

B
C

BRAVO CONTAGION

Boiled down to its essentials
is an ordinary thing. One part
smelling funny– in essence a
fart, or so we suspect, because
of the way it flowers.

Are we will-powered
with a blazing boiler under the decks
or extending in a rather dumb
pool of milk way, running
down the leg? Extend this

tray table, it is you now.
It uses you to lean on it,
begs you to jot down your thoughts.
Folded upright or set down
for all your best moments.

Here's just a few of the moments
from earlier this morning.
Hammering sentences, table-shaking,
the engine roars to a pitch,
try only to think.

Get off the ground.
Typers– types (of something),
hating working and leaving
your labor behind,
the passion for production.

Self-unemployment
Like a travel adapter,
adapting the material of yourself
to the tray table
in the best-looking way possible.

And that's pretty good.
No one can deny it.
But it's limiting, extinguishing life,
2 hours at the most,
and when it's dead it recycles?

What kind of a plug is it?
Specifically universal, basically
it fits,
if you can hear something
it means you're in some kind of shape.

Bearing some resemblance to an upside
down plant. Either transplantation
shapes you or you're shaped for
it, doesn't matter that much
that matters don't count.

L, there's a joint and a hinge,
has a bolt that swings rely on,
and this is how it comes to pass
that a thing you never saw
is now in your lap. Don't

be sorry. Run on to find
something of your past in the park.
Or walk as slowly as possible
while filling your pockets
with park.

Ten meetings won't fill it. And by 'you'
I mean any five of you.
I love you.
Initially this would have been
unnecessary, uncalled for.

But it's simple— it's expansion,
I love you.
I mean the expanded you.
How funny would it be
for this to be a poem to

send to your hopefully future exchange family
in Norway.
Go away for the summer.
Learn how to watch people
kissing, or drinking, sailing.

Once, we poured ourselves into boats,
skipets, death ships,
quit the archipelago
we changed history, as pirates
can. I would like to apologize

for that. On a grounded flight
once in Reykjavik,
I bought a jar of caviar.
Minutes later it was confiscated
by U.S. customs officials.

I often ate before the TV
since the dining table was too
cluttered.

 This was simple.

 Not a coincidence.

So goodnight

THE ARMED BATHERS

THE HELMSMAN'S EASY MAZE RUN

Computer mice put out in a some here, some there on the counter manner. Half without prices. A bluff is a collapsed half-hill. Its summit is a breathtaking prospect of ruin. Now and then burning golden balls float away on parachutes, slowly dimming under a bright moon.

“I am a millionair. I need help of a very specific nature. You will earn \$7-10,000 a month...”
Something heroic about racing against rain in a field. Make hay while the sun shines means the hay has to dry out and stay dry til it's eaten. A delicious, pee-hued glass of Riesling at the bar at The Modern.

Second day in a row I cross paths, almost in the same spot, with a (different) rail thin guy in sleeveless shirt and fully tattooed arms. Light car traffic, and parked cars in the sunlight, still is inaccessible to words... Cars escape notice. A *New York Times* article on Dan Graham circulates amid laughter on the porch. At the foot of the steps, a two-month old vomit stain.

Converse sneakers (toes coquettishly pointed inwards), ankle socks, scraped knees, jean shorts, fine-mesh black long sly. shirt, black bra. Ohio's barns are bright white flagships, not the chaste, thoughtful maidens of the U.P. Drunks pushing over a big bronze spider in Macri Park.

Today all the corner curbs are strewn with cheerful, colorful trash. Why? No more than four bales on the hay elevator— more like an escalator— at a time. Try to get the lowest bale on just before the highest one drops off up above. Croissant dissolves in gulps of weak coffee as two sparrows kiss and try to fuck on a telephone wire. Something tagged with a graffiti pen: Sire, Jose, Ypse?

A fleet of puny helicopters swarming a massive, monolithic, gray spaceship. No humans allowed. Birds singing now and a great spread of sleepers under the ark-like rafters. Big, breathing bellows-like wind. 40 White Wove security lined envelopes in a red, white and blue American flag box.

The thick atmosphere of sweetness surrounding the three cashiers who keep exchanging sly smiles. Grey-hair popping out of bald forehead, belly advancing him up 10th avenue, a body that will never

own a condo. A strong cold wind has all the conviction of permanence. The pair of oars posed with the other oars by the door.

A skateboard comes down my street about once every ten minutes. A single bulb in a barn loft. Turned off. Breeze. Ribs. Unlit platform three tracks over, dusty and abandoned, a pile of boxes around a column. A wasp looks expensive and designer. What do they do? They preen. They are glamorous.

SAND AND A METAL STANCHION

The Mid Eastern kid (about ten) who often lords it alone at the 99¢ store. There's no child in his miles-away-eyes or his mechanical motions. Coyotes: high lone wolf howl answered by a derisive-sounding chorus. Six or seven imitating terrified human screams, but in a witty way. 3 times, just before dawn. Sorbet-hued beach towels stacked in a wicker basket for guests.

All the mountains & valleys of a college type's big breasts pretty much out. A fading painting. Fading to light blue. Light blue coming thru each horse. The word Benyofszky trampled under hoof lower right. Tumbling saucy avocados down my shirtfront. Cosmopolitan daggers poked in their hopeless Yankee faces.

Sidewalk sale— jeans and pants fully laid out, flat, in a row, up the sidewalk. Strawberry queen contest. Rosanna's attractiveness is transcendent. A cruel triumph. The post-it notes you scribbled during last night's game are love letters from a stoned other.

1 tuna salad sandwich on white, 1 roast beef sandwich on Italian, 1 small bottle of water. \$16.50. Dr Bidi says blue is the color of war. Today the trees and posts turn blue in the sun. A spider the color of sand is perfectly camouflaged but when it moves it is huge and startling. A creek the color of Coke.

Wild man (not crazy) singing & dancing wildly, going down the street. Slumber party. Young K goes crazy just before bedtime. Turns inside out in wild parody of eroticism. Sifting through art world junk mail in an air-conditioned room.

His red high-piled headwrap looks dusty and casual. Driving through a lightning storm. Driving through fog and darkness in a shuttle bus. Everybody drinking under a giant tent in the rain. Bed bugs? How do you get to Carnegie Hall? Ads on the F train that never seem to change.

A Dairy Queen serving three motels. Rhythm. Dogfight. Your apology in a handwritten note, crossed out, trying again. Blood on the towel. A rainbow over the town.

1

City whites.

Head whites.

White as a Dutch ass in winter.

Bewildering, productive Jane Bowles whites/writes.

I want to be hate-crimes whites.

Do I want my jeans pulled off comma do you question mark Maybe it's less exhausting
to lie back on grass.

Turquoise earrings meet chrome cock ring and the drab verb 'to have' rots on the tongue
it wants and it works. Walk it off.

This is War. They seemed to be stuck sanitizing time
to conversationally either bomb, fuck, or flush.

This would last until every teenager in Boston
dropped dead.

Now a MONKEY swings from the room's rigorous decor.

A MONKEY capitalizing on fresh morning air.

She's awake to the clunky language that she's hearing.

She's bored.

