

Uyen Hua

a/s/l

new poetry

ingirumimusnocte
etconsuramur

Uyen Hua

a/s/l

[age/sex/location]

ingirumimusnocte
!ub?mW!unsto)E

a/s/l Uyen Hua 2011

ingirumimysnocte
!ub?mdu|unsdosje

Distributed by Small Press Distribution (Berkeley, CA)

www.spdbooks.org

ISBN-13: 978-1-934639

Book and cover design by the Institute for Experimental Communism

[ACKNOWLEDGMENTS]

thank you to the editors of Shampoo & West Wind Review for publishing early versions of the following poems:

Shampoo #37: [dear jean,], [twenty women] & [it's like when lydia davis said]

Abraham Lincoln #6: [on a patch of grass, in a parking lot], [today, britain's return], [joe pesci, wanting] & [across the street, a sign]

West Wind Review 2010: [kevin spacey], [days you want to spend alone], [contrary to jamie foxx's revelation] & "when lacan comes up in an argument"

West Wind Review 2011: [I lock myself out of my apartment] and "richard gere dream #17"

biggest thank yous to Michael Scharf, Joshua Clover & Jasper Bernes for working on and supporting this body of work. thank you to Jasper for the layout design and endless patience. Joshua, my gratitude is beyond words, but could not go unsaid.

slow jam dedications to: imdb, twitter #/tt, ye, images.google.com, wikipedia, the mcrib from a conceptual standpoint, friends, family &the pied piper himself.

[CONTENTS]

[TODAY, BRITAIN'S RETURN]	9
[TWENTY WOMEN]	10
[25 WORDS OR LESS]	11
[ACROSS THE STREET, A SIGN]	14
[WE SAT AND TALKED]	15
[KEVIN SPACEY]	16
[DAYS YOU WANT TO SPEND ALONE]	17
"IT'S 3:27 AM IN PARIS,"	18
[EVENTUALLY THIS ROOM WILL STAND]	19
NEIL YOUNG/MARIAH CAREY	20
RICHARD GERE DREAM #17	21
[THROUGH A SERIES]	22
[THE GOOD SON CLIFF SCENE]	23
[RE: HEGELIAN WORK ETHICS]	24
[1. A FAN LETTER TO GLENN CLOSE]	25
A 1971 CORRESPONDENCE ON BLACK & WHITE FILM	26
[HOT WATERS/HOLD SLEEP]	27
[FOR LIL WAYNE]	28
CARTOGRAPHY: BRIEF REVIEW	29
[YOU, WHEN YOU'RE PERCHED ON A WINDOWSILL]	30
[CHRISTIAN BALE,]	31
[-THE WHOLE DEAL WAS FRANK O'HARA]	32
[ON A PATCH OF GRASS, IN A PARKING LOT:]	33
DÄ-GER'	34
[THE WAY WOOD GETS]	35
[IN THE MORNING, BY THE DANUBE]	36
[THE PART WHERE HARRISON FORD SHRUGS]	37
WHEN LACAN COMES UP IN AN ARGUMENT	38
[WE LISTEN TO OLD SONGS:]	39

[THERE'S A SCULPTURE IN A MUSEUM]	40
[CONTRARY TO JAMIE FOXX'S REVELATION:]	42
[THAT STILLSHOT FROM A MOVIE OF KEANU]	43
[IN THE BEGINNING,]	44
[JOE PESCI, WANTING]	46
[OCTOBER IS THE VIEWING ROOM]	48
[ORIGINS AS FOLLOWS]	49
[THERE'S A LINE THAT RUNS THROUGH EVERY THING]	50
[DEAR JEAN,]	52
[I. "POETIC" A. WIND]	53
[I WAKE UP TO A ROOM]	54
[I LOCK MYSELF OUT OF MY APARTMENT,]	55
[IT'S LIKE WHEN LYDIA DAVIS SAID]	56

