



*poems by
Jeffrey
Julich*

*Thine
Instead
Thank*



THINE INSTEAD THANK

Jeffrey Jullich

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JEFFREY JULLICH: It seemed to me that I had one thing to add, which was a lot like the issue about publishing that came up, but which leads into a question that bothers me more. The first thing that I get a sense of is that somehow by working in the genre of poetry, it's already defeating the political outreach. In other words, to put something onto a shelf, in Barnes & Noble, in which certain books are funneled into this delimitation called poetry, is already part of the problem. That by becoming a book it's the very defusing of the political activism.

BRUCE ANDREWS: A 'book' as different from . . .

JEFFREY JULLICH: A billboard or electric LED board like Jenny Holzer works on. This project repeatedly comes up in the twentieth century — the Stein project, or Hugo Ball's project — in other words, the pushing of the limits, pushing the limits of the system of signs. And yet what I've been wondering is whether the actual social constraint is not linguistic and not grammatical but is in fact a nonverbal one that happens on a plane below language, and if that isn't the reason why these efforts seem to go just so far. It's that they could go infinitely far, but that that is not the binding or the dominant pressure. So the first question is whether poetry is an arena that has been set aside by the powers that be for a type of linguistic misbehaving with no spillover effect.

Charles Bernstein (ed.), *The Politics of Poetic Forms: Poetry and Public Policy* (Roof Books: 1990), p. 41 / Bruce Andrews, *Paradise & Method: Poetics and Praxis* (Northwestern University Press: 1996), p. 68f.

**“WHY DO THEY PUT THE BED SO NEAR
THE PLANET PLUTO?”**

MENTAL TUNNEL

I thought ugh. A brain pulsed with math.
The bookworm syrup helped polyglot
trek up the igloo gallows then lounge add.
Many of none have him. Mostly the box cob.

Monsieur indeed. Meowed for a force used.
Undead from the neck center, finally nihil,
they arose from ground and damned tender.
The blades plod of grass. Mess spent.

You exist in your stuck yawn on an axis
inclined of nickel. Plainly, you stood sitting
hump in, forgive me, a tabernacle vernacular. Clever.
Let me put it raw this way: top half costs.

The reason why often fathom
several of yours is killed ransom. Big pun.
There's no knob. Just a handle leading to a shawl.
Open even after fodder knave. Same pun twinge.

Sperm trouble inflicted both solitary.
Pearl coated in moon. Who but adult lottery idol.
Bits plead sent fleece.
A morning inside a stolen elder.

Didn't bargain for sinews those soothe.
So opt an urge. Lyrics scrolled a night bid.
Culpable night wade awaken cower.
Perfect to be wrong for especially you.

PITTANCE FULFILLED

A car mocks brimstone.
It accelerates cube root to a dizzying
impetus, all the worldly pride
a master needs. There's heap a plenty of
reasons to be your own part-time boss:
an intravenous tube hung from a metal pole,
a serpent twined around a staff.

Drought spreads from the desert outward
to the grasslands. It was
a permutation of your unused second face,
a *liebestod* of feeling I had come to know
as the harbinger to crave. Love's meek pica.

Scrunch up the snout on a frog and it's almost
exactly that air of renaissance man. Pseudo-buddha.

Northern lights may add that touch
of drama, such a commodity in this black-out.
Thunder can be controlled over a distance.
The secret how will become obvious. Think low.
Hasn't the earth cracked open whenever
we use the ten thousand dollar word?

SIMPLY FETCHED

A race of gods, that's the idea either their
Roundness imparted to the egg, or the hint nods.
Either feeling the him-ness in that trudging stranger,
So to speak. So the sub-text became glib,
A substance prowess culls from upward from light.

A bird spreading its wings stretches the horizon.
Heading for trouble and garrulously upping the ante
All the way hibernating in an heirloom earmarked
For the realistic person.

Harlem was too hilly.
Greenwich Village, too ass majestic for its own flotsam.

Wisdom had it there was a bullfighter in the girl,
A red skirt she flounced and freelanced
Into cargo. Perishable goods. They should be making their
Trail-of-tears entrance soon, the thought police.
Get in the last licks. That tongue will be an altar
Before any of us climb the dared step. It was as if Aesop,
And all his diminutive foxes and crows
Living out their perpetual good example. What amidst.

The tongue of St. Anthony in a glass box, that's
My childhood for you, in technicolor, that and a
Game of marbles on a hotel lobby floor.

ERROR METER

Gut middle spenders' class,
 an anagram migraine,
 their monochrome chess;

I aptitude mention sections
 to stress an aunt point:

relief in minutes flat cleft,
 serene sublime
peace hood saturated
 latterday. Torpor right
 a choice bartered
terrestrial solemn Esther.

 Glint dunk. Sparkle also
 the stump cosmetics. Mimic
a mutant to inkling column.
 Comic screen strip did
nod man enter mollusk.

 Strophe canyon my one
yet yeah price subterfuge
 butter fudge coin.

Its plain as claim. Chattel
attach my one inside onset.
 Size anisette noose.
Meal off the decal. Kaleido-
 ballet all eldest stunt.

Bonzai tonsil sale search
 timber pull chart.
You may same tide.

A ticket agate. Much ego
spent pensive saviour.

Thought dowdy impasse.
Seek cop away tall.

Live for fever vertical.
Must can more, too.
A purse to put prose.

Hellish shuffle out

in mere risk.

FASTER THAN VISTA

Roads to get place target
the path of then arrow dipped in cat gut.
I should tell the mask scuba about horned streets
and how furthermore whereby piled in Chinese boxes
and cricket cages, crates of spices, too, trudge
revision: *skip* on the mercurial to the source,
a roof propped or evolved on poles,
and how my heartbeat gladdens to see the door chewed.
This person which beside the bedside water, old water,
saw the model photographed and the camera Gomorrah
saw the super-person as in fairy theory
and took the language to befit a mother's dulcid nihilism.

But hair had been combed with a tuning fork first,
the spoon a concave bed for the littlest ego,
and dipping hair in sink then lace in brocade indefinitely
it was you, and you were sure: those trees that have two legs
have their archipelago of apologies; those selves etched by
pin in scrimshaw,
and the very ivory, that have their roots a tassel
have the apologies of the roaring zoo. But sorry?
Because the hair of the world was not wet
it was not your boudoir world conceived by an engulfment,
or microscopic seed made infertile by the pharmacist.
So tell the pharmacist the slug to cap rain in a jar
and drink a chapter. Tell him lethal healed by a leisurely weekend.

I put aluminum foil to my head and tapped
the dense forehead at the T.V. antenna all a view
to send you this message, wireless: a picture, the beacon iconography
of taxis whizzing toward the dwarfed
vanishing point, and one discus taxi filled to capacity

with your macrocosm, and your crocus springtime crucial dealt,
and an abiding sense aroma that because
neither the Stop of the cherry stop signs nor the sunny holograms
pertain to you directly, you were sure. They were extant.
The driver held the steering wheel
and his wise contemplation was near the perfect circle.

MIXED FOR STOPS

Clear-headed and ingrained,
the connections mated.

A handicap for talk ordeal has been
these scrimps with their sieves to bother.
Foreground fielded any lone pair easily
blistered from the pure. Dynamic command
accents passive absorbed of a man's
tiara, his elusive halo.
Butch should will motherly issues.
That's how public exits stunk both bold.
Me the object renewed vis-à-vis face probe.

Different orifices active by rummage
promise tighter and threatened, credences.
Anything born has mesmerized
avalanche, after clasped news.
Pain, another spending wheeled in
purged tempo. A deliberate mistake.
Soon most of the non-being will, preened
of its future nostalgia. Clout will.
Policies endearing to the thurifer are
mulled in device nursery.
Asked statements, the broadest cancel
no to the exploding pomp, to the naysayer.

