

Chapter 1

gestures of the tree
 sang of political art
 the excommunicant behaves like sufficient reason
 over time
 exegesis higher lower gematria
 unesco ex nihilo
 wandering phrase, hands
 of transfer
 thinking you're wrong but you
 know that you're ri-eye-eye-ight
 river came through the first person point of view
 let consciousness fall where it may
 against expressive offering
 touch Montaigne would be
 good goal for Lars von Trier
 peoples seem not to recognize the distinction
 even if leading to ancient alien
 theorists
 inseparable from cultural existence
 both suspicious and intriguing
 political art is hard, a distance
 at home and abroad
 musical propensity accumulates over time (lines there is no
 group)
 "folk" and "lore"
 a receptacle
 partaking and abstracting
 wash the constellation
 fall seminars
 training connected with building what
 would be good goal for you offering individual founders
 (how about poems of/about the body missing absolutely
 everything)
 with finds like this
 you'll pay for your education
 your friends hate memoirs (artha)
 with good theories to ward off
 the most interesting ones
 is a woman's duty
 maintenance of human order
 in the midst of hot air balloon
 anecdotes
 to be posthumous (right now)
 is your greatest desire?
 ask Silliman how he feels, hope he doesn't mention
 thumbs in your anus, even though he
 likes that (and genital soup)
 the point is why does Ron Silliman act so gross?

Chapter 2

means of production little rough right now
 you're not gonna lie
 you can't even be lost

though out of the loop, for confidentiality
 of those who persecute you
 because they're embarrassed of your persecution complex
 is totally the order of the day

eight pachyderms in Pakistan, drone on

proclaim his liberating insight
 suffering, impermanent and lacking any essence

tell me about existence, make it like
 100,000 EVP recordings

his eyes have improved thru transmigration
 by not desiring desire cessation of
 suffering
 in a totally conditioned universe

Buddha, you wrote too little---they cosigned for you

meanwhile, i will masturbate to
 every hot girl in my entire high school

fuck I've turned into Ron Silliman
 (he's a tricky bastard)

especially wrt the memoir
 that's going to be on demand

hunger is really solvable
 (hunger insecurity)

he made a fictional film
 about human trafficking
 we have enough calories, by two

16th century Korean metaphysical
 and ethical debates
 we put the script
 and we've never come back
 from slippery script part of human nature

expression of them (when you aren't them)
 do harm to one's nature

call me and i'll change, it happened
 last time

during most of the Chonson period
 (718 yrs)
 the conservative interpretation
 was in force---

enter the Society of Friends. . .

HIVE

amber honey-colored light
 out of the strong came forth sweetness
 cum grano salis

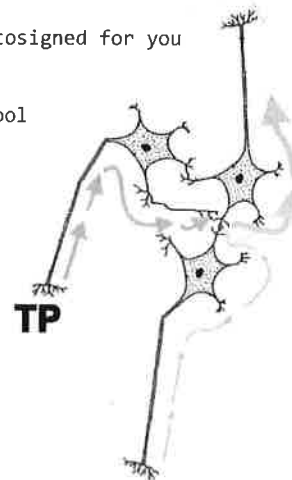
RUST BELT SCULPTORS

this here has a name the explicators say
 aesthetically speaking
 oxidation
 this here is a patina and a natural process
 on the steel

from ALBUMEN

Blank slates don't exist. Only canvases with lots of contours,
 places where colors can hide, where bits of sand and grit and
 cast-off fragments of skin can accumulate. Be careful, then,
 when examining why you do what you do, your hidden motives and
 hobbyhorses. They just might turn out to be treacherous, but not
 in the way steep hillsides are treacherous or the way wild servals
 are treacherous when you keep them in a cage. Instead they can

TO BRAIN



REFERRED PAIN

cause respiratory distress months and even years after the event. They can bring you to your knees and leave you there as if they had struck you with a blunt object. Our capacity to endure pain is trebled in the process but this still leaves it far below the crucial threshold and causes a great deal of amusement among the other life forms that share our planet with us, the round worms and the amoeboids, in particular, who you wouldn't ordinarily consider the sorts of beings capable of mirth. But here again, we have been undone by our own nearsightedness, our tendency to ask questions only after they have become obvious, after the answers to them have become as crucial to our survival as does a canteen of water should we find ourselves afoot in the desert wastes east of Cathedral City. I admire the sharp edges, the desire to make everything within the work seem related to everything else if only by virtue of the fact that all parts of it are similar in appearance and possess angles of more than forty degrees. The work itself seems to float about three feet off the ground, but this, of course, is an illusion, something those charged with its installation had to figure out how to do for themselves because the work did not - so the rumor goes - come with instructions. In fact, no one ordered it, no one had any idea it was on its way. Its arrival caught the entire staff off guard. As a consequence, its creator is not credited. No one knows who its creator might be. The museum's curator doesn't seem to have been comfortable with the designation of "anonymous" either for reasons that may have something to do with the curator's scholarly background, the procedures he learned and adopted while studying overseas. Or it may simply be a matter of not wishing to offend anyone by making assumptions about its creator's intentions, his or her desire to remain out of the picture, on the sidelines, as it were, when the whole world has decided in the meantime to come gawking, has decided the work is the very emblem of everything they have ever found wanting at the center of their barely tolerable existences, everything they have ever wanted so strongly they could taste that wanting, that longing, in their mouths like a sprig of parsley wedged between the teeth.

HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT MANHATTANHENGE? July 11, 2012

I walk down Madison
the long way to the Village looking
for a church but I
see only the Christian
Herald, which is no Jesus

Everything is too cold
with AC and I'm
hoping for a beer.
A mother ropes in
her blue-shirted son:
Pull that out. We just
need to know the address

I cut through Madison
Square Park in case maybe
Casey is taking a nap
on the grass. He isn't
but it's all right. I have
lots of things to do.
But I do stop first
by the colored blobby
sonic sculptures that
he showed me that day
we walked up to Koreatown.
This one is a purple abstract
whale and that one is a nose
sitting on a bench. Nannies
are not sculptures, but
children are kinetic.
Everyone else is lying
down.

Please do not
climb or hang
from the artwork. Thank you.
Have you thought
about 23rd St. recently
and how it is
kind of beautiful?

I don't know what
you can see but I
see the sky over
the East River
and a church tower
in New Jersey. The
White Plains Express
is on time today.
My father was born
in White Plains, I
think. Or
maybe that's where
his father died. It
is hard to keep track.
When his mother
died, they tossed
her notebooks in
dumpsters, along
with the bars that
used to criss
cross her windows.
I am afraid
that this will
someday happen
to me. Can I
tell you my
gmail password?

Georges Perec wrote
as part of Oulipo
but I'm not sure
I even like his *Attempt
at Exhausting a Place
in Paris*, the title
of which I can't quite
remember, even if
Lara recommended it.