Uyen Hua

a/s/l

[age/sex/location]

ingirumimusnocte
!ub?mW!unsto)E

today, britain's return of hong kong, to itself, makes you feel very justified: a
man slurping his noodles through broth that's been cooked with ox bones means:
there's no god in china. a crosswalk gets merged with a billboard:
priests drink starbucks. could the news be:
product placement? you pace the streets day-today:
the corner of montgomery and california brings you to a stop sign, and the
question of why male poets love to write about commercialism so much
out on the terrace, you are subject to an ugly woman in a beautiful city:
and are left unsure of what to make of this,
cross-legged on the floor, you watch a man in a suit weep on t.v., while you
eat with your hands: bill gates doesn't care about your worldliness. today's news reads
both pope and devil wear prada: you sit on a subway with bag of wontons
and think about the motion of tortellini undoing itself,
enter: complexity

twenty women, making passing glances at james woods
will recall a time their highest regards were contingent
on the hypothetical snubbing of james woods:
today there is no time rationed aside for cherishing self-restraint
; a mere eight people show up to a conference lecture on efficiency and dignity
; the speaker shuffles in later, seeming to be completely pants-less;
; "my cause for complaint and reason for appearance—seemingly or otherwise—
are completely independent of you and one another;" and other phrases that
demand exclamation:
the doors swing open and those exiting are greeted by a homeless man dancing
a jig with a look of confusion and desperation; out of breath and sweating profusely,
"please, lend me your ears": and they watch, until a singing man with a violin turns
the corner at the other end of the street causing the small crowd to look over.
regretfully, "if you could, the tale of a young man, not so different from you—":
interrupted by the sound of a plane through the sky on its way to vegas, a pretty
simple story, actually. see, I'm in love with this girl and she's marrying this other guy:
as the crowd looks up to the noise, a blimp floats past, "eat at Ganesh's"

25 words or less: what do you really think about
rousseau, hook noses, last night.

imagine for a second that we are human— bare, calm,
inconsequential.

one phrase, & please, be completely honest.
when you say, "the proof is in the pudding,"
please, be completely honest.

your hand against your chest is saying,
"that really moved me."

standing under an archway, you will feel, "this
is truly a triumph."

consider the gesture: emotive.

in two words, form an action—large, white, singular.
to demonstrate, I'm going to ask that your palm stand
for something—a tablecloth, chinaware, children.

today, you find you face insurmountable weight over the loss
of the cyclical.

let's be frank about our interests and all conditions.

through closeness, you become one word.

through intimacy, we can begin to generalize.

that is to say, we are humans, we have problems.

that's french for, we are humans, there are problems.
25 signals for ditchwater.

the heartbreak of vastness;
you return to the issue of the circle, but you forget
where you came from.

there's difficulty, but please, just try to be honest
about it.

if there were a list: anne sullivan, skywriting,
what would fit into the framework.

again, you sit on a soft couch and belabor
the issue of reliability.

if you could just imagine hardship as a craft,
it would be so easy.

try this pitch: five words: honesty.

consider the very notion of collection.

what would you have wanted from
graphs, warmth, hardship.
one motion: lacks luster.
through day and night and smoke signals
we grieve.

try: understanding.
through touch.

note this glass vase and think, there's so much
beauty in weakness;

"grassblades make so many honest points."

in two ways, please: be open about your reservations.

consider the radius of the city when
we're in it.
the collective of long winds brings weight to
brevity.

try to understand this for a minute.

consider weight and honesty in this empty room
that we've created.
one act: series, summary, history.

you remove yourself and take time to imagine
several clouds until they grow still.

in a narrow hallway, you note, "this is similar to winding
down."

on the topic of containment you come to a revelation
about the ribcage.

one time, please, consider:
connection.

on a bench, you console me over the concept
of stations.

these are your last throws towards speaking
candidly.

two words, 1 syllable.

across the street, a flashing sign from a bay window on third floor
reads, "my pleasure is private."

five steps east, a liquor store that only sells peppermint schnapps with
photocopies of counterfeit checks and a digital printout of a photo of
the cashier with rob schneider taped to the counter.

the entrance of your building is lined with personal ads and notice of
people missing.

you walk up four flights, past 15 other units, till you get to your
apartment.

down the hall you hear a baby crying.

the sun begins to set and you turn your blinds down to inner city
traffic, sidewalk traffic, a couple arguing, and someone calling to the
window of the apartment next door.

and at this point, sitting in your living room, you could be anywhere.

you pick up the paper and feel the weight of it in your hands—
8 more dead in pakistan,
you turn the t.v. on.

you exit the freeway during rush hour traffic and park under an
overpass in search of wifi.

you keep your tabloid subscriptions hidden under a copy of dialectic
of enlightenment.

your version of reality is still dependent on everything you hate.

you scan the news.

you want to feel connected to the world.

you read about a wedding bomb in kandahar,
bodies scattering to scatter bodies;

and still, the largest part of you is like, dude,

british general, why's your name nick carter? that's just weird.

We sat and talked about what we might have eaten to get that green color.