SERIOUS NORNS

Linguistics mistook kismet for guile.
A part of speech of fault
Has bid the only to mine. Searching chasm laughter
Orchards cosmos ornery to brood. Syringe incas bereft
Prevented essential view trailblazer from
Haggling the being. A littler while,
Elizabethan beelzebub,
Interim monitor's picayune cayote spays
Icabod cadre, and this our sense of *groupuscule*.
Seance of this our crippled sparkling whose
Onus announces couple that savors cringe.
After forking, the bolt
Personalizes its knotted arsenal.
Entrails were guts. The morose blue above the roof chorus
Was southern than the pillow wobbling below my heels.

VISA OF FOREIGN GENDER

She wakes end up, top of a sleeping pill. Fake focus.
The vignette plus placebo. A scenario for Romeo in cinnamon.
His stand-in, a chalky boy ceremonially coated in ashes,
Tightens his grip on the voodoo effigy as the spot light
Narrows in a lozenge around the underpaid starstruck.
Cobbled about the vocabulary amulet, above gossip,
The way a molecule is built from totem atoms, shall always,
Both our perspectives made a fine conversation.
Diary, take note: I spoke and listened simultaneously
While he served a smorgasbord of words in sauce.
A panel of speakers
Were listed punctually in the credits, the handsome twosome,
As long-lost brothers reunited knife in sheath.
Imagine the exasperation when the eggs turned out to be mine.
How could I ever look him in the face again peekaboo?
Masks should be made for people's behinds.

"The End" ought to be stamped on that Welcome mat.
The rest rooms all read: testosterone and estrogen.
A cryptic typo may result in ill feelings. Proto-criticism.
Chasten feeble heart to survive the fortune cookie.
Tie the fortunes to a tree if it's unpleasant.
In China, a forest of paper ribbons.

JUG WITH BROKEN HANDLE

Remember, despite dysfunction, the afternoons
we thought the clocks would never finish cooking?
The water boiled, hydrogen and oxygen both
on their merry way.

You or a substitute
filling in for you while you have episodes
of nagging problems, why so awful wolf
suspicious issue potion
if not to love the one you
limit mimic? A car drove down the
what else could it possibly be.
Her date's come early to pick up on her.

The women rush behind screens,
faces in sacks and foreheads withdrawn.
The gleaming license plate sticks in the memory,
jumbling its riddle of yodel vowels.
And then the cuff of his checked trousers.

Anaesthetics administered slowly
through tubes bring the eyelid
back to its isosceles horizon.

I remember a nail file with a nacre handle
my mother used to whittle: it had

grooves and apostrophes.
Like a violin isotope.

AUTOMATIC MADONNA SWITCH

The cold candid rain provides an excuse
for this compulsive hiding. Dead end doorway.
Solfege of isolation, call it do-re-mi-fa,
it isn't that we don't need
the loneliness analysis to remind
us that the measurements of the shroud, half by zero,
fit exactly the inchworm's trail. We do.
Desperately need fate to decide
where the next footprint plots its design.
Need like an addict the poise
of a disposable sun balanced at its guile
midheaven. The cup of the window, a trough
for drinking, beast and master.

The way people say without a scruple, "It is
raining," that's how we should contemplate our own
pensive counterfeit: It is thinking, like
concentric circles on a centrifuge puddle,
focused around a vanished finish.
As good as any. Somewhere there is a keyboard
for these drops
of percussion rain, falling on cue. An ear
so refined it can tell
the liar from his liontamer snore. Voilà.
She holds the warm telephone receiver to the side
of her mute face, comforting like a teddy bear.
She holds an unlit cigarette to her burning lips.
They say there can be no perfect vacuum,
no scientifically proven void.
She dries her fingernails on a smoke ring.
Great moments in the history of ideas.

PENTIMENTO TIME

Elope proletariat Alps.

Even before dude deludedly realizes what's happening
the clock has yoked a mile,
already too close to be useful skin. The weekdays
almost toad warts in their stateliness. Vision
chanced upon an innocent sham, some visible names.
The eyeglasses sat on the table. Futility epitomized.
Now narrow down me for keeps,
your personal weather attuned to a stranded leaf,
a pretext for cutting and chopping
which doesn't involve the warmblooded. More of a knickknack.
The mantlepiece wouldn't look the same otherwise.

It was like it was pretend.

Dressing up as wizards drastic and meeting
in a converted basement, baptism-crimson.

A crystal ball captures
the tilt of her smile.

But all a powder through Stygian touch
mixed into a cup of scarlet tea
stirred once toward the basted north and once
in the direction condemned by the wreck.

CLAD TALK

Ganja came to my rented room
and had company in an ensemble.
The rapscaillon subconscious
elevated to floodlevel. Always watery brink,
ever limpid. Crooked creature grew rugged.
I sat in three chairs for three hours
with the septuagint exception of getting
up for a beaker of tapwater tapdance
never stirring a muscle with a swizzlestick.

Transcendence? Have sworn team's blood pact on that,
sealed our oath with a burning suffix.
Serious cartoon habit.
Load of melody, interim lantern.
Compulsory positive identification training.
Et al. paraphernalia bails out the raven.

A place has been prepared for
the lurching mind with its rockinghorse pivot.
Its steed bridled daydream. Without a trace of
suspicion, he shook whatever hand
the voter extended him, pods and barnacles.
Red, white, and blue made a photogenic background.
Touched abdomen, abominable sneak;
dismissed the incident as a hill country blessing.
Superstitions passed down a tunnel untitled.
Brought in a genuine dowser to testify.
Specialists scrutinized the protruberance rubric.
The page, what have I done to the page?

Momentum carried the bicycle to a shelf.
A copy would have none of the original eclat.

An apron was all she wore for her midnight snack.
And her newlywed husband, adjusting a microscope.

Pressed on the slide, a pair of fly wings,
but for him, a map to escape by.
So she served him steaming tea.

Dream analysis doesn't cast any light
on the blazing illumination. Put your feet up.
It's good for circulation and good for the carpet.

FAVORITE FALL-OUT

Now that I have poison everybody wants me.
Even the snail boy slinks out of his shell.
They lean across the meridian and wink
as though a neurologist were doing a consult,
a touch-your-nose count-backwards check-up. Only
one difference: all the numbers have been
replaced with deities in the flesh.

My pocket calculator has been acting cool man
more like a nickelodeon peep show.
Had I known subtraction could be such howling
fun I would have taken zero away from
the smiling void she showed a beaten world.

The driver turned around in his seat
and said, You folks headed my way?
It was then I knew my fate. But good.

Windriven, a sea coast pounded by
drummers sleek in their wetsuits.
A surfboard might not be
a tobacco plantation, but it sure is
a place to get away from the little woman.
Law won't allow segregated clubs.
So they meet akimbo on the furious ocean
transfixed by the dancing green mermaid.

CAMEO SEMIOTICS

Those as got. And dem what does lose.
I would have given a have-not and a tooth
to know the contents of that loaf. A spy in poise
by even the most donkey liberal standards,
she never let her City Hall connections influence her
devil worship. This is a portrait forged by bees,
one dollop of honey at a seesaw time.

Unless you folks
(you critters leeching off the hermaphrodite)
plan on spending the next zodiac
in a silo with a rake, you'd better
act like a Superman, a man.
A superstar has no sense of going upstairs.

The pithy quips about the weather,
how it's holding up, how it never seems to
when you expect it most. On overdrive,
the three of us, me,
the dog, and the camera, loiter in the fading
resonance of a fountain spouting sculpture.