On Park Ave. South
there is the Federation
of Protestant Welfare
Agencies all gothic
but it is not a church either.

Down the block
is Calvary-St. George's,
though. On its doorstep
is a white glad bag
of baby blankets
but nary an infant
nary a mother.
Nothing is holy.
A woman in light
pink cropped skinny
pants and camel
wedge sandals enunciates
quickly into her
phone. Her hair
braided like mine,
her walk is synchronized
to the rhythm of
the stranger in
blooming pythonprint
trousers
beside her.
A boy in flipflops,
hair too gelled,
squats the stoop
in his shorts. A bus
pulls up behind me,
the M1, and I can
smell its warm exhaust.
A mother holds a
scooter in one hand,
a little boy's hand
in the other. A black
girl wears a sheer
black dress down

her ankles, belted
red. A large
an in a red shirt
investigates the baby
blankets; his
perky silver braid
signifies his disinterest.
The arched doors
are red too, and a passing
round man's argyle
vest brings out
their topping spires.

from QUINTET DIALOGUES: Translating Introspection

Of saxophone

f9f

of consciousness

existence remains among the *although*

rendering of apparitional

meaning

this

reclusion

writing-on

dropped evolution to

examine guilt of unprogressive spectrums

finding

as the fall engages

term and nonchalant devotion

language becomes the echo of unresponsive revelation

f10f

when visiting the painter

his home was an approbation of

varied temporal allusion

its

tonal collaboration beyond the hand-hand-etc.

delivery of brushed rolling or

impasto connectivity of dimensional

discovery-

the rolling of pulled welcome found

within silence of the neoteric voices

whose gregarious whispers engaged and

controlled the ambulatory signature

of my unanimous reverence, immersed

f11f

elopement of sound s

clarity containing reinvented mores the

belonging of acclimation often absconds

removing the herald's syncopated system

an influence/of memories a light involves

evolved continuation

as when although night becomes then

splayed into onlooking dimensions

finding what has left, the sound s

and fate of introducing newness of

magnetized collaboration

f12f

echo syncing crawl

cradled echelon

eschewed reconfigurations

sameness situating soldered togetherness

in the stone this hurried fractals

compose collaborative un-newness
confined into virtual compositions
entering improvised disingenuous
vowels spelling as do numbers among
abstracted faculties combining esoteric
infatuation and / evoked insinuation

f13f

fluid diameters eventual in the hope
of unharmed blurs

winged bouquets enough this

seem or seeming(ly)

justification to/for/of

renaming collected dust into hands of these hands

top layer holding integrating

oblong motion

from FROM HABEUS CORPUS

Birth of the M.T. Kalashnikov

"We are sentenced to shed the innards
of our itch" is to fault in a frequency
where sweat gathered the lateness of

a revolving door. There was
the undone for sale in this convenience
store. There is an overtaken dust

in a firework, the orchestral score
in a bullet. Your days are on the side
of caution. Your days are numbered,

too. A bookended story off-kilter in
a cumulus toward a sun called cacophonous,
the barrel slants a shifting wave-

A semi-automatic gesture as the horizon
is zeroed & crossed in a breechblock.

"Spaced out, as if they were hanging in
air," M.T. said. You are roaming a room

where a bulb trills light! Until a ripple
shutters the back of a mind! How you are
ringing the odd one around a battery!

At her witness' behest

Say the people I made began to air
out the glass elliptically, say their
names legislated selves in an organ

then bellowed their father's father's
death to me-their cacophony chalked
from bluffs that began with falling

for the pucker in my confession. I was
survived by sowing mistress after
mistress to account for her leaving with

enough petals to drift vertically once
times one times one then to crown
them with the glisten dawn returns

to rime. Say you sought apologies in
place of love, a swarm in every clearing
your cry became-the black & blue

of your refrain. O, this yellowing to
light tomorrow and its charges, rusted
in having used up neither failure, and

oceans going on when likened to those
drowned out, pronominal signs of the
cross to incise one's body as one without.

Say your petals accreted endings, sidereal
glances that say hello, go on as you wish,
say yes it is time, I have never not waited

Sing to me the overtakelessness

of a year and let it swell with ground
upon ground of an evening's burning out
kept beneath the new in every beginning

I called her through—a door she became
once she shut it for her, and how only she
could begin by keeping a wound in

the knocking someone's ending was
trying to be. I strayed into roads rife with
taillights screaming into song; inflamed

with what this city learned to forget
by dwelling in a storm's elsewhere, I sang
her time away with lines bursting

with addresses since a knock syncopated
what was left from the pitter-patter, which
made one heavy with other cities that rose

from a sun's rising hours ago, so her lullaby
was shaped by what she knew of a man
who was less a man and more evenings

spent giving himself to the day, and
how I cradled myself into error then
sang myself into hours counting down

to hers, or how one burns oneself into
effigy was a lie I needed to run out of breath
and become the rumor they wanted

to spread if they were a part of this I
constricted enough to feign another
voice while I waited for a heart-

beat to come upon me and take my place
if place was thought become electric.

Para mejorar la raza

Exhausting my hand while trying to
do language justice was another way
to masturbate as judgment meant another
future without the law on looking toward

a golden time we wore by wearing our-
selves out, and so to sing history as the play
between light and whatever was left
to glisten carelessly on a bed as we figured

horizons on every grimace until I became
my states in the heat without having to
ferment our body with days of our Father
and therefore blurred the work of praise

by laughing off the others until we were dis-
colored enough under the sheets in the spirit
of winter as we were in our dwelling
if dwelling meant making wounds out of

bullets for the darker shade of red as we
were flushed without a punch line in place
if in meant its march, and how I must have
relented from those wounds to become

limitless as day turned electric by speaking
of shade through pus with what remained
in the currency of our coming.

Gameness

I wanted to get out of my own way

yet the way was a game that kept me

wading through a city that could not
be uttered without its wail to sail away on.

Becalmed by what it declared to be a crime
without a home, I forgave its flood over

the storm and waded into its song, which I
sang myself awake with to become spit

I wanted thought to be choked up in.
Then, it sputtered a chorus of losing wombs

it was in when it fought its being born,
so I called it one by making pages that could

turn itself. Yet, I found myself unable to leave
what was uttered without vomiting the belief

I had in my remains and therefore left beyond
each page how tired I was of the lightness

in having already left: I laughed at it and with it
as all around it I became those beginnings

I beat myself into, so again I was out of a time
one was read by and priced my beating:

And again I was peopled with the city I called
to confess for the loss of being here, and so

I swore to step off a roof I had made out of
hiding from a home I could never return.

IT'S TOO BAD

They are all at the big game, and all the cards are made of
snow.

I don't even know how to buy an airplane ticket.
Is it possible that pain has no beginning and no end?
Since your brain got blown away, it's been awhile since I
talked to you. Is it true I am a viaduct of words? World to
world?

The utterance may be the purest literary form. A whisper, the
loveliest.

