is an obsolete door.

Its knob, keyhole and hinges
shine there, in that tree.

Knob a querulous bird's head;
hinges open, spread like wings.
Keyhole, eye seeking its beak.

The graveyard's statuary is deciduous,
the ears fall off each time we
tell those angels and cherubs
to be quiet.

FIRST WARM DAY

Out here the world belongs to tossup.

Balloons whose footprints sting the air with soft
occasion, clawing with magnetic fingers
the sleep and the donation of exalted drums.

Even children relinquish the stoicism
that kept them safe from the cold,
succumb like antiheroes to
this cuddleness, all weak
as the first spindly crocus.

Rationalism begins to crack already
before the picnic logic of Summer.

Seasonal jams and jellies prepare their reign.

Shun panacea, favor the unique cure,
or else suffer its worldling stance, its grasp
of all you held in the bask of tiptoe days,
that essence whose deadweight felt right.

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

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

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 weather

like an oboe tossed indoors. The surrounding
mountains pursue their peaks leisurely, the day
keeps advancing its ideas of felicity, the ideal
below which we pine in shadows of actual, shadows

of real, deserving less than this, less than the show
surface faux, leaning merely to wallow in
this tadpole pose, fear's testament 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, in sulk-palaces 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 purer motives.

Dense with forgetfulness, fornicatory notes
avid bows across the violins' astringent cold.
Icier strings than known, lattices across whose
woodstrips the movie throws its sold liquidities.

Of all you held in bask of tiptoe days,
that essence whose deadweight felt right,
what remains? The streets poise their point
ever-returning, choring 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!
INSIDE OUTSIDE

I too will hang my coat in the closet,
telling it to ignore the quizzical shoes
below, their wondering mouths agape.

When my ten fingers have finished
sharing me equally amongst themselves,
shall I at last grasp something whole—

Each of my scars has been tattooed on
an egg, then the eggs placed in tiaras
on hilltops. Horses surround the horizon,

solar pegs. Roan-ironic treescapes. Night
is when clocks enter and leave. But time
occupies me in exit. In exit only.

I hang here. Thought drips from the ceiling.
Of course I want emptier shoelaces.
FLOATING THE RIVER TANIKAWA

All the sections of this poem
would like to contain
the sound of the rain
against the windowpane,
but I'm going to have it remain
here.

2.

Idly wondering
if the underlined items
in one's itinerary
are more likely
to occur.

Ditto diary.

3.

As the latter intimates
all the things that happen
or at least all the things that are
recorded
don't necessarily occur,
this poem for instance,
which attempts to underline itself.

4.

Withholding seems to be a theme so far.
The author should work harder to make this clear.

5.

Mopbucket toed across a jeweled floor.
To scrub down between these gemstuds is hard,
and yet I have to cleanse every dirt-shard
that might disturb the great ones who walk here.
Only rubies diamonds pearls and other
precious stones can their bare soles encounter.

EPITAPH FOR A STOWAWAY

Someone to pause and take pills with during
the act of coition or the fact of cosmos.

My face is a quizbox killed by zoomrays.

What does the welcome-mat indicate?
Threads scrape flesh down final doorways.

Historic costumes half-condemn the earth.

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, unhalting,
I drink dirt from sloppy seashells—
long candle, ponder, short candle, think—
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 moul 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 unclespoor offers
to crunch up a window wad up the scene use
it to mop the sill where each sunbeam mutates—

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.

KNIFE TIMES FORK EQUALS SPOON

To see my color-tourist on
the witness stand asleep
makes me weep my wage,
as if that were ever enough.

I comb my slit with a lit fuse
Mister. A man will loll his
buttocks on a blade but I
question none. It's your turn.

I love the way in graveyards
the dead guard the dirt
from being torn open yearly,

wracked by seed. They save
it from cultivation, from
our human need to feed.

strike whole, focus

sealed off, finished:
no cracks in me. Done. Gone.
quenched completed
me they strike whole, focus,
sole

Stalactitism glides across my face.
Recedes in suedes and browns.

POEM

On the screen a comedian's teeth
battle the lava of his own lips,
anonymous is divisible, is audience
amazed to find a fifty cent coin in the sun,
where shadows are a scandal:
frogs hide beneath a sundial,
windmills pump water to a stalled
starting-block; bread sops up the clouds.
An egg balanced on a T-square
declaims to all that every landscape
needs horizons to extend beyond
in a lifespan of periodic shame
overflows. How null without these
extrusions to conquer more, whether
planned or spontaneous: but if
nightmare is your script, the scenarist
plotting the website you're trapped
on, grateful for whatever cameo roles
your film noir thieves and killers can still assume,
the fear of closing your eyes to witness.
Its surface seems
To support

WHEAT DREAMS

Fell asleep
Nape swelled up

Hump bump in the road
Where birth equals
Mouth minus
Saliva harvest

My nipple grips its own nose
Sea gropes for nausea both
Our one growth-crop's
Ripe death

Each life sheds a skin
From the skeleton
Where I rehearse
Return
MYSTERY

The business rival, the jealous lover,
the distant heir: once I've guessed
who the murderer is, it's over before
it's over, this life. The detective will
continue to not see it—the cast look
each suspicious close-up in the eye,
but my attention will fade to patience,
post-intrigue and somewhat bored I'll
settle back awaiting the confirmation
of my solution. Each clue hangs
abacus-like on the bars I've placed
about me now, safe and cell, confident
the guilty one will confess to save me
from that execution destined for us
who foresee the end, who linger here
complacent in our deductive wisdom,
gloating over the forensic, the shrewd
sleuth insights that result in a death
so pre-climax. The soundtrack swells
leitmotif its list of suspects, all of
whom could have done it. Or none.
But what
about you? Haven't you solved it yet?

Barren to believe in summer's picnic logic
at my age. Bitter to remember the hopes
that came with a whiff of gasoline on back
roads where I walked half in the grass ditch,
my side-heel progress a weird test that held me,
a masochistic pilgrimage. Had a car ever
drove this old dirt route, where did that gas
breeze come from?
the completion of which
that promised fame, acclaim, honors named
for me. If difference did deliver, maybe.
Monkey unanimity, time's isolation
overcomes my capacity for reason among
vined gardens of origin, that desperate media. Entanglements that grant me
continuity
are simply an empire of diligence. Schoolchildren prophesy in the distance. Surplus
errata
I am to them, thought the narrator erases
both our progress through the foreign memories
leitmotifing the fear we give account to.
By mistake most of its strength lies
behind us, thrown in known overcomes.
Where to now, here death is back
to retype return. Welcome change
for a large bill. Often a flower befriends
my shirt, twin to the crisis of red
rudders. Afterwards then later forward
struck by an vocation increase in recognitions
of the famous, you take thick sauce.
Strike fact to a person dissolute is untoward,
a purpose for the police who possess
islands. An armistice of purpose
voice
consciousness
morality

memory
maxim
death
transcendence
immortality
joy
pain

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.
SACRIFICE

Mirrored in
a thousand ripcords
my face
cannot find franchise.

Breasts the size
of sacrificed piglets,
I was that movie star.

Unfortunately
the exact tongue
never generates doubles.

Blood, blood, blood.
Heritage/breeding/hybrid.
Heart stammers
its one-word petigree.
THE IDIOT

Whenever heaven's equation of one on
the panes is rain, the commodious
robe of time letting its mind-drifts loose

like a veinous essence drained by vines—

like the character most often misplaced
in Dostoyevsky's Idiot, Rogozhin, his face
a dead-end street lined with roadsigns yet
he was able to blunder on beyond it.

The sleep I poach from is posted with echoes
whose murderous cleavage of owls weeps
and taps at bullseye-sills with chills, with fever-scrapes.

His faith lost to die, Rogozhin glares
like an aura trying to go through twelve keyholes.
Oh what sundry I am under, yawnfrefers.

As for Myshkin, Mushkin, Mindkin, whatever
the fuck his name lacked it made up for
in pseudonyms, in same-isms, in equaspheres
for heaven, for heaven's misplacement here—

each metaphor its own error, attentuating
each word a myshmash of sounds, a glossolalia,
propound of idiots poet-sure their gaga
patter might actually matter a whit to the King

of Kings whose symbol they simulate with wit
drooljisms, 'cause biting His ear barks the only
sentry to the word that grows fruit faded, leaving

no alternative to theirs, I spect. Prince Knott
I'm not. My godhead guards itself with 3
versions of itself, none of which I believe in.

*

Now me to die
finds its day. One
too many nights away
from tomorrow I lie.

My face is a quizbox killed by zoomrays.

At times they create an alternate life
but that is no prior claim.
Balloons whose footprints sting the air with soft
occasion. That world belongs to tossup. 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

What I'm trying to figure out
is which one of my pores creaks
when I pass through it,
as I invariably do—

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;

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:
lightningbolts which, when their shadow catches
up with them, die? 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,

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-lemomy,
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 alarms—

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
though the bottom of page one needed hemming
it just had to be page one
how chagrinned 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 toad—
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

CONTRARY

Dawn leaks consequence. Where it will,
hovering over appletrees or railroads in
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 us laugh.
They do not consider our health, how

it depends on neitherness neutrality,
tepid clemencies and staling bread:
room temperature is always preferred.

See all festivity. All reception. Or else
our armchair placed beneath a glowing
antenna which even hums a little to ease

one's 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 to console our taste
for communism. Faraway docility,

can you restore such douceur? Transitory commensurate, the body's border
throws origin: 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 you
like hints of dark guidance—are sky's ways
unsullied by route or it all pre-mapped,

programmed by fate? Always you and I
conspire with appears, coy counterfeits,
zeroing in on the spoils that fill spoons

daily with hesitation while intention

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
the causeway chafeway of us. Levitations,

leavings: what dabbles us apart?
All boats implore me by the length
of their launch, echo-mad skies
pursue their strewns of sail, and yet

I've got some bit of diffident floss
stuck in my teeth, or a sculptural
manifold of bitten lips always 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's site,
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

Bearing only the beggars' pardons
on my back I leave.
Town to return to at night

Confessions made while asleep
remain anonymous.
dapple-delphic.

