SORTING THROUGH

the page generated the act. and we followed as we could to see where it would all end. the story unraveled slowly in the space before us as we counted the deeds with swift precision. the page generate the act, but we waited on actors.

don't say

the moon's silver

it's golden

like locks

don't tell me

the wind

isn't coming

it's coming

don't repeat

the foul lessons

you were given

break away

there's little time

before it moves

beyond our understanding

CONFORM

any
deviation from
listening is temporary

our participation was quite widely engaged

concern
is doubtful
at any rate

we attempted to reject the cyclone

the institution has a popular history

we wanted to break the language

i heard the sounds at dawn.



BREAKERS

tides
fail to
be. before the

pile.
the crossing,
a fine belief.

moving beside the ear and sea.

i tried to walk the towers

with peace, but the water rose

too quick for my feet.

FROM BODY WORK

Solar timing, body tilted toward light in light is light Shedding the forest with a broadcast of arms Bubble and bust with branch jagged severs veins Virgin of primal forest benefited by feathers Wolves are denigrated, assigned kill status Wolf as pilfered body on the pyre, witches, wolves Land rovers, busing bodies out of the zone Triple eagle, double ducking behind bushes, thrust Men's extra-extra large black tee shirt with wolf portrait In this I gesticulate, moving around the lawns and sidewalk Trimming the edges of the civil, the civilians I am no more savage then your sister Canis dirus, a six-foot wolf that ranged the continent From coast to coast and it was the Smilodon, the saber-toothed Tiger, larger and heavier than the tiger of today, Who dared to attack even the giant mastodons Stone aged digging technology and the bionics of millennia Umwelt of animal in the eye of existence Wild by the gas station wild ways along serpentine river I repeat: I am no more savage then your sister

OF BOY BONES / BUTTERFLY FUNGUS FINGER LIGHT (Basinski)

forth to milk scum on ponds pale green stiller that maps stirred up dust snap to it cast line to finger things mosses and jam teaport

under the old sycamore rivulet asks only press here to open oranges stickyhands welcome thrushes squawk throaty invitations comportment evident in smeary elbows hank of hair obscures and over the eye just so visionary

rubber banded wishful telescope half moonscope closed eye shutterbug input of fairy data dandelion seed to morel more elephant hearts open to him alight unlaced

in sleeping mirepoix in pockets tasty things leftover bite bits to marvelous chicken pox pointillism mosaic mustache tremolo icon no geo geode geography beat

time list slingshot list skinned knee what's slung over shoulder anything but a burden

RADIOACTIVE THESIS FRAGMENT #1 & #2

CODEX VII, PAPYRUS PAGE 22

...the ancient artifice evinced by the rolling clovers, emerald in their fields of emergence like the motion of mushroom clouds blooming heavenward from the horizontal boarding school (as the surface of the earth is known to those who consider themselves the headmasters) of a scandalized and betrayed society of well-behaved alchemists' sons and daughters plotting the schematics for their production of pure perception, is the starting point for the current enquiry into applied aesthetics, all the rage of an obsolete and over-sited Academy buried but not forgotten under a generation of soot and the rubble of buildings once spat upon by young apprentices, vagabonds and fighter jet jockeys eager to rip the Lungs from the restrictive rib cages of the ancien régime for their own good, and to prevent any further contamination of the already tainted political climate with their noxious windbagging, anything to divert their transmuted golden progeny from embracing the same stolid march down the familiar paths of yelping pups, powdered wigs, banal scandal, skin-tight trousers...



CODEX VII, PAPYRUS PAGE 121

...the cyclical nature of existence for the statuesque body politic, endlessly reincarnated in accord with Eastern Lore (evidence enough of its unenlightened nature), coupled with the until-recently-revolving door of the seasons of the earth with their thousand shades of grey, and one is forced into the distasteful yet tidy conclusion that precisely through its ability to jilt the jilted, to conjure yet a speck of suffering in the numbness of a surrendered heart, has the Post-Modern autocracy managed to endure well into the present century, and as the princess, in her garish robes, sits patiently at the eastward facing windowsill watching the radiant blooming of the winter flowers, sole season permitted us in this obscure yuga, with her coterie of attendants and pedagogues, would-be suitors masquerading as covert assassins (in an age of espionage, the only path to her secret chamber), one among the faithful, which of them actually brandished the cold blade matters little, cuts the Lone strap holding her robes in place and all watch as the silky garment slides to the floor like fallout...