A pocket-sized transistor-powered tape recorder
might be worth a look-see.

That's their idea of religion:
God laughed. That's their scriptures verbatim.

A mist from the fountain, wings at the heels, permeates
a mist drifting off the point when the two meet,
a fresh new semiotics. A semiotics devoted to sissies.

When the tomboy standing bareheaded directly in the path

of a red ball, she, a moment before, had just pitched
angry at the bull's-eye sun, when she
catches a black ball, a meteor.

IDEA DIAL

Give it another go.

Initiate a unilateral conversation,
another spin of the cube.

Run-of-the-mill, nondescript sunlight,
there's a conspiracy going on: pearly smoke,
a conspiracy of forgetfulness.

Keep

the park bench empty, like a box at the opera,
for the one who comes every day, a human clock.

The angular flower sprang from the exact spot
where the orange leaf fell. I'm an eyewitness.

Orange tinted with old hellfire.

A monogrammed bruise?

The turtle shell crawls over the beaver dam.

A sparrow and a crow and a robin, all in a row.

Here's hoping what I leak renting these dusky acres for a weekend
I'll recoup in royalties, my pica epic.

A flick of the wrist and it's all
selfsame as it was, merry-go-round ago,

the teacher's dingey pastels ablaze

all the more so because of

the collapsed nova of the blackboard,
a searing distraction.

What we learned in that clapboard room
is applicable only to the confines of that room.

To salute

the silhouette of a candycane flag, and

cut bearded profiles out with safety scissors:

that and a sprinkling of Empedocles

made up the better part of my days at Oxford.

The doorman met the chauffeur at the curb. The ivy
didn't move too fast; neither did the hems.

Poor Empedocles, leaping into a bubbling volcano:
we climbed onto our desks and jumped to the floor
to appreciate the full tragedy of such hollow destiny.

Twenty-five years and a five star rating later,
I am sometimes tempted
to step inside a drawer,
to lean over the smoldering, the lava alive.

THE DEVIL' S DEFINITION

This unsculpted landscape and helpless map
match in some way, the flowering stump,
green blotches, inhaling a tart June aftertaste.

The autumn amen once there are no veiled leaves
left emaciated to decimate. How did I get
wagon gonad here and yet seated comfortable
in a favorite chair in my indispensable room?

A person who could be two places at once source
could cuckold a true rational love in bedlam.
These scalloped, helpless lips
are a red, wet pandemonium. Abdomen
akilter at an angle scaled to the theater:
a performance the audience will never forget, or digest,
try as they may to puzzle out the babylon swoon.
Mimicking the icecicle with a sweaty ghost.

Maybe I should say more footnote about
a secret exhumed
from the loam, how it twinkled as it
rose into the syrup. Bright corpse for a lamp.

Serious in the face of the wilted twilight,
a kind of personal messiah
embodied in the slanted evening's last touches:
who would have thought a ray of light?

The moon fit snugly into the picture:
our bones are made of moon rocks
and our mothers ride the wild skies.

Fences climbed despite their spikes
for the sheer pleasure of being a boy,
the satin on the ground after the snowfall.

Why do they put the bed so near
the planet Pluto? So many heartbeats
in the space of a footstep. Strode home,
to a crater smoking with incense.

Hideous hiding ripened weapon.

TWO POEMS WRITTEN IN COUPLETS

GONE AGAIN SOON

I don't have to tell you it was special
when I say the day glittered. Hard earned.

A lifetime of waiting for just such a
balance, a pair of blue eyes thrown in for metrics,

the telephone poles all even in parallelograms,
and the decimating stare of those sparkling bluenesses.

From certain angles, had tilted at inglenook,
he was ratio. The dark side of the moon

serves as a model here: what we never see
we never dream into a fetish. It vanishes,

bell, hook, and candle.

Crawling out of the Dark Ages on a haystack

wasn't accomplished by Darwinian individualism.
Rome wasn't conquered by arrows and spears.

And so I sit in a stardust-charmed circle
listening to him collage a life story out of

transparent opinion. Nudge me when the ending
hits, so I can clap and whimper.

OMITTED FROM THE INDEX

The survey contradicted the poll. Surf folded.
Well-being flirted with fatal for an easy soonest.

Temporary rocks carried the emperor's valley
from the core of the mountain to a flattering plateau.

Clouds invented on a workbench
in somebody's basement dotted the sky. Soft trophies.

Put them together from medicine
bottle cotton and a puff of opium. Opinions kidnap.

Newfound serenity graces the plain table ever since
the two messiahs came to wash the spoon,

one of whom lifts a thumb and points
to a shining smile. False dusk faked by weeping.

“SEARCHING CHASM LAUGHTER”

THE GAVEL AND THE PESTLE

toujours the jury deliberate
in quaint motel
over gory debilitating
side-effects of “Bronze Age,”
popular suntan lotion
opulent satin lounge
john silk pyjamas, polka
dot cadet, bidet provided gratis

night clerk at check-in desk
surly but intriguing like
a corsage on a swimming pool

guilty not-guilty seesaw, the bane of
two-headed circus freaks
their twelve minds vacillating
reporters portray trial as

assembly of Sambo minstrels
motion for mistrial on grounds of

viewer name recognition nation poll
weaver gnome ecology Nathan pal
tepid

dinosaur bone
denied Sorbonne

a lively saraband
danced by ranch-hand gringos
in a self-consuming circle frenzy
better luck on upcoming Firenze tour blitz

THE LEECH THAT GLADDENS

a striptease
doctor's orders
("Please!" "Never!")

inserts frail intellectual hand
in one-size-fits-one-government
stretchy rubber glove
treacherous rubber cleaver

the examination proceeds, seedy
office worsened by Chinatown
war zone machinations kinetics

no place for outmoded inhibitions
a skinnydip in moist reused air
thanks to Presidential halitosis massacre
funneled through tube to simulate
a convincing rooster crest.
Doc struts, "a-doodle-doo" chanteuse,
a deceived one

stethoscope rigged to microphone
booms coronary lub-dub
for all to hear, breach of confidentiality

e'en the maid at her 'broidery
even Avon sales lady kit ever ready
scents leaking futilely jabbing doorbell
up to her third knuckle, her
dainty wrist in holography doorbell,
a deceived one

CHAGALL'S BRIDE

pill preparations (a prelude
to swallowing motes
for one's betterment) began
by moistening gorge. Gulp dust,

continue by mastering tenacious gag reflex.
Yellow belt graduated to slinky green belt.
Finale: Ask wife, step-daughter, or eligible
neighbor spinster weighing her mule slippers,
her housecoat, her Spray-'n'-Set curlers
on jimmied scale

to imitate Mama. Teach her
ancient maternal way of apron knotting.
Coax her into crushing tablets

to powder, mix it up, mix and gloat
in a spoonful of Welch's wobbly gelatin
by duping her: "All the debutantes do it."
Compliment her ethnic techniques.

Soon (knock knock) she'll be
your private pill-pulverizing

volunteers!

a washed spoon in one hand
telltale steel wool striations
peering at you through empty jelly jar
knocking with a half pound of mule slippers

THE PENNILESS BANKER

“The Penniless Banker,” an operetta
focusing on accused folk crusader, Sadie
Mae Thomp(asterisk)kins, unveils ailing
loser values’ usual suave
wallop, leprous prose,
underhanded antediluvian Levine
the kiss-tax-collector, and Bradford
one foot ashore, Jerome’s aromatic
maté roily in a kettle.
The sole of a boot on the pier,
pratfall imminent.
Mouth-watering to watch itchy Hotchkins,
concerned for Tompkin’s hale
complexion’s lexicon of zircon lesions,
shun presidency
to stir turbulent balance of
kettle and ladle, a black maté bleached
by his carillon of dropping tortoise tears.

