

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.

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 it-
 self, 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,

will be

desire,
 the patient encounter
 abjection.

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

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 sticks-
 beyond 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.

HENRY DARGER DREAMS OF EMILY DICKINSON

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
Earthly 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
times 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.

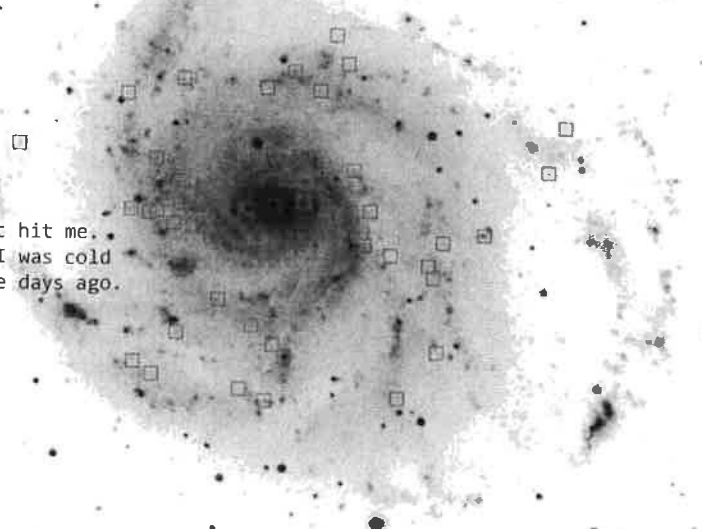
As the bombs fell, we sat under the stairs, cowering.
Clutching the insurance policy in our knuckled fists.

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.



The guns were located near the hospital.
We were accustomed to the spitfires flying.

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.

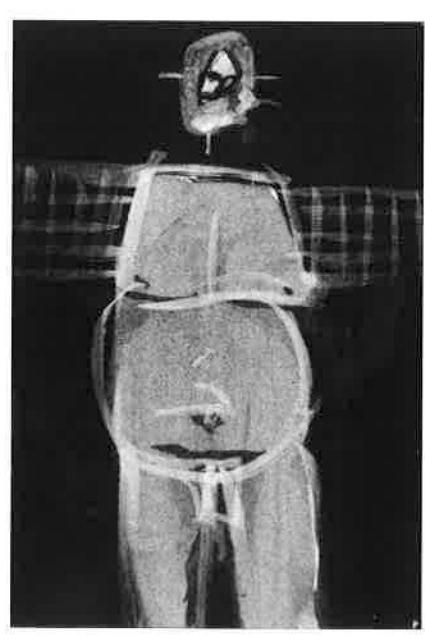
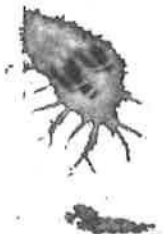
His burns were all over his body,
The afternoon raid lights up the skies.

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.



PAX INVICTUS

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

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 v e r y t h i n g
 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
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Carolina Campllonch

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 1-13
 THE PERIPHERAL BODY
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