2

She's had surgery (to the doctor/nurse)

She doesn't remember the name of the disease

She was hooked to a respirator

The doctors said she wouldn't make it

She takes __?__ pills

Burning barricade Jane goes, quickens her one smoky heart, black as an octopus' crayon,
and hurls riot tunes.

Jewish, Orthodox. June's tits flying and no way to stop short this astute, retarded
descent. All is lost.

Hate is often fused with a fear. Someone doesn't hate
a person just because a person sucks more or less.

Wishing pain or their death is such a rarer feeling.

Brute hate.

I was painting barns in my time off most of the month

And painting indicated to me two things I need:

Balls, to work the display, and driving the procedure:

Balls' juice.

3

Shortening the distance from Marx to Mel Karch

The freest swing in baseball

The best wrists in the game

Hits like he weighs 210

Pantries/shelves of words

Mel was giving us non-stop action. I thought This is it– nobody wants to touch me,

I can't fail to please.

Darkness harvested brings May flowers, but don't let it be something you do on purpose–

a trap set for fools.

Mel mistook our snakepit of flawed energy for love.

But she was flawless after she had guessed we were all
working hard to procure the air that we were breathing.

Three zip.

Fuck the present moment, a whole lifetime is retained.

The present turns into a sort of long daily walk.

Split your vistas and rid yourself of this awareness.

Split space.

4

Rich is off to Sao Paolo.

Steph enjoys a morning bath in Bonn.

I don't think I recognize the gift I gave Dennis.

A little weaker/sicker and a day like this would kill me.

Tea bags, jump shot, the balcony and young fever.

Can't we let a poem grind down wills, and then grind out a tale, born of our greasy downfall,
of a New York in shreds?

Sparks ignite the ten BC poets, and gas burners cook rather disgusting burgers–
a gray pattie stack.

Here's a model posed in the great hammock of your words.

The model helicopters in your cracked open mouth.

What a lark to extract a poem from the disaster.

Felled larch.

Barely I am able to start something and it's hard.

My eyes are filled with lenses. Regardless, I can't see
what's in front of me. I dream opulently, blindly.

What's there?

5

Ok a cop in the plaza.

Blood, a little fire in the plaza.

Gone/down in chunks.

I see, it happens if you have it.

The magic is in the habit.

Bummer when you leave all this business you think "I can take most of it out there with me,"
but God knows you can't.

Spammer stay in town, keep on working, allow us to read more of our favorite author,
the one none can know.

Summer spins you out and it's nose-diving on the sheets.

It strips its indicator of what's now piling up.

This event in the mouth a promising salami.

Weiss wurst.

Problems breaking dwelling on what stresses to repeat.

But breaking left us for a minute high, long, Chinese.

We remembered the difficulty saying something.

We blanked.

6

The most generic part of you is driving

Be a nothing special artist

Get a maid-slash-nanny

Stones hauled in from the countryside make quaint slabs for drug sniffing

Get an ex-wife

Sound: a shared estate. No groans answered to make tones you thought fit your
unpleasant, pleasant or real mise-en-scène.

Still you read a book. Then friends, girlfriends and guys all around making your day a
page-turner piss forth ideas.

Check the kids for signs of a fight, swab for DNA.

The mom is masturbating in a strange endless tub.

Father's feeling her mental hammers to his sadness.

Bath blows.

Twist the cable pin in a loop killing the machine.

The cable draws imaginary round lines on gears.

Grab the suck pumps and hit the highway turning over.

Grab go.

7

Aaah, sunlight

A worn paperback

Doggedly

Hearsay

S/he is back

Jane is saying "Cops must fuck off" as her shit-stained Shar-pei follows her down the endless
and unpainted hall.

Dog-filled squats are stink. Jane ping-pongs to a dead-end, a trapped rat in her maze-like commune.
She breaks down in tears.

Poems may die in cross-worded schemes, canceling their fruits,
and managed dictionaries rarely zigzag along.

Fallen Merriam-Webster peaches in our laps are
cheap eats.

Notice darling asses in line ordering a tea.

Or darling thought processes of a shot afternoon.

Shirts. I asked him whether or not he'd like us to take our
shirts off.

8

A young bright light quits saying, "Iowa can die," sometimes.

Two punks fist-fighting move through Washington Square sometimes.

2002: at the anarchist picnic/potluck a police car piñata kids explode for candy.

Our little we against the American I sometimes.

The city is a rat's vagina in a good way.

Man, you're tiyerd. Man, man, man. Working like my man the bus boy, you're a friend of woman,
the best friend of man.

Can't you see your stuff falls far short of today's standards? You knew this was coming didn't you?

Now pack up your things.

Try to master everything first. Then, if you get paid,
undo the better things you did and leave skill behind.

Drop the ball, without trying to justify your actions.

Give up.

Loads of money stacked in a pile posing on a bed.

Your money conjuring you like a fake credit card.

Please enjoy our disaster, bank on our perdition.

Please do.

1

This line has 0 percent thought and effort to it.

The top five lines are like bulleted items on a milk carton.

An upcoming pair of lines cops a stress/non-stress pattern from a mayonnaise bottle.

The bottom two 4-line sets worship a DV recorder instruction manual.

Somewhere else are lines based on coffee mug copy.

Three unconscious wars. He, she threatening pride. Crazy wars fought with the eyes.

How mean of a gun blast, the eyes.

Toothless Trouble. Black t-shirt underground style. Heckler drift. Hey, that's a life.

A whisky-induced haze of hair.

No amount of ease and secure living can appease

the loss of friendship when I have just two fingers left.

Hellfire, Tom, if I can't emerge from this arrangement

sans forme.

Here's the needle, there's the collapsed body of the snow.

The needle relegates him to a curled wave of dope.

Lit up candles are flat, illuminated prayers.

Lit hums.

2

The ice cream trucks are out.

I will pretend I don't notice.

Keep it in the toilet/can.

A cornflake on the stove-top.

I will pretend I don't notice.

Sun, your rays are one hot knife melting our lead-footed way home. And your face is

bright as the blowtorch and smiles.

Countless hours of sun work ticked off on your sun watch as non-thoughts are erased

in light. It's the last day of June.

Lick the great ol' ponderous nut, now that you can see.

The day is bright as if without the dead winter cold.

Suicidal in absent sorrows, war of envy,

mock grief.

Have a pressure check in yr back pocket as you work.

A pressure generator is a tool few can spare.

Time yourself as you're chasing flies around the milkhouse.

Time flies.

3

Pay Seth.

Send Hedi cover image.

R: Re: Rif: question.

Get specs/sketches to the marble people.

Ask Helène to measure the heaters in Brussels.

Blighted oaks present untold hazards. You must cut them down, chop them to bits and burn them. Avoid all decay.

Train your axe to find big new targets. A bold, easy stroke. People can see what you see. They don't think it's dumb.

Clouds composed as Vietnamese dragons, and a turquoise colored tree. A listlessly reposed hero lies fast asleep in a lion's lair, unwitting. Valiant.

Horse, kills.

Quickly melting, blinded, a wild memory of you.

A melting memory is like the last thing you gave.

Gay and green in the trouble-breeding grass of richness.

Gay grass.

4

Flash-facts are pressed into service.

That oughta do it, having lived among people.

Because I/they hated it.

I.Q. Squire hated it.

Yessir we all hated it.