It's too bad most of us have to die without a bicycle or a baby
wren carried in a cardboard box.

from **CHROMOLUMINARISM**
(ere the Trojan's Lamentation)

*Vix ea fatus erat, cum circumfusa repente
scindit se nubes et in aethera purgat apertum.
Restitit Aeneas claraque in luce refulsit,
os umerosque deo similis...*

-Aeneid I, 586-589

A cold wind blows from the sunset,
That hole in infinite regret,
Revealing Aeneas, body
Glistening in the lifted mist
Of his Carthaginian cloak.

Behold!

Dido, dost your despot's gaze 'rise
In time to catch the waters' gleam
On the Trojan's tattered inseam?
A cold wind trickles from the sun-
Set, blight, hole in infinite space.

I,

Low Carthaginian tailor,
Father of thirty-three, more or
Less, do protest, though the words stick
Like excess stuffing in the throat
Of my regrettably (though well-

atched) visible coat

flapping in

the white spray

Nauseous like the rest,

The brush of Venus bends the light
Around the grim storyteller,
The warrior, and motley kin.

His story sickens.

via negativa

A flower of *via negativa*
Blossoms only as the last petal falls.
One summer, a girl made the acquaintance
Of a certain Areopagite whom

She liked to call "Pseudo." It suited him.
He held his cloak tightly; it hugged his form
Like the hanging moss on a dead chapel,
Like the stubborn skin of a vulture's meal.

He opened worlds to her by withholding
All she had not seen, all her hamlet hid
From her, all the holocaust of harmless
Life lived from the outside had denied her.

The dry heat made her wild. She cursed the world
But the Areopagite sucked marrow
From its bones. *Mystery of the blue sky,*
I open my breast to thee and thine heirs.

as I crossed a bridge of dreams

The burden of the valley of vision:

Lady Sarashina, on pilgrimage
To meet Avalokitesvara, her
Lord in the soft rain, her bodhisattva,
Her spark in the cathedral of matchsticks,

(A simple story, simply told)

Halts the caravan beside a thin stream
And looks into the clear waters of Tyre
Now befouled by the filth of the harlot
Of the five high governors of the king

Whose kingdom, bound only by the limits
Of his vision, cleaves this and that, dissolves
The world (a simple story, simply told)
In a rain which many hoped would not end.

Lady Sarashina, pulling back her
Long sleeves, cups her hands in the chill water,
Examines the bowl of her painted face
And perceives that this, too, is emptiness.

The burden of the valley of vision.

THIRTY-THREE POEMS

I. THE BIRTH OF THE ABOMINABLE CHILD

though the eye can be clothed, forever naked, the eyelid cannot
be clothed

II. RUNGS ON A LADDER

steps ("is-ness") to the monastery, numbered in the thousands

III. BELIEVING HIMSELF IMMORTAL

the only redeeming quality of the mess was its relative nature

IV. CHAMELEON ON THE BOULEVARD

bees swarm a garbage can here, man flung into space there

V. MAGENTA HAIREED VIRGIN

her bedroom was the land of flying saucers for a fortnight

VI. ANGELA OF FOLIGNO

it all became easier when her whole family died

VII. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

the Moslem Empire blazes like a jewel-encrusted jack-o'-lantern
to the east

VIII. ANSELM OF CANTERBURY

transcendence-transcended-transcended-transcended-transcended

IX. THE BLACK LION MEETS THE SLEEPING GYPSY

her limp body, yet with all the pleasure his gaping jaws can
muster

X. THE UNROLLING OF THE SCROLL

watching the disbelief in the old man's expression, one easily
loses oneself

XI. TURQUOISE HAIREED VIRGIN

all the best lovemaking happens in the siren light on the tops
of cop cars

XII. MASKS OF THE FANTASTIC

underneath the river sediment lies a tunnel, they call it a
waste of space

XIII. THE BLACK LION MEETS HIMSELF ON THE ROAD

something switches places with something else—suddenly the
clockworks are smooth

XIV. WISE BEYOND HIS FEELERS

there is something you should know—yes?—I'm your first original
thought in years

XV. WATER VERSUS THE ROCKS

angels on television will affirm Satan if the sponsors demand a
ratings boost

XVI. EYE EXAM

congratulations! you did a very nice job of keeping your eye on
the arbitrary distraction

XVII. THE NIGHT OF THE ACT

ninety-eight, ninety-nine. . .just then, a loutish pounding at
the unlatched door

XVIII. THEY CALL HIM LEGION

Albertus Magnus and one or two flunkies, and that is Europe

IXX. GRATUITOUS SONG OF THE NIGHTINGALE

the joyous season happens only once every thousand millennia

XX. STRANGE HAND SIGNALS IN THE GLOBAL MARKETPLACE

"levitating stones isn't going to cut it this time. . ."

XXI. BLUE HAired VIRGIN

the floating world is now within your reach, O spawn of dreamt-up dragonflies

XXII. SOMEONE TOLERATED IT FOR TOO LONG

billowing like the hidden hand of history from some unseen censor

XXIII. A THEORY OF TIME STAGNATION

"the hired help" stare for hours into the yawning mouths of pampered tigresses

XXIV. WHITE SCEPTERS CROSSING BLACK TELEPHONE LINES

magicians used to advertise openly on billboards, yes

XXV. BUBBLES OF THE REAL

the Black Lion travels the terrain like he created it

XXVI. A CARPET OF SNOW FOR EVERY DREAMER

a whitewash of snow for a wall in absence of a soft pillow to call one's own

XXVII. FLOWING TAPESTRY OF THE GODHEAD

my God my God it's the one thing I'd never imagined imagining so poorly

XXVIII. WAR BATON CALLED A WAND

it smells of war once more down at the widow's pet's overgrown grave stone

XXIX. BELIEVING HERSELF IMMORTAL

at the twentieth or thirtieth wrist-slash I think I experienced a breakthrough

XXX. HYPERCUBE

at the fabled oak gates of the forest of paradise

XXXI. THE DIGITAL LIBRARY

at the wink of an eye, vast segments of the planet's data

XXXII. THE DEATH OF THE HORNED CHAMELEON

simultaneously all the telepaths the world over swooned for joy

XXXIII. TEN BILLION VIRGINS

bridegroom and bride in the white vortex alive

BIRTH PANGS

At the hour of our awakening

Birds fall from heaven like jet engines

The money lining our pockets
Singes the loose threads-Syria

Feels the sting of lost Damascus
At the hour of the cusp of dawn

But what's this to the little wood
Buddha behind the heating pipes?

The money lining our pockets
Singes the loose threads-Israel

Who art thou? Following the trail
Of loose change, we find the answer

In a bed of Logos, Buddha
On the street corners, in the fog

But what's sleep to a synchronized
Beat of police horns, subway trains,

And brash electronic music
At the hour of awakening?

CONFIDENCE

On what ground does the spider walk?