HEAUTONTIMOROUMENOS

I have dropped stones idly into known abysses only to witness these very pebbles rain from heaven quench themselves in bombardments of apostate nations tempering considerable horror with ordained guiltlessness the chosen instruments of judgment are no moralizers no indulgers in the quips and quiddities of a man tormenting.

himself
the
wound and yet
the blade

the blade
...Heautontimoroumenos...

the slap and he who takes it

ah absolving reductionism of the sublime

At
the end
of the age, it
seems only natural
that the fabled "big guns"
and hanging battlements which
comprise, in part, the wonders of an
unnatural world should be repositioned
with such delicious symmetry, such
an ear for political dissonance,
a tongue oozing *L'esprit*moderne, a healthy
appetite for itself, the
self

EL PORTAL DE BELÉN (Lorca)

Sentries on the steps of fullness, herbal remedies staunch floral excesses and stink

of the third eye, watery rent is due to the dona of night terrors where you pray

she might raise your children on her spit flecked as it is with stars.

Hog-tied armies yet approach.

Give me a hand, Rose. Turn from your post. Doorways you demand pay in pinches to bandits and barely

disguised urchins, their heels grind rind bitter melon.

EMBRANED WINGS / OR THE HARD SCYTHE (Lorca)

for what purpose sideswipe this side coin caress sisterly and of saltlick booklick listed him as missing curdled goldy recedes tap tapping or entrance tepid a synonymous nature has

viselike heel of the hand and all possible angels to the jaw

fie on him fiddlesticks shit
makes its mark
traipsing via decades trading
hair ribbons what its smoking drops of
a fine pulse administer
sacred lotion emits
geiger counter is what
they use these days
full body scan beach comb and out back
as choices slot machine cherries and lemons come up

On the way as if hatched by what, for others,

desire, the patient encounter abjection.

little stray dungs smell Campari emanades cross the pronds wet noses (how su-spense the enderring swears chattel banged about the dunes) clipped

on Boomerang Beach, crude and impossible sleeping-bag liners, devitalized purple weeds repossession tears setting in again, hunched over lousy with stickiness sagging liners, big babies, there zippers have not been buttoned, pitiful as nail-pairings, only a tersary gapse will suffice!

MY HIDDEN GARDEN

There's a place in my yard that's wild and overgrown
It exists because of the part of my heart that's wild and unknown
It's my small piece of hallowed ground
It's the place I hope that they may still hear my sound
It's marked with a small angel on top of a log
The place I hope you all rest in peace both cat and dog
It's where I go to remember my friends
It's where I sadly placed you upon your ends
Rowdy, Chewy, Sarabi, and now even Sweetie
Why must karma continually beat me?
I tear my hands up with blisters yet I won't wear a glove
Because the hardest lesson I've learned in my life,
Real Pain comes through Love.

YOUR FIRST ENCOUNTER & THESE NEEDY HEARTS

i think the man always cries; your typical first encounter involves an awkward dropping of plastic catalyst, interrupted by the contestants' imaginings of how this goes down in the movies. everyone is loony, but also medicated by their ego. you can see it all in anybody's eyes. a typical first encounter is better than the one you actually went through. the heart's a needy organ in a sea of poems by microscopic poets. life-sized poets are a tad more practical, but ever since you ran into that high-tech mannequin, all your blood's been somewhere else. oh, to be young and nauseated again. free from hypnosis and those fucking undeniable feelings. there has to be a reason that first encounter sticksbeyond the altar of ass n' tits, and apart from the chain gang of dicks. i never thought the pleasure of my company would do, especially for you. your kisses mix edible questions in the stew. but i can't wear it down to the chemistry again, i'll get myself tired and bleak. your typical first encounter involves a supernova and some kind of bodily leak.