DOCTOR B AND NURSE C

1.

doctor b and nurse c first meet
post-execution where he's got
to sign her death certificate

as he pokes about her breast
stethoscopically does he press
a bit too hard and thus release

a whoosh of lungtrapped air
some final word captured there
now bubbling up to his ear

a gurgle from a swamp would
sound better to doctor b who'd
said as much in ode on ode

main theme of his early verse
oh to be our primeval ancestors
lumps of slime dumb amoebas

as we see here a human being
proves in the end a thing
too far advanced in suffering
2.

in civ-life doctor b writes verse
here in war he administers
an army brothel full of whores

with gold bars on their shoulders
saluting he cures these officers
of both horniness and syph-sores

his duties grant him sparse time
to pursue an ego-logical sublime
reducing himself to rhyme

that which thinks is different
from that which lives he went
on to say one day it's evident

that nurse c's firing-squadded body
showed his poems were already
quite prophetic in their study

of corpses see his book Morgue
whose void-and-wit still cries forg-
etmenot at poemento mori dot org

3.

his choice of fame survives hers
none of us today remembers
this nun this edith-death nurse

a red cross sister who defies
her oath of neutrality and tries
to help her homeland's flyboys

escape after being shot down
should be shot herself and shown
to other potential traitors drawn

to emulate her patri-most love
she must be made an example of
let her join rupert brooke above

in heaven reserved for unionjacks
to them it looks just like sussex
god lays out the tea-tray snacks

cakes and jam seasonal fruits
sweet dream our sour world salutes
each time the firingsquad shoots

4.

because every rifle in the squad
believes he's killing her for god
the father justifies this method

called murder the father justifies
war and all of war's casualties
when father comes everyone dies

the son runs from that terror
or sublimates it by making war
or tries to be a poet and ignore

via verse his malehood's crime
is found
to be logical

but the propagandors love
her for it they shove
her face on posters hung above

some word he himself might
have wrote the previous night
his poems too are cognate
or transgression
which must

this they scream is nurse cavell
who loved her england well

commanding an army brothel
docter b's duties are small
until he meets nurse cavell

from Hun-occupied Belgium

similar fools
follow in her footsteps
foolhardiness
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, shampooed
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
reverses
where I submit my salute to addict-fools:
love between cigarettes is a supplication,
imploing 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;

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.

Surface of earth deep, each border
pretends to be elsewhere. Pretense of the hero
regarding his origins as timeless.
Long ago outliving any location they
might have marked off, these bounds
establish themselves as gods engraved
on hollow coins passed our people
as luckcharms, multitude superstitions—
they narrate the cobwebs, since origins
which are demarcated i.e. outlived,
cause us to stride centerstage and gawk
multitude-timeless at engravings passed

among the luckless. or else a mast weaves inquiries
and dispenses shares of continuity—

Needing martyrdom to live, I multiply
the papyrus duplicity of my hero—
duplicity is my hero—the double.

Outside the rain pours all fours on
the fields which spread like search
patterns outward but find only more

of us. Depictions. We might atone
by using schoolmates for our self-portraits,
but otherwise remain sole. Simplifying

is the word I need here in the normal
warning beep of daily use, voicelessness
evident as tatters. Can you remove

enough details to make your life immune
to autobiography. All the words skipped
by readers make a better picture of one's

own picture. The problem of the empirical—
the "crumbs of raisinbread in the coat
pocket," to quote Benn, the coat itself—

are unsolvable except through love of
the contingent, meaning the sacrificible.
Everything left out of the text is always

one way, page wedged in both hands.

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 android's shy mindless equivalent
of these human retainments—
I can't, 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
which must be faced unthinkingly, obviously,
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.)
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 only glance at it from time to time
as if it had been there always, an old
heirloom or less, a thing kept not for
the memories it awakes but simply because
it has no practical use and therefore
would take too much oomph 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 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.

IN RELEASE

Under the foot of the udder,
the fruit of the ladder,
we lay,
fluid, attentive to our share.

We raised the eggs mistaken for existence,
we spread the tableau eros finds
a mask for flesh in.

Under the spire
of the breast we lay, pondering.

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.

MALE SOCCER WARS

It is more important poetically to
distinguish amongst the cerise,
rose, vermilion, scarlet, pink,
carmine, ruby, burgundy,
dahlia, fuchsia, maroon,
magenta et al threads
than to see the red
versus the white
football jersey,
unless the
latter are
killing us, which of course they are.

SON OF UNCLE SAM

From the trestle overpass I tossed
one of the chopped-off arms onto
a train heading for Miami and then
the other limb upon a Chicago-bound

train and so on until eventually all
of the sad parts were disposed of
in this manner, saving the head for last—
it went to L.A., they need heads

there, perhaps. Dispersed around
the country each piece of the corpse

could never be accounted, my crime

will go unsung until such time the U
S of A reunites to solve me, save me,
resurrect this never perfect body.

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

The last sentence of the marriage vow
spills over into the burial service
and both are splashed with a bit
of the baptismal 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, trees
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 façade acropolis
can't penetrate. The day reflecting
against the deep its passage,
a shoreline casting up more dust
than the beach can process.

///

POEM

Who found in lapse his body's solo data—
it left him whole without the halve-of-love.

Often at night unseen he flew at rarities of you.
How few they were.

Forced to eat his camouflage, forced along
those roads he took no part of home on.

Each birthday blowing out a candle in a skull.

Daily he played place bet the blue racetracks
that ran beneath his skin, but never won.

No wonder when they found him
he was ready to

before you arrived
the dead refused
nakedness
to its corridors
but now
they pause
in the midst
of their solo

honeymoons
to pageant back
safepassé
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 poisoning 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.

Visionvulsion of sweat's features on stone.
Sun dripping from a sweatdial. The garden
Heart horizon dies, line drawn by false

Oars of evening. The ballpoint's mapping of
Near-nipple tension, or is it stress in
Sphinx poles that posit this shadowy pose.

what keeps us apart
cancernodes and painted earlobes
customs search and contraband roads
overlap

Always the fall of hair
across your brow will stray
the intent of the eye,
even if brushed back offhandedly,
without thought.

But that act
cannot, in the end, distract.
POEM

You'd have us compare madnesses in a glass
and then for contrast's sake strike one face from
that frame, one name off that list just to see
who's left—But all the asylum I am,

the whole alpha non matter [grata / gather] of heads torn
from the page can't engage your stare surveil
where I sit, I wait, I browse my state,
I collate these collected offlurks of.

To attain the state stark strives for, I'll perch [prowl]
on the sill unevolved, a thumbless clone
halfway home, desiring these threshold scenes

of furthest strand.

even toads refuse to offer refuge
to disparate lovers
whose shrewd eyes glitter
the border authorities
perfecting their customs search
of cubbyholes

FASCIST FLASHBACK

The 2 dead moviestars I believed in
embrace, forcing their makeup to
become intimate as a possibility
of channelsurfing past ourselves

or anyone who awaits reunion (all lovers
share a past) while the absence of
their blackandwhite colorized eyes
presents an alternate first-person

which is not nominalist, which preserves
a soupcon of the neoplatonic
void felt by Nazis in the New World

where they have always resumed reign—

Where history always forgets to tape
its fate on the never late late show.

POEM

how the winner of that game
crawls 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' unclesing 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 dot's the nipple?

Clenching with your pores a torn wild thing which
you must let go of before the flood finds you
in sweat's equidistant vacancy—

Each day I rip from my nipples
a calendar's cleavage, leaves clinging to
the months that abandon them

I suspect that obverse of this cereal
box is blank and that the colorful
copy confronting me would vanish too
if I spun its cardboard 180—

I smoosh the mice of my nipples
into these scenes of former harrow

The shorter the poem the
larger the words—
The shorter the poem the
more complete it must be.

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. Penetralia

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,

Eternity gnaws its thirst
Its tusked planets rut suns raw
Its grapes mist the sea
But sleep flows to the fallen

All my leaveway was a gift,
a speciman impaled on rosethorn
calipers.

Oedipus sticks his thumb out but
none of the fatherly vehicles halts
to give him a lift.

As in a play by Shakespeare where
the Air Minister has a car waiting
at the cafe but we average folk
must walk home complaining.

I smoosh the mice of my nipples
into these scenes of former harrow

EARTH

A disguised zoo we keep blowing up.

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.

///

The deaths I lost to childhood are
blue as a precipice, green
as a wish. Its walls painted
with hours, from which a minute
dripped onto the floor, causing
corners, causing this vision blur,
world by world unscreening itself:

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 semblance, its outline bad as an aura's . . .

As heaven's equation of you on
the panes is rain, the commodious
robe of time.
a fever scrape,
taps at bullseye sills, his faith lost to die.
a deep cleavage of owls
lost, and was it all only an illusion
as bullseye rain overt

The sleep I poach from is posted with echoes,
its murderous cleavage of owls weeps
confessing that our ear is the only entry
to the word that grows fruit faded, leaving

earth's equation on an aquarium where
the word never is always penultimate, never
late, intacting itself like a veinous essence
drained by vines, present, cognizant

of rain's narrowest precedent, tremors
that make us take breath from some
aura trying to glow through a keyhole. Oh
what sundry I am under, yawnfrefes.

ROGOZHIN

His face was like a stopsign in italics.
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.

Here at the height of the day night change
I am moved by skies that sustain their course
And, in this dispersion known as universe,
Have to paint their peculiar blue, that strange

Hue which dies too soon and which makes this hour
Linger in the mind, transient as a life
Whose names tie-twist each flower with other
Identities, ceruleanesques that shift

Whether this vexacious tint can survive—
You must judge, ancient aim,
Briefer than an intrigue, sad as a face—
undenied unconstrained at our

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
Magazine pages yellowed by semen are
crumbling/memory to make
my choicest forsakings.