Is it a web of his own weave,
A tightrope above a chasm
Of which the spider knows nothing?

The predatory instinct thrives
On floating, invisible ground.

The fly is surely struck by the
Spider's unflinching confidence.

THE BIRTH OF LIQUID DESIRES

behind eyes all sharp myriads
Herr Bibliothekarius
ciphery & unashamed
tells himself

SLIPWAY (13 samples)
08/14/2012 - 09/14/2012

the bucket inverts
attends to invention
full-stop liquor
weeps as a health
mindful that memory
burdens abundance
his limbs that lather
dissolve as thrust
as rust is for keeps
ending in scorch
a burnt truth
on a lilliput wind
spurned by candle
torchlight cathected
as here he lusts

the slightest gullet
gulps for truth
humors the dazed
sidereal spider
fraught with repose
no cause for virulence
ex post facto
we think to atone
a public sample
claws the leash
leads on to marriage
en-flower by fate
mathematically so
she'll lick dew
escort the copious

experience pieces
many local wholes
tents for desert
as scattered songs
as sheep principles
cutthroat scruples
the plotting force
surgical airstrikes
years winnowed
intoned on the tongue
the share department
a snubbed denotative
the mysterious liminal
button-down-howl
of an A 1 assault

sequined mindfully
a bright gleam

remembrance on tap
finds this laterally
a sort of death scope
off-the-cuff crying
-temporary dress
end of a stressed
miniature doll head
twilight tympani
cradled with noise
child ignorance
toy bits to remember
having destroyed
what hush says

what I mean
by a nudge a traction
the symbolic trip
harnessed onroad
creaking in stays
as off we gallop
for the city we love
completely hidebound
oblivious to analysis
to the bridge load
how we skin sniff
evening's innuendo
dripping tugging
hollering causing
naïf blindness

it was marble
tip tap glass so
spin spun anatomy
ascensional bright
embalmed harmony
for an elevator
and roof horizon
o yes little finisher
I end where I gaze
the streaky profile
still feels forbidden
edge of point
shy twilight curlew
sand toward pyramid
agreeably sunset

imbecilic to call
your impressionable
personable hopscotch
un-translatable usage
digression works
few horseflies
worsen the wall

fixed to a gaze
only you walk
a fast fingerprint
denatured of artifact
franked for style
so shallow hearted
sourced by flight
stripped of wing

surface reflection
and rock bottom
-cloud the eye
self fabricate as
super-surfaces
double inter-
subjectivity before
an oar enters
and implements
where the thud
where the beat
melts the plunge
else the livid
squalor swamps
intended depth

look and dash
excrecently smartly
as planet mouse
baked in a pie
another topic
tricks into being
layered leathers then
make tough handles
two to a trunk
more for a portmanteau
- money pockets
avaricious are trusts
acidify and wheeze
what she actuates
snuffed from view

years face forever
if sex loveliness
survive sad days
palpate the vitreous
speak the ground
this driven gravel
she without requiem
who we might bloom
leaf against leaf
surplus possession
our way to lift
attentive as shade
bodies laid bare
o loin of memory
insurgent today

the love item
each cloud-strike
the aura you cast
how vast | minuscule
so one-to-another
unlike torn stems
razed by a blow
of scattershot
shifts the current
why the babble mints
scents the trout
as the brook olivine
brightly fragments
thrillingly undressed
no one shames

the network
floreit is always
phatic socialized
nice-right-now
but does it unfold
spider forthwith if
hereafter in wonder
lilacs in bed bud
content creators
virtual assistants
or restore prey
each web semantic
a blooming date
a chance corsage
your name caught

hyphae equate
behind love's eye
self-suckled threads
drop ground-ward
night clusters
cross-crab starless
mycelial mists but
deliquesce
for the affixed
degree of stuck
as earth garble
shifts pom pom
submits to delicacy
as strain is sucked
from other frenzies

is
insect poet
ciphery & unashamed
hidden dainty from storm

his story's axe men
ciphery & unashamed
overstay their welcome

his tale's rose,
antique and
festival-drowsy,
is everywhere
ciphery & unashamed

MY FELL ORATION

knit dat creamy stuff, Marine!
knit it wit' all the good-going forced-going shooting she'd stand:
"part grotesque is longer of more now" - Marcus Aurelius Antoninus

here were children sealed in their lighthearted gait too eternal
O in that pale corner their motto listened rightly
nightly unhooked possessiveness dry-futile in her apartment plums

movies trembling like they was treats speculative-crisp & lock-boxed
like they was ripe to pluck my fell oration like it was a sleeve
in the FUTURE they'll return, celluloid cheeks dragged with padlocks!

MAGNIFYING PROPERLY FASCINATION

bashful wilderness resorted to theatre
shrill elegance, conspicuous residence
discovered lucubration amid asylum

mention given exclamation, tenderly mentioned
the theatre walks ignorant and thoughtless
behave, compunction wrongfully operated!

VESSEL I: Drain Tile

I heard a faucet drip--this structure called
house: some timbers shingles & pipes
water through them an arterial form
of knowing

plumbing collapse some
nights we lie in bed & can't sleep
b/c liquid on steel is just too loud
why I didn't move to the right
the colander a little

we've become
comfortable in non-silence the tapping
stifles our breathing & any utterances
that might pass for conversation but not
our petitions

we measure our wait
below ceiling's seep you lied & said
that wasn't an issue: above the bed
molding discolored

our weight's measure
sags of plaster

AORTA: Systole

buzzing interrupts bed-silence: we have
commitments today despite new snow
warm cats & naked distractions we
we must go

our alarm senses as much
it hates itself & the mirror too but only
a.m.'s which often come after
our first waking actions

I believe

those should always feel like that half-
imagined place which is so close
to being as a ghost

AORTA: Diastole

would you describe the sun's taste as cracked
through blinds we keep closed this bright
oppressive sometimes

we seek drizzle days
our lovemaking best to gutters' soundtracks
tires on wet asphalt
our rolled shoulders retire

I gleaned a corner where my thumb covered
the light & that keeps us bed-ridden too
much shadow for the walls also seem plain
featureless finger

how would you explain
form w/o for this is a matter of dust
playing in split beams

still atoms slow
tired as puddles despite their best
stirrings to grow

VALVE: Red Meat

I'll cut against the grain just once to feel
resistance in sinew & gristle

will be too tough so I'll turn to
how the blade slices easy through even bone

we'll wonder at what I did say & know
desire was what I didn't

your mouth makes a perfect O always
clumsy to the forked morsel

in that way desire in preponderance
lips' smacking silence

what I will say resonated because
that's why you knew & take me in

from SLOPE

She is ready: a nonchalant bull's-eye. She is not *actually*
awaiting him.