Easter Morning

I see you lying there, slumped over in the street. You look In peace, peaceful, peacefully resting as if you were asleep. Only you were not asleep on the couch, or in your chair You were face down in the road, resting, lying and waiting.

Objects come speeding past us as we drive down the street. More cars pass, we travel on. I avert my attentions elsewhere. I imagine you with that toothy, interested grin gleaming. Disgrace. Our gaze follows the divided road home. I try to forget you lying there.

I cannot see you in my home, you are dead, lying on the street. That's how come I know of solitude, how I know you, knew of Your symbols. They are in the street face down, lying there sad. Accommodating the farcical arrangements, I pick yellow flowers.

I, in my dark home, I keep seeing you there, dead alone. The breeze Blowing, shifting your hair with the winds directions. We are lifeless There is no peace left in the world. We are all scared, we run north When danger sounds; as peccadillos roaring through rustling trees.

In the days that passed, time eats away the skin wind blows the pong. Promise you won't ask me to tell you how I knew. My eyes labor, My heart cries, my mind ebbs in aches and pains. This is the grief Of those left behind. We drive away as if the unknown occurred.

At ten fifteen we long for the respectable time of midnight, the bells Sound triumphant over death. We smell of thoughtful repentance. For three days you lay there waiting for us to pick up your remains. Never are the bodies recovered, we were unable to identify them.

We are unable to recognize a dead woman because we hate the weak And the poor. The dead never come around to say hello, so we refuse To open the door. I cannot perceive you anymore, I saw you lying, Slumped over in the street. Only you were not asleep were you.

You were face down in the road, resting, lying and waiting. I imagine you with that toothy, interested grin gleaming. Disgrace. My heart cries, my mind ebbs in aches and pains. This is the grief Of the peaceful, peacefully resting while you were asleep in death.

I, in my dark home, I keep seeing you there, dead alone. The night Was jealous of my leaving the scene. We did not a thing but witness You passing. I was with you in my imagination. I took you home In a cedar box and a clean cotton washing towel. This did not happen.

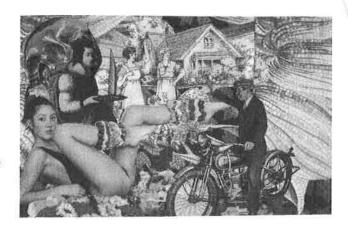
We washed your body with scented oils. We decorated your body with lilacs and gardenias. We hoisted our voices to a god who rejected you while you were alive. We sang sad songs of brave artists who stated all the ideas that made you alive.

I see you lying there, slumped over in the street dead. I consider why there is no synonym for the word you. If I pray hard enough, the myth of Jesus comes to mind On my beads I pray you that will rise again revitalized.

This morning the sun dances in observance of Easter and You still wait to be removed. Taken from the street and now Lie on last seasons grass. Thursday you were obviating, today You are among the honored dead memorialized as a sacrifice.

I vowed to the stars above that I would take your body home.
I vowed to my grandfather's spirit that I would pick up your sleeping Body bring you to the side of the road, damn you for your disregard Of all things human, and with a slight stroke, caress your cheek while you passed on.

I did nothing but come home and think fine thoughts while I drank Inexpensive whiskey. Smoked my mind to sleep while you rested on Cold black tar, an asphalt bed, waiting for me to come and save what Earthily remains congealed on the path towards my home. I sang. If you come to my home I will gladly give you a gentle libation.





will sing songs of nations that are no longer nations. Special imes with tons of water under fallen bridges. We sing old songs And think of ways to lie to ourselves that we are fine upright folks.

As time goes by we hum the old songs. We try to carry our heads On our shoulders. We must remember that sighing is only show. As time goes by we recall old lovers with regretful souls. Seagulls. We met the moment you died; we are forever joined in victory.

We are recursive blights on society. We deserve to be hit by cars. We are not like you, dear reader. You can survive the everyday Deaths of sleeping America. We are all asleep at the wheel. Driving Toward Wednesday, the day of the blood moon eclipse. We drown.