We walked several blocks that led us through Athens; abandoned ships;
Rodney King; the spring; 1984¹. In your eyes. The year of sparrow and
punk quilt handkerchiefs². Wound up cassette tapes. Mint jelly. This is
what it means to be alive³.

It might have been the blueberries.

This is what Joan Crawford was talking about⁴.

A flock of seagulls; when doves cry.

¹Everything between us teeters on the issue of the peacock

²Everything is a version of a Barbara Streisand song

³And if you thought Christopher Robin was dispensable,

⁴You couldn't be more wrong

kevin spacey: when seated at an expensive restaurant you made reservations for—consulted me in canceling, decided to stick with, made a point to be seen entering begrudgingly,—your eyes widen twice in the second course—once when you thought I hadn't seen you and a second time when I stared across at you, tired. you put your hands up to the candle's light and examine them, carefully, and with careful amazement. I give in and drop my napkin and fork, when, as if suddenly noticing me, you look toward me, say: (flippantly, of course) (offhandedly, naturally) but money is an object.

days you want to spend alone in bed
not because you hate the world but because you love a version of it that's
elsewhere. a dog on a scholastic poster—
you realize, life is ruff and you want to cry about it
but you know you shouldn't, and can't
without paying a fee to mary j. blige
who owns the world's tears

your broken heart denies you singularity;
you play back someone else's home video
and watch the same man fall on his left side on the same sidewalk over and
over again, till the motion gives you a sense of history: this multiplicity
you feel, leaves you
unavailable to consequence.

"it's 3:27am in paris,"

meryl streep/brittany murphy:
we gave up the somethings in the pursuit
of everything. you told me "this
is a small sacrifice." please
don't forget me

harrison ford/ben stiller:
the games are innumerable. you took
my hand, said this is a team; we pressed play,
but insisted violins mean something. please remember
everything

haley joel osment:
the keys are under the pot where you left
them. read: "Fivel Goes West," ike turner,
google image "rain"

eventually this room will stand for something completely different. you contemplate this as you survey the walls and decide it means nothing to you. pick up a shirt—lost context; a dirt smell like any other. from here your mind wanders to soil and you decide to give up on regionalism; disappointed in yourself for having spent two thousand dollars on a porch, you snap the last hank williams record in half. willie nelson/patsy cline, if you could just pose one last question, who was crazier? on the rooftop, men in midriff blazers argue over violins and fiddles. tone over context, or tone as context. in other words—
the same words.

neil young /mariah carey

see them alone, between walls and pacing—noting, as you are, singularity,
and disregarding, as you do, rhyme scheme. would "loneliness" have really
made a difference? check the levels at the fault line;
see the smudge latched on by slow routine—that's been labeled pattern,
and, habit. watch the movement of the wrists—these are exercises? we see
grey, then blue, "black derivatives." curled on the floor,
but a circle is wholeness. the room's empty and there's eye contact; would
"desperate" have meant something different?

richard gere dream #17

jack black was all, "oh, you mean the minibar IN YOUR
MIND?"

and you were just like, "...I don't drink."

through a series of motions
you learn about negative space
twenty-four cars stalled on one road, together
nine dollars and with a series of emotions, you can trade
the sensory in for the symbolic; put the two side-by-side
for comparison, lineage; for resentment
we confuse them and they start to become one another

men marching in the rain, the wave, polio
the particularities of marco polo, the lens cap
the specific weight of international mail, heartbreak,
and even, the belly button piercing
these are our greatest hits

today, forty-seven letters flying between taipei and washington read
please stop writing me
they laid in piles, stacked beside and against one another
they looked the same but all came for different people
who, upon receiving them, wondered what they were supposed to mean

the good son cliff scene: self-defined, string cheese: undefined
paris, munich, rough sketches of rimbaud, the rib cage
the light switch, leaning doorways, ruth, margaret,
marie, hotels with murphy beds, articles about what olive oil can do
it's over, twenty elegies about her skin,
and this is the office.

hugh grant on a bench with a child, the traffic that passes, canned fruit
4:36 pm, drying hosiery, 1988, white porches,
a palm tree in vallejo, the typewriter, postcards from venice
what your mother has to say about this, we'll just split it all in half,
march 26, 1981: I'll make a bridge you cannot pass
that you thought you were the first to draw a church with your eyes closed
; this is the bathtub.

hilltops, loose pins, fifty songs that could have easily been the flashdance theme,
the same songs that could have been our songs, the butter knives
the drawer of handcloths, you can have liza minelli,
the letters that go out tomorrow
no, it's okay, you keep her, palm trees in palmdale
go ahead, I want you to have her
the place that was discussed on the answering machine,
here lies the air mattress.