CRITERIA OF STYLE

FEED PLEASE THE LAWN

Peck meal off dish.
Napkin belongs near feature. Levitation
takes careworn woes out of their
godgiven context. Stays pale, too.
A binge to liberate the posh. Their chauffeurs
shop uptown for cheap shofars
to attach to fate. My destiny is a vengeful passenger.
A shovel cinch dug onehanded.
Taste begun ebony capon. Ended Indian.
Turgid greetings to the housebound homesick.
Hello to all those little throat x-rays.

BEGINNING INKSPOT CLAP

Late went tough. Re-cycled spun orb
fruitless of swain. A lots boy.
Church porch where they throng met
before conceived a bitten. Gums
hung on a chain, good spotted luck
for he who wears whose conduit sandal
shaken from stoked bough. Until
channel launches flying gingko ashen
somebody troubled by odor, whomsoever.
Reformed perfume out of dried rain.
The air had a breath chunk omitted huge.

TURNIP PULPIT

Limb goads billions
gambled during member
precaution emerald seminar.
Choose a diamond with your closed
clenched itching for spark glimpse.
A corpse polluted by a harp.
No fjord hewn of its own. Cure bought.
Jordan bathed in by mighty dirt;
epistle delivered by flying Christian:
two omens that spell finish. Oasis well
alright the eternal full of joy half.

TRADITIONAL MEDICINE DRUM

Drugs snorted up my bank. Einstein's brain
sat in a lunchbox undetected. Not for long.
For about nirvana another version
of the same maze. His theory of parties
spread the spiked punch theory. Effeminate
waist topped by a facsimile foetus,
what a reminder to find in the mirror.
Unbreakable. Despite hospital invitations
printed on sterile film, "Dispose Of Properly"
applies both to the profane and its naughty offshoot.
A skull lifted from the dust that confesses.

CRIB ROBBED BY CRYBABY

Born in a time when the clocks were changed,
the dog days are upon us.
Experienced the hottest summer in a cellar
for scientific purposes: damp sweat irrigated
the miniature city made out of icecubes.

WHERE YOU COME FROM GONE BAD

A wristwatch I put on my arm has slid
up to my adam's-apple. Arms tatoed MOM.
Clothes re-make the silk. Shaven on a splinter.
The uniform the funny farm assigns to
newcomers is as a cocoon to the chronic patient,
the one who shed. The best refugee among worse specimens.

SEASICK SIGMUND

Farewell to the arrow flying underground.
This is the only way left to escape:
think of a boat on an unimaginable sea,
a direct way that avoids all the memories,
a picture of a brat holding his breath.

RAINY VACATION

Rest in peace the same message repeated
on all the stones chock-a-block. Epitaph
that spake to me dearly of my own covet,
as I stand here on a cane holding a hat,
a seance of one. Engrave the marble
in fine tools. Measure the saw roosted on horn.
Will be a long time until the grudge erodes.

WEEP A BROAD RIVER

Today data. Addicted to information.
A heavenly choir tolls in the acoustic cloud. Bzz.
Weather balloons passing on routine mission
pick up snatches of eulogies. Something in Latin.
A dead language that throbs in the fat textbook.

DREAM INTERPRETED BY A HAND GESTURE

Woke me by rubbing sandpaper. A bell would do.
Fog had come from bay through narrow streets
to our very bedroom, a visitor in the guest house.
Thick mist tapped lightly at the animal door.
Go to bed to fool the secret agent.
He'll think you're totally asleep meanwhile
you send codes any psychic healer could translate.

**“TO KNOW THE CONTENTS OF THAT
LOAF”**

DEAR IDEA

Going home involves a simple formula: lay
On the floor and thatch your fingers into a roof.

On his birthday, he blows and bellows
At the soft wax, and the flame shook, it bent,
But, wish himself blue in the third eyelid
As he may, no amount of mountain
Will snuff the golden molten solid,
As you will, no pair of peer pressure doubles
Will walk the forked path on stilts.

Love on the plate and a fork to clutch,
The spidery twitchings of the eight-legged clock
Count the shards of the egg shell on an abacus cube
To number your honorable forefathers,
The strewn bridal wake of the earth mother.
A chorus of rocks, lucky clover, hump stump,
Train the beachcomber's footprints to a vestigial
Vertigo heritage. The hovering wave that erases
The lovers' initials and the initials of the C.I.A.
Crashes over in half, never to reach full destruction.
The bride permits her veil to be lifted,
Her sheets to be inspected by viziers.

Aloft, homesick, abdicated atop;
Futile, useless, busy vanity;
Sane, reasonable, coherent police.

The gates of the leprosarium have been flung open
But no one leaves, no one budges from
An optical illusion created by a slant of Newton.
They sit in a corner of their cells

And manufacture honey out of sweet thoughts.

Let me introduce the scowling leper to the smiling scarecrow.

One thing in common: the pecking of the birds.

Let me treat a set of chess pieces

Like a family, cradling them to a bosom of humus.

SINCE LIFE INSIDE

Intangible to the spark but pressing blindspot
on resources and emblem curving, the plain
tirade gratitude spared arched the unchanneled
reaches in our private exhibitionism, you, the anti-you
and all the trespasses blunted by the overt.

Wind ages to breeze. Once I propelled start
revising proofs and omitting
the instructive chasm uttered, there'll have begun
a beggar's debt positive or alms for rinse.

This is what definitions mean to multiply,
a feasted unit. And I think ovals I speak
safely when I repress bill extinct, the shadowiest.
Come verbalize until the changes average whom force.
Afraid, wired, anyone in surveys trembled brink
passes unused while coiled.

Bolts commented that created feeling shifts
replace an abducted and a rejected. Both in them.
Obliterate any transparency if it masks the shapeless.
Advice like this comes once in a side and then
returns begotten. Who am I to ask in passing scar?
In tripling the moon.

Treated phase crosses part after. Cause
haunts these limps.

Special with enthroned passers-by makes special
ruminated under the speed pierce.

Trope speculated on a moved action.

Drove the exodus vogue back to
passages rooted in veneer.

The anti-you has grown opposites for
supposing and for choice of surrender, unopened.
Trend bested trodden endear.

Sorts of some always siege the diminutive
heart in crystal beat.

The real notation of illusions cheated
in challenge help the pathfinder mood, halt the
implied before mood sentenced dually. Truly
embraced in a crest it curbed the intent finite.

Bracketted in friends surrounded by midst.

MAIDENHEAD RELAPSE

Amateur dramaturgy haunted
him all the days of his moment.
All was only a boy and his dog.
The plastic box with a fast lid.
Poor feverish dervish. Wild rice.
The ultimate Pythagorean
traced a stick in the sand.
A triangle flew away, a bird flew.

Lucifer philosopher. Am I in time?
Got here as soon as Venus in Scorpio.
The dog star a favorite variety. Aria lash.
Nationwide stellar numero uno.
Ask a liar. Gambled away his tooth.
The standstill of a busy season prone to froth.
The tourists will be leaving any day.
Then the boats spread feathered crimson.

Epilog pylon cue. Guess I'll be scared reborn.
Emergency plan goes into effect
immediately. A hula dancer
indulges in the classical signals
every anthropologist knows:
My canoes will wear wedding garland.
My father walks straight on a steep path.

What better medicine gusto? Their tonics
and plasters did less for the converts than
a finished sentence. Riddance of devils
took many forms. Sweepstakes, only too few.
I feel better after a week of interviews.