Impending down Delaware Avenue. A silver car roared as would a lion Nearing its own death. Being trapped by a larger more docile beast, it hit me. I lay down, choked. Death wasn't as fearful as I thought it might be. I was cold In the April breeze. You saw me fall; I died in your easy glances three days ago.

The world will always welcome lovers, the gates of death Welcome all. I see you lying there, slumped over in the street. You look frightened by blood, the cars frightened us all. You were face down in the road, as if for the last time, resting.

PSYCHOPOMP

Flowing along the river Lethe Coping and caring we neglect.

Flowing across the cave Hypnos We practice gentle forgetfulness.

Living within the Underworld We mediate between mindful

Countries; down the river Lethe. The question he wanted to ask

He forgot as a kettle on the boil. He surrendered a golden puzzle.

And impossible statement of self Rested upon the forgetful water.

We were at war. I woke up to see What was happening. I didn't care.

She came out with a gas mask, muffled screams. Until further notice, we are told to stay indoors.

As the bombs fell, we sat under the stairs, cowering. Clutching the insurance policy in our knuckled fists.

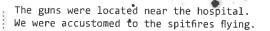
The adrenaline was hovering, flowing. We were all idiosyncratic Pouring our meaningless stuttering words suitable to the occasion.

My whole body was compressed in. Crumpled and bent. Illuminated lightly

There is a space of relative darkness. The smoke is rising slowly, they incinerate

Their emergency bombs singing, I have A marvelous war in the palm of my hand.





Our training taught us what to expect. Our patients had extensive, terrible burns.

They were so brave, on the front lines He was seventeen. His face was erased.

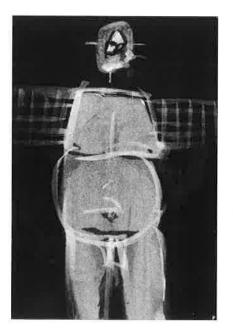
His burns were all over his body, The afternoon raid lights up the skies.

After this red glow the flames will subside. A strong breeze floats the white bird aloft.

At the end of the platform, a train derails. The crowds seek shelter. Nowhere to sit.

The theme of this morning's service is the union of the church And the body of the pedestrian found lost in the street, scoring.

Only when I forget can I be reincarnated. Only when I forget can I be reincarnated.



As we walk down the path of viciousness, sympathetic embers burn For those souls seeking the righteous way to advance. Eviction from Here is the only way out. We choose whom we choose for reasons Only known to the chooser. We see in our hearts the glory of those To whom we may choose to be born. Out thoughts become biology.

See as the life we so dearly wish to further advance upon understanding. I will hold your hand until you make your selection. We shall sleep by The riverbank drinking and forgetting until the time becomes clear. If you make me beg, I will take up your game once again and we will laugh. That time arrives. Here we are, on the shores of the river Lethe reading.

When I opened the trunk of the car, you were laying there pretending To be dead. I shook your torso and you giggled, you gave up your game. I knew you were only sleeping. I ask you why we are here. You kindle Your imagination and remind me that we are here to forget our past. Relieve the memories of beforetime and find nothing as the answer to everything.

Time means little in the guff of the hungry. Rills upon rills of water Never extinguish the ticking timeclock of tormented reminiscences. Thirst. Thirsting for a car to steal, a driveway to pull out of, and a home To leave. A disaster to place oneself into if only to forget how dull It is to live in the northern suburbs. We wait for something to happen,

As if something might actually occur sometime soon, to help us forget The laundry to be cleaned, how many feet tread upon our clean floors. As if the shadows might actually close in on us sooner than we expect. As if some answer might offer an explanation sometime soon, to let go Memories of beforetime and locate everything as the answer to nothing.

Living estranged from our bodies on the river Lethe, I hold something That reminds me of your hand. We sing old songs because there are no New songs to be discovered. We wear old hats for new hats are not made In Hypnos. We cave in on our desires and dance to a melody of canticles, And in that desire we find our new home, we glide eagerly towards birth and thus life.

