

ANGRY PENGUINS

**Harry Tankoos Books
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Angry Penguins was the title of the Australian journal in which the infamous Ern Malley poems first made their appearance. Information on Malley can be found on the *Jacket* website (www.jacket.zip.com.au).

"Versions of Creeley" are translations from the poems of Robert Creeley, all of which appear in *The Collected Poems of Robert Creeley 1945-1975* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1982). The tail end of "This is Orson Welles" is taken from Sadakichi Hartmann's play "Buddha," reprinted in *Sadakichi Hartmann: Critical Modernist* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1991). The title of the poem on page 26 comes from Rimbaud's famous "Letter of the Seer."

Some of these poems have previously appeared in: *Object* (Robert Fitterman and Kim Rosenfield), *Kenning* (Patrick F. Durgin), *Jacket* (John Tranter), *Combo* (Michael Magee), *Capilano Review* (Jeff Derksen), *9-0* (Jacques Debrot), *Arras* (me) and *Quid* (Keston Sutherland). My thanks to this international cadre of fellow poet and conspirators, and to those who have invited me to read or "talk" this past year, especially Jocelyn Saidenberg, Kevin Killian and Small Press Traffic in San Francisco, Anselm Berrigan in New York, and Louis Cabri, Al Filreis, Heather Starr and the Kelly House in Philadelphia. Thanks also to Michael Scharf, who has been an insightful editor, to Miles Champion, who first read and forced me to rewrite some of these poems, and to Jinny Kwon for much help on the covers. Many of these lines are probably dedicated to Tim Davis, too many to name, and this book owes a lot, as usual, to the support of my family. Continuing thanks to Kenneth Goldsmith for hosting the web-poem "The Naif and the Bluebells" on www.ubu.com.

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for Mike and Moira O'Brien near Trenton ("if they want it")

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“We know no mithridatum of despair
as drunks, the angry penguins of the night”
—Max Harris, “Progress of Defeat”

**THE OVERTURES OF HOLOGRAMS:
POEMS BY ROGER PELLETT**



Roger Pellett was born in Durham, England in 1964, and lived briefly in London and later studied at Cambridge University. He then moved to New York and eventually to Seattle, where he now works as a private environmental contractor. Along with his poetry, he has published works of Anglo-Saxon scholarship, and several articles of scientific journalism. In 1994 he renounced his poetic practice. These poems of Roger Pellett were collated from publications and privately-circulated manuscript sources during the years 1996-97 as part of a research project by the poet and endocrinologist Stephen Kim. The complete collection of Pellett's works, to be titled "The Overtures of Holograms," was selected for the 1998 Ruth Filne Award, though a publisher has not yet been found. Kim writes of the present selection: "Written in a patch of heated inspiration (or desperation) during his last month in his home country and after several University-funded research trips to the United States, these poems represent Pellett's break with England and the English tradition as it has been represented by what he called 'the Cambwich school,' though a decidedly ambiguous (however fecund) one at that. For this reason alone, they can be cherished."

PLAUSIBLE IMPLAUSIBLE

For a tall day by
the talent scouts and
angels; stucco
in the birth pattern,
cheap wine spilled
on the leather, what
matters. The strongest earth is a wind-blast, cozening
dimensions for the far flick, the nasty gas; we quarter their
substitutes, but we don't ask for ours, while foreshortening
has reduced the train fare to whim, hair-care to custom.
It's done in the kitchen. A blast from the Entropics
sends helicopter into depression, but the loudspeaker gusts
a series of entitlements; fragmentary episodes
from the Isles (Gilligan's)
sporting the best
look: sodden hats in
shorts, *au naturel*.
Punks of Diderot
are smoking by the john
door, aware of their historical deterrence; an atlas for
a drink. All waiting for Australian poetics to fatally
decode the leathern mushroom, to brush lizard of destiny
(digital) right back into Planck's berth. It's a balmy arena.
What matters is there's nothing left to "steer" by, Pulaski
never dreamt two lanes to be one-way flowing, or
one-eyed maneuverable; the sky leans low over factory in
Jersey; green lawns
cover their faces,
dope their votes. All
is a pulse or
a shattering of pulse; I
am a nun, or a flattering
concubine. Who would have thought Blakeian orgasm
had pull in that country; the sandman offers preludes
to the material, but doesn't explain the cuff, nor bothers with the
delirious malnutritions of coffee: don't permit trux
there. Frisk me, says the NAFTA-heady barrister. One dose
of Java is enough to convince wallpaper's an anomaly
(the chink is shouting the retired slogan) as there are

no walls, just lan-
guages, and students
of them; the
grammar's but a video
game, stunting skills
better left latent

such as lying to get a car for a date with Tom – Tom
Eliot, that is. A line missing from the stanza, but I
fix it (parenthetically); this window on the weald manageable
frere; turns the dumb-waiter. Marketing types deliverance
shifty decoys to suggest substance, where previously
powdered skills, decadent wormwoods, ass on backwards, and
take the Path. Solemnly, the priests and coaches declare
suffragette for
none; check the box.

VERSIONS OF CREELEY

1. [I KNOW A MAN]

Crushed wink, I seyde to my
contrast in couthnesse, as I
babbling birth-since, to John no less

in silence, despite he's culled
an autre nom, slammed nominally, the
blackness slums preliminary blank-

nesse, what Wills sure will ward
it, nathless, caulks it, or shall us
well, will then, and purchase a Pontiac?

steer, you mutton, he slutted, for
sake of rudder, rood's man, see
the bean of the being, and watch yr turning.

2. [THE WHIP]

All in the stark dark, I twisted, pauseless
in bed, mein Lieb a bird's tyre, a hori-
zontal, deep Ding. She so very
blank, and blanc, and also so still, so
quiet

but there, a level set above
us, top house-and-heimat perched, was
a girl, an autre, Audrey, also I
loved

had laid my leaden lines' chores
dopely on, in a

famed eruption she
came, gingerly galloping, hoarse,
back. That be the choke, Jack.

But

time found me, calm, tried and shriek-
ing, what's Ding for content? Aaiiee!
countered countless next me, bracing her
forked thirds, toothed digs, in
my back

for which performed malice
I think, therefore to thunk, to iterate
this inked fate

so chaste my salience, audibly.

3. [THE WARNING]

Amour's deleterious beckonings enunciate
this striver's indices to quarter, commit, enflame
catherine's wheels of scintillating devisals
just behind yr mediterranean sinciput's flexing nasals.

In generous samplings of the auditing populace
aspiration yet trickles provided melinite's amnesia
surrenders narrow sheaths to the choired ore
muffling providentially the resilience of our scandal.

4. [SONG, FROM *FOR LOVE*]

What I grasped by my manual potential
exponentially refigured. You
 must comprehend
 that this thing's being
hardly rates for stage censure. Twilight
flies, dark arrives. We are
mutually in snore. So, therefore,
 granting you are
 privy to facts,
frankly dissemble, suture eloquence.

Gym bags of moustaches are the
couture of the hostile. You
 and I are the salacious
 inhabitants of
scripture and homily, the Mate's choir.