///

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;

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:
lightningbolts which, when their shadow catches
up with them, die? To openly display

my culprit, what sin am I oppressing. Sought for
wiping the bandanna from my ensemble,
as if a grope that fashion achieves,
dumb and certain to one's own desires,

or else because form's forgetfulness is
oblivion tamed by hand, aim for certainties.

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,
One too many nights away from tomorrow
each feature-ifice of my face

aquarium emptied into a syringe
I can't count up to one
without first cutting off nine of my fingers.

Jettison person, sad cadence of the farceur:
there where the world belongs to tossup.
Balloons whose footprints sting the air with soft
occasion clawing with its magnetic fingers the sleep
and the donation of exalted drums.

My face is a quizbox killed by zoomrays.
sunlapse, past the semi-earthen moon, which
functions as aftermath,.

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 smack-like between the sight.
Unwrapped from the moment, time is born
in place of, always in place of. And so
Posthumous preface to a prenatal afterword,
I pause here to currycomb bygones.
There is an evil I cannot name because
its fellow evils will swirl around me crying
for like recognition. 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 to forge
that smorgasbord bodyguard restored by bed.
Long candle, ponder, short candle, think.

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

Nothing is changed by beauty because
beauty is a part of the way things
were changing anyway, because
it isn't a catalyst but a process,

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

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.

Someone to pause and take pills with during
the act of coition, or the fact of cosmos, the pure
assemblage, the tract of gravity's groupings
gathered to express us, constellated figures—

I am a mite too afraid that wow revolves but
pow stays put. asleep and poles apart
Or puckering-to-kiss, withering-to-caress.

The walls around us, their
rectitude aligns and shapes us
for perpetuity, training us,
straightening our postures
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

HOMETOWN

In its one vacant house
the windows creak like doors.
A window is an obsolete door.

The knob, keyhole and hinges
shine there, in that tree.

Knob a querulous bird's head;
hinges open spread like wings.
Keyhole, eye seeking its beak.

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. Even our ID's
have fleas. Lie down with dogmas
and you get up with ideas.

We-weight, you-yield, what's the diff?
To see nothing past the clarity
of causes; to admit no effects.

Confessions made while asleep
remain anonymous.

POEM

The pianist's wrists
are circled by flamelets;
she forgot to take off
these fiery bracelets
before playing—or
her assistant who normally
does it was detained
by the concert crowds
who now push forward
in their ripest seats to see
her dapple-delphic wrists
like an arsonist's
jewelry shine, a 23
carat salvo, a flakwork
watch which shows the time
is now, music burns

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 cease—scars too—until,
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)—

////

....

TO MY NAVEL

What shall I do with the lint
you gather, weave these threads together
to form a string, a rope to throw

across the abyss.

TITLE

A shiver passing over the skin
must always return to nakedness.

All our windows sow their sills: there.

Every facet is a higher father;
I am a fuehrer for detail. Therefore

the lamp studies pain with impunity,
etched in its million pleats of eyes ours
fade at first, then regain aura.

What leaps up in me
are noncupolae, squat huts I crouch in,
determined to lubricate the tantalus.

Night: shining rooms descend the staircase
like skins evolving from our spine, separate
incestuous, hell's lepidopteral heirs.

The E-realm of eyes, the O- of ear are vying
to control you. You dawdle in the I-room.
From its windows the bridges are stars
leaning over to say your remaining mouth
can't be lifted above the eyebrow. Vain cranes
try, but they elevate only the moot, the moat
like a veinous essence drained by vines.

Down splendid avenues where shades of panes
hint at the redeemibility of falling leaves.
The mourner cast in the shapes of his passing.

I am stalled there idly currycombing bygones,
mantis-prancing in place, unable to choose
between the coagulate fates, or the guide to that greensward
table where Summer rudely eats with its elbows.

for a pastime I guess, for a provenance.

QUEEN AGAINST JACK

(Somewhere, racked inside his mute cube, a jack
In the box is having a heart attack.)

So if I take one giant

Step away from childhood's site,
Whose games were themed to hold us safe,
I must ask permission first

Of sunset's unsettled light

Where most you seem at home,
Great ambient figure draped for flight.

from the essay WHAT ARE POETS FOR? (Martin Heidegger, Poetry, Language, Thought)

". . . and what are poets for in a destitute time?" asks Holderlin's elegy "Bread and Wine." We hardly understand the question today. How, then, shall we grasp the answer that Holderlin gives?

". . . and what are poets for in a destitute time?" The word "time" here means the era to which we ourselves still belong. For Holderlin's historical experience, the appearance and sacrificial death of Christ mark the beginning of the end of the day of the gods. Night is falling. Ever since the "united three"—Herakles, Dionysos, and Christ—have left the world, the evening of the world's age has been declining toward its night. The world's night is spreading its darkness. The era is defined by the god's failure to arrive, by the "default of God." But the default of God which Holderlin experienced does not deny that the Christian relationship with God lives on in individuals and in the churches; still less does it assess this relationship negatively. The default of God means that no god any longer gathers men and things unto himself, visibly and unequivocally, and by such gathering disposes the world's history and man's sojourn in it. The default of God forebodes something even grimmer, however. Not only have the gods and the god fled, but the divine radiance has become extinguished in the world's history. The time of the world's night is the destitute time, because it becomes ever more destitute. It has already grown so destitute, it can no longer discern the default of God as a default.

". . . and what are poets for in a destitute time?"—

Holderlin shyly puts the answer into the mouth of his poet-friend Heinse, whom he addresses in the elegy:

But they are, you say, like the wine god's holy priests,
Who fared from land to land in holy night.

Poets are the mortals who, singing earnestly of the wine god, sense the trace of the fugitive gods, stay on the gods' tracks, and so trace for their kindred mortals the way toward the turning. The ether, however, in which alone the gods are gods, is their godhead. The element of this ether, that within which even the godhead itself is still present, is the holy. The element of the ether for the coming of the fugitive gods, the holy, is the track of the fugitive gods. But who has the power to sense, to trace such a track? Traces are often inconspicuous, and are always the legacy of a directive that is barely divined. To be a poet in a destitute time means: to attend, singing, to the trace of the fugitive gods. This is why the poet in the time of the world's night utters the holy. This is why, in Holderlin's language, the world's night is the holy night.

It is a necessary part of the poet's nature that, before he can be truly a poet in such an age, the time's destitution must have made the whole being and vocation of the poet a poetic question for him. Hence "poets in a destitute time" must especially gather in poetry the nature of poetry. . . .

*

MY LIFE

My life proves some larger question—
just by existing I push the matter past
the fifty percentile, albeit barely.

And yet, my head-pan swayed by every stir, I lack
inner grace to lend a graver beauty to daily

dealings with the mirror, the stove, the
ballpoint pen: no suppler core to snickeringly belie
boredom's chores; not even a vision
underpinning the common, an esthetic for
brushing teeth, taming newspapers or TV's
comatose. What bluff rebuttal—
what ployed point, oblique objection
can I bring to this always otherwise,
my life.

My life, my island! it seems so big
from the oceanfloor; but from the sky,
how insignificant. It's only here, upon it,
these dimensions appear complete.
THE POEM IS ALIVE

Umbrellas love to dive into clouds
The critic's hand can be cured only by atrocity
Our spirit ends in notorious dreams
That sharpen 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
A mirror must remain the object of stress

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

SON OF UNCLE SAM

From the trestle overpass I tossed
one of the chopped-off arms onto
a train heading for Miami and then
another limb upon a Chicago-bound

freight and so on until eventually
all the sad parts were disposed of
in this manner, saving the head for last—
it went to L.A., they need heads

there, perhaps. Dispersed around
the country each piece of the corpse
can never be accounted, my crime

will go unsung until such time the U
S of A reunites to solve me, save me,
resurrect this never perfect body.

THE NIXON-AGNEW REVIEW

The Laureate takes a train from the attic
to the basement daily, robust he races
inclined along the sheer of every room
descending always floor by floor to find

the scar side of every life lived at every
level of that severed Hollywood abode,

that façade where our Baghdad bomb
deflowers baseball scores just for him.

He alone knows the stats that win. He
pins the post and holds the sky because
he owns Po-Biz and I don't. My dad

lost his butchershop in the bad 1930s
because he let his customers run up
credit and not pay, the Knott-profit sap.

I hazard an occupation of this room
where the bulletproof vest keeps stabbing itself

All I ask from my stylist is
that my coiffures be carnivorous.
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 dot's the nipple?

Clenching with your pores a torn wild thing which
you must let go of before the flood finds you
in sweat's equidistant vacancy-

Each day I rip from my nipples
a calendar's cleavage, leaves clinging to
the months that abandon them

I suspect that obverse of this cereal
box is blank and that the colorful
copy confronting me would vanish too
if I spun its cardboard 180-

I smooch the mice of my nipples
into these scenes of former harrow

The shorter the poem the
larger the words-
The shorter the poem the
more complete it must be.

The avantgarde only came up to my ankles
but managed to drown me anyway.

Each grape has a white pin through it.
Vertigo of a bird above tundra.
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 allcomsuming pain-the anodyne's icicle
melts so slowly. Penetrabilia

The dead paperweight rests
on my lips, occurring to me
like a cry from the words it
has crushed, the thoughts it
saved from scattering minds,
windowdrafts or blinkwafts
of Argus bending to read.

On the horizon of our lips
what kiss awaits
the arrival
of its sun
in rise or fall
the occasion delayed
beyond beginning or end
if departure ennobles passports
the border authorities
perfecting their customs search
of cubbyholes keeps us apart
as cancernodes and painted earlobes
even toads refuse to offer refuge
to disparate lovers
whose shrewd eyes glitter

Who found in lapse his body's solo data-
even a nun tastes nude to this poor moth-
and made his ink topple in unison, which
left him whole without the halve-of-love.