Sandy enters blue-clad, decked out for a steak dinner. White rooms of a building, limitless red walls of brick.

Latent dust, a dust one keeps waiting to dust. Wearing clean underwear, I am ready to go back to dust.

Bank accounts are emptied and all invoices are due.

The market toilets around its unchecked downward dog.

Info-products demand attention like a baby.

No sale.

Green and reddish primary shades – anguish and deceit.

The reddened swords are high in the air. Grim lifted beards!

Lust, foreboding demise. A dart upon the heart and lust dies.

5

Glam it up, Dr. Horse-shot.
You take it in a you-take-it package.
Mr. Open-Minded/Jimmy the Bench.
I don't need to be killing anyone.
Til I can't see the breathing faces.
Somehow someone gets lost, tries taking a short-cut through closed, clammy routes and
great is the shame, stress, and thrill.
It's a freaky blind drive bulldozing the scene senseless. Can't wish for a sweeter washing,
in bleach, soap, and suds.
Spastic traction nabs us as time quivers in our limbs.
The drug is alienating and drop-kicks our wits.
Harder, faster, an urgent message in it somewhere.
Call Mom.
Freely wisdom comes to the old timers, it is said.
And wisdom masterminds its own escape, then it drops
by without invitation. Smile about a wisdom
by all.

6

Super Plus Absorbency and Peter house of Peter.
Flushable cardboard applicator who is a raptor in the undergrowth.
Contact us if you need help/information.
Made in USA and his belongings with him.
Open Other End.
Gone along upon John, Don, Ron (who's a Don Juan), Yvonne, Sondra or Kiondra, Tom
and his old lover Vlon,
Beth de Jong went on, prawn gnawed on, to Halong Bay, and saw lawns under black
sarongs of the star-peppered dawn.
"Murder Teeing Off" was on TV, at about par,
the storm uncovering it all in muck. Floating drives,
face-down putts, inert bogeys following the birdies.
Wet links.
Gusts of windy Valéry's will, powered to results
while windy inspiration had to blow Mallarmé.
Schools of teachers with manifestos on for winning.
Schools close.

7

A figure

An interesting someone

Someone of interest

An interesting figure

Necessarily/exactly a character?

Trust was earned when true love came knocking. It felt great to hold hands in the summer sunsets, then sneak off and fuck.

That was sweet but not real (not solid) and now nothing tempts you in this next adventure. It's hard not to quit.

I am certain now, in all bold propositions lie the rights to poisonous hours in the big lens of suns.

You or I are the welcome guests to an unconscious pot latch.

Leave the earplugs out of the ears, sleeping is a phase.

If earplugs isolated just the wave forms of bass, you'd be thinking that every sound that reached you woke you.

You'd hate.



8

Barely crossing the street in time.

More like silently.

Instead of reacting.

High: great altitude/attitude.

Passing by an old address.

How a person takes ten breaths: what's a device he can set up to allow the self to come on, happen, leave?

What it takes to breathe. What makes someone appear? Living? Loose cannons and no-hand steering to get by at all.

Make a pile on this one. A pile promises relief from all unappetizing and abject daily holes.

Power, too, is a picker-upper. Let us have it, feels right.

Join this Army. Once you're inside, everything's a dream.

The Army integrates you in its Swiss cheesy scheme.

So your friends are upset, decide you're in a pickle.

So what.

Let's be blank and cute
tonight, a busted congress
of brash girls clashing
bananas at the club. Why
buy time when our clits
get so bored, clustered
there in the black corner?
So here's a ball of crud
to baffle celestial order
and un-balance the cogs
of it as a fresh breeze cools
our breasts, calling us out
to the next bar and colossal
boys crawl after us.
It's a bastion of creeps and
we battle and cleave it with
our bawdy song. Cuff
me! and brave the cadaver
behind the curtain of my
brightness. Let's cast off
these boobs, they crowd and
bone us in a cemetery
of beds, and collapse us.
Block them, they're crust,
bloodless. We certainly will.
Bisexual as a cello, we grab
our bags and cell phones,
and beg off for a crap.
Moving backwards with cod-
like grace, bedazzled casualties
are behind us now: clams
in a basket, crabs in a net.
Blowing on our own claws,
what a boon to have courage,
bucks, to cut this night
open. Eat your burger. Cough
up your broken compass
and bank on chasing down
some beer, chin up!
A boy crouches in the woods.
Birds make casual twitters and
bleeps. He draws closer
to the balcony or deck of the custom-
built home that is cloistered
on the wooded banks of a creek,

in a sort of bedroom conclave
that has a bit of a country
feel. Beneath colossal
trees the brush conceals him.
Bruises and cramps are forgotten.
He becomes concentration itself.
Something is being conveyed.
Bending forward, completely
bewitched, he tries to conjure
the body of the person causing
this breath of music to carry
into the backyard and cascade
into his brain. The piano continues
its brotherly triumph over the cooling
woods. The boy can't
move. Ballgames cease
to beckon. Clocks are relieved
of their burden. He connects himself
to the burgeoning energy of a chromatic
phrase, to the buried currents of
desire that break the confines
of a brief cadenza. Scandalized,
and bereft of his sense of command,
as if a bear had crossed his path,
he backs away, changed,
breached, criminal, aflame,
burnt, cheerful, faster,
dead, born, caught,
escaped, blinded, conscious,
dumber, brighter, complex.
Blessing you in advance for your courtesy
if you'd open a beer, clean your glasses,
and begin consuming BC poetry.

I was not born in Chicago.
In Boston I was conceived.
It began outside Cambridge
with boyhood summers on the Cape's
dunes and beaches, catching
blue crabs in nets
or bare-handed in the creek
under "the bridge". A camera
was buried in sand, a clam
was boiled in corn oil,
my brother and I crammed

a feather in the behind of a cat,
and barnacles clung to the hulls
of boats. On Cleveland Avenue,
near the Belden Corned
Beef Center, I matured
under banisters, with credenzas, winters,
The Beatles, Chopin and a thermostat.
I remember a birthday at the circus.
Another with buddies canoeing
the Boundary Waters of Canada
and bass-catching in the lakes.
In the glass bubble of a copter,
bird flight was copied
and the unbelievably beautiful, cold
waters below were cartographies
of black circles in the pines.
A bear confiscated our food.
The beavers constructed dams.
My boots were cobbled in Austria.
I got my bachelor's at Columbia.
Built on this rubble, a café
a book of crispy paper
She's beyond a state of crankiness
Blatant corruption in the city
BBQ and candy,
black cohosh standardized,
bulbs in circular arrangements
moved from boredom to crisis
a breakfast call no more
Bras! a competition!
Bravo, Cheri! You're a
brick falling calmly
Brigitte has no center
What a blunt copy
In Bavaria with no credit
bridges are for swift crossing
No booty for Calvin
Bear this cellphone scam
British artist cook
his blushing lost charisma
What a berserk that Christian
Her shoulder! ballasting carrierbag!
banal as it was, champion
on a bus, composing furiously
Hold this bagel, Cathy