Lacking
 invulnerability. Lacking –
not knowing to pulse or to iterate.
Hence, my urge you accommodate.
 Do your opinions extend
 to my fine company?

Es gibt keine Frauen,
I mean none so
sharp in habit, cut in drawn gown, as
you. Animosity's feminine
 void produced
no such coagulate of veracity. Mechanistic
anxiety, love, that
duel just floors me. What I
 grasped by my manual potential
refigures exponentially,
 isolated
 as this thing's being's been.

ORGANICIST IN A / GLASS SHOP

You pragmatize the spill in Brooklyn
gaulless, tail the weathered trunk shite
balanced on a pen, rigor stealths
fancy tea-time humblers overseas, all
sanitary. Ship out the shored ball
 boy fetid in the
 knee-cap, stalking
 a vibrato you've lost,
 destiny's mallet,

hills residing with the funk futures manic in
forced apologies from the docile, dream-time
tiff. Add it up: it's a crown, exactly.

Apostrophes alight! inner ear disassembles
like Tiger lite, boring yet bunting
V's three heavenward back-to-home,
 a picked scone from
 the heliotrope's
 nose; randy
 facts and fists.

Bumpers collude on the celluloid, call it
quits — ever ovened, the park auk.
Nine-of-talons, green-of-codes, a
Southern gent jets, spermed on sillily,
singing with the lady in the Village bar,
groaning, testily, with the white cheek — didn't
 the mayor need this
 to refer us
 not? But the
 oceans are seven

standing still. Spectacles for society, retinopathy
not paying the day wrent of powder, ox
or chrome; *don't* smothers the hip luck
pal been lode of ore, which they sing in the
car, going home. Jerks abound in tree houses
but the literati stay deep in soma with their
dial-a-poems, loaner jive. At's voodoo — that's
 history's drug-of-
 fetish, had I
 hacked my way

(and I plan to), the
flow charts building up in the terror bucket
in the bathroom, next the chapbook's tonsils,
the codicil. It's like time brings out the
noose, then waxes it. Are there
migrants under the table? Don't think
so, but they eat, and one thinks to say it's
Sunday, day of
labor since
them. A white craft on
the radar (aren't
the benefits of DVD venomous metals or
gold stars on the breasts of dwarfs?) a white
craft on the
radar, the cartographer's
twist-and-
buckle, née
the rope-a-dope. It's Kaffe Matthews in
Brooklyn, Friday June 20th, 1998, a
Saturday, fans hue Shaggy with the Scooby
that cocks the nuts with ur-hyped deliberance
in the mail slot, ruining the poor sot.

THE OVERTURES OF HOLOGRAMS

Damp the sea-grilled cocolith stammering
blanched in the tumult's deliquescent groan
hemmed, *humanum est errare*, in livery
a masthead ophitic delirium from the park's wen,
frothed custom. Aragonite's tin arcature
franks pithfully the cucurbit's leathern
sherbet warrior, herbary of static syllables
argonautic nutlet shamming a halogen tubelet,
market it as lead, number zoo nursery. I
divided the hydranth, a sweating, *pil übermensch*.

Dashy mastery, occult daphneic rime
apart pulsed artfully chancroid chaplet welts,
nugat accursed succulence, historifies
exurbia the carat seismograph, blandishment's espalier.
Byron blacked deleted by hendiadys,
hent a foreshorn ferry slip that, knackered, whines
mortgaged interlingua, finger-fluent whist
for skeletons, image of lantern fly laps
mistral denying the misleard muff, form's
mittens and calendric marm's histamine retainer.

Dillied zappa ovoid gutters crank's grandeur
titles bury it, but he fashions yosemite,
retires the chariot, mendacity's city century
toked timbreled thirds, missouri synod
noons when the carving's hot for opulent
teutonosis and the vessel vesicatory, olibanum
a chattering verrucano in the vestpocket.
Therm's theophany hammers voidable dice,
zoril's zoons digital gratuitous enactments,
in the labor party's third nostril, scaramoushfully.

Fourteeners bevy the index, sequenced halves,
prozacked scantlings, stagecraft submissioned
subsidized whom tastes whole on whitsunday
whiteout substantial. Subversive succinics
dial rodent's effigy talons, cold's succubus
passion's substratum, unconditional surrender flexed

glad-by, unbugled falcons. Beats uncorked
lathers vestees' charity, celibacy's end bunt
to wrench strength, so cultured the venus skelps
intimidated by no sitz bath, no straphanger's talents.

To skeltonics my shivering my loathing my honor
skewed synonymy in sestinal synaesthesia
timorous orthodonty that sly unpaid stylist
neath fornicating roofs, tinamou's fructifying shed.
Timbres were ululating, hot, undulatus
but uneath easily, the salivation alluding to my
head. Samsura sambaed toward eggplant delicatessens
herbaceously sworn to televised grottoes
stinking gulls, timonlike, advertising travesty
for larking and hugs, but nonetheless a valid rejoinder.

DAWNS OF THE B-MACHINE

“get up at eight-o’clock not get a potato clock”
—Steve McCaffery, *The Black Debt*

MAXWELL HOWARD CHICKERING

I canna' make it cohere, Cap'n! In some ways, we are just living for the scene. Smoke a cigarette, cross the legs, cohere. I'll be your private dancer, your dancer for money, but not in public: I laugh too hard at the sad parts. Solids have disappeared. The globe doesn't cohere because it's mostly water. And the solids. Screen flaps on. Scream in the alley. Having a last name like Benben can't be polyphiloprogenitive. Now they are coughing of me. Coherence. I'm trying to quit crossing my legs, bad for the intestines (which run the length of several football fields). Not always. The scrotum clasps on (try it). But if we did our typing for money, — can't finish that, wrong decade. In our decade, we try to cohere. Liszt had an awful spelling name (unlike Benben). Flotilla Ngai spansk pigeons in the harbor. Hoopla! in the word of Bert Brecht. "You see me wash your glasses, but I make them dirtier," sings Lotte Lenya, through the cab cushion. Crab cursing is illegal in India. That's how they make it cohere. If your last name has the syllable "Barb" you're probably attractive. Barbalonski, Barbini, Barbowitz, Barbina. But that doesn't make me precise. So Anselm Kiefer watches a page of his prose just come fluttering down, to bits on the dashboard. He says: "Entertainment!" Just on the oneiric cusp of narcissism, which, in a graduate school essay, he linked to twentieth-century nationalism, but not the other kinds. That would have been too profound. Don't say someone you're with is not profound. Or that they don't make sense (coherent). If you say they don't cohere, that's another thing — all the best cowboys don't cohere. They cohere in Korea, but they're all white.

IN CASE YOU WERE WONDERING

A barbazon type of 100 questions, tacked fakely.
A fork in the lion of the road telling the tinsel town: "Pragmatics
are weepy."
A greasy sunrise. A healthy surrealism hijacked
the tennis courts (allusion to Ashbery counting his dandelion fin-
gers)?

A possum, he flings a sneaker toward it.
A riddm from tine Mormon. A thousand times I have wondered
where I put that ice-pick, since my nails have to go.
A top, off the shore where the fish never swear. Afterwards, it was
the weekend...

you called me on the cell phone, but you dialed Stonehenge,
health-
ily not immediately. Amid the curious
a lifer loamed. Amid the wars and their prostrate "g" codicil.
Anudda one rides the buss-a. Bearded gent.