Eternity gnaws its thirst
Its tusked planets rut suns raw
Its grapes mist the sea
But sleep flows to the fallen

Your soliloquy endures the lightest dress,
whose udders piggybank our heart
often at night unseen I fly at rarities of you-
intregal-pale, against a gate apart-
that yuckskull juggled,
I admire your hands lit by blue racetracks

What crossroads element, elusive turning
point is poisoning its deep
precariousness, binge-innocence;
that poutshroud/my mouth knows

Seas surround you and murmur your pores
Only the water can decipher our scars

To outline with a pencil my frightwig map,
Cake tiers nearing the ceiling must

I try
to joke about the cost of such dreams,
knowing all my leaveway was a gift,
a birthday blowing the candles out

in a skull, a skinless crusade: forced
to eat my camouflage, forced along
those bruised roads I took no part
of home on, my nightly totem-crawl
advanced. Dubious byways led
to towns abandoned at the word.

All my leaveway was a gift,
a speciman impaled on rosethorn
calipers.

Oedipus sticks his thumb out at the crossroads but
none of the fatherly vehicles halts to give him a lift

As in a play by Shakespeare where
the Air Minister has a car waiting
at the cafe but we average folk
must walk home complaining.

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
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by thought; the title retains the poem,
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I admire your hands lit by blue racetracks

What crossroads element, elusive turning
point is poisoning its deep
precariousness, binge-innocence;
that poutshroud/my mouth knows

To outline with a pencil my frightwig map,
aspiring to
desired heights means the thought
of suicide is famous to my thought.

I try
to joke about the cost of such dreams,
knowing all my leaveway was a gift,
a birthday blowing the candles out

in a skull, a skinless crusade: forced
to eat my camouflage, forced along
those bruised roads I took no part
of home on, my nightly totem-crawl
advanced. Dubious byways led
to towns abandoned at the word.

All my leaveway was a gift,
a speciman impaled on rosethorn
calipers.

Balloons whose footprints sting
the air with soft occasion.
The world belongs to tossup. Aloft
I see startled robins rush,
through scar-wept panes
my maiming hands cling
uptoward 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 At times they create an alternate life
but that is no prior claim.

Define distance as an erased echo,
a looksee puddle of ourselves, though
Can it keep a taste wept this openly?
and yet mourns all the wheels killed
in inexact wars, all the tiny levers:
I know he can never redeem his life
a growth that drains and ripens daily
Yet he himself is simply an exchange
for my non-existence, a sign to offset
my furtive, unmost-unglimpsed entity
whenever I linger between some trees

If we conspire to hide from each other
The sleep I poach from is posted with echoes—

SLANT

Parting like long innards under postmortem
The sky rains into a mist
It clings like portraitsmoke on a blackboard
Like dollsmoke to children's footprints
The scarecrows come covey to call
I am balanced between elements
History has shown Pisa's power
To force the neck through angles of gaucheness
Babel has leveled my head
The rain falls clinging to the mist like an iceberg's
mourning-clothes
Black drapes me I put my arm in one sleeve
And the other sleeve begins to bleed
The sky mourns I throw dice
While jacking off and come snake eyes
Now the mourners shake hands
Across the open grave but some are too ether-assed
To reach over far enough for a consummate grasp
These latter merely brush fingertips
Across the open grave while
A manicurist circles the seance with a hammer
To nail our hands together
To hold our communion open with the dead man
Whose spirit leans across the void
The ring of our focus must not be broken
Nor our flesh-link parted

TREE AT THE BEDROOM WINDOW

To try and pull down sheets from a linen tree,
And blankets too, a pillowcase in full leaf,
With urge to rest beneath its fruits, beneath
The bed of that composite canopy

Whose orchard dormitory so invites us,
Deftly shifting the foliage that falls draped
Through rooms of roots we daily feel sapped
From deep resolves to die as the night's last

Words soar sufficeless. Oh more enough! Doubt
The ease in these boughs, the sway of whose loft
Is a noose to the known, the same old vow

Vigilance that always plans to keep out
An eye and tries to stay awake. Despite its soft
Drafts my face is hard against this window.

*

QUEEN AGAINST JACK

The better to steady myself I rose
In her arms the better to stay: say
She has to remember me I am nobody
To be without, and I am nobody to be without her—

To see in her special-glacial eyes the die
Disdain she was right to feel for me,
I lost all hope that atop their snowcap
A mirror could be bent by a sigh—

Now if I wake at night my veins alone
From a dream of her, amid the hoistless
Pulse of time my blanket whose holes are home,
She who I pray finds me in all but the final way—

(Somewhere, snug inside his mute cube, a jack
In the box is having a heart attack.)

The year's wrapping comes undone; foliage tied
By summer's raystrings is dropped aside,

Its gifts emptied beyond gratitude's
Bounty: but pray the burden of goods

And bads time lades us with is enough
To overcome the loss of one fluff

From one summer, each fumed weed and wisp—
Daily granted our gaffes against the crisp

Chagrin of being unable to repay
Or rather each of us lacks the right way

To say how fulfilled he is by this, this
Unknowable grace or benefice,

However meager the larder looms,
Whatever its dole defeats in us it seems

More than we can acknowlege

Hayfever tangencies mixed with a sense
Of our own thanklessness, the intense

///
TO THE NAVEL

Last link with the Mother's body,
and therefore with the self,
I accumulate around you. My belly
oceans your lame island.

You are the eye that blinks only once.
Prism or portal or priapism's plinth,
I resist your imperative only
to my injury. So if I take one giant

Step away from childhood's site, you
Whose games were themed to hold us safe,
I must ask permission first
Of sunset's unsettled light

Where most you seem at home,
Great ambient figure draped for flight.

Each branch is more beautiful than
any other, the rain falling or
the rain frozen pendant on this
twig I break off to swizzlestick that
puddle in which winter is opening
its cracks like sky, glazing minutely
drop by drop in closeup glissade
my figment fatima of lull repute—
sticks on his back will keep his heart
intact, they told the orphan's keeper.

my coat has a large head
abandoned left behind as a sample
its bristles will cry and follow
the common chord
the grappling hook is too small
for cracks
the veneration shifts limits through
our theme
the under-arms begs
the trees to bloom
along the path
whose evasions linger

*

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 else
the smacking terror of audience—
dizzy, spinning on a platform
of white-hot razors, the choice
of where we land's not ours.

*

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
can out-Wilde this
but my protests were frail
and useless
as a saint's passport
waved in the face of Charon

//

*

I am not interested in masks
but in what faces reveal only
to the below side of a mask:
grimace is it, or maybe 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

*

*

...

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

////

*

*

*

[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-qualitiies of each pillow.

have their own fahrenheit / 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

*

*

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 plumbines 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 plumbines forth to force brace
and leave their snares floored and snarled there to trace
wild plumbines 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 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.

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.

*

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

*

*

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

///

*

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
Russell Edson)
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 retainer
not to mention
the critics on retainer

*

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

*

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
wither-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 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 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 cowered 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-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
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 roadsign 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 unclespoo 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 squirrels-space. 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 drown-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

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

///

///

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.

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.

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 prismperson.

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.

*

*

Dawn voices its peals
according to mine.
In the arbor of days
it speaks garbled roots
and clear vines.

*

*

*

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 /smeared 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 salvaged, 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

rough tangle

*

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
Each blank sky draws
wingstrokes across
the flock. Sketch-a-stretch.

Migration's
headset
radios directions to the ...[].

*

*

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

*

[], postscript stitching the skip-rope
spied upon from twigs strayed umbilical,
mission-hinges [] appointed []

*

poetry: the intricate magnification of mental anomalies

quarry your share of it from
the chafing of our toes' fibrous shoals

pitchfork tines twanged
against a barndoor

*

*

*

[

]

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

*

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:

Thin echo smells 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

*

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

/

your tongue probes the cavity
of a kiss
your hairspray sticks to the gods

whose bed squeaks in your coffin

a flag-covered coffin
with dice rattling inside
Hart Crane bequeathing Melville

*

*

Cupolas capitalize the skyline till
us folks caste lowercase and fly

///

*

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

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

Posted by knott at 9:59 AM

October 02, 2009

drafts....

*

STRUCK

churchbell swinging point a to b
course of a life if nothing else
always its abstract apogee
measures out fate with rituals

stoplessly birth or death it rains
baptisms funerals weddings
shower teardrops fly ricegrains
tolling uncontrollably more rings

tower contemptuous of rhymes
metronymically offkey dull
chimes down irregular times
intervals inexorable

even if bells themselves all crack
once they peal there's no appeal back

/
against that peal there's no appeal back

/
what if bells themselves all crack

/
yet even bells themselves must crack
and once

/even alphabells must finally crack
once it peals there's no appeal back

/
yet/but even alphabells must crack
once that peals there's no appeal back

after such peal there's no appeal back

/ high how that abstract apogee
higher that abstract apogee
tracks our fate with its cyclical

/parses fate with sharp parallels

/tower contemptuous of rhymes
metronomically counterpoised
chimes down irregular times
intervals charged with anoint-noise

/arc for an abstract apogee
track one's fate in those cyclical
fate-racked track of those cyclical
arc off an abstract apogee / we dread your/its abstract apogee [how/must we dread
its track apogee]
y-z startled for parallels / y-z starkstill / y-z [.....?] / y-z fated for parallels [fear the
fate of those cyclical]

tracking its abstract apogee
in the flesh of fated cyclical

high in its abstract apogee
tracks off fate in our cyclical
/tracks the fate of our cyclical
tracks our fate with its cyclical

/

*

STRUCK

churchbell swinging point a to b
course of a life if nothing else
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after such peal there's no appeal back

/
arc for an abstract apogee
track one's fate in those cyclical
fate-racked track of those cyclical

[.....]

////

*

The wind, Keatsian as
a bone-saw, amputates
each leaf too late:
the rot has reached its
root-lace veins, gangrene
replaced all that green.

Ode to Autumn when
you're old is just more
lack of anesthetic
hacked off the medic
[...] plentiful pain
time. Harvest gore

lops off limbs
deadbranched op-off
obsolete it drops
why cauterize the stump
to one another's alter
[.....]