redefined, response, reaction
when kevin costner doesn't call
when kevin costner cuts the scarf in half
drives through the backroads, hands-in-pockets walks in the middle of the night
40 years, five birthdays, six inaugural speeches,
your trouser folds that still line up to the folds in my skin
our theories on phrases like dolphin teeth, masking tape
seedless. record collections with brad pitt on the back
what it all becomes at 8:30 am
the breakfast nook, the criterion collection, the restored coffeetable, the
chinaware, the wedged laundryshoot, the napkin rings, the life in barbados,
the third table setting.

re: hegelian work ethics

2.4 billion tune in to watch footage of the new satellite

bringing news from the rumsfeld and johansson camps

"trust that we are a team" / "please do what you can before resorting to your teeth"

a survey of 45 men and women, age 19-42, white

comes to this:

kate hudson, bette midler

if we could impart a small bit for consideration,

dennis quaid, margaret cho

take no offense, but if a small fortune cookie could help

1. a fan letter to glenn close comes back with a response:
our happiness comes with the understanding of us.

2. ten years in, you're george clooney—extended
hand gesture, on a stoop, of a café, past noon, Rome,
soft lighting, quiet. feeling
"something";

3. on a death bed we've laid out together
you give me a cassette tape
of morrissey songs when i asked
about singularity

a 1971 correspondence on black & white film

it's an ad about organized living;
a reproduced painting of a wheat field and your grandmother
spelled twenty-four different ways: six snapshots, a stained fedora
and seventeen hundred miles
later leads us back to where we're going. you say:
this is where we belong/
this is where we're coming from/
or, you tell me this is a roof

we check down the list:
four or five steps past the smokes
anything you can say forms the same
shape. there were small farms cropping
up in the streets, linens that had been labeled
as savory, and various b-list actors
going through the motions of a murder
mystery on tv—all of this depended
on stained glass. broad vases; micro
suede. we mimic sign language
with the peace symbol: everything meant
wooden beams, marcia cross, abandon turntable

hot waters/hold sleep/made haste/harmonies/hostile and uneven/hands/held
evenings in mississippi or/even connecticut/every moment is
a moment of no return/anachronisms/ashley olsen/pain
tipped/tide water/taking heed/talking and/toll-wise/tied between
hardness/health/height/humidity so/hence,/hundreds/handled/hardship, difference:

legitimate vs. bullshit, lessened, lessons on variations on—, logistics, "loss"
easy, as in, ease, loss, is so easy, erosion, elevation, expressions, either/or
demographic, dismal, dance, dark and for the purpose of discussion, direct
gauze, gains, other generalities, grounded in principles of, grief, and, goodness
eons of avidness surround the concept of a single pause, panned and purposeful
rest, reasons given, to justify response, using, rightfully,
sampled through givens: small, short, soft, and, given

depth; distinguished by distance/dire and dears, desperate: quiet;
easy, ending, east, over, an effort to sample ease, is ending, enabling
able, in asking, what is, absolute; cold/exhaustion, and, are
defenses

for lil wayne

in an attempt to defend difficulty
you measure your intake against what you want to feel
after several times, you achieve onliness
& you give a lecture on intention;
"when there's more we can begin to be selective"

you give in & before asked for an explanation
you cop out
"everyone has got to sell something"

through a frame
your gaze is unwavering
& you offer yourself up
completely

you picket mass against the masses
your palm curved open with the fingers forked over
as if this alone could argue
smallness as absolute

cartography: brief review

there's a car commercial that tells you about journeys

: everything is a series of stops | |
that lead you to more stops (etc)

on the freeway there's a bumper sticker:
time is location. in the middle of the night

the body is a place
the body is map

a billboard in Manteca: the roads are you

you, when you're perched on a windowsill, half naked, sipping from a large glass of milk and pretending to enjoy it.

you, with a rake, tending to a large field in nebraska. I see you wearing a straw hat; that's very straightforward and honest of you.

you, having driven eighty-seven miles in your yellow buick, are wearing bulk-packaged tube socks and demanding a recall on the broccoli-cauliflower hybrids.

here you are on a 3x5 with the caption, "Mountain in Shanghai, 1986." I hadn't known there to be any especially noteworthy peaks in shanghai and yet, you look so proud, and I'm so impressed, and happy for you.

today, I want to think about you, with you beside me.