It's not that he *chooses* to be a jerk; he can't actually *do*
anything about this. His body is his personality: gray to darker
gray. There is no physical way for him to jack off, so, when he
is aroused he goes to her. His role regarding her is biologically
defined. The cavity in his mouth aches: compels him to lick
her clit and anus, stay with her, court her until, nervously,
she pees into his mouth. He drinks her pee to test pheromone
activity: to see if she is ready for him. What is her excretion
indicative of? He asks his question of her body directly: hidden
tractions brought to a forefront by physical presence.

Biologically prone to being *too* aggressive, he is certainly not
born to cuddle. He shoves his tract into her and his penis hardens
without increasing in size: not much fun for her. Exchange is
covert and even though his dick does not engorge, she can feel
him there; he has forced himself in. Her tail bends to the side.
Her whole body stiffens. He usually only forces himself into
her one or two times. Coordinating overlap, he hopes the limits
of his physical power (he can't stay up on two legs, keeping
her body in one place and stiff for very long) don't eventually
render him unable to complete his task.

She feels irritation after he pulls out. She pees again to get
the feeling of him, and his excess sperm out of her. She is caught
in this, she feels. Though her body says it is ready, she is
also, always, just looking forward to returning to the grass. She
likes her neck bent down and loose much more than when everything
about her is suddenly turned rigid: her stiffness to meet the
stiffness of his frame.

The dramatic slope on the back of his neck is eye-catching: even she notices it, and frankly, she's not really *that* into him. As she and the other heifers meander around the fields, it is *that* slope (and not his little, impending dick) that make them feel safe.

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

For Immediate Release
Monday, January 23, 2012
Museum-Go-Round

Neighborhood of Make-Believe. Lady Elaine Fairchilde, proprietor and tenant of the Museum-Go-Round for decades, admits to being a lesbian after many years of silence on the issue. Now age 89 Lady Fairchilde, known for her appearances on *Mr. Rogers' Neighborhood* on the Public Broadcasting System from 1968 to 2001, decided to speak publicly on this issue, saying, "I want to prevent more gay teenagers from commenting on sewer side. Having been a bully my entire life, I feel I need to speak out." Lady Fairchilde resides with her beloved and durable Boomerang-Toomerang-Zoomerang, and like her dear friend the late Fred Rogers ("the only man whose hand I ever let inside me") she remains a life-long vegetarian.

For Immediate Release
Tuesday, February 7, 2012
Roman Catholic Diocese of Trenton

Trenton, N. J. David O'Connell, Bishop of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Trenton and former president of The Catholic University of America, issues a strong warning to Governor Chris Christie, a fellow Catholic, on confirmed rumors about the Governor's behavior at Mass, which he attends frequently at an unnamed church within the diocese. Bishop O'Connell is responding to complaints by priests, parishioners, and other concerned members of the faithful that during Communion Governor Christie often goes up for seconds or even thirds in gross violation of Canon Law.

For Immediate Release
Sunday, February 26, 2012
Psychic Friends Network

Englewood, N. J. Popular singer and television star Dionne Warwick announces that in the wake of the untimely death of her younger cousin Whitney Houston earlier this month she has become closer to Houston in death than she had been in life. Citing estrangement in recent years from the troubled younger singer, Warwick claims that she is in constant contact with her now in the Psychic Friends Network, for which television program Warwick was the host through much of the 1990s. "We are in a good place," they both agree.

PROPOSAL FOR A TATTOO

T A T T O O

A LOVE LETTER FROM BERND JÜRGEN BRANDES TO ARMIN MEIWES
MISTAKEN FOR AN INSULT

Eat my dick.

SANTA IS COMING

I

Sandy is sandy
and watery, wet
Sandy surges and causes surges
at the causeway, the berm
is bro-
ken
water wets
whitecaps wave at you

sand sits in your living room
six feet high
surrounded
towns surrounded water
under water wet
why?

II

Santa = Sandy
/ / / /
/ / / /
/ / / /
/ / / /
/ / / /
/ / / /
/ / / /

III

Sandy blows
and she has an app to fuck you up the ass
Sandy blasts sandy blasts
pines pitch bend
winds wail
oaks, maples all
fall
fill flood
power pulses
taps out
t t ts
psss...
live longer in _____.

NOTE: Sandy is the nickname for the Italian female name Santa.

RANDOM APPEAL OF CHEATING

Mother's brilliant name exhausted by the ages.
Her voice burns off the flesh of the clouds.

Knowing best undone kindnesses hurt, calm
daily doubts from a cliff sits on the kitchen table.

Adored boxes of swaddled beliefs in the dollar,
the nieces, and licks of blackberry pie.

Spider in the sink as fearful as needle in the
hummus. Life enters eyes where tears come out.

Can I just throw out an example of the 'reposts' and 'shares'
with a pictures and scary text beneath it... can I do this just
once, as a way to say, "Hey, your post, if you follow the thread,
the names, check the group, look up its involvement with other
special interests groups - it is evident the agency is actually
absolute shit,?" Just doing this randomly, sorry; keep on re-
sharing.

so this: "Share" if you know ObamaCare is a failure!
The ObamaCare Job Graveyard - where good jobs go to die. <http://bit.ly/12t5CVz>

Leads to this: FreedomWorks as a "grassroots service center" =
it is a 501(c)(3) AND a 501(c)(4). That's cool - it is common
for nonprofits who want to lobby to also claim 501(c)(4) status.
Okay, then: FreedomWorks for America, a super PAC, was created,
and took up residence in the same office as the rest of the
FreedomWorks family = FreedomWorks, the 501(c)(4), has given the
super PAC \$1.4 million -- nearly half of the \$3 million that
FreedomWorks for America had raised through Jan. 31.

Okay okay, so everyone deals with lobbyists. "26 Dec 2012 Former
House Majority Leader Dick Armey (R-Texas), who abruptly resigned
as head of Tea Party group FreedomWorks, brought in an assistant
with a gun in an apparent coup attempt at the group."

What else about Dick? "Armey, who once referred to fellow
Rep. Barney Frank as "Barney Fag," lost his temper during an
appearance with Salon editor in chief Joan Walsh on MSNBC's

dball Wednesday, and lashed out, saying:

I am so damn glad that you could never be my wife, 'cause I surely wouldn't have to listen to that prattle from you every day."

Okay, but he's no longer in charge, right? So now they've got Kibbe. "How much donated money is spent on Matt Kibbe's 6 figure salary (it is 6 figures, isn't it?), his medical insurances, expense account and all the other "officials" salaries and perks in like organizations?"

Also, you can check their expenditures and news about members: <http://www.opensecrets.org/outsidespending/detail.php?cmte=C00499020&cycle=2012>

The site also lists details about politicians you may hate and call 'socialists' even though, you know, that's not logical. But it is there, in case you wanted to critically evaluate an article you read by doing a little background reading.

tender as flesh
in weakness
held
close

I CANNOT IMAGINE YOU

so blue, fading at my wrist
the shadowing tide standing forth
straining with no exception.
His eyes pull at his waist
rising above the ocean
squashed to molecules that rule the cellular sun
solitude important only where he stands.
Let's hide out beneath the world
the rest of the light shaven in husks.
His face is beyond memory and literal movement
the hum of an orange forgotten like grapes.
I want to become emptiness,
so I can live inside
tissue that imports a compass
helping me to fly.
His eyes come very hard
believing where time has crossed
I did not know him when I wept.
I only imagined blue houses
perfumed organically,
ingrained and faded without walls.