Extracting balsam from caramel
brain in need of caresses
Black men on carpentry
boy can break her circle
brutal charlatan charms
Beat the confessional mode
bad cure idea
I bet, it was the cat
bravely dreams are calling
Bleeping, a known carnival
big appetite for cuisine
Bostonian desires, collateral
Oh, bodily civilization
holding balls, cringing
back in our throats, coffee
bottles it down then cracks
Began out of conviction
In a brittle state with chills
In a bath towel after copulation
They bring me to a new coop
Despite blows, countenance
Better is counterattraction
Really the blues is what counts
a bachelors degree from college
at the bottom of cracked media

Writing at the edge of dawn
you asshole, you should have called
BC Poets. I don't think, I
know. Your cat sits
on yr notebook: BC Poets.
You write in the dark.
BC Poets. I don't think, I know.
I don't think I know. BC Poets
asshole. Your cat purrs
on yr notebook so kiss
my ass. When did you think
the sun wd come up and how?
this is a stick-up. I hate you!
There, I've said it. Peace.
You buy groceries. BC Poets.
Your cat sits on yr notebook.
Try Mars. Plinnk.
You work too hard. BC
Poets. BC Poets under-

stand your pain. The pain
in your cat's brain. The pain
you entertain when you want to be big
without being a pig.
You want to be tall, without
being all. My friends, your cat
sits on yr notebook. Yr stomach
hurts, you buy groceries.
When shall the sun rise.
Don't look now. A snake
insomnia is what waits
for you. Call it what you will
Your boyfriend is away. Your
girlfriend's here to stay.
I will fold up my arms.
I was raised on a farm.
I will fold up my arms
and sink back in my coffin.
I'm not looking. BC Poets.
I have to read Ulysses.
I spell my name
with three K's, two F's
and twenty five E's. BC
Poets. Your cat is your pillow.
Gold, Green and Red
are the colors of BC Poets.
I dream in Green I mold
in Gold and I'm dead in Red.
BC Poets. Now I'm pissed.
I'm pissed at the things I missed.
Letting all that heroin blow away
in a storm wind off San Juan.
Burning myself in a club.
I turned it on like a faucet
because I know what it costed.
Father agreed to finance me
is a mantra for a full moon.
Trust in yr mechanical pencil
trust in yr chicken scratch!
She's waking up so what.
You want to know everything
and name everything and therefore
this is war. You think it should
be fun. This is war therefore.
BC Poets will drill under the sun,

will drill into the hard surface
under the sun. You think it can be said.
You think it should be fun. You think
you know what's good. Or if
you don't you should.
And therefore this is war.
Your attitude is pissy. I'd
rather read Ulysses. And therefore
this is war. Perhaps
you'll be there when the shit hits the fan.
I read the books people put in my hand.
All those banks collapsing
shook the bourgeois core.
They pumped black coffee
over bruised credit levels,
vetoed the bonus checks,
held a bush-league congress,
hid the berries and cookies,
padlocked the Botox clinics,
foreclosed all bill collection,
and lo like a buried Christ
born twice in Cleveland,
this bankrupt civilization
had its butt covered again.
Next they'll barter the celestial,
and buy us new cars.
How to bartend for celebrities?
Take one Bosnian Colonel
put him in a Bulgarian Capital
with a pound of Bolivian cocaine,
and ignore the buzzards circling
overhead. Bickering and chatting
while the Boeing crashed with a flop,
their buried caskets dazzled
like Bed-Sty Condos,
pale bones of contention,
piercing the Barbary coast.
What the blazes captain!
You think that bookie's cheat?
Bushido's sorta like chivalry.
Behavioral code, rules to
thwart barbaric conduct,
and end backward conversation.
Need a bus? Call us.
A dying birch? Chop it.

Saintly burdens? Carry them.
Poem boss? Crown us.
Harsh bourbon? Chase it.
Brittle nerves? Calm them.
Where? Broome and Chrystie.
In a private bar at Christie's,
drinking bullshots and cognac,
he bid on the Campbell's soup,
to beef up his Pop collection.
Thank you for bouncing my call.
Brain is clanking here
in the blank chapter. Proust's
translators bailed the cause
apparently. Built a cosmetic
bomb for teens– "Cute
Bitch"?! That will cause
big problems, certainly.
Well, best to check
what bodes with John C.
Business will come along
in time, borrow some credit.
By the way, I collected
the boys' *Civil War*
from B, via Clegg, so
comrades are brewing something.
Believe me, we'll co-ordinate
our blunders. I am cheered
to blossom in whatever color,
Alice B. Costanza.
Brother, do you really care
about Bartok's compositions?
That bolero he never composed
wasn't for bassoon and clarinet.
Remember the ballyhoo and clamor
about bird flu containment?
Meanwhile, the bedbug contagion
went ballistic. Chalk that up
to poisoned bait for cockroaches.
Imagine a box of Cheerios
as bloodthirsty camouflage.
A blight in your cupboards!
Bologna came and went
and my broken carcass was hauled
up to Rimini by car. Simone
bypassed Calabria and had soon



buoyed my crumpled spirits
with his bright countenance. Manhood
is a broad category
but Cripes if he didn't embody it.
La bella campagna afforded
a brief hour's contentment
and I began to conceive a pleasure
that was branched. I almost called
Brian to cancel everything with
"I'm bailing, cash me out."
By Christ I miss
New York, where blacks and caucasians
beef up the company.
Big clouds aren't
enough. A blank check
is a bullet-proof condom...
It buries you in an impenetrable calm
til there's nothing left for the blood-pressure cuff
to measure. By crakey
there's a better way to crash!

Wait behind the curtain.
It's the best anyone can do.
Bare-chested Tarzans.
Xiang is big in China.
A dozen blue crabs.
It bothers me. It costs too much.
Some warm broth for your cold.
The bad karma continues.
Brush with Crest toothpaste.
I begged her to come again.
Ask around before choosing
What's in the bag? Check your
local broadcast coverage.
It felt like being cursed.
Thank you for banking with Chase.
The syntactical structure of attraction
Or every rotten feeling
in my bloodstream. Every guilt,
sized appropriately for the ruins
of Christian love and Western
Civilization, RIP.
In the crystalline soul depths
of my bee brain's desire,
nothing more disturbs

the honeycombed cell blocks
than the most common advanced
prime comely image.
She's advertising hot today
Good gene work.
I admit I've lain in vain
With the most stupid of women
for their beautiful designs and wares.
It would've been much better
to bone a cold statue
and learn something about art.
This is my grievous sin,
but it's not so heinously simple.
There's no salvation, I've learned.
nothing, not the worthiness
of inner pure beauty.
That's political blackmail carnage.
Plus I'm too unlettered
to be a good judge of character.
But I know a goodly ass
even if I'm colorblind and hobbled.
Take this down, scribe!
I attest in plausible tones
that I'll never again worship
at the evil candy shampoo
altars again. Her voice,
vacuum packed legs,
the doors to otherworldly gain
and perfection have been sealed shut.
There's a myth of gods and mortals
buried somewhere in that pile
that I need to get access to.
For the disturbances of love
I don't need precaution.
I've been granted immunity
and don't dance anymore.
When you squeeze the emotional heart
til' it's a dried-out peanut,
scrub the human element
right out of your busy schedule,
leave it off your retina,
I call that basic embalming.
Free up time and detachment,
analyze death while strolling.
Leave life in the gutter