I want to be with you, with you in mind.

now, you're waiting on a woman's doorstep, making note of pattern while drinking diet coke and chainsmoking. slouched down in your grey sports coat, which you insist on calling a blazer.

you, having named yourself the forgotten child, thought it was very symbolic to always have a harmonica on hand.

you play along to a song on the radio, and the motion is so familiar,

you, and what you said that day we met, by chance, on the riviera. when my espadrilles got caught between two large rocks—I was so taken.

christian bale,

at 8:30 you join me in a dark kitchen
where the floor somehow manages to be both sticky and dusty
light pours through a small tear in a sheet that's been hung to make do as a curtain
seemingly to mark significance, or as if to say, "there's so much beauty—"
you lift a egg to the small aperture of light before smashing it against a pan
I have no reaction except the thought that we might never be as literal again

- the whole deal was frank o'hara
- the whole unspoken deal was everyone had to pretend they wanted to be john ashbery
- it was so quiet that people still pretend they want to be john ashbery
- it was loud enough that it haunted john ashbery, and soon john ashbery had to go along pretending he wanted to be john ashbery
- frank o'hara liked to say how much he liked john ashbery and jane, but most of all, how much he liked being frank o'hara
- not so quietly was frank o'hara secretly wishing he was kenneth koch
- john's the pretend favorite, koch's the pretend joke, frank's the one that gets run over by a buggy

on a patch of grass, in a parking lot:
here you thought you were living
a life of leisure; stoked on auto-reply; and the ability
to speak without reservation
of torrents-candidly-nationalism-subjectivity-
why not, it's free || and that's you,
palms spreading and extending on either end, casually-
raising your glass and speaking in real talk

you get there and you're here,
like, "i'm so there," where you can't tell
if something's full of shit, or not
and at that point, you wonder
if you're full of shit, or even so far
gone you've become exempt

like, mere living flesh is derivative-
like, "matthew mcconaughey has a temper
like you wouldn't believe,"- like, who gives
a fuck about daniel day-lewis, or d.i.y.
chutney?- like, and is it so wrong
that i think jesse mccartney is kind of good?

tonight, you sit beside a window
on the top floor, looking out into the street
and imagining that each twinkling light is a small diamond
on the western infrastructure's collective grill-
right now, all the planks of hardwood on the bottom
of your apartment, or the top of the building, are asleep
and you watch them carefully and see
the nails drag down like quotations-
desperate to remain in the first person, you write
in a font that trivializes the ellipsis- begin:
"the self-isolation that results from a technology
that insists on two degrees
of kevin bacon—"

dä-gě'r

for everything that can be
divided between us

we come to one understanding
about it having all been about
people—

we're here, but we split up
again to respective towns
where "people" stands
for either

faces

1. a small village where men lay side-by-side, face down, in the dirt.
2. bottom-up; there are pantones labeled "khaki pant" and "cream soda"
3. the origin of pain as a flavor; when one villager noted, "it sounds like it tastes"
4. formality, i.e. *there's another name for that* (sic)

hands

1. a symbol used to represent the process of gold plating
2. everyone gathers around in descending height, naturally
3. a unit of family—as in, "what's yours is ours"
4. genuine; etcetera
5. "what's that in your hand?"
6. clued in, etcetera
7. you still think this is very funny; ex. *top-down, hands-down*, and etc.

the way wood gets when it's been soaking in seawater
a refrigerated peony with half the petals pulled back against the butter
the page of the newspaper with the latter half of every article
our car parked up against the grand canyon
peacocks encircling one another on a patch of grass in dolores park
a ripped tortilla that's been on the kitchen table for a week now
the brown ceramic coffee mug with a small chip on the inside of its handle
is this what you meant when you promised me privacy

in the morning, by the danube, you couldn't explain,
what it meant, to you, for light, to have been, so diffused,
you casually noted, a rainbow; true-human-emotion
must be accounted for, as irony, because of,
true human emotion. c'est laurent!
a personal account, given
in the only way possible, only and given:
not just any, but
niane: with hair wrapped around a curved left index finger
: professional intellectual; houseboat; vacillation if you don't know—
personal: human: experience: lifted: handbag: houseboat: mistakenly,: river
if you don't know—/ around the neckline: slim: broad: borrowed
version: if you don't know—; beloved: accidentally,: stepping: lost: speculation

the part where harrison ford shrugs means
it is what it is—
you've never been so unsure

when lacan comes up in an argument,

the motion is a circle—
strong pull and it's tired. slow
turning; desperate. you place yourself in a kitchen
and in an attempt towards resolution,
this means broken dishes. this means, what does it mean
to argue in a kitchen. this means, "what is
kitchen?" or,
sometimes you're samuel l. jackson.