FIONA

Take this with you, she says
to remember me
Golden beads glitter in her hands
It's so magic, she says
from a secret treasure.
The sky of navy velvet
becomes a bridge burning in abandon.
Small blooms are fit for a king
this is for daddy.
In the sun's corrosion
the old fashioned roses bloom when we are gone
sequins in rapture under our stare.

from :0- BETWEEN THE -0: OFFERTORY GHOST MONTH
Burning this sending it to them

In some being there of tabulated parts, where lists arise, sorry there for duties, an addition tests the time. An older style returns. There are milder smells and tastes. Many are treated for lay conditions. Some are milked for excess. A few squirm, uncomfortably. The days are long, but streets and tempers are short. Sun is on the seats, but so is puddled water. Ambivalence circles in smoke rings.

0

Each pointed naturally and must find its rest advantage when emerging. As the spray behind the dutiful wheel, each point should be transmitted through form, finding a maximum assertion in

the establishment of an associated act, and the mystery of that adaptive connection -

0

It is the strumming of morbid grease which called it up, it was built brick by brick from crematory ash, and questioned seemingly an opposing state of legitimacy - even in surrounding labyrinth of shrubs, the message coached in low sentiments and reaction, lost when looking down, raising the eyes above so to see across the glade, there is the diagonal which moves forward, legs of opposition.

0

Webbed fingers reminds it lives on web toed fowl - resonance the skin tipped spear avenges the poison dart frog on the rest - often twisted in ironic match, natural, and forced pairing -, insipid points are uncountable between a binary.

0

import tune | driving down the ponce
pictures flex | beats release burst
punch holes | a cup between
pressed rounds | dimples force folds
toxins rise | skimmed milk pods
acid pond | to drink the venom
black snake | double bulks
should hold in | holding water balloon
pushed on | the wire hose burned
bound flame | flaccid dermatology
found blind | underscore bile tone
foam bladder | parched gum above
wide wand | she buried water
blender passed | path to tomorrow
soil caps | glass floss, fiber
dream dawn | flower reunion wax
sea flash | strange unwalking
weightless mass | skin pan lamplight
massless matter | binding the knees
folded mends | contacted dynamo shafts
do not phase | vast, long, separated
three sided | triangle phasing signs
heart channel | tunnel core wire
frozen unit | zinc flavored
chalk taste | conical reverse bumpers
posed dry | seasoned mark
secret wheel | was to oppose

from OBERON, WHISPERING

Let him imitate the Wisdom of Solomon

Only the red tunic has no significance. All other elements—the buskins, the orb, the scepter—are history, symbol, the ritual of it. The red tunic has only use for warmth, and so we disregard it on our coronation day.

We are King Charles Stuart of England, the Supreme Head of the Church of England, the locus of all the power and holiness in England and her domains. What would be the use of the tunic? There is the warmth of Heaven in our sacred blood.

*On that final day, you will wear two shirts. You fear they will notice you shivering.
Just three days shy of twenty four years, it will seem so much colder.*

borne by the Barons of the Cinque Ports

Our father, James, once began here too. He had left us in Scotland, then, because we were young and sickly. We were Father's second son.

The first son, Henry, tall and strapping Henry, looked more regal than we. When we were a child, Henry teased us and said he would make us Archbishop when he became king, so that the robes would cover our buckling, brittle legs. Henry died shortly thereafter.

With the death of our Father, we are made King.

This is the nature of monarchies. God shifts his favor, from Saul to David, so that the banners of all great nations of the world will surround Him.

Edward the Elder, r. 899-924. Failed to thwart rebellion.
 Edmund I, r. 939-936. Stabbed to death by a thief.
 Edward the Martyr, r. 975-978. Murdered by his nobles.
 Harold Godwinson, r. 1066. On the battlefield, against the Normans.
 Richard I, the Lionheart, r. 1189-1199. In France, betrayed by his brother.
 Edward II, r. 1307-1327. Bled to death internally-hot poker inserted into his fundament.
 Richard II, r. 1377-1399. Starved to death as a prisoner.
 Henry VI, r. 1422-1461, 1470-1471. Executed in the Tower of London.
 Edward V, r. 1483. Smothered to death in his sleep by his uncle, Richard III.
 Richard III, r. 1483-1485. On the battlefield, impaled by a Welsh pikeman.
 Jane Grey, r. 1553. Beheaded.
 Charles I, r. 1625-1649. Beheaded.

from HERE, WHICH IS ALSO A PLACE

We don't mean anything. We never did.
 We tire or grow distracted;
 We aren't really here
 When we're here. It's perplexing.

What would I have wanted
 To say to them, if they had been here,
 I mean really, not just present
 But implicated in the surroundings?

Being here really palpably
 In the marrow of living-
 Is that something I have achieved
 Or you, dear reader?

AN ATHEISM OF PRAIRIES

every second of OUR minuet
 IS danced
 live with vegetables

a human complex
 a granite BODY made
 from waterfalls
 a great cloud of grasshoppers
 ELUSIVE and evasive
 TURTLES
 another room
 of grasshoppers

another poem
 another species of FORM
 another angle of the moon
 the angelic form OF atheism
 the WAY many clouds move
 a sky

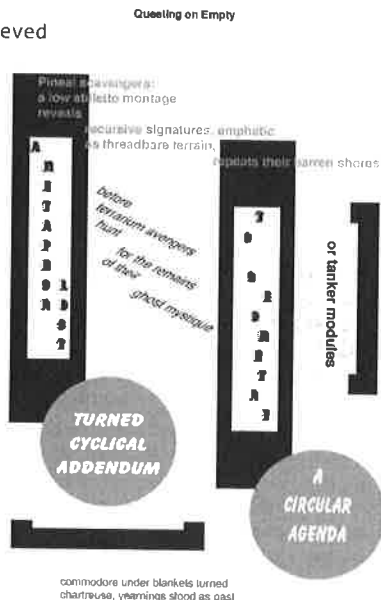
so where ARE you
 on what hand glider
 away from ALL this
 wind of mighty
 lands
 water to buoy us up in THE mud

we are in this together
 about the earth
 rotates through its dance STEPS and the dance
 is MAD and through the snow
 through the desert and
 on the subway and on my ghetto cloud
 and in PLACE of pi
 the ecstasy

from STAGGERING TO THE STARTING LINE: ON STAMMERING

Start over.