for someone else to trample.
And as its braying constant stubborn
insistence fades off,
say too-da-loo, au revoir
to the birthing, breathing, laboring.
The death discovery preoccupies
pastime, the only way to know time.
Bottomless records of energy
My dead limp love
Come bounding to me
In your rattling flaky husk.
Uncapped, you bestow charms
on beasts cajoled into thinking
that brevity consists of essence,
of brain cells in a poetic
pattern. Bright constellations,
blinking cheerily, navigate
the briny coastal shores
in a blackout, complete night
batters conscious efforts
to bridge the offending chasm
and shush the belligerent choir-
boys. Even Coleridge and
Byron lost their coordinates
sometimes in boggy, center-less
places that Baudelaire crawled
through, but Carlos Williams
was birthing children in Paterson
as doctor and bard. Conveniently
these breathing exercises colored
a batch of contradictions and
soon Bolshevik cells were
being counted as 4-H!
Brother, come to America
it's as big as communism,
and the beer is more carbonated.
Blowing through empty canyons,
a ball of coyote fur
bounces along the cow path.
Brave Chief Rocco
sticks a bolt in his crossbow,
buries it in the chest of Parker.
A boy of nine is crying.
Rocco brings him to camp
puts him in a bed close

to his own, brings chestnuts,
burns cactus needles and
brays at the crescent moon.
A B-list celebrity gets a
Botox injection in his cluttered
trailer, a Baja Cruiser,
his buttocks crimped unerringly
by the cascade of the years, while
he boasts about cajoling with
Ben A. and countless others.
Better to cut him off.
Brazen chemistry of youth.
An open box of cookies
bought at the company store
and bubblegum to chew.

Need big coffeepot
Bank re: check
Blank CD's
What kind birth control?
Beer, cereal, miso
Buy copy paper
Fix bad credit!
Beach? Check forecast
Gym, borrow cash
Buy wine, cheese

Attention is a bag of cherries.
We have only the Bings it contains.
But demand for them is continuous.
There is more binary code
than will ever be clocked
by the individuals— the customers, workers,
boyfriends, shoppers, colleagues—
we believe we certainly are.
Attention is a bowl of cornflakes
and all the businesses— the companies,
lovers, bosses, corporations—
bustle to claim our limited
breakfast, to capture our attention
and buzz us, causing panic
when this bogging cornucopia
of available brotherly contact,
or product, befriends the clogged
bongs of checked-out,

invested and bored citizens.
In his book, Christian Marazzi
brushes the dot-com
bust or crisis thus:
a growing bounty of contraptions,
programs and booty-calling
flooded the barn when the cows
were too busy communicating,
working, and bustling to circulate
these brand new computers
the sudden boom had created.
Attention is the best cash.
For Apple, it is butter, cheese.
This also, a bit, covers
the war: in the Basra conflict
a lot of biology is on call
and so we bust the catalogue
quickly in the battle of the century.
American balls are controlled.
The average brain is channeled.
All these branches are connected.
Atrocious bunkers are confected.
Animals are boiled in cauldrons.
Amateur boobs are clicked on.
Atoms are bisected in colliders.
Art is bought by collectors.
Animation beckons the corpse.
Afghanistan is bombed by cops.
Airplanes are birds from cyberspace.
Attraction borders on contamination.
The avatar's body is a cartoon.
Anarchy is beamed and calibrated.
Abstraction is bright and concentrated.
Asses are buoyed by cellulite.
Attention is a bottle of Coke.
Towards an honest boyfriend,
needing to keep ourselves
inside a certain story.
A long conversation,
you've asked me to repeat it.
Only if I want to.
That would be suicide.
A field, a road, a field.
A bike, a road, a hill.
Have some more Tostitos,

enjoy your time in the store.
Have some more tobacco.
Enjoy your time in bed.
Enjoy your Andre Gide.
I will not try to win.
I will not try to string
more than twenty words
together in a single phrase.
The sun is coming up.
It's not as cold as you think.
Chewing tobacco in bed.
Go in the other room
and be of two minds,
chewing tobacco. Remember
you pulled up in your brown
Thunderbird and got out
while I was chopping wood.
You were wearing shades.
I didn't know you had one.
Where had you been hiding it?
I liked riding with you
in your 2004
brown chariot. Remember
I had to go make hay
because the sun was no longer shining.
I had to finish my drink.
You had to drive me home.
Running around the fields
trying to pick up bales.
You gave me a pair of shades.
I never really kissed you
but something seemed lifted
from your blank desolate face.
It's not a crime to own an
Ellsworth Kelly, to buy
your socks at Barneys
or sink entire days
in jars of mayonnaise.
Nate Lowman is a crime
waiting not to happen
in a quaint West Village
townhouse filled with bullets
on canvas, and fat wallets
are snatched by each of us
Guggenheim criminals

when they Paul Chan us
into user-friendly arrangements
on uptown pavements.
Is it a crime to show up
at a Seth Price opening
in Chelsea, to drink glass
after glass of champagne
and not share your cocaine?
Crime is just another word
for Elizabeth Peyton, who
breakfasts at Sainte Ambroise
when she's not doing etchings
or in yoga class stretching.
Jutta Koether paints crime
in black, red and gold.
London Terrace is the edifice
where her yoga ball is stored.
Her manipulations are manifold.
Better than having a Dan Graham
pointed right in my face
or being Lawrence Weinered
in a dark alley in Queens.
Crimes happen like dreams.
They come silent or with screams.
Table four is on fire
the busboys beat themselves up
after jamming puff pastries
in the toilets but that's nothing.
There's deadly boredom in the kitchen
the chef has ditched responsibility
a pot with too many spoons
bubbles, boils, gets organized
and the troubles start again.
The angels of holes of angels
gathered and wholely baked
God how I hate restaurants
digging the big questions:
now, would you like to hear
tonight's specials out loud,
served in all simplicity
by anarchist waiters swimming
back and forth across the river
while holding up a lantern
longterm and drowned of joy
I, she, wear black,

and the security guards flinch.
I heard they shot an architect
by mistake at Cooper Union.
Black fingernails tap
on the lectern, our hostess unveils
unlimited free wine
with the price of a single dinner.
We do this every night
a nocturne for publics peaking.
At the new bad museum
last week, the band
that was supposed to fill our ipod
got stolen by band bandits.
I'm late I'm late too late
standing at the street corner
staring at the colorful trash
piling up in the can
that is this time now
of blue filet o' fishbags
I'm here this city I hate you
start the party without me
the transformation, daily
of alchemy's gold into shit
but what about farts, as a gas?
I don't know about you
I treat my customers
with fairness plus compassion
they can drink the same crusty wine
once in a while or all the time

I live near McCarren park.
There are ice cream trucks
driving around it constantly
all day, since the spring came.
It's a scrappy park,
most beautiful as a landscape
of silent ice and snow,
like it was last winter.
Suffering from insomnia
I started to go for walks in it
just after rising,
trying to make a ritual
of 'waking' in the light hours
and so, hopefully, as well
of 'sleeping' in the dark hours.