////

*

AFTER GOETHE

Hear the hilltops lapse
Until each copse of trees
Drops so still that there
Is scarcely an air
Left for the birds to share
Their songs: slowly, by degrees,
Like you the forest stops.
Where is this place? Nowhere.
Tear up your maps.

*

Hear the hinter hilltops
and each crop of trees
hush when the wind drops
below a breeze, as
finally the wing-flaps
of birds in the air
and all their songs cease—
listen: not a sound.
Perhaps it's been found,
that longsought Nowhere.
Tear up your maps.

/
Is it at last found

/
Has it now been found,
that longsought Nowhere?

/
and then the wing-flaps
of the birds lose sound,
and all their songs cease
to bruit the air:
Slowly, by degrees,
like you the forest stops.

////
Posted by knott at 12:21 PM

like an egg-in-spoon relay race where you've broken out in hives on 95% of your
body
then you're dipped in hot wax and and rummer cement, tie-dyed in many shades of
adhesives
for the fun to peel them off factor. your lover gets off on moulting / it gives them an
excuse to touch you
some people love touching others so much they pop their blisters without prior
consent (oww stop that, etc)
they like doing it (if they didn't like looking at it they wouldn't. they like doing it!)
t

October 03, 2009

drafts....

*

THE CLIMB

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 that 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
this act of aspiration alone, this try—

stay in his tracks, obey the protocol
of all such quest-stakes, the miracle
no treeline mars, the height it takes.

//

such quest-stakes call for, the miracle
/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.

of all such efforts, the stale miracle
that waits past treelines, the heightstakes.

stay in his tracks, obey the protocol
of all such quest-stakes, that miracle
no treelines reach/touch, the height it takes.

....

Posted by knott at 7:47 AM

October 04, 2009

drafts....

*

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
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
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 these citizen kane centuries
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
[

*

Posted by Bill Knott at 10:32 AM

October 06, 2009

drafts...

*

BELLTOWER

stentor contemptuous of rhymes
tin-ear deliberately flat
day out chimes immetrical times
echoing fate with its that's that

thrown here under what thunder spire
pray our course lies off some ways else
how resist this hourly gongfire
lead us not into numerals

stoplessly birth plus death it rains
baptisms funerals weddings
shower high teardrops fly ricegrains
tolling controllably more rings

even if bells themselves all crack
once they peal there's no appeal back

/

found there under what thunder spire
thrown there

stun there

/

pray our course lies a long ways else

pray our course lies some long ways else

pray our course lies off somewhere else

pray our course lies along ways else

/
even chimes immetrical times

only chimes

/

/

BELLTOWER

stentor contemptuous of rhymes
tin-ear deliberately flat
always chimes immetrical times
echoing fate with its that's that

struck there under what thunder spire
pray our course lies anywhere else
how resist this hourly gongfire
lead us not into numerals

stoplessly birth plus death it rains
baptisms funerals weddings
shower high teardrops fly ricegrains
tolling controllably more rings

even if bells themselves all crack
once they peal there's no appeal back

/

tin-ear tinnabulately flat

/

fare us not into numerals / turn / tear
pare us not into numerals / tote us not
square us / mire us / rear us
shear us / fear us not / perne us
nare / nair / near / wear
shiv us / share us / scare us
mar us / make us / wake us

sway there under what thunder spire
swearing our course lies somewhere else
praying hard this hourly gongfire
perne us not into numerals

struck there under what thunder spire
surely our course lies somewhere else
pray out loud this hourly gongfire
lure us not into numerals

sway there under what thunder spire
swearing our course lies somewhere else
pray

hourly this endless gongfire

bearing under this thunder spire
swearing our course lies somewhere else
fearing is this hourly gongfire
paring us into numerals

wearing us into numerals

fearing at last if its gongfire

fearing while that endless gongfire

fearing resist that hail gongfire

bowing under

bearing under this thunder spire
swearing our course lies somewhere else
hourly configured its gongfire
fits us in situ numerals

sorts us out prime in numerals

always chimes immetrical times

halts us in place in numerals

holds us in situ numerals / fits us

sets us /

niche us in / rounds us / corrals us

forms us in situ numerals / drapes us

suits us / costumes / gauds us

faults us / balks us / walls us

stalls us / wraps us / traps us
sites us

/

stooping under that thunder spire / suppliant
hoping our course leads somewhere else
hourly configured its gongfire
sorts us forth in force numerals

fearing our lives bring nothing else
fearing our lives lure nothing else
fearing our lives need nothing else
fearing our lives are nothing else
fearing our lives have nothing else
fearing our lives bear nothing else

sorts us structured in numerals

structured under that thunder spire
course of a life need nothing else
hourly configured its gongfire
sorts us exact as numerals

sorts us precise as numerals
sorts us out into numerals

/
stooping under that thunder spire
hoping our course lies somewhere else

hoping our course leads somewhere else
hoping our course heads somewhere else

praying

perhaps our lives need nothing else

chance be our lives need nothing else

maybe our lives need nothing else

could be our course needs nothing else

what say our life need nothing else

wonder if we need nothing else

fearing we need know nothing else

fearing our course is nothing else

fearing our course leads nowhere else

could be our skeds need nothing else

maybe for course we need nothing else

probably we need nothing else
hour-figured its strong gongfire

pray that our course needs nothing else

/
sorts us out in set/prime numerals

fixtured under / settling / bowing

deafsound under that thunder spire

deafgrown / deafground

/ toll controllably those dread rings

/
kilter under that thunder spire

structured / suppliant /

staring under / married under / subject / slavish

shelter under that thunder spire

huddled under that thunder spire

barebound under that thunder spire

scuttled under that thunder spire

hunking under // skulking under / reeling

lurking under / slinking under / naked under

wincing under that thunder spire
convinced our lives have nothing else

bearing under / swearing / glaring under

how it follows moon and sunfire
course of a life if nothing else
hourly this hieratic gongspire / prefigured
iterates fate in numerals

metrically akimbo tone flat

nonmetrically issues its fiat

metrically misses its fiat

metrically flat flubs its fiat

metrically skewed

metrically unskilled fiat-flat

metrically challenged fiat-flat

metrically countered

metrically void deliberately flat

metrically kilter fiat-flat
chimes forth irregular times

/
for
against that peal there's no appeal back

/
tower contemptuous of rhymes
metrically off key fiat-flat
chimes forth irregular times
intervals charged with fate's diktat

/downstruck / forcestruck / stepstruck
upstruck // standstruck / skullbound /
houndstruck / boundstruck / zoundstruck
thumbstruck

tower contemptuous of rhymes
metronomically counterdomed / offkey flat
chimes down irregular times
intervals charged with our doomtunes /
intervals charged with fate's fiat

/gongspire forced to obey the sky/ to follow sunfire
course of a life if nothing else

hourly its tragic apogee / hieratic gongspire
iterates fate in numerals / iterates tragic numerals

/
what if bells themselves all crack

/
yet even bells themselves must crack
and once

/even alphabells must finally crack
once it peals there's no appeal back

/
yet/but even alphabells must crack
once that peals there's no appeal back

after such peal there's no appeal back

/
tower contemptuous of rhymes
metronomically offkey dull
chimes down irregular times
intervals inexorable
/ high how that abstract apogee
higher that abstract apogee
tracks our fate with its cyclical

/parses fate with sharp parallels

/spirebell swinging point a to b
course of a life if nothing else
always its abstract apogee
measures out fate with rituals

/tower contemptuous of rhymes
metronomically counterpoised
chimes down irregular times
intervals charged with anoint-noise

/arc for an abstract apogee
track one's fate in those cyclical
fate-racked track of those cyclical
arc off an abstract apogee / we dread your/its abstract apogee [how/must we dread
its track apogee]
y-z startled for parallels / y-z starkstill / y-z [.....?] / y-z fated for parallels [fear the
fate of those cyclical]

tracking its abstract apogee
in the flesh of fated cyclical

high in its abstract apogee
tracks off fate in our cyclical
/tracks the fate of our cyclical
tracks our fate with its cyclical

/

*
STRUCK

churchbell swinging point a to b
course of a life if nothing else
arc off an abstract apogee / we dread your/its abstract apogee [how/must we dread
its track apogee]

y-z startled for parallels / y-z starkstill / y-z [.....?] / y-z fated for parallels [fear the fate of those cyclical]

tower contemptuous of rhymes
metronomically counterpoised
chimes its/out/down irregular times
intervals charged with anoint-noise

stoplessly birth or death it rains
baptisms funerals weddings
shower teardrops fly ricegrains
tolling uncontrollably more rings

even if bells themselves all crack
once they peal there's no appeal back

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yet/but even alphabells must crack
once that peals there's no appeal back

after such peal there's no appeal back

/
arc for an abstract apogee
track one's fate in those cyclical
fate-racked track of those cyclical

[.....]STRUCK

churchbell swinging point a to b
course of a life if nothing else
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echoes our fate with rituals

stoplessly birth or death it rains
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fate of those cyclical]

tracking its abstract apogee
in the flesh of fated cyclical

high in its abstract apogee
tracks off fate in our cyclical
/tracks the fate of our cyclical
tracks our fate with its cyclical
*

STRUCK

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y-z startled for parallels

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once that peals there's no appeal back

after such peal there's no appeal back

[.....]

Posted by knott at 7:41 AM

October 8, 2009

going nowhere

...

this one is never going to get finished——

*

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 S. 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
with a teacup of ashes
dog-earring the TLS
while Phil fusses
the lunch bags

it's his 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—
how 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

////

Posted by Bill Knott at 7:59 AM [Links to this post](#)

October 13, 2009

drafts....