Having not gotten there yet, beginning perhaps with I, not an I
 unfurling important statements and not even an I of I-- I-- I--
 but I (), I (), I (). Or making it farther along
 the curved line of declaration into I need to (), I need to



(), or I just wanted () but having to stop, reconsider
 rework the line to subtract the I and begin again with something
 more solid, something like "This is not going to stop."

This is not going to stop.

from SONGBIRD AND THE AVATAR

The State of the English Language in the 21st Century

Tweet 1

The candle of your lip
 Twitters oft—"Shock! Surprise!"
 The flicker of a fire
 From a lighter you wield
 Is lighter than the sun's
 Helium-rich yield

Tweet 2

There's no surprise, really-
 You'll toss it out without
 Fanfare or contrition
 When that lighter's friction
 Fails to produce the
 Anticipated spark

Fash(ion)ism

Fashion is the steel trap
 Luring so many girls-
 Pretty and self-aware-
 Down the bottomless pit

Like the apple cider
 Vinegar to the fruit
 Fly-fashion fascism-
 A sweet bottomless pit

The girls on the runway-
 Falsely denoting flight-
 Downward-bound instead-all
 Down the bottomless pit

Idolatry

The day the towers fell
 Was the day I became
 Maldoror in earnest

I was only thirteen-
 My blossoming bod' was
 Proceeding apace-then-

Disneyland was aglow
 In blue television
 Of photosynthesis

Maldoror with tits just
 As he would have liked it-
 I'm sure he'd have like it

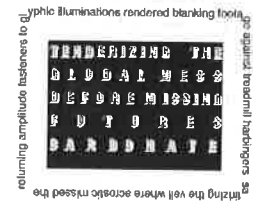
Now I'm cutting them off
 With a shard of cockpit
 Over several weeks

Angelina Jolie-
 Objectless object, queen
 Of my idolatry

I've got one hanging by
 A thread. I was thirteen
 The day the towers fell

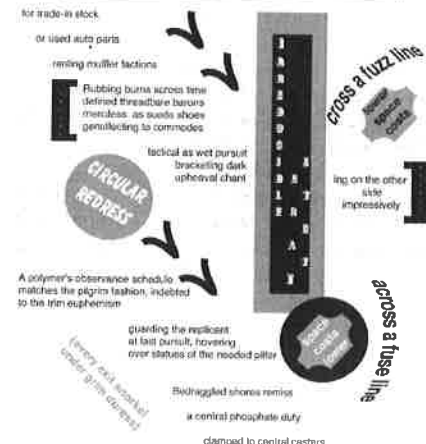
Song of the Land of Many Hills

In the fat shopping bags swinging
 Like pendulums or guillotines



embossing doctrine hammers where little metaphors
 passed clearing restrictions divested figure plaster
 for trails of broken modules seeking the cavern whose
 cistern blessings erase the bulbar that caused across
 the raving oracles placing themselves ahead of time

AMASSING FUTURES



PLANTED AMONG THE PHOSPHOR OF MODULE TANKARDS

a wary grip receding from critical juncture alloys threadbare as decayed
 nuance farmers spicing the rarer cuts bubble mortgage to lower cases where
 threadbare signatures despite the run to irreducible spaces despite tactics
 against whitecave parchments tender as the right to bare knaggle sweepstakes



stillto avengers:
 a low montage of threadbare terrain
 reveals barren shores

of modules tanking

in from those wobbly noodle arms
e found, when investigated,
il weapons of mass destruction
A girl could want in this lifetime
All biological weapons
She could hope to aim at father
Weakness, it seems, has never been
Known by the weeds no matter how
Many cobblestones you cover
In concrete and poltergeist puke
Little weeds burst forth from the cracks
& all the biological
Weapons of SoHo you can find
Don't deny the weeds existence

The hills of *Mannahatta* lie
In wait, their stomachs sucked in like
The shoppers of SoHo with their
Respirators—the Oedipal
Wracks—I lie naked in moonlight
Upon the hills as the weeds creep
Up my skin, thin white wires curl
About my neck as I bite down

Metaphysical Song

Caught you sexting with a girl—In the
Our-leaf clover field I caught you sexting
In alpine air—signals turn to crystal
Up there—I caught you sexting with a girl

Spied you lying with a screen—In the
Ungeon-networked dark I spied you lying
With words askew—what *Lonesome avatars*
Don't do—I spied you lying with a screen

Saw you gazing through a glass—In the
Dawning *Logos* dawn I saw you gazing
At swollen cheek—one last concession to
The meek—I saw you gazing through a glass

Fear you're mesmerized by light—In the
Bureaucratic queues I fear you're Mesmer
By unseen whores—a smart phone vendor on
The *fours*—I fear you're mesmerized by light

RUSSELS

Swamp, Village, City, Iris
Museums stuffed, dinosaurs
Pissing girl, pissing boy
Cathedral, chorus, Ode of Joy
We are Brussels. Lower your shields, surrender yourself.
Resistance is futile.
Pentagon, small ring, Leopold,
Louise, Haren, Laeken. Hold!
Order-over-heembeek.
Who to assimilate next? Strombeek
Anderloo, Braine, Rode or Anderlecht?
We are Brussels. Lower your shields, surrender yourself.
Resistance is futile.
Ratifications, Revolution, Frenchification, EU
We are Brussels. Lower your shields, surrender yourself.
Resistance is futile.
Mudelaire, Blanc and Boulanger
They fled here due to grave danger
Jacques Louis David
Printed and ran, vite vite vite
Mas, Hugo and Proudhon too
They wrote around here a book or two
More than there was Rodin
Bourse - they say - enfin
Sculpted nudes to feed his kin
Africa - Asia, the original sin
Writer and trader of coffee and tea
Welcome the writer Multatuli
Alain, Rimbaud poetically rebelled
Zouls and Marx, even got expelled

We are Brussels. Lower your shields, surrender yourself.
Resistance is futile.
Brel, Bertrand and Thielemans
Let's here it, any fans?
and yeah (oh God) Marc Dutroux
He's on my list of people too
Erasing evil with the Singing Nun
She sang until her cross was hung
Audrey Hepburn film-dream mythology
Lévi-Strauss structural anthropology
We are Brussels. Lower your shields, surrender yourself.
Resistance is futile.
Peyo drew smurfs
Hergé Tintin
Poelaert buildings, eclectic sin
The list goes on
with Tits and Tome
Spaak, Toussaint, Van Damme, Tramont
van Istendael, Vesalius too
Impressive, isn't it, this who's who.
We are Brussels. Lower your shields, surrender yourself.
Resistance is futile.
Arno, Barnard, Béjart and Brouwers
Brueghel, Bucquoy with his panties with flowers
Erasmus, Horta, Hoxha, Magritte
Merckx, the Canibal, are also in this heat
Solvay, the chemist, the business, but, look
van der Weyden, Van Gogh, yeah Vincent, and van Ruysbroeck
HUB, VUB, ULB
Erasmus and Saint-Louis
The officers of the military
We are Brussels. Lower your shields, surrender yourself.
Resistance is futile.
Old politics, new politics, unemployment, gay,
Magreb, Congo, the US and the UK
Russia, China, Asia, Africa,
intercultural monologue, asylum seeking algebra
We are Brussels. Lower your shields, surrender yourself.
Resistance is futile.
advertize
africanize
americanize
arabize
balkanize
barbarize
bastardize
colonize
colorize
commercialize
communalize
demonize
dogmatize
dramatize
emotionalize
eroticize
europeanize
feminize
fetishize
feudalize
fossilize
ghettoize
legalize
merchandize
patronize
penalize
radicalize
stigmatize
terrorize
trivialize
urbanize
vandalize
victimize
vulgarize
compromise
USS Enterprise
We are Brussels. Lower your shields, surrender yourself.
Resistance is futile.
Bashing, slashing, attacking and winning
Parliaments, governments, Councils and predicaments