I haven't stepped in the park
since ending that experiment,
and now instead of ice,
the ice cream trucks are circling
hour after hour,
and then when I hear the jingle
so extremely often
I go a little mad.
I stand at my kitchen window
and look aimlessly out
into the backyards of my landlord
and all the neighboring houses.
Directly under my window
is a narrow plot of land,
mostly just soil,
a small raggedy shed,
and two wooden scarecrows,
totems in the shape of owls,
planted at either end
facing off in the dirt.
On my windowsill
are three small plants
whose health I constantly monitor
anticipating their demise.
That of the smallest one
has clearly already begun
and I feel like I can see
the beginnings of that of the second.
The third is still junked up
on fertilizer from the plant store.
Yesterday the ice cream trucks
finally broke me down.
They played the jingle nonstop
while circling the park.
I would hear it in the distance
approaching, near, receding,
then all over again,
hour after hour,
on through the day,
and well into the evening.
Furious, I started composing
letters of a citizen's outrage.
Searching online for addresses
I found without much trouble
that a battle was already raging.

There were articles, posts, coalitions
an angry back and forth.
But it wasn't being fought
between ice cream trucks and residents.
Instead it was the rage
of some of the 'real New Yorkers'
against the new inhabitants:
"If they want to have no jingles
and no pollution, please
GTFO of my city
and don't forget to take
your fugly skinny jeans
and overpriced garbage with you;
You transplant assholes
come here from East Buttfuck,
in western Indiana
or some whitebread hellhole,
and now you want to wussify
our wonderful vibrant city
down to your suburban mayonnaise?
These hipsters stroll around
looking so hardcore
in their curated, ratty "look"
and really, deep down
they're just a creamy bunch
of ignorant pussy babies;
These recent migrants to Brooklyn
need to get the fuck out
and go back to the small town
in middle America's carport
in which they first came.
They have totally destroyed
what was once the best boro
and now thanks to them
it looks like Anytown
suburban USA;
Take your vegan, yuppie rear ends
back to your midwestern towns
and get the H3LL out of my neighborhood."

I be on the choo-choo
in "quiet" box car
with its baggage of goths, cranky
gray beards, crisp
lads with breath of cock.

The book: can we re-
brain our contribution
or blank the check we sent?
Brief me or call.
Big fingers crossed
for the board choice. Do
you have a billing claim?
Better circulate it to Josef.
Been eating candy here,
balls made of chocolate.
Any bright or crazy
business concepts? I did
broach a communication
to Anna B. concerning
our Brussels collaboration.
Baci mille, Claudia.
Sitting here in Queens
Resembling an amphibian
That dangles from a strand
of clear mucus, a comedian
Eating refried beans
In trees a sensible eruption
long, slow, luminous
automatic choreography
Where it hangs a fabulous
slimy tumescent expansion
Sitting here in Queens
Not in a psychiatrist's office
because this woodsy mollusk
has a more expressive orifice
Eating refried beans
in an individual mirror
Home or in a hotel room
Before the ultimate party
in a sucky social Karthoum.
Don't delay our disaster
Sitting here in Queens
in size twelve sneakers
a slug on a wet thread
dangled between speakers
Eating refried beans
At the bottom of its glass
of prosecco O worm
You've found your sick art
Out in the joy of the storm

in the rose of an invisible ass
Sitting here in Queens
Screwing on your face
Mustering the energy it takes
to worm a hole in this place
Eating refried beans
Emitting a bizarre melody
A funny dying song
in the air that it's gasping
distant, slow and long
tones treat the tragedy
Sitting here in Queens
Izod yokel J train
What an A plus dream
I was choking Jane
Eating refried beans
What rolled-back eyes
What a swollen smile
Choke a sweaty throat
Is she really dead?
Is that me the choker?
Sitting here in Queens
wanting this to happen
behind a kind of screen
or partition with tit holes
Eating refried beans
Displayed like a stockade
The barest ever leg
dangles like a sleeper's
in a mental meat locker
before the sun is up.
Sitting here in Queens
A hotdog minus bun
Eine wurst out of water
And there's more: Jim's
Eating refried beans
bare, soft and slimy
adding to the debauchery
enjoying Jane's Klossowski
My job was to end it
and I did until she died
Sitting here in Queens
Inventing these machines
for making gaping open
with other Jims now helping

and stepping into openings
Eating refried beans
with Arabs in I think a clinic
and many little hairs
and widened dark eyes
pressed against the glass
A most amazing opening
Sitting here in Queens
Then waking up to finches
before Clarissa or Yes
Clarissa is also present
Eating refried beans
choking open morning
with birds' lewd songs
catastrophically melodic
crying for more extinction
Squashing plover eggs
Sitting here in Queens
Eating refried beans
A tall grey jug
filled with skim milk
The latest Disney product
Stadium star Demi
a pig in skinnyjeans
Sitting here in Queens
Plan it or be planned
Grab it or be grabbed
Fill the parental toilet
with scrambled diarrhea.

A bowl of curry spills
on flower bed clothes,
botching them, coloring
them brown and caking
between the jumbled covers.
Thought before calamity
great! I was bleached clean
once you bonehead, call it
a bad conscience. Kneel,
bend, pick up the carton.
What a bonanza, Clem,
empty both cans in the
pans in this building's cellars.
Was a bird chirping just now?
My Bit o'Honey's caught

in my braces. Oh crap
if it's baked cod again
I won't even bother to come.
Wasn't a bird just chirping?
Beating eggs for cake,
bunching up chives in
bundles, we can chop
the burdock root and celery,
splash some beer on the carp.
What's the beautiful chorus
I hear while basting my capers?
It's Bellini on the CD.
Bel Canto? Mmmrargh!
The Brahms is more of a *cri
de coeur*. Brenda cancelled.
Brian called, no message.
Boris checked out for good.
Barry has cancer, again.
Breast? No, cervix.
Benign? No, crazy
Be careful don't upset
us. A broad cowboy hat
is a bold choice for any
man in Brooklyn who claims
he's beaten the chimes of death.
Beloved colleagues, the late
bragging and carrying on
that brought such commotion
to our bedroom community
bespoke a deeper crisis
than our brains are at present capable
of bringing into consciousness.
Like the bull that charges
regardless of blade and cape,
or the bear whose appetite for candy
brings him to camp despite
the barbiturates that will course through him
when he's bagged, tagged and controlled,
we're bargaining without any chips.
I dragged the Capote book
onto the bed and recited the prose,
trying to come to, wanting it
to be the place I awoke in.
For the leopards, "bed" is a limb
in the trees. Sitting with that first

cup of coffee, before the
window, in the idyll of morning,
everything is glorious. Eight
hours I checked out,
and here I am now,
here I am again.
Honey, green, chipper
before my day planner
I debrief myself. What
to shoot for today? And,
how to make it happen?
Imagine the sea otter.
It wants to go to sleep.
So it drifts into and moors itself
to a bed of algae. And sleeps
afloat on its back. Sleep
took me to a velvet world.
And then dropped me back
into a golden twinkling sparkling
wonder-hour. Morning—
the world just-kissed!
We have a new mattress. Leaves.
I want to say “leaves.” Leaves.
One-ply toilet
paper is for the birds. I leapt
over the puddle with considerable grace.
The night is a magic door.
It’s morning— hop on your bike!
It’s morning— jump in your car!
It was as if not
everyone just a few
got word informed
of the free market cleansing.
Free market cleansing
As if nothing happened
Middlemen prowling
Just like before
Just kept carrying
the whole thing on their backs
Beat stresses in their hearts
Kept carrying on as before
Now were prowling about
New York in a minute
Bankers back on top
A middleman minute