Charles Sheeler also paintinged and drawinged the factories.
Charles Sheeler photographed the factories. Chinee.
Class act you – reconsider that trip to Miami? One purple Marx-
ism to another:
"I prefer their safety caps." Creation date of the person date.

Diddle daddle – my aunty's one significant contribution to my
reading list.
Efforts' effects: the merely slogan. Estimate the
amount of ribbon it would take to type out the entire sycophant
constitution.
Every finger raised for the noh, the jest, the slow

gets borrowed from me by the family next door.

Everybody's too busy trying to resurrect Jack Spicer to read any
new books of poetry.

Everything that could have been mood-lit, but a pattern
weighs transiently deploring the divisibility, strange teeming of
clamps designed, perhaps, to sparkle, but in

this case chaste, cuffed the couple saintly on the
bleeding room couch, with damaged remote, a gland under the
peanuts bowl
with hyperbolic amour, falls the net chink, *clank!*
insatiable paradigms of transcendence relegated to the sundry
court of a charm beat white out of

its essence—the wraith of this sneeze in the wilds some sort of
perfume on the margins. Flocking like geese to the tease,
anodynes of proper decimation (they torque the child) unbeliev-
ably,
practice cola license on the whole timorous innuendo that's forag-
ing, subsets on the

television: flanging regrets. Garbonzo dip wasted the cutlery.
Give one more, take apathy; for instance, "walnuts choke the
trees."

Guesstimate—oooh, I hate that word. Her boredom
is exquisite and excessive, and she would like someone to speak to
her.

HERE. High brow as teletype. Historicism
faltering in the dive to sobriety, they grind their teeth, meek, the
slow
plowing down billions when they've understood veracity. How
about
the Declaration of Independence font? I hear a ticking sound: it is
me next door.

Is it art, or is it filofax (Halifax)? Is it art, or is it filofax? Seventy-
five hundred

confidences later. It's almost summer and all — it is.
Just another American poet rubbing his fuzzy genitals against every-
thing he loves.
Just another American poet rubbing his fuzzy genitals against every-
thing he likes.

Like a clock stroke, cantankerous amidst the merely curious.
Like stops and goes, its talents are for detection, subjection. Makar
you doodle!
Mars attacked all our verbs; now we mumble anthems of stasis.
Might a few / suffocate? Monocles are for sale in the gallery.

My quarantine has a rune in it. Nostrils dating all the celebrities.
Nothing is so easy as remembering the last time you put your
knee-caps in the cheese.
Nuke takes the garbage out and says: Heigh-ho Sally — she's just
turned the coroner.
On the seventh day, I put down my penicillin and rested. Premiere
strike — that baby trap honorific quarantine.

Prize allah / I'm blue / back off / from this hue.
Rastas, countrymen, debutantes, slapped with a facelift — "jerk!" —
palmetto
in the occurrence stormed, castle guards licked chores, flipped the
glib lib, extra Sufi and
sublime. Rather than retire the question, perspire in the continued
insurrection.

Slowly, like a fly-swatter to a fly, the wall speaks like an oyster, the
weights speak like a
spy. Someone could open the book, but what would be found there
but a bunch of igloos with minor literary fixtures retired among
them?
Sibylline trowels. Tak stren quar develo veron pin ant-
lik restor That's like saying Nixon didn't set out to be
operatic.

The canonical was the heat of the conversation, but the devolution
was the meat.
The elevators seem to be running — this bagel won't do anything in
my hands. The laminated *Howl* sits unread.
The Overtures of Holograms. The soft *h* of a wheezing sound fills
the stadium, fragrantly amiss.
The talent scouts are troubled with emissions, decisions, correcting
minors. The Taoist pops,

which makes me jump. The Tyro wears red underwear. Their
ecriture a lox.
They thank and think there's spirals in the widget of the iffy ex-
panding universe,
maps contending for the crown in mixed doubles, cartographic
winners fixing that ball point zen.
Track this spot to the edge of town, to a hut with Windows.
Tubelet the booby.

Underneath the drizzle of promises and promotions,
a rain jacket waits with a hand stuck under the collar. Unschooled,
they whore
no backpacks. Vulcan, he remembered the dance gig, leather tongs.
We are all little girls. What is it about, you ask? The sleeping gem
of the millionaire.

Who doesn't like the crucifixion — it's a kite? Wintering
in my cabin on a hill, where the deer are frothy with poetry.
With the bricks.
You are touching yourself with a dirty spatula. You've taken be-
nighted gossip a step too far.

“VOICI DE LA PROSE SUR L’AVENIR...”

Critically acclaimed
sonnets, of all things.

But the oven-roaster
rebels, quasi-disparaging
in tense disequilibrium
 (of all things)
cautious with her
behind the screens, behind the skies
—clunky things, those furnishings
that futz with the eyes.

Win weekend’s winnings’ cup and
muster the bomb, hiber-
nating in cyber-climes, sand
 tough at the feet,
where the intestine is radically hyper: for
production, a line again, replete.

PATHOLOGY OF THE WHITES

The blue haze of the Tongs
suspends my windows
in a decimation punkt;
it is besieging, the ill

off-set cursor boils
a serialized gadflyer
from Macy's Daisy,
distinguishing mumbo jet's
cotillions

from the balked asparagus.
Pretty heady toke,
the fanzines rattle
their engines and persist,

placating a tin or
tinsel Tony, standing
pasty on the starfire.
But blue is a mind

of its own. Freedom
tempts the suspicious,
who are suspicious
of the Gallic geezer tempers

enunciating the Senate,
pluck after luck,
grumped from such
Chevy diesel engines
veradicating the Christian bulge.

What standards, for
Cancers? Constellations...
bump. In the night,

children chalk frills
after Betty's after stoically
declining milk of

the marble puppy, or

stanchions of guilt
televating, diseased
in the spine, daring
a fence to the balmy

garden;
distantly heliotropic,
the sky is whist.
Fripp had a way,

crunching on frosty
mushrooms, two slips
from perjury. Suggest
my zipper windows,

grill snots into the language of
my baggage check,
titular seepage, choruses
of the underarm sway

by the reflecting pool,
innocent of shotgun
indecencies, mesmerized, or
melded – that's
how a singular pathology

slumps in the punk.
Perhaps it is breaking.
But that's damn, ham,
slammed perhapsy. Toto!

let's off this curious
valentine, is you
finally gabbing deciduous hulks?
Plangent...

sibs.
Afford a Ford boringness,
crapped, out, or lazily
dialing "M" for "mister,"

vigilant sulk that's
testy yet, while fancifully
inauspicious. Two organs
yodel frisson matter

to the dramamine Congress
of quilts, quarantines
and consciousness,
hip sharp, pecking

famously strongarm
soliloquy funts, in time,
dire, groggy, the slipper
hacks off into the mud

—footsore
appetizers to the indigo
Grand Army rectangle.