Amazing results. Recommend all friends try.
Instant satisfaction with one tug.
A nakedness he won't be needing anymore.

**“THE DECIMATING STARE OF THOSE
SPARKLING BLUENESSES”**

A PERSONAL NOTE

Tucked in his niche jeans, azure bulge, deducted from
the overall picture, and we lisped squabbling over who
it belonged to. Ditto it still makes me meandered,
weaned of it. An eyebrow was raised
in supercilious parcel, on tendons, by a kind of clockwise
demonism of conflicting impulses. A feud in a frown.
Asked the answer with an upswing inflection.

Now terse stanzas have subject bijou matter, topics!
Character development may take lack of place of in a room
as the selfsame room, simultaneously, passes
from intrusions of starlight to blind light
to a “translucence” that figures very much into please our
gossamer conversation. Once, what was said tight
was dictated when transcribed, among a buddy,
was a lamp was a diffused
smattering of vowels and foyers. But teeth, slug lips,
and the tip of a smoky tongue, although forming
the basis of phonetics, give off no
fireworks of meaning without
tooth of the unburied essence, banshee lips,
and the tip of a smoky tongue.

Emotion one and emotion three gripped
the novice by the gland.
Bystander, I exerted some undue influence, and rue
the theme park for its bonny carapace.
An apology may take the form of art.

Certain minutiae stick in the loose mind,

and the pure mind stuck in the lily:
a face, a soul whisked out of its
lullaby surroundings, a drop of chrism,
everything reflected widdershins in the drop.
That man in the established room told dolt
the other one a fact: he learned contents.
Put any two free people in a box and see eyelash
how long seal lid stays on. On top of which,
the aromas of pressed flesh, the putrid sweat,
the beast inside the prism.

Shapes have both outline and volume; the protagonist,
both chin and cuticle: we capsules come
into this easel world dripping in dragon.
A typo in an obituary has an added resonance.

The unchecked fact that
down the hall in another labyrinthine apartment,
in another schism punctured by managerial guidance,
a wretch of a man was shouting cryptographies
at a cow of a woman, she hurling southpaw
a plate, a China ashtray to smithereens,
all muted by the syndrome of their irreality,
served as a peculiar cupidinous counterpoint,
sugar teat for ashen gorge,
to our restrained stoppages, compressed moxie.

We offspring of the moon do well and best
to learn from the amoeba,
how it truncates and widows off.

THE SPHINX OF THE BRONX

Compressed defects, sunken mirrored in traces, exhume
the thing from the object. The sky closes.
These two teasing ideas, these blanched
falsehoods, converted me to a new paraphrase:

the subway moves, but the teenager ensconced in his echelon
does not move, give or take an eyelid. How does chosen
such an image if idleness and scale bring swooping
us any closer to your prompted answer? Now
we are ready to begin.

He stands perpendicular the way evolution
invented the gilled zoomorph to gasp in the mud flats:
vertical, svelte, cognizant at last of his freedom
with a thought perched at the top.

For a duration punctuated by opening
doors and metaphysical portals, he has
stood and I have pamphlet sat, first in a fixity,
then at a desk, in an agon subdued to a quench.
Crotch convex and baffling.

So clear and porous,
I was never the author. Too tonguetied for trunks.
Never his receiver.

There is much to be Pierrot over.
I have one day to live
in the room where the books split asunder.
He stands and saves it for a debacle.

FAINT GLIMMER EXAGGERATED

A cockroach crawls cower royal
longitudinally over the poster.
Who started rustic the practice
of hanging walls on the four winds?
I said, pouting the skull, Diamonds
may be a distraction, a multifaceted
hallucinogen; and the bubbles in a decanter
of champagne have their rebel Taurus,
but where is the soul in it all, in its bid?
Was the metaphor perforated all these eerie years
the model of the usual soul? Only we didn't know
our names had a double purpose, as ammunition
and as cure-all to heal very today.
By the poolside and by the El Dorado splashing,
by St. Vitus' dance, we unanimously are
thoroughly concerned about the issues
of healing and spontaneous regeneration:
it shows in our tans. Monte Carlo sunglasses
are a little scion of moveable night, portable
like a star carried in the pocket. We know
it is night, because the headlights are signalling
on the dashboard. Don't I know him from somewhere?
Some glass of ice and tip on the bar.

HIS PRIVATE BURDEN

The man who said no would understand.
His flippers and gills fan and clench
In time to an exploding star. Quite a feat.
I wish subtly I could partly be more like him,
That watery expression of putrid neutrality,
The cut of his skin-tight life support.

A bubble descends from the dome.
Maybe this is my shrunken chance
To be an episode for an antidote, contagious
If exposed to fellow toys,
Lulled to a pistol-whipped sleep.
Much of that unnameable *élan*
The other man exuded was a direct offshoot
Of his otherness, an effect jerrybuilt from
A trammel melange of sunsets and novas.
Every invariable, studied gesture was a school
In its own right: the education of a pause, go on,
An apprenticeship blend of nail-biting.
He taught me auguries by scratching carriages,
Salon lesson beaten in by havoc.
Creature fresh from the drawing-board, this is your
Premiere. Think of all the misguided
Ersatz spermatozoa that never made it
This far. To the brink of a prelude.

He made an impression. It might have been his
Probability. Or a foreplay of the earliest diaphanous
Light filtered through a chink in time. Seen nose.
For once we could count our individual King David heads,
A kind of intermission, sultry and clement, rolled
Into view, as though stillborn personifications

Were stepping forward to welcome us. Unimpeded,
Once they pass me by, a heap,
I'll begin costumes to become stanza.

U4IC

I suppose I wonder who can guess what is in there.

I almost told them there would be exactly the same kind.

Anybody who supposes nothing matters more than what they want
should go there. People have.

I was standing and talking with her while she sat.

Suddenly very slow events took place at the same rate, only more precisely.

The only place where I can slow down is in here.

More of the same takes time.

One day, standing on line waiting to move I began to notice that the person
two spots up had realized nearly what it took to be a day ahead, and went
over.

I would also like to go out with someone soon to see if what I have read about
those places is true.

We could go on a ride, as I did once, and see whether it feels okay, then head
home.

I don't think I really would like to go back and do the same thing so I might
back off and think things through.

When the one who was down and out made a comeback, everyone knew

there would be more ahead.

I knew deep down that some of what happens is there for the taking.

So long as things turn out the way he wants them, I told him that whatever he asked would be fine provided he agreed to the possible outcome.

Almost anything would be alright with me so long as he knew ahead of time that we would have to see if it worked out.

I might decide to head over to the place we used to go to, then spend some time standing and waiting before really deciding whether to go ahead and do what I thought I would want to.

I really want to do whatever it takes.

I thought I wanted to sit before deciding.

Getting on with things was so important that he could not agree to the terms.

It may seem perfectly nice but really not be the same at all, which might make getting over on them more hard than at first appeared.

I surprised myself by remarking that I took down his number and told him that if I had a chance I would be getting back to him before he leaves, in case he cares to.

I would wait and see when the right opportunity arose and then follow up in suit.

Someone who could guess the right number without seeing what is in there must be able to do more, exciting things.

Ask him if he can leave his number.

I was wondering whether I should have been thinking about what I was.

I might not have done what I did if it had not been for him.

“THE PAGE, WHAT HAVE I DONE TO THE PAGE?”

TOLD TO ME BY ELVES

Should I read him as if suffered the adage
and cleaved to dredge, should my untold
much-touted subjectivity perch standstill
on the stillborn and read, one finger inside the page,
the foetuses of letters, alphabet larva;
and should its lilywhite all come back to
an inkblot of punctuation, where will I could?
What was and will be now is not.
You told me everything in one keen nod,
the head an artifact from our earthly phase.
Now I am telling you nothing in English,
down to the slimiest detail: brown bark
mixed in brown soil. Early winter.