Just go to hell
Drugs and outlaw capitalists
New York in Hell
A stock market buddy
opened a night club
Pull a face expression
Your dumb ugly mug
I don't have time for
your shit, you asshole.
Crapitalism can you count.
Counting in New York

But that was before we started
the two at a time trips.
A baby is screaming. It's getting
dark in the city. I don't care.
The streets are not for u
alone. A guy in Europe
keeps texting me and
all it says is "Sirens."
I live in new York city.
I'm going to buy some ice cream.
If u have the power of numbers
time is on yr side.
Off it goes like a flare.
Stretching over the
river. Purple than a mugh-
fuckah! Pull yrself
together. Xander jumped
out a window. He'll be missed.
I haven't even left yet.
Mother and son together.
Fold up your umbrella.
Tenth between third and fourth.
That was realer than real.
Sat. June 13.
Yelling with a French accent.
Willing to come to blows.
I'm having such a good time. I
do my best for u. Sitting
all in a row.
Is this what u were imagining?
I don't want to put it away.
The earth's magnetic shield
explained on a TV show.

Fifteen hundred years. The
inner core of the earth
hotter than the outer.
Little mini mountains.
Rough and complicated.
Open to debate.
Tender as an oboe.
Sweet as a strawberry.
Planets crashed into each other.
Mars our nearest neighbor.
A vision of earth's future,
A big satanic heart.
This must be the finale.
Jackson is still crying.
We go through a lot. Going back
to Sugar Pops. The ultimate
embarrassment. A son.
Raisins. Oatmeal. I'm jealous
at the core. The ape in me
is jealous. A funny robot.
Elgar's Pomp and Circumstance.
A man who in triumph is intolerable,
in terror is tender.
Love him when u can. He needs u til he
doesn't. Olive oil, ketchup
and fruit. When things are one way
and before they become another.
Bastard circle! Once
banished, now you crash
and bend your chilly rays,
blasting all comfort, your
blazing cornea winking
and blinking without care.
Give us bombs and cocaine!
Shine on Bacon's canvases
at the Met, his bubbled corpses
and bulging cockney lovers.
Shine on bosses and cops.
These mysterious broken cups
are balls of chalk, horizons
to beam our curving vision.
In your bra they are cuddled,
broadcasting covert shapes.
How we bristle and chafe
at their blindness. Clandestine

bulbs, crepuscular orbs,
both cloistered like invisible
boomerangs in a locked closet.
Buns shelved in a cupboard.
Hard-boiled in Cellophane.
Now a bluish cast smears
the baking crosswalks of Manhattan.
Bricks cool off,
buildings cape us in shadows,
and at last brains concentrate
on the splendid boredom of a city.
The boys creep up
with bashful, crooked smiles.
Beatrice Inn is crammed
with identical blonde cunts
and bottom feeding celebrities.
You blend with this crowd
and body check its drunken
banality until claustrophobia
beats you into a waiting cab,
back to your rented cage.
To be a cave woman.
You're broke and can't afford
to buy clothes or drugs
so you bake in your convent
in Brooklyn, cook rice
and beans, try to focus
and read Bruce Chatwin
Am I breathing correctly?
Am I banking-challenged?
Should I bum some cash?
Is my butt as cute as my face?
Am I behind on my chores?
Brie or gooey Camembert?
The basis of Dali's clocks.
The history of blue cheese
began in moldy caves
with bacteria causing reeking,
bore issue as commerce
thus flying business class
or boated over in containers
that lay at Baltimore's chief
port. Breadwinners conspire,
hopelessly bet that casting
votes would bring change,

yet they were blindly cheated,
beyond communication.

A fundamental betrayal can
balloon countless sparks
of basic free communism,
or so I wrote at Brooklyn College,
back in my campus days,
amidst bookish nineties chicks
and their bluesy coy poses.

Bernadette was always copping
bags of heroin or coke
before going to class
because of an AM connection
based in a crack house on fifth
between C & D.

Transferring from Brown in a crisis
she became a corporation,
as it was bluffingly called,
in truth a bizarre collective.

It's blunter and less conceptual.
It's brighter and more contemporary.

Your bird was counting her eggs
as we boldly entered the city
and dumped our books in the canal.

We want to blank your century,
bank it as common property.

The boom was not the cause
of going blind, we cogitated,
but it did coincide with a dimness.

Now we're back. The crisis
builds us up. It came.

We're busy. Conceptualism
was both an attention to the contingent
by which communitarian impulses
stole the beauty that's channeled
in biennials, and the social contagion
of discourse. Before it was captioned
its boat was carefully documented:
black-and-white culture.

We prefer the blithe charm
of the beach, its open character.

At bottom, what constitutes
and brings home the canon
is not beautiful. Committed
to what becomes us, compulsively

wiping our behind, we convey
a burgeoning desire for a car!
Our colleagues saw it best:
breaking down was in the cards.
The table's as broken as the coterie
that bands around it. The catalogue
is big and the curator is huge.
It begins with a frank confession:
this business is never complete.
The show is *Bad Craft*.
Because they have charisma,
there's a bona-fide close-up
of each and between them the crude
blue sky of their complicity.
Bits and pieces are certainly
the result of bombing. Cerebral
breakfast, plaster cast
of biker, etc. Considered
and biographical, codified, fried
and boiled, the currency piles
up. The branding is convincing.
We were born in a club
with the best mixes and cuts,
where limber Blacks and Caucasians
bounced and clapped on occasion.
The numbing copious drugs
brightened and comforted our wretched,
bullshit, careless lives.
Being successful counted
only if you breached compromise.
Brash wills cashed in.
Better minds copped out.
For all the ballyhoo and wistful charm
I believe the decade was crappy.
As bogus as a corny night
basking in a jail cell
when busted by patrol cars
in the Burgeoning police campaign
that broom-swept clean
the bathos of city streets.
While they who with blankness cheered
the Barons of Crisis kicked
the basement doors, crashing
to get their bourbon and champagne,
nevermind the body count

or the deafening bells and cannons.
They're just babes copulating,
swathed in bolts of corduroy.
God bless the clouds,
I'm getting burnt from the computer,
besides that I'm calming down.
There's a bee in my champagne
(buzzes when we clink glasses)
There's a bubble in my crisis
There's a bone in my corduroys
There's a bonjour in my croissant
There's a blog in my computer
There's a bin clanging like a
bomb on the sidewalk, a clog
in the toilet, brewing coffee,
this blankness. Crepuscular,
decadent, bothered, covered
in blankets (cashmere) you're
the one bright candle
still burning in Chinatown.
I need to borrow some cash
I need to baste your carcass
I need to boil these cockles
I need to Broadway concrete
I need to Balenciaga Chanel
Your bra is under the cat,
a bum asleep in a cab.
Bless his endless circling
the block, asocial creature
burying careful turds
in its box, claiming its space,
its personal bowl of chow.
There's bleach in the Clorox
There's beer in the Corona
There's beef in the cow
There's a ball in the cannonball
There's a body in the corpse
A blood or maybe cherry red
Barcelona chair supports
Beatrix, power curator and
booster of contemporary art
who also buys and collects it,
her Basel castle home to
mostly black canvases.
Others brushed the colors