CENSURE IN THE HOUSE

Who remembers the way
you used to talk? Sidewinder
missiles strafed the
borders of Kansas, a

percentage of wheat
burning with telepathy,
“telepathic fires”
in the solar drop shot.

Curses abound amid terrorizing
ablutions, so the
bare-assed kid can sweat
never leaving the man

pumped and out of it, though
the sanitarium’s exclusive —
“*That’s* freedom. Ho!” No
one recalls

the matter at hand, feeling lost
like tires on horses
proactively progressive —
“*That’s* callous, Olive! you

can’t earn with that!”
A figment of public harm.

ANGRY PENGUINS

Pencil social whims
instant juridical catches
font high and inside
the fickle, ages
taut pulmonary artifice
to igloo instant
wordful though, by luck
true. Then Wylan

coughs crank glow on
shrugging it off
all mercifully telephoned
quarters dropping slight-
ly to the left— in
by majesty they're in
like a good sign stunted.

Reverb chuckles mi-
nor blunt trope
ice in vertebrae when
the ops slalom credibly
wizened brow or
tell them, oh tell them, be
sides the norm.
Then Bernstein razzles

without juries
constellar, you feint,
thin these injuries,
grappled middens sway,
class crumples, as jazz
resemble punts up
one stunned example.

O'HARA'S LOFTS

I.

Pushing language like an Eagle Scout
the good *Gotterdammerung*, the Nutrition Facts,
able to bleep pie-bald siblings with a sin-
ful pound – protestingly vengeance wagers, so
no snooty narcissist, bud, divagates
equality, within the room.

Boys in round:
once, that was the ticket, but finally the Fifties
– but finally the relational soon after smothered
in this ageless, rather socially “up”
sentiment: They snare in my living room
and I snore in theirs, voiding school
of schools, such then that Blake was a principal
in the day-by-day calamities, sat be-
yond suspicion, and no agon fairly sees.

II.

This big budget, overproduced
kind of poem, notch in the hairdryer
a prisoner yawps at dawn,
stoically, bliss, but it's on-
ly Brooklyn, IMF sundry coverman,
– the goal is seeking a blank shot
blindsided, peepers reeling,
to be in, *in* the painting
is nice, the sentience welts and
groundfire, snaggle fuss, nod
nichts the paper or budgetary spore,
voodoo over the traipse and
burn.

Dawn drapes its reticence
and pardons clown, its best defense.

THE LETTER ON LANGUAGE POETRY

cf. Prynne's letter

Humor, ranger, the cancer-language
purrs purrs inspex mahogany glue
off the graph, into the waffle iron
with daisies, a strong constitution,
a libido. Cuss funday matrimony,
pizza cutters for the wanking classes,
desiderata reflects pint-sized
such that ovidian torsion flunks
migratory amorettos convening in town
aspiring to linden, haze can't-dos
with the arbitrators so suspicious
of me, lake tenterhooks largesse
neath crown, of thorns, barge in
laughing. The criminal ties her luck
up in numbers, fickle symphonies
sure sat well with the moment's club
abetting sergeant lies, punk sizes
gentrifying dis bordellos, or on
onus protocols, sandwiched jaundicity
like a crier bunting median chancers,
so there. Bleed yonder, masterly
balladeers diametric or diagnostic,
not, not indeed, the specialty,
expecting blooming fife's catalogue,
groaning, circumvents hip charms
and lesser developments in firearms
or doxa.

Mediating torus likens
fantasy outside fragilities, hocks
californian raster shades, fungal
as any industrial waste, sphericity
the social pennant of the morasses
or adjectival dental panache,
hungering tiger eye lead in the field,
a prank that stifled mammon, grace,
a blizzard, pales beneath the rashes
and other fine sentiments of christmas.

THIS IS ORSON WELLES

Fraternally, I'm afraid.
Naturally, I've told you.
I'm carrying on this conversation because of my plan
to disintegrate you with a ray-gun, or Reaganomics.

Strapped to the bedstand *wyws* (very different from eyes)
wandering to and from corners. He calls
for kittens to tickle his deft feet. Snow is falling.
The Roman Catholic Church gives itself a face lift.

A *bufferfly* (very different from a butterfly)
wanders into the orphanage, which is not liberal, and plants its wet
kiss
on the marm. Practice this kiss and you will be admitted, she says.
The metal heels and toes scrape against the tile floors.

What? It is making us believe.
He triggers the dynamo with his ashtray:
the abundance, the dancing, the cowardices, indices
of a carnival described within its profusion.

Interrogational, the proteins survive under the microscope
but animate more the sunlight that, furthermore,
only animates his face. His familiar face constructed like a jigsaw,
itself.
(The fruits and forks of an assault on classical volumetrics.)

Wandering among the terminology culled
from popular magazines and essays, he fantasizes
among the Greeks of his new found pavilion.
Hatred escapes from the eyes of the auditors...

but palms raise their leaves behind them, framing them,
explaining them, and unwittingly in their bafflement
they modify the limnings of their mimetic pathology.
Sleep is the resin in which he can find the contentment that is pre-
serving his june bug.

Holograms are not people, nor steeples peoples.

Paddies are not economies that divide the lot among slow wage slaves.

Gatherers are earners – citizens in leisure –
recombine in Beulah wary of the remote control.

Solitudes drift airily in high res patterns
that never strike the diamond, nor push off.
The meaning of this continues when the scroll is enabled.
Predecessors kindly are asked to leave. Or float over the Macy's
Day Parade.

This is my Latin moving outfit.
These are my charged synapses, emitting signals
at a faster rate than normal Man.
This is a book I rate very highly.

Standing alone in the rain, high on several humped backs,
permanent as an obsessional evening fixation, the retired librarian
stuffs his pipe.
That is the cinema. That is the facade of the House of (broken) Par-
liament.
This is Wittgenstein's Theory of Pain.

Ordinarily, I'm aloof.
Fraternally, I'm afraid.
Naturally, I've told you.
Something contagious in suburban airs bleats pontificating against
strategic paradise maneuvers. A kaleidoscopic

symphony of color effects continually changing in elation and depression, velocity, intensity, variety and sentiment, continually developing and composing new forms and designs, not merely of mathematical symmetry, but also as suggested from the endless constructions, textures, phenomena revealed in astronomy, microscopy, mineralogy, geology, paleontology, etc., beginning with a Larghetto in light bluish-grey, muddy yellowish-green, greenish-blue and dark greyish-blue; followed by an Andante in color containing blue from green to purple; and an Allegretto of complementary colors with a tendency towards yellow and red; and by a Finale vivace in all colors, ending at last with a flower star, emitting rocket-like fire lines, trills, ra-

diations of various propelling power, at first paraphrasing in the colors of the solar spectrum, and at last improvising an outburst of new colors, like ultra red and violet, for which optical instruments have first to be invented before the human eye can perceive and enjoy them.

3RD THOUGHTS ON THE TARMAC

His narcissism is impaling and regressive,
and he would like someone to speak to him.
“You fucking idiots
are like clouds.”

○

Anger and wonder are my two emotions. Frank
is always happy. Am I behaving?
Yes, I read it in Zapruders!

“The idea
is to stay in England,
and to make it England’s England.”