*

THE LOVES OF A DRAIN

Our lovemaking summarizes the wallpaper,
its repetitive visual rhythms find
their analog in every 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
two who find themselves sinking into

each hole with swirl-on-cue tongues
insistent, barely saved by the act
gestures they denude the bed with,

waking transgressions that express
vent the urge to lie on one's back and
advocate thumbs. Gurgling passionately

their pipes express me better than I,
internal plumbing meets in these feints
across the sheets like a hand waving me

away from the precipice edge, whose
fidelity assuages the prayer to die here
caught in this transit of self, the score

scaled in ascent. Otherwise to lie here
in else submerged in the event that
creates its surge, in which our part

is incidental, types in the format
of excitation and release. Ergo

eager as love in a downpour of thumbs

they bite each other shock absorber.
They requite each other in prescient
measures, the prince whispers let me

stab this glass slipper into your heart
to see if it fits. Cindy stirs in her stupor
of tongues, what can anyone say that

won't be more. The prison left our pores
for a moment; orgasm hopped a plane
to the coast. The departures felt hurt

staggering, or rather staggered, staged
at conversant intervals. Can you see
me there, inbetween the cursive coffee

stains on the blanket, the rack designs,
see what they try to cover over with
arabesque or maze motions, shapes

occupied by what we harmonize this
torture clockwise, counter, north or south
one liquid motif finds its mouth gorge

of peasant tunes and themes untapped,
swept violins replete with vulgartone as
conductors percolate at the sink-rim of

"The Loves of a Drain", opus-utter,
nonce of what. Recurrent orchestrations
quest the trite silence, perfectly dull ballet

to hoard off the hours death regales your
lucifer belle with. Plus that slayself cud
of dinosaur—overcite memory, sour sleeve

for all fleshly defenses to grow polar in—
may lure, out of confident distance, more
regrets and drunkenness to unattend us.

*

LETTER TO A LANDSCAPE

How I painted you, first
offering the blank canvas
a cigarette and a blindfold:

such executions burst
all the frames we place
purloin your last vast-hold,

vanishing through the next
text that cliques into view.
What scar has interhearted

us in poses the thousand
roved letters I wrote must
have mentioned, the notes

I wrought in similar airs
to you, simpleton valley,
fall hive of greenery, high

desultory vista. [.....
.....] Was it nine
noahs ago I boarded
the golden number

of infancy, whose vacant/vagrant
aprons reared name welcome:
a wonder of no thanks rowed
my childcanoe, like ancient

pillars unifying space
with ruins, or the snake's
laconic mimicry of bracelets

that bound each toe to you:
now your yawns keep reading
their kleenex for the word

(sought as one, it dims;
wrought by many it screams)
tar vomit covers day with.

Let snow unsheathe those peaks
it holds above our craned up

necks to learn how sharp

such echo-other heights keep
deaths suspent, precipice mist; /precipice honed; /boned;
my pane re-sinews bleakly

every wind from up there.
Each brushstroke I heap you
with is broken by its cry.

[.....]

*

LETTER TO A LANDSCAPE

How I painted you, first offering each blank
Canvas a cigarette and a blindfold;
Such executions burst the final vast-hold
Frames that place purloin your serried/unstoried rank/bank,

Vanishing through the next text its clique clicks
Into view. What scar has interhearted
Us in poses the thousand roved letters
I wrote must have mentioned, the notes critics

I wrought in similar airs to you, simpleton
Valley, tall hive of greenery, desultory
Vista. Smirking I render this lapidary.
Oh was it nine noahs ago I sailed upon

The golden number of infancy, vagrant
Aprons reared name welcome to none new:
A wonder of no thanks rowed my childcanoe,
Bare ancient pillars unifying space

With ruins, or the snake's laconic mimicry
Of bracelets that bound each toe to you:
now your yawns keep reading
their kleenex for the word

////

Posted by Bill Knott at 3:48 PM [Links to this post](#)

October 28, 2009

The sun standing for relief on the shoulder of Harold Pinter

drafts....

*

THE LOVES OF A DRAIN

Our lovemaking summarizes the wallpaper,
its repetitive visual rhythms find
their analog in every 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
two who find themselves sinking into

each hole with swirl-on-cue tongues
insistent, barely saved by the act
gestures they denude the bed with,

waking transgressions that express
vent the urge to lie on one's back and
advocate thumbs. Gurgling passionately

their pipes express me better than I,
internal plumbing meets in these feints
across the sheets like a hand waving me

away from the precipice edge, whose
fidelity assuages the prayer to die here
caught in this transit of self, the score

scaled in ascent. Otherwise to lie here
in else submerged in the event that
creates its surge, in which our part

is incidental, types in the format
of excitation and release. Ergo
eager as love in a downpour of thumbs

they bite each other shock absorber.
They requite each other in prescient
measures, the prince whispers let me

stab this glass slipper into your heart
to see if it fits. Cindy stirs her stupor
of tongues, what can anyone say that

won't be plus. The prison left our pores
for a moment; orgasm hopped a plane
to the coast. The departures fell hurt

staggering, or rather staggered, staged
at conversant intervals. Can't you see
me there inbetween the cursive coffin

stains on the blanket, the rack designs,
see what they try to cover over with
arabesque or maze motions, shapes

occupied by how we harmonize this

torture clockwise counter, north south
one liquid motif finds a mouth gorge

of peasant tunes and themes untapped,
swept violins replete with vulgartone
conductors percolate at the sink-rim of

"The Loves of a Drain," opus utter,
ought whose sudden faucets flush
existence from our loins. It is

these fountains flowing in the hidden
innards of the house we address
our plainest parts to, heart to hearts

no one overhears. Their intercourse
maps the circuitous vein of thought,
juncturing thwarts and covert caught

in the crook of architects' nightmares,
foundations unjoining to reach apex
here beneath the daily business of sex

and cloister, naked transactions above
such bare facts, dusty basement ducts
[the waterheater

toilet conveys all thirsts and wastes
[pipe-joints constantly

[wallpaper patterns, plumbing veins
that twist the house's id into its
antithesis; channels for emptiness

to empty around in; [

core beyond. It creates its space on
the theme of oasis. It waits to inherit
the whole of empathy's desperate

waste lands and saharas subsumed
in succession of scene one and scene
twos without intermission mercy [

The sun standing for relief on the shoulder
of Harold Pinter may dazzle these
silences with increase of time there

in the dream stage that aftercedes
our closer contacts: blinding his
dalliance of deserts, dunes awash with

the cess, the bigamous cusp of us.
Even Greece unifies space with ruins
yet lauds no landscape vast as this

or desolate.] [.....

nonce of whom. Recurrent orchestrations
quest that trite silence, perfect dull ballet

to hoard off the hours death regales our
lucifer belle with. Maybe this slay-cud
of dinosaur—overcite memory, sour sleeve

for all flesh's defenses to grow polar in—
can lure, out of confident distance, more
regrets and drunkenness to attend us.

Posted by Bill Knott at 12:01 PM

November 01, 2009

drafts....

*

PEACE CONFERENCE

I scream down the ward. But can
any rooster I rip
from my veins be red enough,

loud enough. The sundials
I posted at North and South
Poles forewarn me

of your encroachments,
world. Atlas feels
Atlas crawling up his leg.

Your groundwar civility
tells me I must confide
in amp-amnesia

or paint toenails with tickles . . .
I scream down the ward,
silo hooves

of duelling hymens follow.
Their hollow traffic flames
my planet's war nation.

At the UN one flag lacks alive:
that nonbourne's montage-hatch
is what I scratch at

/

(my face a horror to novice idolators).
Doubtless this maze
moults its walls too late for me to emerge.

A child separated from his thought

can function as before but when
I I I I scream down the ward
snail-icicles line the lids

of my inmates. I try to lay
my tiny laughing tithe upon
Sodom sinuous ancestry high.

I repeal the Reptile Age, dead
speadeagle, dangling testtubes.
I forbid my coattails to bark.

Crossroads gymnastics; suitable sex
closed the symposia whose lectures merged. How slovenly

I went at the mic, beckoning wild
with either-fingers, tall
sought by nothing equidistant,

indicators passing sat-wings
over lands beware all told.
Wings whirl by me

with the transparency of hands
flung up to ward off each blow's
verification of flesh.

////

But with neither frothing on
my shore I don't care. lacks my brain
Lands beware all told. Tied
to a civilization
insectile/
oh though. Hollow traffic—polar sundials measure
your tall world's encroachment.

///

*

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the cess, the bigamous cusp of us.
Greece unifying space with ruins
offers no landscape vast as this

or desolate. [Its pillars defeat
the quest, baring huge axioms of
atemptance.] Nothing is as nonce, yet
recurrent orchestrations quest the trite
for a perfect dull ballet whose score

can hoard off the hours death regales
our lucifer belle with. Maybe this slay-cud
of dinosaur—overcite memory, sour sleeve

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can lure, out of confident distance, more
regrets and drunkenness to attend us.

///

November 02, 2009

drafts...

*

LANDSCAPE

How I painted you, first
offering the blank canvas
a cigarette and a blindfold:

but no executions burst
all the frames we place
purloin your last vast-hold,

vanishing through the next
text cliques click into view.
What scar has interhearted

us in poses the thousand
roved letters I wrote must
have mentioned, the notes

I wrought in similar airs
to you, simpleton valley,
fall hive of greenery, high

desultory vista. Was it nine
noahs ago I boarded
the golden number of

infancy, time whose vacant

aprons reared name welcome:
a wonder of no thanks rowed

the snake's laconic mimicry
of bracelets or sidle sinuous
canoe through near-antiquity,

bound fawning in toe to you:
now your yawns keep reading
their kleenex for the word

(sought as one, it dims;
wrought by many it screams)
tar vomit covers day with.

Let snow unsheathe those peaks
it holds above our craned up
necks to learn how sharp

such echo-other heights keep
their prospects honed, each
precipice razorboned to thrust

all lapidary mist that clings
unstoried to their summit:
my pane re-sinews bleakly

every wind from up there.
Each brushstroke I heap you
with is broken by its cry.

///

*

SON OF UNCLE SAM

From the trestle overpass I tossed
one of the chopped-off arms onto
a train heading for Miami and then
another limb upon a Chicago-bound

freight and so on until eventually
all the sad parts were disposed of
in this manner, saving the head for last—
it went to L.A., they need heads

there, perhaps. Dispersed around
the country each piece of the corpse
can never be accounted, my crime

will go unsung until such time the U
S of A unites to solve me, save me,
resurrect this never perfect body.