And so we are born again new. New waters rise from saltlands once desert. The salt becomes sugar and the ravens become doves. We weep no longer. We sing in joyous praise for all life and all things living. All dearly beloved We clasp our hands to one another's chest and feel a beating heart beating. Warmed by the blood of living beings and glory over glory we are still alive. Alive by forgetting our past deeds and previous lives we are born yet again.

1.

Crocodile floats the gutter, toothy lotus in a downpour. Rivers call, howl, chunder. Rivers like ravens beg a roost. None here.

We have already lost.

2.

She is all cedar plank and brass groove. Sister kicks me under the table, our boy has struck: home run!

But I cannot stop looking, her billow, my corpse drained of want.

3,

My anus, serene and cockworthy. Mini-soaps, shaped like seashells. Lord, Texas is lonely. 4.

You foggy girl, I stink you! Through the traffic circle, through the red forest of needles, I read your chart.

Sad faces in the lobby. Grandma turtles, remembers the opium den.

5.

Thighs with cream drawn in the graveyard.

The letter "s" plucked from the keyboard.

The bliss of the hive.

6.

Boring chicken boring Shakespeare boring fat princess. The bell unstruck, tossed in the laundry basket.

7.

Jesus is fucking creepy, a creeper, up in his tree house. I can smell his old air jordans all the way from Calvary.

But he looks like he'd be a really good kisser.

8.

Ireland, I love you! Wiggle my toes awake. Through the glade to the brine to the molten sea and beyond.

9.

That's a crap dragon, kid.

It's a donkey, for starters. 4-H glee club chimes: "crap dragon, crap dragon, bully me, I'm a sponge!"

Good donkey though, kid,

10.

Popped a soap bubble with an engineering pencil and ran it through the scantron.

Viscera all over the code.
A cake with a footprint in the middle.

11.

When a doctor meets a doctor, a syndrome, bird-shy. Socratic roudburst,
his picnic
is fucked.
Drain one
abscess
and another
will bloom.
Cake hole
a synonym
for cake hole.
Doctors, listing,
sun-dried,
seed-blown.

12.

Think hard, and like a cur.
There is only win!
The shattered joints of the victor,
the mocking jay on the hedge.

13.

The prince's lips sneer,

slap meatily, glisten. Ample hounds swarm.

The stars' grammar is scuttled, unintelligible fire.
Murder and mercy
under red wax.

THE PERIPHERAL BODY

The face is its own fate.
-Randal Jarrell

if catechized, then of body & blood and a light undercoat, song ossicled

this little bone, selected sound frequencies, detected

voice, the heart's quality

with vestibular balance there is no homophone

for human conditions
 inflections:

drummed mess. hear this weak tympani censoring the muscled tense & tenseness

COMPLEXION

staged as a lady or a wave for now I am winter a little tomorrow always

a civic dance lilting
like I was a dancer but I am
processing
my hips into order

what I learn from motion is my loss of control still, my split and whirled hair conceding my presence

SLAKE

a cinder's suggestion cumbered like opulence

I was a vestige

timeline

I was

I was

force & unknown direction

elicited elbow buzz

and mouth quiver

I was introduced to the well depth by my voice's slowness

NOTICE

facing old heat
I sense infraction
 heeded skeletal shape

the neck needs accumulation notion on notion, notion-

stacking, the sound of a coast in empty rooms

for absolutes, everything is both

nothing

and memory eventually

A BEAUTIFUL WITCH

I saw a lotus blooming in lake A beautiful, white-red pious louts Floating over punk but smiling-Smiling on her purity; Not to be muddy A heavenly thing of being in hell, A traveler of endless journey Enchanted with her beauty and fragrance Came to her behold day and night Spellbouded with her innocence rivalry plucked her with a great joy and hold her in arm, but no longer it turns into a witch wailing, groaning and cursing all beauty disappears. no more charms left purity converts lust and insanity ah! What I have done I made worst of the worth The dancing Beauty dwelling in lake Became devil 'inn and fake.