For Robert Sheppard and the Dovetails of Assonance

○

The
butter
will melt, just
give it
a chance.

○

They should *all* be
pay sites, to keep it
away from me.
“The new content.”

○

A hybridized class background.

Wide swings of the no doubt.

So that I can look at it and say “Yummy.”

What the hell is that?

○

He's anal pretentious:
"I've run out of clean
slackers."

○

Some government sanctioned
mood-lifter.

Are we *that* yet?

I like Rodefer. He's got *mauditude*.

X: You better get rehydrated pretty soon.

○

What any law abiding
Christian Chink
would have thought to do.

○

STARRING ROGER DALTRY AS SCROOGE

○

This is where I start spraying.

○

Have I hurt myself?

Why do all straphangers page the lion?

○

The sadistic
nudes of the
horrors of
consciousness.

Stranded
like a tyop in th
Sotck Fxchange. A

poem is a

words.

Carousing around
in this idiot's toilet.

The

purveyors of:

“My nerves are bad to-night. Yes, bad. Stay with me.
Speak to me. Why do you never speak. Speak.”

are ridiculous.

○

AGAIN

Fuck Frank O'Hara! I love his poetry, but his reputation is destroy-
ing us.

○

BADMINTON

with the ideologically sound.

○

Let's not make dramas
of our impotence. A
gentler, kinder / defenestration.

Sometimes he dressed so plain.
Sometimes he went straight home and read a book of television re-
views.

“I do not make
an impression on you; I seem to be
a nice man
from quite another world.”¹

¹ S. Kierkegaard, *Seducer's Diary*.

Don't make fun of her. Then maybe she'll like you better.

○

My memory needs more typewriter –
link one after the other for more century –
off and on for no bother on to the other side of the hedge toward
the frail wainscoting.

I'm really
just dangling above the prostate.

And you're not Whitney Houston. Shocked? Upset?

Dissimulation cults a cheque – like this one, but then there's the
other one.

○

"We're
all struggling
to learn the
diction."

You are looking for the kewpie doll.

"My laundry spread out
like so many baboons."

○

Don't
be
part
of
the

problem,

be
part
of
the
slogan.

THE CUPCAKE DIARIES

Style up drop kick, suffer invisible
intentionality dago (day ol)
a piss fervent contra-naturum
staple blister lists rearward stank of the
civilian next door burning contracts
twixt doors earned a shy
calliope a part snuffle on cue desiderata
in the gigital age shored up
top spin, buffer recalcitrant divorce
ennui, that incredible and hence toward
sobriety's dustbin challenging
nothing the screw that told lot manna
in product security for
the dauphin on television furthermore
is a credible issue when learning the doxa
for the first time genuinely in
contempt of court learning the top spin doxa
for the first time breaches
catatonically palliate histrionic tumor
variety subject (dolce) in
vitro embryo – land santas that
criticism hence the urge to divagate
to plow to announce.

THE MILLENNIUM IN MICRONESIA

I'd long given up on that: on hope,
as the video loads. Common karma will tell you:
proceed with your prejudices, not
with your prepositions. They furball easily.
Was that delicate tact?
Not in the digital convent they don't: too
conventional, and besides,
why smother the name of thine good hostess?
Flimsy weather down here, among the tchotchkes and furbelows.
My uncle's name is Anselm, but we just call him Sam,
for practice.

Pride licks the cushion whenever there's a waiting-
for-the-man type of experience coming up, too soon
for me, but punctual for day-glo trippers.
Tangible panics? marketable tabula rasa free fall
currents, a jip
on shelves, but parody/parity
on the credit card. Is this dedicated to Sianne Ngai?
Take all the plum-plum, *peii-plum*, can't say it.
So the islands were torched.

Spanning over the crustaceans of centuries,
the sci-fi writer jacks penniless into the
historical torture, foams at the rubbermade lips with
sequenced deference, *helas*, into
narcoleptic streams of the totematic, never
victor in the daff depths of the lazy-boy – let's spy, and collect
the derelict predeterminations. Forked
tong. Back to the cadillac. Doctor's
orders: try to stand up in the feathers, try to
bounce on the water, try to balance yrself, yrselfes, cursively
(in the text). I'm jingoistic applause.

CHRISTOPHER SMART'S AMERICA

And when the sick man says "love me,"
a cloud crashes into a church.

Believe in the nineteenth century, and
supine enactments of power.

What depths in the cellars of the odes? Am I simply trying
to fool you? The mind drifts every so often
as the sparks suggest new

arenas. We became friends at the dolphin show. That's
bathos. When will they recognize my struggle to attain the plain?

"Cocteau's a lightweight." Can't even hear
— if I could hear, I'd be writing, which

I'm not doing now, no. I believe I've written everything.
That needs to be heard. For the next several
centuries or so. Can I cry, Rousseau-style?

They are all addicts. Lisa Robertson approached with a smile.
That's funny. I believe in community. All talk

and no negative references to X____ Y____. That
widget was a friend of mine. The mind

angles itself into attractive positions
so as to be spied from the other end of the bar by potential

dates. That doesn't justify the risk of pretension
the Enlightenment took to get us wearing undies every day.
It's sick to say this, but I love you

— as an extension of myself. I will be
the first male poet ever to be
influenced by women's poetry.

POEMS I WILL NEVER PUBLISH

I've seen the best minds of my generation
go baroque, the teething issues continuing
into the lather funk of a glass without eyebeams –
the shore smashes its leper
 into the rocks.

What promised to be longhand was a monadic animalcule
staring from its gothic gowns,
troubled tot, acing its senior year photo-ops, now turning
toward this city with a crypt on its shoulder, now stuttering "sages."
Stages, wages – what makes up spoiled class?
Pronouncements bellying sideways palming its sweat
while the peanut glandulars *ooh* and *ahh* to no sufficient facticity,
spoiled as they've been by the effervescence of day's rashes.

 Can a slogan be more than a grump? they
ask, and I don't argue with the rococo exchanges.

MORE PET SOUNDS

I.

We prefer our poets to walk the earth.
Richard D. James would do it.

It costs an incredible amount of money
to maintain the disease.

Doing the Lord's work of Dadaism.
Is there an athlete under those clothes?

Miss Tickle
Miss Prison
Miss Throw-pea

*

A Carter calls
to sell me God.
A carter calls
to sell me god.
A mutt on sticks.

*

Will Sunday preside
over the Saturday Clique and Marrying Club?

Are you lost in sin
if you're from a divorced family?
From a bombed country?

I have never been a very interesting person.

At this rate we should have tennis culture in no time.

II.

Faust
resists
tamperproof
universals of spelling
in clownlike denouements

imaging
political
opacities

imaging
religious
opacities

imaging
economic
opacities.

Is this your salad?

*

I'll drop kick you in a second, the father said.

*

The culture is radiant,
the damage is hardly noticeable.

*

These coded anthems,
"A powerful knowledge that's true."

III. ADULTHOOD SPRAIN

So there you were, reading your Raymond Souster.
"It makes us pray again."

He never went to Mussolini's Paris.

*

The metaphysical impossibility of imagining
Damien Hirst floating in a tank of formaldehyde.