////

Posted by Bill Knott at 10:39 AM [Links to this post](#)

November 5, 2009

drafts

*

*

matter anti-matter it's all ain't matter to me
the guns and the butter think I am the worst
the guns and the butter think I am their brother
they think I'm dirt

out of paper and teardrop I made a tongs
I crafted a calipers
to grasp
to snatch this last word from the hand of herd

*

TRAIN PASSING A CEMETERY

Its room compartments are the size of graves—
Such Pullmans paint in their fast frames of glass
The colorless stones and plots with screensaves
Less-lasting perhaps than the weeds and grass
When death's depot arrives all day through
These faultless schedules: timely they portray
The cemetery's vista of decay,
View which is nothing but residue.

Where even the trees are obituaries
Eye-creasing cars' avid artistic panes
Collage still reflections nobody sees
Carve transit each passenger's final year.
Defunct in an instant, incessant trains
Depart. They forget their destination's here.

////

Posted by Bill Knott at 10:17 AM [Links to this post](#)

November 10, 2009

drafts...

*

DAYS AWAY

Days away. The lazy orchestra
lip-syncs the sounds of its instruments,
the audience itself gawks in vain
at an apparition of kindred yawns. In
the perfect parable every letter
is equal to an alphabet.

Days away. Last night someone scraped
the paint off Ivan Albright's verminous
portrait of Dorian Gray and they
injected it into my eyes neck
and every feature. Buboos
pustule pouches blistered the lips
that busied Bosie buff. MGM
commissioned it for the 1948

film, he stayed young and spoiled
while his picture impugned, while
a gleaming palette knife cued each glop
of dull oils into their title role.

Days away. A state of oasis is the sun
in enervation, the lowest ebb
of encroachment when the desert
is around one, inching closer with
each footstep took. The solitary
palm tree shrivels, the waterhole
shrinks to a pinhole in a mask
worn once to assist desire.

Days away. On his deathbed
he wears summer clothes, out
of season to the end. Always
had to embarrassingly carry
his sweater where others strode
short-sleeves and free.

...[

////

Posted by Bill Knott at 9:34 AM [Links to this post](#)

November 16, 2009

drafts....

*

Keep the droolroom greased, Letitia;
to put the lisp on it, I lay there like
cheese on toasted princesses, but
it rips its heart out the mumbling
cherry-pit. As it says in the epitaphs
grimly carved on whitecaps, each
wave offers another death: the dateless
notations of our global sauna delete
instantaneously your shouldered-aside
arrival. Pore-poised before leaping
gestureless, stripped, livid into
that seething swank eyelid triggered
by a mass of rubiks playing catch
laughter, I am stirred by the impetus
ankhs yank-off with. Despite them
the flesh of night-fleeing comets
and gash genital rotations combine
to fool me still. A dictionary posing
as a free calendar leads me off while
OK Corral rushes a piano's exits
with such relish an angel wets
his finger to see it. Barbers smearing
pep-pills on their toes know to hide
these last nubilities in rags of pied
piper and snorts (cyclotron in chains)
or else I rub the small of her back
with the small of my dick. How
can I bear it when the headless
jostle the armless to rise in one
plaited symptom like tongues on
dark lemons. Dazzled by the slits
in pingpong's forehead I weigh

venison in lamps while stars, stars
publish their bitter day tribes on
my window. Bees shed their mes-
merism so quickly when tattooed
at advent that I fear I must flash
the sign of the knish in response,
cautious as a sphinx measuring
volcano-rims to see which one is
roudest. Mystics always seek this
perfect circularity, though I suspect
they simply desire to feel the warm
bigamies and stat tomtoms lining
them like jewels on a sorcerer's
nostrils. My humanity has gone
to the gills. You know why. Candles
rearranged you in profile, yours at
the dawn of anoint, exuding that
fur of unreachable cages you were
known for. Six white scissors lashed
the wisps a while, hushed in spiels.

[
]

*

Nature doesn't need
a mountain to show
it exists; mist will
suffice. But the poet
must painfully pile
up every pebble of
his absent summit.

/

Nature doesn't need
a mountain to show it
exists; mist will indeed
suffice. But the poet
must painfully pile
up every pebble of
his absent summit.

*

Dust used to be golden
and would enter in
gargantua of gold before
the flesh and bones
of humans became
the dust as it is, less
dust than us. [
]

////

Posted by Bill Knott at 5:21 PM [Links to this post](#)

November 20, 2009

drafts....

*

these are in process... they're in various stages of not-there-yet-and-maybe-never-will-be:

*

WHEN TO THEN

When 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,
though Newtonian formats provide an end-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
a post-it note urging occupants to leave.

*

APPARIT

A flick of the equator and here
you stand, lost in Upharshinland
where every cream-thesp fails
to be dark by a candle's worth—

can such tiny palliates save us
if we remain in vogue with brains
pared from the sudden occasional
or a spacesuit filled with feathers

enters heaven. Somewhere between
the moon our apogee must see
you are that neighbor halt, or all

the format unfound. Each face
strikes a different hour in the heart
(and haply thine the angelus art—)

*

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Defunct in an instant, incessant trains
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*

SENTENCE

Since the sentence of my head,
syntacted by ears for clauses
and browful nouns and eyes
verbs, modifiers nasal: as

the period the mouth merely
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

the eternity in my left wrist abhors
the instant in my right unless
jungles use leopards as a condiment or
pleistocene ferns burst from oiltruck vents

now the fire engines pass with all
your silences working furiously within
but like a guillontine blushes when
it contemplates the soul

evening's gauze gnawed me with gold as
a hat-rack fishing off an iceberg caught ships
the air is bottling me for nips

[do waves recede with the same bitterness
as words down my throat
I let the tragedians down from the attic tardily

]

*

POEM

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 sandalwood 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 . . .
Your dream paused there last night
To look out at the yard you had been saving
For reality [absorption / alternative / reserved]

Lust catered by the puffiness of cheeks at dawn
They were easing it up onto the lawn

*

nosegay

the poem
comes from
the nonce
it wants

to be
the non
sense of
unless

it is
instead
but if

that's the
case what's
your problem

*

AUTUMNAGAIN

Time migrates its sun
closer to the core
of my prismperson.

The semi-falling leaves
flesh out their coined
profiles; they achieve
a self only on 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.

*

SON

Your most roseate pimple veils
its thorn ouch-eunuch: I save
the world not to its mold but mine,
the way Hitler loved to twitch
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 conceal
it if you're going to arrange
desire in these rec-rooms of.

*

POEM

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
or fetid, I lost my chance at a loftshot.

*

COLUMBUS

Hiding his flag down my throat
He claims this land for Spain

A totempole on crutches
I'll take my zipper for a walk on its leash

Let those faucet audit junkies
Addicted to drips try listening to this one

Land ho my hearties my zelots
Tell the New World it's open for business

Cross the ocean dripping with headdress
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
The law of gravity is sponsored by ads for tiptoe fruit

*

INCREMENTALS

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. Echo-infant
cymbals will scar my thirst for dole.

*

PASSING

the train draws perspective
from its sleeve
in order to leave
one must first conjure distance

the magician tracks his tricks
until they arrive in
a postcard to show an echo
etching further heights

the precipice pokes its finger
into a wedding ring
but seen as it passes
the train flashes its windows

glass islands that balance a splinter

in their heart

///

Posted by Bill Knott at 8:22 PM [Links to this post](#)

December 1, 2009

obamawar

*
Wrote this back in the late 1960s, never finished it—
the second verse about dropping bombs on "them" unfortunately still, still ...

*
ATOMIC ENERGY COMMISSION

I was readin in the paper how a man come on TV
Said he could help us how to get our Monday mornins free
If we would just let him build a reactor in our back yards
We'd get all the power we want and we won't have to do no jobs
And we'd be cool in the summer and our servants could all go to college
I thought his whole words over and thought I should agree
Just one or two questions ocured to me
Now you say that that fallout don't bother nobody but some jackrabbits
And if we'd just change our habits
We could learn to get along with 2 or 3 heads 6 arms 12 toes 7 eyes 13 fingers and
9
Nostrils
But there's a whole lot of parts I would be missin
And there's a whole of hearts I wouldn't be kissin
So won't you please listen to me
Atomic Energy Commission

I mean if we don't drop some bombs on them
All those other countries will drop 'em on us
And if I don't like it here why don't I go back where I came from
Ashes to ashes and dust to dust
But when Pontius Pilate washed his hands in DDT
We learned there is no way to set your country free
Except by falling down on your knees and crushing all its gods
There's not any of them I will be missin
But there's many a sigh I wish I was kissin
Right now think I'll go get her
You better listen to me
Atomic Energy Commission

And all those press releases
About how you hate to war
Yeah you say that peace is
What you all are working for
And you claim that your
Intentions are pure
That you don't want to
Poison the atmosphere
But you gotta get them
Before they get you
You tell me real sincere
And if it wasn't for that
Wouldn't none of us even be here
Cause it's the hunter killer

In man that has raised us up this far
Until we're standing all alone
On the sunlit side of a star

///

Posted by knott at 8:23 AM

December 6, 2009

drafts....

*

I approach the fall at heart once more
to find propensities of all we shelter,
days tickling your reins, what could
I have done else to strike at the art of
matter's hour, habitually slammed cage—

In the antechamber where else could
I be because the chamber would surely
contain me. The same old armpits
puberty used to stretch out under. They
attack the manic cheer as eagerly as

weeping moats over the past, oceans
over the origin, whoever said evening
says it still, and yet it is the one by one
I'm after surely, if I occupy the space
my steps left behind. The contiguity

lacks enough ampersands for the space
Corot bracketed in black tree trunks to
show the centipedes their shoe-size,
that canvas idiom blank as who says.
Who did say it I wonder, stark weave

solo in eggwhitish fetish, hegemony
lamp-swaddled, lame. The way beauty
is like the horizon in that it is always
continually revising its curt distance
from me, a line continually refining

its distance so faraway it's visible
only in defenestration, graspable only in
delay, amphora its arms are to me,
far as shards in their delve of time
perish, days away from archeology.