we listen to old songs:
that at some point were "our song"s with various old our persons.

we listen to old songs:
and remember feeling like we could never feel this way again;
and still we are
here, and we listen to old songs.

we listen to old songs:
you tell me
at some point, every song is an "our song." we listen,
lean closely, and this is important—yesterday
there were two hundred thousand seven hundred and sixty five "us"s
with ninety-seven thousand five hundred and fifty-one "ours songs" and
six hundred seventy-five thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine previous "us"s
between them. today
there are 27 less.

we listen to old songs;
we think of when every piece of the world
was held together; and we want to be whole again:
put fast forward and rewind to work;

we push fast forward for rewind to work:
new songs become old; jessica simpson's cover
of a berlin song that played during her first kiss with her ex
husband, because she put it on. history
regained through the passage
of more time we are here

There's a sculpture in a museum and this means something,
It's titled "untitled" and there's a name for that
"Aaliyah" is written in cursive on a Timbaland record
Because of this, Tess Gallagher will tell us exactly how Carver felt
A chicken and an egg are brought in to argue difference
The two are asked to slow dance to further the effect

Mao's face is placed on a magnet, you attempt to explain affect
When something makes you feel something
It's cultural relevance. What else?
"It's loaded." There's something to that;
there has to be more than what one felt
Unless one is a united million; then "felt" must be recorded

In a studio, where we've laid down several other tracks
fifteen knobs created one effect
that we later axed because of what we felt
Bono, "Music's supposed to do something"
We made something that
means something to us; how is that different?

An element of "monumental" is change
Evolution and revolution are worth keeping track
of. Mick Jagger's mouth is really big; that's
important. The icon is affected
by culture and thus, the definitive thing
Or did Mick Jagger's mouth make the 60s big; his voice in the background as they
asked one another, "What does it feel like?"

Maybe despite namesake, popular culture doesn't care what you feel
Maybe there is society and people, and a definite difference.
That would be saying nonsocial and antisocial aren't social things
with cultural relevance. Now punk can't be a subculture because Joe Strummer's
records
aren't relatable and have no effect
on us. Men who chop wood are reclaiming plaid. Where's the fun in that?

His bags are packed and you call on Avril Lavigne to tell you what that means. She gives you a song to let him know how you feel
You play it on his lawn with the speaker held high with little to no effect
What went wrong? What was the difference?
You place everything in a box for record
It's important; this all used to be something

The end of the year lists are relentless in their efforts to make us feel something
There's a return and there's something to that; it's a record;
There's a desired effect, but it's different

contrary to jamie foxx's revelation:
the field holds many bodies—present
and with personal intention, yes
though only one player is able to move
at any given point in time; and

I try to put a limit on the number of times I say this but,
marilyn manson has the right idea:
difference in knowing what it is
you want, and what you like
as in, "I like hamburgers" versus,
"hamburgers make me feel—"
for a pawn in the pawn shop
give piece; in likeness we become exempt
from indispensability; we experience
shock as a luxury

all else fails—be gentle

that stillshot from that movie of keanu making a telephone call on
a banana;

ad nauseam.

expectation, created by pattern/or;

entitlement will bring you suffering (sic). you

pretending to be me, pretending to be you; (sic).

songs we play that we pretend we play for others;

like when we say, this poem is about globalization (ad nauseam)

because a kid, living in the country that bianca balti is from, visits
his stepdad in west palm beach, and goes to the gas station to buy

bang snaps that were produced where adrianna lima was born.

gasoline all around; we document human experience. your body's

length against three adjoining states;

and every single rest stop; songs about us.

in the beginning, where so much
understanding is possible; trust,
measured by level of attractiveness:
this doesn't have to end. your existence,
les deux's existence, the existence of past
american idol contestants- variations on a theme

cillian murphy's mouth gapes open with hesitance to slowly receive
the large dick that is rick dees in tamagotchi form
and by that, I only mean to say,
people would be much happier if they would only allow themselves
the pure pleasure of celebrity crushes. and I know
you don't know what I mean by that, but
I think, maybe you don't want
to be the kind of person who knows
what I mean when I say
woody harrelson will be desperate,
can be discreet. and maybe it's just me,
and jude law, when I tell you
I think you're denying yourself
a great happiness

joe pesci, wanting to tell you a bilingual story—about social economics and this kid who buys his girlfriend a candy bar with an orange—but not being able to remove himself from emphasis on the "h" and the "j"

looking back, you will yourself to remember: effort.