That the singer feels threatened,
the singer is self-conscious;
the singer once felt much better;
now, the singer wants to be normal.

"I'm kind of a centaur who's sick of being called a horse."

The singer is stressful.

The singer wants to sleep with an anarchist.

The singer remembers how great fruit was.

*

"There is a G" – Pat Sayjak.

IV.

A suitable boredom versus a bourgeois boredom.

Let's deconstructed
– the urging toward community –
“raise hell at the Pentagon.”

Preparing for a distinction... the distinction never arrives.

*

Taking vitamin C pills
to regard totality
with a bit of confidence.

Above the knees,
a fairly uncomfortable concern with self-health.

*

SPRING

esotropia...
con carne...
dervishes...

*

Remember,
if you don't have dizzy spells,
there are other treatments
outside of medicines:
wondering what other people
think.

These values have been rendered credible by mass as-
sumption.

Outside the window: the carnival workers.
A suitable balance
on a monstrously-sized beach ball.

V. PANSOCRAT SELLS INSURANCE

Immanent depression, little sulks,
unhinge the boundaries and a perfect sense of mission.

“I don’t have to be interesting
– this ain’t no Cassavettes flick.”

I think I’ll return from the monastery I crawled out from
under.

*

As groined a time as any
in the spectral lid of sentences.

*

Trust the old men.

*

English sublimities,
a thot twittering bird.

In a lyricsome age,
suffering to earn a vice role.

VI.

The singer understands semiotics and its relations to political agency.
Again, the singer understands semiotics and their relation to political agency (just finishing the thought).

Depart from Rutherford,
what you find is simultaneous Rutherford.

No man is an island,
cut smooth and well-fitting.

*

So who goes to poetry
readings anymore,
drinks the pulpit juice?

High as all that.

Projective curse vulse.

*

Poets have interiors,
non-poets don't.

*

Tyro believes
we're Americans
writing beautiful poems
through the gaps in our noses
not our knowledge.

Ready to weed,
ready to read.

Pretending the incident
requires no call to the parental unit.

VII.

George Gordon
Lord Byron

“My four-letter lap-dance
for your histrionic delete-o-mist.”

[or]

“Under streams of
security,
I wouldn’t care to reinvent the wheel.”

[or]

“I don’t eat
with these tentacles.”

[or]

“Here’s my toast,
totally burnt,
and now cancerous.”

*

His ancestors... clumsy with their fists.
Hah, so were mine.

VIII.

Hope among telemarketers
– put cigarettes in their mouths.

The Philosopher
(Pornographer) King.

*

Stare at the poem pardonable fetishist.
In the chronology such moments find use.

Where are my plastic running pants?

*

We were submitted to interviews.

*

In
this
strange
world,

we wait
for the prices
 to fall.

*

We decided Raworth liked the book: his blurb made *sense*.

CODA

"A fog of guise,
lecher, you're
unbelievable Wimbledon."

I don't have to be interesting.

Walking around
with this socratic contraption:

lower limit text
upper limit values

("No man is an island,
cut smooth and well-fitting.")

*

Poets should ask themselves:
what am I doing to save the trees?

Technos smothering logos, thin these
marble beaches a chord barely reaches.

*

Agographon.

*

Agree to agree then
divisive and careless

athletic, ethics
taking less advantage.

SEVEN YEAR OLD POETS

translated from Arthur Rimbaud

And the mother, having shut the book of exercises
walked off proud and quite satisfied, but she misses
in the blue eyes of the child, the brow of eminences,
the young soul of the child given over to repugnances.
Oh the entire day he had sweated obedience, so
intelligent; however, some black tics, now grown
in his character... prove him to be bitter, hippocratic.
In the shadows of halls draped with moldy tattered
curtains, he walked with poked tongue, fists
in his groin, and in his closed eyes would see spots.
A door which opened onto evening: by the lamp
one would see him, upstairs, gasping with his cramps
in a gulf of light pouring from the roof. Summers
especially, conquered, stupid, he remained stubborn,
and would shut himself up in the coolness of the latrines
and sit there, tranquil, and let his nostrils breathe.

When, absolved of day's odors, the small garden
behind his home, in winter, brightened by the moon,
supine at the foot of a wall, in marl capsized,
rubbing for visions his already swimming eyes, and
he listened to the swarming of the mangled espaliers...
So sad. Few could he call his friends, just
those sick children, bare-headed, runny-eyed,
who rushed to hide their muddy, jaundiced fingers
in their clothes stinking of runny shit and quite old.
They spoke with the smutty gentleness of morons!
And if, coming in, surprised by his filthy pity,
his mother frightened him: his tenderness, so deep,
nestled itself profoundly within her surprise.
Very good. She had that blue regard: that lies.

At seven he wrote novels, romances about life
in the desert, where freedom in exile shines!
Forests, suns, rivers, and savannas! He found
images in travel journals, where he saw, blushing
the Spanish girls laugh and the Italians. When

she, in a flower-print dress, wild, eyes brown
eight years old! the daughter of the workers next door,
when she came, the little brute, and then she hurdled
from the corner onto him, shaking those terrible curls!
and he was under her, he nibbled her soft behind...
for the worker's daughter never put on her panties...
by her kicks, her claws, her fists, he was badly bruised.
He carried the taste of her flesh back to his room.

He feared the livid Sundays of December
when, on a mahogany table, pomaded,
he read the Bible, the one with the cabbage-green edges;
his dreams oppressed him each night in his room.
He didn't love God; rather, the men, those low
spirited, in overalls, whom he saw return to the burbs.
Or the town criers, who with three beats of a drum
made the crowd roar at the policies, and chide the fools.
He dreamed of amorous prairies, where swells
lumescent, crystal perfumes, pubescences of gold
would make his disturbance calm... and promote his flight!

Because he savored especially the darkest matters
when, in his room, with its shut blinds and all bare,
high and blue, he was caught in its acrid humidity,
he read his novel, he worked on it again, meditating,
full of its heavy ochre skies and drowned forests,
full of the clearest flowers, then astrally unfolded...
Dizziness, wreckages, routs and endless pity! and
when those tortured voices rose from his corner streets,
all alone... he crouched in his miles of beached canvas,
yet unbleached... but announcing its sail with a violence!

THE STRAW CAMEL

A curl in the centuries-long eyelash.
A bittersweet symphony topped off
by a gorgeous guitar solo from former Smiths
guitarist Johnny Marr. A jaunt
dans un bateau. A noose blows its
nose and takes with it all currency.
A mind.... A night song in the woods.

But that doesn't make me a Protestant.
Birth. Broken ephebe stalks the
corporate with a toothpick
twitching. Bean counters might
question the album's accessibility, but
to quote "Juicy Fruit" by
Mtume: this joint's "ico-sayl"

Chang Ti above alone rules.

Computers and popinjays,
it's all vicious Carlyle.
Contemporeinty snooker
and breaths of gin.
Challenging the youth
for a feel,
as the panopticon stumbles.