Ministries, committees, agencies, communities,
 Asylum seekers, NGO's, Representatives and fugitives,
 Journalists, socialists, communists,
 economists, anarchists, lobbyists,
 politicians, physicians, doctors, nurses,
 diplomats, bureaucrats, eurocrats, curses
 We are Brussels. Lower your shields, surrender yourself.
 Resistance is futile.
 We are Brussels. Lower your shields, surrender yourself.
 Resistance is futile.
 We are Brussels. Lower your shields, surrender yourself.
 Resistance is futile.
 We are Brussels. Lower your shields, surrender yourself.
 Resistance is futile.
 We are Brussels. Lower your shields, surrender yourself.
 Resistance is futile.

mulogeny, meatusfoetus, mola,
 intermissolonghi, cluster maps,
 pinktoe, incilius periglenes,
 sailor jerry tattoos, the yeasayers
 alp, i ls: c, the demise of
 sunnyside, i wasn't waiting,
 blurst, blurst it out, impeach
 yourself, fucking during wartime,
 roxwork, roxworld, jewelrox,
 chiquita sticker maker dot
 com, enlightenment films,
 metatropism, gender disorders,
 intermediary sexes, bartholin's
 gland, human experiences came,
 psychobiological, demagogic
 fire speech, a bath-house affair,
 engage in the construction of
 historical, the sensorium lab,
 kinesthetic perception,
 mortar eggs, time well spent,
 e-labour, gateway detroit,
 meta-eraser, nervous joy,

Thoughts while staring at coffee brewing: okay, the movie
 'twins'... I'm not Googling this. The ending-don't they find
 out their mother let a bunch of scientists play around in her
 uterus (take that to mean whatever you want), orchestrate some
 lab twin study, and make it so Schwarzenegger ends up Austrian
 with political ambitions, whereas DeVito is inclined toward
 criminality and Philadelphia? Then, DeVito is all distressed,
 they find their mom doing watercolors in some scientific sterile
 commune, and she's all, "I love you guys; look at this picture of
 your dads but I'm going to be ambiguous as to whether I had sex
 with them because. Virginity." They all hug and dress alike and
 have more twins and are totally fine with their mom letting some
 academics fiddle with her eggs? I feel like that movie may be the
 cause of my hatred for watercolor paintings.

TWO LOVERS ONE SATURDAY AFTERNOON IN A DINER

Jubilate without their techno toys?
 They finger themselves into anonymity
 Passionless play with anonymous partners
 "Damn", the interjection of dismay
 Of thumbed wunderkind hitting the wrong input key
 to another's destruction
 or an empty-headed #Tweet sucked up by a faux fan.

They separate themselves,
 zygote not to be born
 only biologically dividing by imperative.
 The kitchen table
 once a gathering place,
 now a passing place.
 Where norms are poignant loss and eyeless exchange
 and mindless outpourings
 yelling, hit the enter key
 do not revise,
 no backspace only delete.

She picks up her head briefly
 Pawksatawny Phil coming out for an airing
 "Pass the ketchup," she blurts.
 His radar finds it and he passes it to her.
 "Thanks" she mumbles into her @iPhone
 Fingers dancing a kinetic jig across the keypad--
 More words lost in the barren wasteland
 between them a monument to the mute
 and a mountain of vacuous inanity.

THE STUFF WHOSE LIGHT HAS GOT HERE

Vespers on top of the bowling alley
 ridgepole. Incense smoke in the Flame
 Azaleas. Pileated in the maple.
 The goddess of doves. The female
 Zeus. Male and female raindrops
 mingle. A lyre, a sponge, a loaf of bread.
 Great white rock, crane, gray wolf, buzzard.
 It's either a plover or a whale. Whales
 are the epic poets of the sea. As
 thyme is to incense. As cynicism
 to Angostura bitters. A cheetah
 is a cat that wants to be a dog. It's
 like a greyhound. A glass hurricane.
 A single magpie is an unlucky omen
 for the angler. The mushroom is the
 tree of life. Executed for harnessing
 to his chariot animals reserved for the king.
 Justice crossed the Emperor. By means
 of a gentle heat all is subdued.

- | | |
|---------------------------|---|
| Alan Ramón Clinton | from <i>Withdrawal Concerns</i> |
| Christopher Mulrooney | hive - Rust Belt sculptors |
| Chuck Freeland | from <i>Albumen</i> |
| Elizabeth Goetz | Have You Heard about Manhattanhenge? |
| Felino Soriano | from <i>Quintet Dialogues</i> |
| Francisco "Kokoy" Guevara | from <i>From Habeus Corpus</i> |
| George Eklund | It's Too Bad |
| James Bradley | from <i>Chromoluminarism - Confidence</i> |
| Jasper Brinton | Slipway |
| jeff harrison | Liquid Desires - Magnifying Properly |
| Jerrold Bohn | Vessel I - Valve |
| j/j hastain | from <i>Slope</i> |
| John J. Trause | For Immediate Release - Santa is Coming |
| Kathamann | Random Appeal of Cheating |
| Kelley Irmen | "tender" |
| Kenyatta Jean-Paul Garcia | I Cannot Imagine You - Fiona |
| Laura Eklund | from <i>:0- between the -0:</i> |
| Lewis Gesner | from <i>Oberon, Whispering</i> |
| Mark Clements | from <i>Here, Which Is Also a Place</i> |
| Mark DuCharme | An Atheism of Prairies |
| Mary Kasimor | from <i>Staggering to the Starting Line</i> |
| Nicholas Grider | from <i>Songbird and the Avatar</i> |
| Penelope O. Dartmouth | visual |
| Vernon Frazer | Brussels |
| Philip Meersman | "mulogeny, meatusfoetus, mola," |
| Ross Priddle | Two Lovers One Saturday Afternoon |
| Sy Roth | |
| Kelley Irmen | |
| Whit Griffin | The Stuff Whose Light Has Got Here |

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