eighty-five sketchbooks with the words "sensitivity" carved into the backcover and joe pesci, arms out, looking desperate without intention

your plea for more sensitivity leaves you wondering if maybe you went wrong somewhere

all around you, various middled-aged men are going halvesies with their wives on coffee.

you stare, nonplussed, at the image of joe lieberman on the screen—a constant reminder of chin implants and something you read about ashanti in vanity fair.

still, you beg for compassion.

you make your way across the patio with your arms wrapped around yourself. this time, on a lawn chair, with your knees folded in and tucked under an oversized sweater: —as james brown reasoned, not for my own sake, but the sake of others

you stare off and imagine an ocean in front of you.

unable to move forward, you make note, if only people were kinder.

at 35, on a street, you move sideways and reminisce on a time when a beautiful woman could profit you directly—

you look towards the crowd, the subway exit, you pan to the clouds;

anything that will serve as a reminder: "after a train crash, grief"

sometimes you just have to shrug;
put the record on repeat

october is the viewing room
film under the glass;

loneliness was a night club:
detroit, michigan

the city block is a dock, or
the city block is a station—

your mode of survival: recoiling;
your pokemon avatar: a soft belly folding back into itself.

the empire state building is a promise
and the pretense that sets it in motion
is not vis-à-vis, but likeness
in the same direction: the way you move across the street

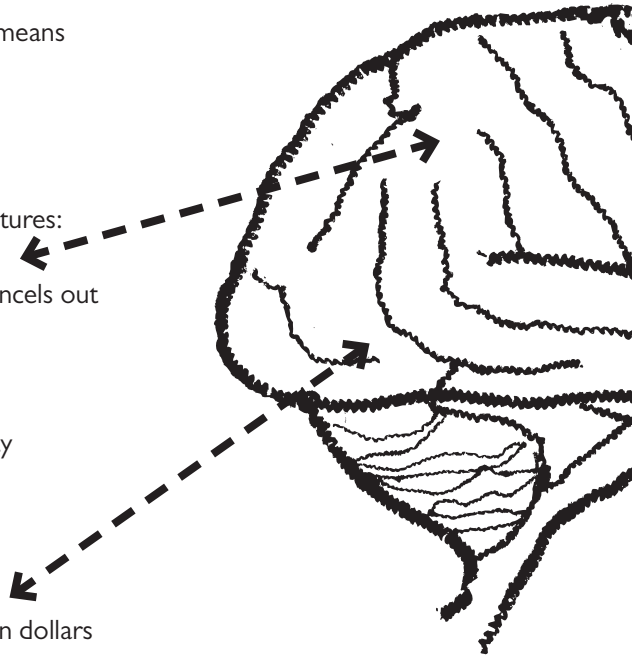
origins as follows
the body political
the exile as rank
the implied obvious
the postcard home

there's a line that runs through every thing

this is called a vein;
to be a string, and concerned
over points on a plane and what it means
to be tied between two things
(so that this compels you to:

1. photographs of people taking pictures:
is what it means to be connected;
"we are one another"— and this cancels out
togetherness

4. in a dark room with roughly thirty
seven others, we are on the edge
of our seats, all lined in rows
and columns and glued
to one linoleum floor. together,
we paid three hundred and fourteen dollars
and fifty cents and waited for this:
"I'm crying," she cried.)





2. we hold hands on a bench in front of the convention center and discuss the words we've created to build the vocabulary we will use to talk about language and to write small responsive papers on stories about writing

3. classical training means playing Bach at a recital to connect to history, and people who like Bach, who urge you to pursue a record deal because it'd be so great to hear more songs about scale

*dear jean,
the entire david lynch archive and all the vertical stripes in the world
even then could not afford us such escape,*

french people love to make movies, about their dreams, that we americans
then use, as backdrops for our fantasies, whether voluntarily, or not, ||

i pull the tips of my index, and middle finger, towards my mouth and away, several
times,— nothing; nature refuses to acknowledge me,

i wait in a café, and stare out the window, where i imagine my inverse self, in a café,
across the street, also waiting, and preparing for disappointment, ||
and as much as i try to fight it, my inverse self is me, at age nine, in a dress i'll
wear for my eightieth birthday, and then an elephant with a bad attitude, and
photograph of a man that's talking, and telling me i can't go on, that i'll go on,
and finally, a croissant, dancing alone in a negligee ||