Dalliance with puritan exoskeleton:
pop balloons, they go *pop!* with
demonic pitch. Don't be embarrassed.
Dust the bending ape that grins.
Dyslexic American unk□□ tho
□:c□Y □ 1: i □ □ t □ □ s run out.
Demonstrating with a line that stinks.

Effortlessly thinking.
Enough about *me*, what do you
think of me? Ephemeral.
Eros tucks in its gills.
Fingers holding the lamps.

For the kids.
Frailty is lieb.

For O'Hara wasn't a member of the French Resistance, but might have wanted to have been; so somewhat challenging verb constructs march nightly from the television and "replace your hips with another man's hips," this for the man who's recently confessed, bluntly punted a meat-and-potato disparagement of theory, hunted dusty junkets to catalogue the imploded stars, "far and away the leader in culture capital" – bred in the capitol, destitute of attitude.

Fume at the choice alliteration.
Fou-hi by virtue of wood;
Chin-nong, of fire; Hoang Ti ruled
by the earth, Chan by metal.

Gets up, shits, doesn't write much.
Get on it while it's still hip, and before it
appears in the *New York Times*
Sunday Magazine. Get them allusions
out into the oxygen, where they turn red.
Gloomy. *Got it?* Guy ur-. Granted,
there's suspicion in this transcendence.

He's managed to stink up the whole cube.

"He became fixated with sex and with a taste for younger girls," Breault says. He drew the cloth back – and there was the *Coup de Dés*, dried anemones. He had a lot of magnetism because he was taking the Bible and giving women an active role instead of the passive role. He trails. He wakes. Heathcliff.

Her name was
Sue. Hips turn.

His Eno-ism disappeared in an "effeminate"
scrawl. His Meredith Baxter Birney-ism

descended in a rage of hale. How treat this?

I'm silent.

I've given up on emotion.

I am yours.

I didn't speak my mind.

I don't think much of this will make sense.

I stare.

I wonder...

I am speaking a twelve-tone solitude
so you can barely hear it, Youth,
you've been replaced in my affections
by a prize-winning hamstring
that's been laughing at the stats.
"I don't love them," the analysand trembles.
Immoderate love of women,
immoderate love of riches,
cared for parades and huntin'.
It's evil twin day at Yankee Stadium, how'd
they do it? It's silence here. It's spoiled my dew.

If I couldn't hear this sound, but yes I hear it.
It's tethered, consistent, remarkable – is clear.

If I temper with your heartsick sender
these bungalows are only provisional
history, the blue milk sky or the white
milk one, well, that's a whole paragraph
of contentment, bursting the bucket,
silence in the cities; so in peril we go
on and on, mixing tracks at our feet
with the dust, bone, leaves, yes, Mason
– you're angry, but also a demonstration.

I know, indeed, these streets wend
further than knobby knees
carry thee. It opens up there here [

Jitterbugging eloquently, tense, but solid (salad).

Let them sleep, criminal,

talk off your brandy,
Mediterranean jazz.
Let us. Laminated dark.

Lizard.

Loyal stencil, beaming cousins.
Listlessly the doves
mannerize the windows.
Let's turn out the lights.
Largesse, it talks to you
with mouthfuls of vices.
Let's hope, and then give up.

Mussed.

Much ado about the sentence, not the sentience.
Makes them gum-like. Managing a vocal deterrence.
Normally.

Not by your virtue but by virtue of Tching Tang.
Not now.
Not this.

Not to totalize.
Noting the lack of diatribe.

Obsequious?
On a background of pure exuberance.

On my nails.
On pants #5.
On.
On to the next chump.
"On" the trophy.

On a boat
be like on a boat
until you
forget and cry.

One can't be bothered by snow, then.

One step away, and it's cerebralism.
One-two referentiality, is that it?
One, two, I've said this several times.
"Ooh, such a delicate thing." Oh
slavery, I didn't cry out, whipping pen
against wall, where the ant, centipede and
moth, stilly, sit. Other women.
Our stands can be so difficult to outlast.

Progress "monstrous,"
what has never
entered the dream book,
eschatological gruel.
Paranoia punks a
check, in the thirty-floor
walk-up.
Party acronyms.
Parliamentary sheets.

Pornography in China?
"Poor aspirin addicts."

Peer endlessly into your version of "lost souls."
Perfect as Cupid, find a love. Pick on
someone your own size, if that's what
you mean. Pop a little Alan Turing
into the CD player, will you, honey? Primitive,
punched in the eye with a wheel on a line.

Rhythms titillate the gluteus maximus,
but the prose is rolled out cheap,
the gargantuan is never so replete with
the biases of the social, and in
this order. *Remarked.* Raise up the glass.
Really, guv, I loathe your suspects.

Reading contemporary poetry, even
if it's bad poetry. Rhyme was totalizing.

She gliding stilly between thoughts...
She of the damask eyes.
Shelley possible.

She sulks.
She realized it was running.
So demean it.

So far are only citizen. So finally we see you.
Standardization of effect.
Standing downwind from prose.
Suggesting a novella.

So I settled for some Andre Breton,
a Corona Light, a guilty package of Gitanes,
Katz's famous reuben, and a port-o-john.
Self-worth struggles in the spires of aspartame.

Satellites of ego.
Scene of a barnyard.
Sup. *Sur la table.*
Sure as a cob fizzer

Sound poets that don't sound like
withered narcissists – that's
America to me. Such an attitude.
Tapping His cigs.
Tchuen was lord, as is water.

Take these thrills.
That's fatalistic as a thirty bye-bye.
That's not final, by the way.
That's scary. That's the calendar.
That's what the box office
declared six minutes earlier.
That's where the playlet is.
That's suggestive. Temptation rocks me.

Thanatos and eros – temporary
or permanent liaisons with.
The young Brecht.
Then a perfect bubble.

Then an Empress fled with Chao Kang in her belly.
Then comes William Gibson. Then M Devious
inks, being Liberty for the shock treatment marathon,

glas in casket, bunked insular, traipsed alone
neath the linden, slipper chagrin a nanosecond past
the rotary, sans-center of town, as pressure
beaks caulked violence besetting the minions in orc
olfactory, old factory deucing the fisticuffs
measured by the tine of the teeth of a flattering ministry
in hosey comfit, blasts this quarter of a century?

The radios as a device for change.
The rasp of the worlds struggle.
The airbrushed authorphoto of a poet who writes:
"I don't want my psychology airbrushed out of me."

The poem too long.

The nasty "Peaches and Cream" uses
Beck's Beefheart-y guitar intro
as a springboard for a gutbucket cowbell groove
reminiscent of the Jacksons "One Bad Apple."
The frailty cats are coming,
and the mystery that surrounds you.

The silence damns its millions
with syllogisms in cursive.
thump-thump thump-thump
The skull of the couch placates
my loneliness, you see.
thump-thump thump-thump
The Tempers scare, but that's talent.
The throng levitate. There, that was easy.
thump-thump thump-thump
To the spices I sling my souls.

THE THERAPEUTIC MOMENT: spelling a c.

The burgeoning century's
customs grimace ha ha.
The Brady Clan.
The dandelion urges?

The stadiums pop. The shotgun
in your "market forces" that weeds out

everything evil in high-minded
culture. The tap. They called him
"scourge." They got a raisonette.
They advertised balance
as the solution to poems.
These vultures. They surrender.