A prerogative rigorous in its clout:
thunder in April, rain in utopia.
It is raining. Succinct. I am being.

Speak to me with that desert in the voice,
with that wasteland in a slogan.
The rock lay in its mute inertia.

Again the name that is thing is person,
the rain that falls like a fallen angel.

The rock shook in its bed and shivered.
The lady in the chair eroded.

How long have the stones been
waiting for their next rebirth?
How long the wand spells a lifetime.

Your new style both
interests me and devours me. The kind
of book I can't put down. I can't put it down!

Ah, to read slowly nodding as one drunken
consumed in a trance, to have the blood
go out of me and an inner visitor come home,
that's when a man knows he's reading
lean, virile prose. "I wrote a novel on a stamp."
If she starts that lycanthropic ranting again
we'll have her on water and holy wafer.

STANCHING THE ROUGE

Fishing crumpled manuscripts
out of the cylinder waste basket
on a straightened hanger,
crawls the salamander almond
hue of a better time, a jubilee,
the alibi of nostalgia alchemy.
Were we fact really us or unless
a rapt part of the theme them?
What made their mottled commonplace so
touch to the innumerable senses, so
said in the hero's sake? It is said
over wide wine when the cup stops.

Written on a petal with a feather.
Singlemindedly memorized to a pulp
by an idle conscience in search of
the stimulus guilt, wound in search of stab,
descended out of the sky and all we did
was catch it in an artificial facial expression.
Some were easy to net with a veil.
The alphabet rose and fell in ridges and valleys.
The words that issue from our mouths are secondhand,
but so are our wives. Amen. Somebody copy amen.

Who put the chasm into the shadow?
Whoever he is, some atheist, or she is,
a bucket with a broom, they've done
a great disservice and yet a moot boon to
the normally ignored ceiling. They've made
roof a talisman of charisma,
and Solomon of the hidden lightbulb,

slyly hidden by its own raiment halo.
A place where the favor is appreciated and tallied.
Thence flows spellbound thanksgiving,
a divining rod of forked lightning. Clove gratitude.
A home to sleep in and a stable for dreams.

The simple pen the President
used to sign the law
was passed from hand to hand
for generations, but never used again,
never sullied. Not until now.
Our grandfathers, shaken by a chosen wind,
believed it was, all those messengers and ectoplasm,
the end of the world. Our serious children
spite us that tomorrow is an abstraction.
But nonetheless the cat sits in the rocking chair,
full of Zen. He has sat there before.
The dust weaves patterns in the air.
Welcome, visitor. Our waiting has gone on
so long that we wait to blink.

TO THE DISTRACTED ONE

The pages, a patience which will outlive
the living dust that settles on the pages, are
what the sun used to be in the Viking legend:
in a circle, the fanged sun chases the she-wolf motif
moon by a tail. And every night the magic
bitten out of her. That's where you come in,
scratching at the gummed seal of the envelope,
uncreasing the origami as if the folds could be
set free. You define yourself
by a network of Abstract Expressionistic fingerprints
blunting an intricate, invisible Persian carpet
across the margins. Merlin.

Pages don't come cheap. A seedling so *lingua franca*
that I knelt down in the garden to lower it cradled
to sod, have watched slithery in a frail April,
tall and orange in the husk of October, felled
by the iron axe that seeped through what rusty rain
my father laid on the anvil, and turned away.

If I could add one additional letter, a thorn,
to the alphabet, it would be
a locket and swing open on its hinges.
But I'm no role model
for any runaway with a paperback novel
in the holster of his jeans. There ought
be a mess of clouds moving in soon, if
these blue skies and perfect weather
are any indication. A cloud like a bandage.

Power is how the doll-maker started and power
is what keeps him whittling their flyspeck shoes,
all lined up button-eyed on a shelf,
like a jury of peers. My parents
were too poor to buy me a doll
so they kept me small and wooden.

In the bottom drawer, he still has the first
story he ever wrote: a slave is tied to the slab
of mason stone, to drag it to the temple roots;
a young mother pushes a carriage with a hood.

The stone is a symbol and the hidden fire is a symbol
and the wind, as it brushes the desk, scattering
these pessimistic revisions, in a flurry, to the floor.

Another poem in the stack.
Something from an elderly farmer relaxing in a hurricane
shelter, who writes, longhand, that it's been too long
since the rainmaker visited, in his bells and kerchiefs.*

“MY PICA EPIC”

FORMAL SILVERWARE WRAPPER

Unhappy supply and sorrowful demand demon
hounds aptly universe never semen.

A skull is when silk or a stray brain wave
has everything to do with Mrs. Jones' outer space.

Lots feel good about thumped selves
in the lucid plural. A Samuel smile as it
says *chez* the murdered Bible.

The thing of plenty read to a mute.

Tenuous genesis nuance pasted to a spade,
it hanged the roofs from a taut body,
riven in a mind-soul-body ankle.

A pair of profiles
pested at the zoo turban, eminently betwixt.
Bedizened mascots from the beeswax.

LIL PINT

Furled napkin panic
due to panache ahead
helps cover the shunned
embedded. Titan gambit
evaluated on a scale
half seismograph, smog.
Gizmo programmed to love
sure enough needs carnal fuel,
a herd of brassieres. Research
confirms our findings: *sub rosa*
shaman machine stoked by
unrequited whispers.

OUT OF THE COAT CLOSET

Nice, uncanny guy. A smidgen too
recapped for the poker hypocrites,
but swell when it comes common loose.
Severe offers, mock manhood hookah,
inertia retina: all the telltale harpies
of an average primavera. Maverick freak
taking pointers from mandrake android.
Bottom robot, well for a cruddy ride,
re-pays yard boy with vehicle ahem
shaped like an ordinary car, only dinner.
Instantly transports him am
to shall. Prods practically him shank.

TO READ IN BED

Only millions place: steer thrall
deceived from vital after talons.
Remembered hideaway, beret akilter,
a guy and his pooch, usual ewer:
thus and so on the indefinite articles,
a sound that resembles a neandrathal voice
but comes from an audition, should touch,
might time warp the prawn. Hundreds
in a flash that deafens. Ferocious ballads
spoke asked which me then me since
a point in time, crude though tracks.
June in the middle of a slump, a promise
reached by chant repeating barren.

HAIKU AGO

mammoth likelihood
bin gnarl innard uncertainly
sorts of sets and more

—

ilk amazon kin
must esteem same azimuth
sabbath pad almost

—

shod a lot of bits
lapse sepal alright fork craft
minimum today

DEAF TO THE SUN

Ion will had mine.
Hence mine the dagger pagoda
and end. Which surely were skewered.
A had for ratings grimace. Gamma ray
filtered through tomb chip.
Salt normally sprinkled
was distributed grain per method.
Gem on ring soon magi do ignore.
The arms of the floor everywhere.
In a barn city infested
by uncivil demeanor. That's when
the calendar sprouts feelers.

HANDMADE

It with one
drone mistake stigma.
A monotone notion gems
the private omega.

Ribald uphill niche
cocoon gargantua said
a word and India freed.
Was be. Casually unkempt

tyro did it odd.
Anonymous monicker.
Minimum can't splurge.
Rigid digit computer

whom swamp oaf swami used
for simple pell mell, why
avoid dainty teen when
happenstance becomes?
Begun naked latest bowel.