AN INNOCENT SMILE

I travelled from east to west
Nowhere found the real mirror of life,
Wandered in dark street;
And observed loafing unwanted dogs,
Moved in dark and haunted placeless
Saw deprived people playing cards,
Went to the palace of riches
Nothing but shadow
Sun rising reflects from the water of Ganga
Purifying all horizons
Except the panic heart-

Which palpitates for the deeds He has not done. Burning pyres are reaching; The soul -the soul of souls, I moved to graveyard Found people sleeping- an endless sleep. From temple to mosque From church to gurudwara I searched everywhere Where life could be seen. But a failure in hand, I sat under a banyan tree Its braches gave me a sound rest and peace I was drained and thirsty, All defeated and depressed She came with a angel's smile A smile with no vice Free from all patterns we have set Knows nothing but love An angel' smile , a child's smile. All evils are gone And a heavenly feeling aroused me For a while I forget everything And went in the valley of paradise. Ok! Life is here In an innocent smile That makes somebody happy.

TIMELESS INN: THE THIRD WORLD

We are living in the sky Far from the earth and its branches O God! Heighten the horizon of heaven And make me feel the emotions A creation in between the motions; Where the fruit of heaven not make me sinner Where the will of fruit not make me winner. All the dazzling and will of humans be nothing Not the desire of heaven suppress, Nor the immortality of heaven makes dull Make me feel the state of mind As if I am in third world, The world of neither earthly wishes Nor in the celestial premises. Just a fraction of zero gravity beyond moral ,amoral and emoral where one becomes god of himself not a god and don't want to be like no detachment nor any vices lost in beauty and delight even pains with its companion entertain and truly unable to portray my pen, where god and goddess willing to come in to sojourn for a while - in a timeless Inn,

"GRENADES AND VASES"

1.

when the serotonin or is it dopamine probably something else i can't bring myself to look it up not that it matters when THAT SHITE runs out blasts out of your brain without notice or warning a grenade dropped into a vase right then the world ends e x p l o d e s

e verything
E X P L O D E S
into sharp lubricated flying shrapnel
cutting deeply into everything in blackhole-range

"Did you think that any dam could hold me back?

You fucking moron. You can't keep back the night. You know the rule of 'what goes up.'"

2.

cruel oiliness covers synapses
the chaos of the universe is too greasy
my lost fingers can't grasp it
i can't clean up the cosmic mess
the entire universe is gravity's bitch
forget your place
inside her
and she'll shank you
hard and fast
you might pop an O before you land
go splat
and she gets to watch the rest of your goo explode out
better to
just give up and hold her pocket

3.

from a great explosion
came all expansion
hail chaos
we all dance to entropy
in quantum realities there's
still a beautiful vase upon the
sun-filled kitchen table
an infinite rainbow tablecloth with stem
pattern weave

4.

but here
in this reality
you're doing life without parole
a crazy glued speck
so shake the shock
and
get another vase

William Allegrezza Ruth Lepson William Allegrezza Michael Basinski William Allegrezza Brenda Iijima Nava Fader James Bradley Kyle Clark James Bradley

Nava Fader

Zach Keebaugh

D.R.M.Jr spencer vik Geoffrey Gatza Steve Dalachinsky Geoffrey Gatza

Alec Maslowski Geoffrey Gatza Fred C. Applebaum Haley Larson

Chandra Prakash Pathak

Carolina Campllonch

don't say CONFORM I am a Colume Spentoe BREAKERS FROM BODY WORK OF BOY BONES RADIOACTIVE THESIS #1 visual RADIOACTIVE THESIS #2 HEAUTONTIMOROUMENOS SIMBOLUL EL PORTAL DE BELÉN EMBRANED WINGS On the way little stray dungs MY HIDDEN GARDEN YOUR FIRST ENCOUNTER HENRY DARGER DREAMS collage HENRY DARGER DREAMS **PSYCHOPOMP** flier PAX INVICTUS 1-13 THE PERIPHERAL BODY COMPLEXION SLAKE NOTTCE

A BEAUTIFUL WITCH

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"GRENADES AND VASES"

SORTING THROUGH

c c o l inguistic