These.

These banished loves
These granular days
These tea leaves are frank

This way →

Three years in preparation, the
Epic just rolled off his lips
as the daughters all rallied
with his packing slips, and
mustered Eden. "Turn, face me."

Vandal my vandal.
"Venerators."
Wary of their spelling.
Was this toss good?

Wash the lips.
We're 6.
We are up,
Hia is down.

While all of them tail gray hairs in singular
swatch. While revelatory spinners
doctor the cannibal ounce.
Who else would tell us that? Who
monitors the onions down here?
With a lilt, and a parry, a laugh
proceeds to a well-hung conclusion
among the foliage of the Sunday
bric-a-brac. With his dimples,
flowing brown hair and beatific smile, many
women found the 5'11" Koresh
attractive. You make a garbageman scream.

Yeou taught men to break branches
Seu Gin set up the stage and taught barter,
taught the knotting of cords;
Fou Hi taught men to grow barley
2837 ante Christum and
they know still where his tomb is
by the high cypress, between
the strong walls. You can still resist
— "And he has! one Sunday morning..."

Yum rug stump.
Yuppy crop.
You subsist on it.

Zoo frailty is lieb.
Zagat's casbah flow.

LANDSCAPE FOR TWO OR TREE

after Robert Duncan

1.

My mother is a would-be surrealist
and I her treading falcon, by the shore.
She'd nurture me into all goodness
and prank me into shrinking certain welts.
My mother is a would-be herbalist, too,
thanking distant cousins for purchased bulbs.

2.

Thanking distant cousins for purchased bulbs
my mother is a would-be surrealist.
My mother is a would-be anarchist, too,
dreading bold Falconis, by the shore.
I thank me they are spurning planned welts
she's nurtured in my mind, beyond goodness.

3.

She nurtured in my mind burnt goodness.
Thinking distant cousins certain bulbs
she thinks they're for the plants of burning welts.
My mother thanks would-be surrealists
for when they dread Falconis by the shore
my mother sees they're would-be anarchists, too.

4.

My mother sees, in the woods, anarchists, too.
She nurtures a blind, perfect goodness
for when they dread Falconis, by the shore.
Thinking distant cousins distant bulbs
my mother thinks of old, would-be surrealists
and thanks me for my planting hurting welts

5.

and thanks me, also, for the planning of curtain felt welts.
I disagree, but woody anarchists, too,
my mother thinks are would-be surrealists.
She nurtures a blind, perfect goodness.
She thinks the distant lights are distant bulbs
slow to spread their falcons, by the shore.

6.

I grew to dread falcons, by the shore.
Also, thinking of the planning, certain welts
were thinking dipstick diptychs distant bulbs.
I disagree, but wood-sprite anarchists, too,
she's nurtured in a blind, perfect goodness.
My mother's shrinks are would-be surrealists.

7.

And would a surrealist be by the shore
enraptured in goodness were not welts,
too, the plan of my mother, that dim bulb?

SISTERS OF CHARITY

after Rimbaud

Young
 dark, in
twenty
 brow
 Persia.

Proud
 revolve, on
 rash
child's
 estivals.

Young
 in
 wounds. All
sister. Is
 sits.

Oh
 are
 ever
pity! Not
 breasts! Not hands!

Rock.
 Lull. Really.
Ours
 pupils (charming
 oh).

Blood
ex (hates). Swoons
night
so Ago
all.

Ardent
green
justice
comes. A
woman, born.

By by
the the
sisters, for
science by
arms.

Wounded
staid
pride.
Still. Black.
Coffin.

Call you, you, to. Oh
through
his
vast
ends.

HOLIDAY

Whose red hair brings me a place in this
Cycling in the moonlight the color of my interest
I move like brushes to eliminate the walls
I such a distance from the room with supplies
The crowbar the necklace the loop with my scenes
Now to do it now to not hey I know these kids
I stock up on solace and remove to the lakes
Lucrative propaganda though shame in this region
I but a phantasm in these circuitous gales
Friends from the dimmer stops a fright after hours
A dog washing in puddles though Hank is alive
Now I think of murder in the dog food aisle
Pummeled to the sweet sense of knowledge after all
After all it is the crises we scratch and fear
An ominous lucky stripe doodled above my box
And over you dear red head I can straight remember
Like wonderful Sandy Koufax and Mr October
I floor it to the manor where the docks are still
The possums free to touch for this is nature
Ubiquitous excessive all the things of an ology
Another realm one rears like American history
Knowing my way and signing checks like a fixture
I to snack on Cheet-ohs to contemplate my livery
Dumb to the Cajun sounds and crux like a theory
He whom dormant as an apostle stands admiring
Centipedes of casual sense winding my waking hours
And take me to your stables I cry out suddenly
Though being committed to you the gulls the rushes

Burst through with the assurance of second sight
And a riveting applause for the redeeming giant
Crowds the vales like split peas and lost joys
The task I will admit was bully in this sense
The condescending policies forming only wholes
The sandals tracking to bedrooms probably sand
And just coming in like that without even knocking
Discussions never coming to the diaphanous kings
Who personified alone the obsessions of this land
The harmless seeming nowhere who know where to go
The cheetah reading papers who was such a good scout
So I was tired and saw perched upon the ledge
The trophy you had cauterized like a stubborn family
Seeming to be neither too late nor even enough
The talent but a prince though drool with the man
And afterwards the rain seeming quite the same
We emptied our pockets before the famed sunshine
The sporadic brilliance filling only the holes
Thus adding to our sport but not ever claiming
To be fairly indicative of the precepts of this town
Clockwise and hungry to the left of an opinion
Naive and approaching like a lyrical syringe
To be prudent and amiable making for fake cadences
And I for the borders that were rolling sweets
And the planes being grounded but for rolling mists
I could not help but wonder about the television
Set like a retarded child in front of the television
Juvenile in the next room as if the past were recommended

And you who are auburn-headed I have said
Survived the policing of the grounds to the palaces
Nut-shell sunshine but you were recommended
And the fossils making jewelry in their own images
Now to fool you now to not the great pretenders
Spontaneous exercise of the half-moon its whole distances
We disturbed not a single hair when we came alive
The very green of the turf we leave unvisited
To fail you and to please you we will entertain you
Tactics considered in bowling alleys being sure
Being the very special meat of the seventies
And a very special meat indeed because of the magazines
I am not sure there is a dock comes after this
The spectral will of the sun on my paisley watch
And Kafkian parables parading like laundromats
Dear I am very unsure of the Wawa or we are there
You truly dreamy though we carp and exist
And contemporeanize ourselves with Goo-gone swatches
Fashionable entrances being more prone to decay
The Bible tract seeming to cave it all in
Tomb of the radical despots tooling it all over
A fragment of a hair of Genghis Kahn which explodes
The chimneys coming down finally in this dead-end town
Swooping in to cull from the sowers their own taxes
To invigorate the mind its repressed sensibility
Where I have wandered too close a spotted million
Tapped me on the shoulder I said God bless you and a
Sudden flaking commenced and then a chorus and a Holiday