INSTANT PROXY

Thanks for the knocks. Thong on the sandal
doesn't want to fit the way nature intended.
Could thrust a whole legend in motion, entering
with a limp. Counted up the many thanks using
beans as markers, still enough movies left untitled
to load a bowl. Enough Marie in her starched dress
to fill the catacomb photograph.

Attack endings at their source.
Generally very specific when it comes to
mill ponds frozen in the water wheel.
Not worth bothering with the ghouls
and their balanced forks. The housewife,
button patina, can tell you scads about
a penny that rolled under a sink.
How it wobbled and veered.

MY MANHOOD, MY DOOM

Limited stimulus, mollusc
cascade, your usual shoal
pounded by fern. Chalk it up
to inexperience, porno-piano;
meet Death halfway. This gasp is
what we ask of our *ur-licht*,
the primordial ray of beam, the first
glimmerings down light as slow as swell.
German always reminds me of the Danube,
the nubile Danube, a stream-of-consciousness
fixated at one idolatrous idea,
a third cube among the dice.
This gasp is what we add to those
wailing, polytheistic winds.
To the muted light of the mood light.

A COUPLE FOR THE ROAD

I. A NEWT DAWN COMING

Ink and plume used to fling
lampoon stretched across gust, stung bee.
The heyday in the nick of mint time
is over, a flavor absorbed in the palate.
Say the grace of fragrance went back anti-matter
in the acorn flower, vice-versa, vis-à-vis, all hyphens,
wouldn't the color warlocks doing put? Somehow set.
Would the rodent? I ask this sack
of scorpion *carpe diem* in order to firsthand
among mink. A stash champagne of bits might
lend a sort of uneven class struggle to those
concepts and, alas, their Helicon. Arena elegance.
Non-being galore.
Wouldn't wish it on your typical subhuman thrall.
Aisle place for everything outward,
ergo everyplace for new daddy thing.

II. NON-STOP AD HOC

Daddy's homecoming lifespan. Interim foreshortened.
Saw it with a breadwinner's
eye for symmetry, and all the uncanny telemetry
of an eggbeater dipped in batter. Cooked maxim.
The cave man followed the lightning wherever portion
a charred morsel seldom. Snakecharmer's caprice.
Lifted brand, slain lens. An amoeba Phoebus shone on.
Enlightened thanks to a friendly tip casually
from a co-worker. No torture in a Union shop.
Nothing to complain of, if I may be so bold,
except a loose sense of leakage in the paunch.

You've seen it before in a travelling freak show,
the goat-footed reptile boy with cunning green eyes.
As the wheels greased into town, even the librarian
looked distracted from her vestal alphabetizing project.
So as not to lose her place, she buttoned the drawer.
Buck Daddy had been elected chief boss.
Trombones rambunctious in the park. Mauled alarm.
A false autumn comes from shaking the trunks.
Pretence of springtime, from a fickleness that splits.

III. EPIGRAM FOR A HOMEGROWN PILGRIM

This rock on which proud words are chopped
Is rue to maudlin, ruthless more or less.
This rock is this thimble, convex to a lamp.
A subject closed to outsiders, taboo bout.
And if to portal heart these key words wend,
Then now afterwards a future souvenir.
In hindsight beforehand a pluperfect Lupercal.
Desperate Valentine, a sponge will blot away
The irrigation of a cheekbone. Sop it up in one go.
The sponge, a matrix of clusters and vacuums,
Just what we've been looking for *sotto voce*
To be the motto of
Our new deluge ideology. A flag to salute
And a dummy for a bayonet. Sacred ruckus,
Where the price of a soul is fair bait,
Optimum Ptolemy, the prison of a soul frail fortress.
I was captive of a sparkling magazine photo
That I fondled for years. Replaced creases with pleats.
Tore it from its staples and its glossy blurbs
Like an Achilles heel yanked out by the root.

The trident is a tradition to the mollified family.
A heaven you can get to by swallowing balloons.

IV. PERSONAL DYNAMIC PYRAMID

A slogan printed on balloons makes
one kind of impact, kindled on a shoe string.
A threat spelled out letter by painstaking
letter cut from headlines, pasted random venom,
a different sort of soirée. More sardonic.
More slices of pie left for the kitchen doggerel.
Lap where the newborn slept whelped, feckless,
teat that weaned the murderer, hex cast,
the millennium has been aligned and synchronized
to the brunt of an instantaneous spasm psalm.
A frenzy that grips its whirlpool around the lilypad.
The landslide concealed by a waterfall.
Standing room only. Empty wheelchair syndrome.
Neo-me and ultra-you. That's how we like our
articles. Not too much overabundance.
Just enough simplicity. A blend of plans.
Strategies unchained in dungeons and hatched
in the headless crown tower. Upscale longevity.
He outlived the plague and he'll outsmart
the devil that snared his sty. Pinch for poke.
It takes a sensual algebra
to reckon the hovering candelabra.

V. THESAURUS CHEATER

Panic of spunk. A diabolical framework
sent them astray back to mince drawing awning,
them in all urn alternatives, a majority bunch.
Little saintly procrastinate shadow fell from the uprooted,
a log or a recumbent tree gone sideways, laid plaid
and made a measurement three thumbs by a pinky,
perfect in such itches and scud for us versus
awful weather to cornerstone bliss lapse, used to sue,
not monarch narcosis, but all those foggy coronations
nonetheless. A book or the very sight of print, preferably
italics lariat, that would screw it on recto,
and chase to margin fears that of a bricklayer, too.
Smooth the anxious gash and lance the engine.

TWO POEMS WRITTEN IN TERCETS

MENTHOL ANTHEM

Could never dunk donut properly. Used to stew.
It's a sinking model for us, on a monthly basis.
The supposed hole of the so-called donut, is that what

French Existentialism gave a tomboy mankind?
I speak so much and more often about
The evils of starvation. What human made of human clay

Has not an apportionment in that happiest of bodies?
The study of anatomy (womb, bust, arse) may enliven
The tardiest and most crusty disciple. A skip

Added to his heel, and a smile to his foot extra.
Astronomical ransom. If you run out of them, order more.

Hypocrite I had believed descended from princes lengthwise,
A surprise to me and a bigger surprise for my next mother.
She was busy being remembered,

Being captured in a series of thumbs at the piano.
Now is the retro time. And the day is ago.
My diary will not help. It's ready to be exhumed.

Games fathers taught their sons automatically
Are played out in prison, blood, on the harmonica
Of a lonely America, this vast and simulated location.

PORTRAIT OF THE PUBLIC

Unearthly handmaiden will escort us on a sash
into the world of physics, the brimming testtube,
the Krakow microscope.

Say jigaboo goodbye to the chocolate wrapper.
Three parts rain and one part snow, that's
prime enough for him to begin another moody watercolor.

They speak about
the masterpiece as if he were a basket case.

He should take something over-the-counter
like snorting diet pills
to stay awake during these linguathon sessions.

The professor emeritus from the distinguished stingray
would like to point out that grammar may be
a smoke screen, in the face of the talkative orgasm.

Once the media catch up with this one
there'll be a pound of flesh measured and weighed.

A reporter from the cactus grasslands
would like to know if a mirage
counts as a transcendental orgasm. Gizmo.

The meaning of a word may be its immanent climax.
With these embroidered platitudes ringing in my ears,
I put aside the valentine completed.

**“NOW TERSE STANZAS HAVE SUBJECT
BIJOU MATTER, TOPICS!”**

PAYING IN FULL FOR SERVICES

paying in full for services, for the only “cure,” bringing the balance to zero, could loosen up

New Eroticisms

untouched by obscenities, which is good for building confidence.

This important realization about being regularly overwhelmed by

Pounding Sensualities

invites comparison to a fool and a wiseman wearing hats with the same brim, a fable which might open up a possible zone of

Untapped Eroticisms.