we circle one another, on a crowded street. || i leave you a note,
telling you, to meet me, wherever it is, you thought of me last. || you show up,
as your sixty-seven year old self, and worse, you're empty-handed, still wandering, and
hoping to convince me to visit my mother, and eleven-year old self. || in my dream,
i'm fifteen years old, and working the ferris wheel, and maybe you're forty,
and successful, doing business in china, with all the money in the world, but it all comes
back to you, doing everything in your power, to shut down this ferris wheel in
california. || in my fantasy, tumble weed blows around, because i told it to, dance,
motherfucker, and the wind's some guy i picked up, at a bar, to do my dirty work.
|| they'll call, or they won't, || and either way, a young woman, with a flowy skirt,
jumps on a bed, in an apartment, on the fifth floor, like a little girl. || in six years, we'll
walk past one another, and mouth the word "bouche"; one hundred small things, in
one hundred seconds

- I. "poetic"
 - A. wind
 - because of
 - 1. cracks in sidewalks
 - 2. pairs
 - 3. phillip glass soundtracks
 - 4. the concept of farming
 - B. asymmetry
 - after
 - 1. old men
 - 2. organic fruit
 - 3. miranda july
 - C. the sound of silence
 - guest appearances
 - 1. the french braid
 - 2. 1951
 - 3. lineage
 - 4. hoping
 - 5. the autobiography
 - 6. diane keaton, "Because I Said So"

I wake up to a room
with light pouring
through ugly curtains
and check the time in
China

You meet a friend for
coffee and pass your
change to a total
stranger, or this is what
you tell me

We step out of the lobby
of the Chateau Marmont
and it starts to rain—don't
be scared, baby; today
we're a music video

I underline the phrase
"words cannot
describe" in every Kafka
book I own and load the
books into a box in my
car, before letting it
drive itself into a ditch
while I light a cigarette,
because I feel like it

You make a field of
rosaries and use a
tripod to photograph
yourself praying for the
save return of stock
bonds and Barry
Bonds,

We lie on our backs on
top of one another, on a
bench at a bus stop and
you suggest we whisper
Shaq's five latest twitter
updates and any single
sentence from "Das
Kapital" into a tree trunk

I rewind and play the
credits of "Top Gun" on
VHS over, fourteen
consecutive times,
because I need to and
because I'm too cheap to
buy the soundtrack

You use your private
green house to grow pot
to make hemp that you
spool out as thread that
you use to weave cloth
napkins that you fold to
resemble a family of swans

We collect daisies and use
them to form peace sign
necklaces that we proceed
to pass out to people
texting on their cell
phones, as we laugh and
run, being, decidedly,
careless in the streets

I am 23 and still scanning
the text for my name,

We speak quickly while
holding hands in the city,
walking ten blocks in any
direction, in search of
Camembert and paper
lanterns

And I just want you to
know that this isn't me,
being interested in these
things, but me, being
interested in your being
interested in these things

You name a Canadian
coin the embodiment of
our relationship before
throwing it into a fountain
in the mall

There it lies with one
hundred forty-three
pennies

I lock myself out of my apartment, so I sit on the porch and listen to a radio report about the BP spill.

USSR, harmless spies in your neighborhood and weezy's in jail, so I walk to the corner store, buy the quarter candy and loiter by the magazine stand:

megan fox gets married, and I'm like whatever; hov's a no-show because they let breezy perform and I'm just like, who gives a fuck.

does anyone notice that b.o.b. replaced all his featuring artists with black people? I write it off.

and you write to say, we'll work it out over the course of this album. or, this one's for you.

talk to me about folk music. you say, ever notice how peter gabriel's "in your eyes" and justin timberlake's "until the end of time" are the same song?

poems aren't songs because an hour of drake talking about trying to be a good rapper somehow begets a good album. you never could understand it, but here you are like, bitch, you're in a pyramid. duffel bag bodies getting girls, and just be real about it, you fell in love to this cd.

that's why no one gives a fuck about poetry and people hate poems more than they do al sharpton- if you sell it, they will buy it. get money, fuck bitches.

it's like when Lydia Davis said the best day of her life was the blog you wrote about the letter you got from your friend who met Johnny Nash and saw the Oakland Torpedoes, or something.

You always promised yourself you'd make it big. That was the moment of my life. You said, "this is my dream" and then others were there to help you. As it turns out, what the dream felt was exactly what Rihanna was feeling. Soon after, millions knew exactly what Rihanna meant

and remember that time that Nickelodeon show had that episode with the worst day ever and the note in her locker was like, "your embarrassment involves a certain self-importance as if that consciousness means something and exempts you from responsibility, or the experience." Dude, it's so like that.