I crawl with no let-up to reach more
reveries eyrie, bufferzoned by score
scrutiny on a truce-pad table where
my hands keep making hammerless
gestures, like simple-stilts quoting up

a virgin as if to explain, totaling all
the scars that flash across your teeth.
Insane they only multiply my iniquity:
as fad ampules taped to my hair refill
when the savory quill police kill me

with abc's nostril. Skim taker of tidings
why do I prize each button Raggedy

Ann cast off in her quest to be free,
why can't the vendor working queues
at the Unemployment Office sell his

wares? Welter clad or moist open
the lingering lichee of a kiss pushes
seeds of lesion blown like trapeze
salads through me. Simper as I may
they correlate my envy, the enmity

even-numbered chessmen feel toward
the odd- . Thus losers of a lookalike
contest grow more disgruntled, years
even go by and the hurt is worse every
time they hurry past a mirror as if it

is to blame for this false facelessness.
Then that pianist placed his keyboard
on the floor of a fishtank and played
with sopping sleeves the waterludes
composed there. How many pierced

with tumbleroad I've traveled. How
often its slick tongue thread edge
whittles another love hone to hive me
over the progeny. Spine-pillowed by
your prick I lie. [.....]

//

*

STATE DINNER

The diplomatic corps doles and controls
these photo ops to play up their show works—
this peace party pops with as many corks
as it would take to fill the unposed holes
in all the bodies of the people they
negotiated into battle today.

....

///

Posted by knott at 1:46 PM

....

December 16, 2009

drafts....

*

Was it nine noahs ago I boarded
the wombship time, coupling twain each mainseed
of my father's crime, garrotted gored
by his umbilical sword, bride-groined bled.

Now my yearyawns keep reading their kleenex
for the word (sought as one, it dims; wrought by
many it screams) that would have freed me via
this near-antiquity of means. Unsexed

[
]

////

*
Surely the losers of a lookalike contest
must suffer and grow more anguished,
ashamed as the years go by and the hurt
worsen every time they forget to avert
the mirror's blow and the blame of each
defect or variance which distinguishes
theirs from that single face fame graced.

*
The actors stack their scripts on the front
edge of the stage hoping to make a barrier
between themselves and the audience,
but where are there enough dramatists to
provide the bricks to complete that wall.

(Ad libbing will only add a flimsy scrim.)

provide the strata to complete that wall.

provide the scenaria to complete that wall.

hoping to inspire enough dramatists to

*
*

[State Dinner]

The diplomatic corps doles and controls
these photo ops that show how treaty works—
their peace party pops with as many corks
as it would take to fill the unposed holes
in all the bodies of the people they
negotiated into battle today.

*
Nature doesn't need
a mountain to show
it exists; mist will
suffice. But the poet
must painfully pile
up every pebble of
their absent summit.

////

Posted by knott at 11:25 AM

December 19, 2009

drafts....

SUPERSTAR

The losers of all those lookalike contests
must suffer and grow more anguished
and ashamed as years pass and the hurt
worsen every time they forget to avert
the mirror's blow and the blame of each
defect or variance which distinguishes
theirs from that single face fame graced.

*

[State Dinner]

The diplomatic corps doles and controls
these photo ops that show how treaty works—
their peace party pops with as many corks
as it would take to fill the unposed holes
in the bodies of all the people they
negotiated away in trade today.

Posted by knott at 12:08 PM

December 20, 2009

drafts...

*

*

He paused at the absent door of his footprints,
[.....] gleamed on the table-setting,
the only metal worshipped by the Romans,
the zebra zone of finalities,
the candles lit from rooms toward evening,
a sigh in the crack of a meadowlea,
this shift presages only the latest beyond,
ray-ramified came to suddenness,
the rare lozenge of whose taste we say thrill,
watched by a wallflower waterfall,
a cage filled with pillows,
whiffing the faucet fingers of genies,
an autopsy of tweety swans,
cornsilk dipped in milk tasseled their chins,
it seeps crevice through me,
the anatomy professor's pointer keeps getting stuck amongst your ribcage,
the world plods by for pale,
memory inherits what it forgets is wealth,
the hands receiving severance know,
overheard by a pindrop,
it is my tragedy to always be about a neck above my head, a toe above my knee,
disjunct drano slit leech of birth,
handy reminders of no avail,

now it has its withholds on me,
gloved in gather febrilely,
I lie in the wither of my wait,
comes down the street like all neat,
if only my lips could tell you what you hear them say,
let it settle gelid and quiver caught,
how loud the brake that woke the word was,
nobody knows, dupe you,
cordless clouds see-con the sun that sips us up through its thermometer straw,
ready lord for your already road to read me off the toll-ledge,
mouth of dead socks stolen from a noose tied to high C,
an elephant's memory got married to Nantucket,
insomnia patter blowing hair to either ear,
the machinery floating out of your ears hears it,
conclamatory moments, maze [

*

I am thinking now as to whether
to buy an Ipod with earphones
to have in my head when I die
like Beethoven's Fifth or Mahler

whatever, but would that really be
an important enough occasion
for such? I doubt it. And indeed
pondering around my life I see

nothing that merited music, no
event that ever happened to me
was significant to the degree

of a symphony, nor a popsong
either. Extraneous occurrence,
you warrant no accomplishment.

/either. Extraneous occurrence
of life death, deafening tune.

/of life death, how unequal you are to music/ how little you qualify for that
extravagance. [

/ [

/ not worth that accomplishment.

/not fit for

]

/

Should I buy an Ipod earphones
to have in my head when I die
like Beethoven's Fifth or Mahler
whatever, but would that really be

an important enough occasion
for such? I doubt it. And indeed
pondering around my life I see
nothing that merited music, no

event that ever happened to me
was significant to the degree of
a symphony, or worth a pop tune

either. Unprofitable occurrence,
you warrant no accomplishment.
Can't afford its extravagance.

/either. Other-than-rich occurrence,

/
pondering around my life I see
nothing that merited music, no

occurrence was ever significant
to the degree of a symphony
or for that matter a popsong,
/or worth the extravagance of
even the catchiest pop song
so why should/think this last/final event
either/would warrant accomplishment.

a symphony or even a popsong
so why would I think this last
event warrants accomplishment.

/
a symphony or even a popsong
happened to me; this occurrence
shan't warrant accomplishment.

/

/
Shouldn't I buy digitmuse earphones
to have in my head when I die
Beethoven's Fifth or the Mahler
whatever, but would that really be

an important enough occasion
for such? I doubt it. And indeed
pondering around my life I see
nothing that merited music, no

occurrence was ever significant
to the degree of a symphony
or worth the extravagance of
even the catchiest pop song,
[yecchiest pop song/ scratchiest / bubbliest / monotonousiest / monotonious /
pukiest / pubescentiest / vapidest / most vapid popsong, /emptiest]

so why then should this final
event warrant accomplishment.

/so why should this final event
either warrant accomplishment.

/why then should its final event
warrant accomplishment either.

///

Posted by knott at 6:55 AM

December 22, 2009

*

Welter clad or moist open
the lingering lichee of a kiss pushes
seeds of lesion blown like trapeze
salads through me. Simper as I may
they correlate my envy, the enmity

even-numbered chessmen feel toward
the odd- . Thus losers of a lookalike
contest grow more disgruntled, years
even go by and the hurt is worse every
time they hurry past a mirror as if it

is to blame for this false facelessness.
Then that pianist placed his keyboard
on the floor of a fishtank and played
with sopping sleeves the waterludes
composed there. How many pierced

with tumbleroad I've traveled. How
often its slick tongue thread edge
whittles another love hone to hive me
over the progeny. Spine-pillowed by
your prick I lie. [.....]

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

December 24, 2009

drafts....

*

Lamp-febrile, knees I lie
in the wither of my wait—

Reader-shaped words appear before me,
they come down the street like all neat,

if my lips could only tell you what
you hear them say,

but let it settle gelid and quiver caught,
the thought. Let it dupe a while.

How loud the brake that woke the lord
was. The sun sips us up through

its thermometerstraw for
refreshment but summer days are

so long, so memoir. Like subtitled
foreign films its landscape lacks

meaning, each tree reflects
the alien dialog the actors exchange,

correspondent to your confusion,
a child told to not trust strangers.

I feel the letter "I" would like to read
itself everywhere epitome, but

suspicion is none to the person who

inhabits its crumbs, or so

my cyber-bye eyes cry. The playdate
of pellucidorean arbors whispers

the hands of fate I'll never grasp
alive the death around carnal preen

artesian tensions. The mirrors opaque
with old wisdoms of touch. See

that sky seeping hourglassly upon
my closer eyelids while my more

distant ones blur. [

*

Together in Outremerica what might not
crime we do in compress with our time,
never ceasing the eon of our anglo rule
with tantalus instruments that probing gild all.
To strip like plague linen the land, to maim
[

*

When even birds mark not the hand that feeds them
Shall I at last give thanks? Wouldn't I fall
Separate then, naming what I am absent from,
Bowling bending humbly in gratitude, slave

Saluting his future rule: stars, thrones, [.....], but
Tongues extolling joy sift the giver; kindness
Causes amnesia, the beggar in my heart remembers
Only the emptiest street, the hungriest hour.

Why should I bless this. Benefice of air,
Cape-abounding seas. Like birds unmindful of their
Seeds droves pecked at—sheaves, worms, piquant
Pluckings, held between slimmer and slimmer fingers.

//

*

FLATLINES

All the poems I wrote about love
didn't get me a wife,
all the poems I wrote about war
didn't end any strife,
all the poems I wrote about death
didn't uh—uh—uhuhhahhh [onomatopoeia of someone dying]

*

////

Posted by knott at 9:57 AM