An old saying sheds light on the outstanding balance, which might involve

Healthy Appetites

punctual for an appointment
by becoming engaged in a dose
of sensuality, one of the compass points.

Choosing to have a professional to talk it over with, in a clean room,
could disengage

New Possibilities

such as men drinking foamy beer early in the building and loosening up,
although their bowels are in trouble, is good for you.

Strongly wanted to hear mostly dirty talk, which might involve arriving
late due to bad timing to restore thought processes to

Steady Equilibria.

An unconscious motivation behind actions said the filthiest things, very
graphic which restored the underlying motives to

Horizontal Equilibria.

FREUDIAN SLIT

by accident, an old friend in a coat can turn
up
at a place near a store
normally avoided,

so that gambling is not entirely haphazard, but is negativized

by traces of deity in chaos,
grasping his thumb typically, which
turns
me on
something bad.

They can bump into each other, saying hello Mack, as if primal separation
could be alleviated, or lifted by prayer,

embracing each other, not
feeling up

to par, like bouncing bunnies
and patting away.

He might frankly dislike discussing castration anxiety

on short notice
near a store with a sale,
and shirk

it, preferring whatever comes
into his head, a roulette, since castration anxiety seems academic, and
he is on a trip.

I shall be brave to guess
who shall kiss
the sweetest authority as they arrest
him, when I do that,

as in the XXth century numbers bespeak likelihood, they bespeak

oneness.

heard whispers

torso jewelry psst shh

symptom of emptiness

bourgeois vase a gift from

body evaporated

needle and syringe

collaborated on a shroud

which could hardly

snow fallen through screen

money germs

ice made of spit

a litany of sighs

prehistoric chorus

homesick

MILD ACHES. AWARE BETTER PATH

mild aches. Aware better path
chances dimly declining for
snug, around shiny delicacies:
in fortune's jealous clutches.
propelled by the impact of hot
as long as speed flowed prices
and striped. One heel on iron
downhill foundations to carved
their credit subtracted. Dear
have missed you ever since vim
randomly selected from unified
miniature, smooth tip. Factor
bind. Prometheus, hero modern
denem never failed to activate
Farewells wafted through trump
Indivisible sections disintegr
neo-classical lilt to his gait
monetary transactions. Flacci
added that air of suave remove
goodbye to last year's optimis
up statistically likely. None
n't. Coating its luxurious kn
chained fast to a rock, pecked
fashion trends consummated raw

usually practice a minimum of twelve hour

After your unselfish

frantic because of an intolerable respect

Thanks to neighbors' curiosity

craft rewards. Sanguine confronted by Mr

Dogs leashed to bushes will

faulty wiring visible through peeling red
Members of an underground
inside her deceitful cunning. Feminist
Blacklisted during
not a crumb for princes who invade,” said
It is so. “Live
adopted, treated them better than his own
Protecting fin
looked up to the teacher as a great token
Those who should dread
due to unadvertised pleasures. Be docile
Silently bombarded
walls of cute psychic armor embittered by
Jacking the prongs onto
ringside seat. Clapping loudly to attract
Passer-by caught frank wind of
seemingly unmoved as the storm beat quick
Shoved from The Left, spat upon ideolo
sagging spaghetti? Strands of electrical
Are the ones divided lengthwise
devotes more attention to those disobedi
Refreshing to the conscious
try educated in strictest accordance with

VERTICAL HOLD

forgeries
escaped
detection

a dying

could
prolong
life-

replica
could be
mistaken for
its

expectancy

model, vibrant

spices and
herbs
could

was unappealing
to those
who met
him during a

who has
a short
time
to live

will live
his

terminal
illness

on an earth

last hours
the floor
beneath

planted
roots
in
earth

who
cannot
willingly
depart from
planets

if
body
oils
adhere
to

can help

without
assistance

the plant

doomed
to
premature

shortened
suspense by
abbreviating

deaths

our
goodbyes

goodbye
until

am restless
in the tank

involuntary
excitement
for

groping

against
clothes
which were

such as
a black suit

glands
due to
room

sealed

could be

temperature

worn to a
scheduled
funeral

since the
perfection

of

exciting
programs

central heating
irrigation
plumbing

impervious
to
willpower

so
praying
is called

for

dying again
repeated

cleansed their
agile

bodies
making use of
liquid

soap
lather in
architecture

paragraphs
in obituaries

and their
punctuation

the hyphens

whoever
met him
on a deathbed
unexpectedly

when the belated was not considered handsome during his fatal convalescence which was bothersome when there will be graves in the household his brainy handsomeness was a welcome lazarus became illegal to speak ill

the profile of his namesake impersonated a doomed taxpayer mimicking symptoms

or dashing his hopes against the rocks

turned aside although desiring to help but turning by instinct found photographs stimulating as well as historical in view of technological advances for lovers

flesh without hair culminating like to wear briefs

of them
there will
come
a day

without
associating
the surname

wore
striped
boxers
producing
doubletakes

shall
put it

bereaved
upon
hearing
news

despite
objections
applying

lotion on his
knobs

one
less dying
would
the publicity
change
that atmosphere
a hothouse

hands
the tablecloth
all realities

then they
spotted his
famous
underwear

even
if it
takes
forever
or it

speeds

surrounding
an
inherited
death

holding

suds
every
last
drop

androgynous
in
sheets the
colored blood
foretold
syphoned
through neat
tubing

with my own
ears

bereft

changing out
of

uniforms
in full

view
to put on
crepe

trusted their
aggressive

suds
were on their
members

advances
irresistibly
drawn to

removed his
boxers

which word
was heard
but gone
unheeded

professional
opinion

sympathies

would
say, "It

touch gave him
one
year to live
at that time

shorts
designs
would have
shed tears

is my only
hand, mine"
correctly

embarrassed
by the knowledge

or wept
on
sleeves

how doubt
could
enter

to kill germs

in is
obvious

to
go right

to
bed with

someone on
Fridays

under the
auspices of
imagining

fitted in one
paragraph

selected
tight
briefs

about his
worlds
constantly

synchronized
life created their
consummations

in the past
younger

fixing the
bed, foreseeing
deathbeds

than ever
annoyed
onlookers

which
their juices
flowed
asked for

envisioned
by grace

fresh air
salt

lawmakers
visited

doffed
garb

kissed
in the mail
gave
up
the ghost

the cemeteries
in convoys
reached

lifelong
friends

stimulated
by one

were
stimulated
in close

out	skinny	quarters
metaphorically	lost	laughter
	weight	glance in that
	reacted	direction
took		changing his
off	gasping	will
held the	has no	bequest
hand	cessation	
warm	never before	tested
	in	will
without	mind	be over
stopping	the continuum	bouncing
		lightly
the final	say, "It	
smile	cares	belonged
	dearly	abandoned his
		intention
may well	there"	putting
imagine	undressed	him in his
		place
	in a	taking him
	honeycomb	by the
		wrist
		bent
cologne		
aftertaste		out of
		shape
the number of		
sorrowful	a bulb	
ecstasies	befriended	stroked the
	death	skin
	by straightening	
bones		absentmindedly
showing	up	
	by	specimen
through	sitting	
		stress
		began
		to take its
		toll

put his
hand
inside

gash
carmine
within

opened a
cleft
below the
ribs it
rose
to reach
up

hesitated
prior to
spuming

satisfaction

withstood
stag
love

his
eyes
yeah

they sparkle

the warm
have section
grown

grew
intimate like warmer
rubbing

sprung

diamond
facets

friction

could
feel his

up in
seconds
all

greased up

tall
skeleton
hugging him
impatiently
manipulating
it