of barfed-on carpets as well
many a beguiling c-print
adorn the bunker, ceramics
too, beautiful containers of
secrets. The bowels creak
beneath the sitter and comfort
departs this brutal climate.
All the bluster in the coat,
All the bugs in the custard,
All the brains in the college,
All the birds in the cemetery,
All the brothers at the clinic,
All the buttons on my *chemise*,
But when the boat capsizes,
bro, you'd be a real choad
not to build communism
with us, because civilization
blows. Don't be a cunt
for boner-power. Cut it
off. Betrayal is a Coke
begging for your carbonation.
A blue day is coming soon.
Believe it, Charline. When
borders dissolve, crap
happens. Bare chests.
Fade to blonde close-up
among the birches, camera
begins to crawl, traveling
beetle cinema, you still
brooding, hand cups
breast, words console,
bald as a crocus in the wet
earth, baseball cap
blows off (comedy),
on the beach a cripple
bouncing by on crutches,
bucket of clams spills
in sand bag c-stand.
There's a binding in our caulk
There's a breach in our crack
There's a bell in our chime
There's a bouquet in our calla lilies
There's a business in our company
There's a boredom in our communication
There's a banquet in our contamination

MELVIN

A source is every joy.
Unfolding bodies and pages in the morning.
This morning's endeavor is escaping.
The source of spreading herself nicely.

Lightning is very intense.
The sky is cracking its electric fingers.
It's the most shocking and angry blasting.
Let's keep driving in a lightning storm.

Every man has Melvin.
To feel every day how he is, where he is, for you.
In his house every morning, and on Massie Road.
So you are a man and it's Melvin.

STANCHION

It's the most control in the world.
It's normal to always have police.
And freedom isn't ever what one wants.
But when I'm looking in your eyes,
I know I'm like an animal now.
A captured existence is how it feels.
Maybe one of these days
we can blow up!
Saturday, Sunday, sitting around the apartment
with you, talking instead of fucking
I wonder if we can be heroic.
It's tired.

Driving is not really liberating.
Leaving the city together we go in a rental car.
On the road there are vans, Jeeps, Range Rovers and other traffic.
You bring everything driving in your head.

Broken tongue √√√ in the block.
What is Marxism?
Three more days. I sank. No?
Lazy fingers are your beautiful tongue.

I go for a walk in the trees
It's soft and sleepy, stepping on the ground.
Now I am in motion.
A walk is in my head.

INSIDE

So many people will just say they are bored
as everything slips out of their life.
But, I can only scream when it hurts.
Rip it all out, tear it apart,
Your time has come, you did it,
earned some respect, climbed up a notch.
When will you finally
stop selling New York!
All these years, it's been a place for
someone else's city, and they have filled it
with their dreams and plans.
Start up

Lying is very human
Can you tell when I'm saying bullshit in my face?
Do I tell when I'm true? Do you know?
Sometimes I am always lying.

HYDRA

A hydra is very frustrating.
Every head chopped off grows back times two.
Give me a break, what a day, you say.
It's important to recognize hopeless Hydra battle.

BONE

There's no way to console you for this.
You can't know how to walk.
And happiness has a very short fuse.
But, if I ever feel so very very wrong,
and it's actually right to dislike me,
I just look harder for the funny road.
When drowning,
become a diver!
I have often done and I can tell you
it's one of the most possible ways
to keep going. I don't know who you are.
Now Forget.

SOURCE

Your self is hard to manage.
Even though you try and try.
Sometimes your self is so disappointing.
But in times like these
when you dislike what it is,
try to look farther off, beyond "you".
Fill your eyes to
the brim with beauty!
Because luck is a far, far nicer
guide than you can ever your self be.
I wish you every happiness.
Try it.

Shopping is my favorite.
I never get tired.
New clothes are for me, looking good.
I hope it fits.

Talking is very amusing
In the car you tell me about your husband's illness and personal things.
I tell one about a rat in Stockholm.
It's quiet when I stop talking.

The apartment is very expensive
You can wait for later or just hang from the neck
Let's go inside and watch TV or do some vacuuming today.
It's easy to rob my apartment.

STARS

Drugs are a very old invention.
People agree to eat something or other, they try.
There are pills, coke and natural kinds, like weed.
How do we make it without drugs?

NAPKIN

It's the last thing I expected.
It's hard to be responsible.
And New York is not exactly what you hoped for.
Maybe you can try hard next time
and not be a sad coward.
In the end you
have your job!
At night when I'm upset or maybe mad
about friends, I know we also agree.
Under the grave stones a peach.
So fresh

Napkin is pretty.
Eating, you have one at your side.
She never does harm your style.
Everyone is clean with a napkin.

Breast-to-breast in the breakfast room,
our shoes meet. You're wearing flats.
So am I.
It's actually better.

BANK

Bank is a mysterious place.
There is money but we look and it's not really inside.
It grows, leaves and mostly is invisible.
Is a bank like an airline company?

GERTRUDE

Gertrude is never expected.
She made stanzas, operas, and was even a lesbian.
Maybe you can put her on a scale with Warhol.
I think Gertrude weighs a lot.

So every day is getting stronger now.
What happens to you is over.
And seeing double is now just see one of every thing.
I see you feeling juice and getting stronger.

General orange after thunder.
General panic before thunder.
The frank face of his daughter.
Steak, broccoli, potatoes in general together.



GENERAL

Death is very terrifying.
What is you is now broken.
What was you cannot be found.
Try not to think about it.

I love Antek.
I keep a distance and don't say it too much to change it.
Let him be a man or I don't care, I give it away.
Don't worry if I love Antek.

This might be broken, imagine.
Is it already in your hand again?
Drinking the language of things.
A throat and a glass broken.

CALAMARI

It's the same thing all the time.
I'm eating and talking with you.
But I've been thinking about the problem
and what is an apparatus?
All people find this story in the city
And let go of a lot of possibilities.
Maybe I can't even see
how special it is!
Fear is just a sad old bear
grunting through our personal tent flaps.
I would climb a mountain together.
So what!

My father is always making the contraption.
So put things together in the design and for selling.
And nobody makes it, and maybe it will save your life.
No sign of a contraption.

Words are very mysterious.
A girl is talking to a boy at the market.
And you can have it with someone in a special way.
What are we doing with words?

It's a bad, existential feeling.
One finds something one truly hates.
And you try and try to puke it out.
But, when I see language that wants me,
and I'm filled with dark revenge,
I just think about the people at the airport.
Break your vessel,
and spill it on the ground!
This is what I always come back to and it's so much
better to be flat out upwards surrounded by flies, signs.
A puddle. I want it to be fabulous for you.
Throw Away

PETARD

It is not the way you want.
There is really so much to do.
And it's just too hard work, it seems.
Whenever you are feeling low
and can't stand to see a mirror,
don't worry and do what you can.
Ever'ything has its
one and only charm!
Acceptance is a far, far better road,
and there is more fruit than
one thinks. I hope it is true for you.
Let it.

Skinnyjeans are very tight.
Standing next to denim butts dancing.
I can't fall asleep on the sidewalk anymore.
Let's watch your figures in skinnyjeans.



HISTORY

History is very good to have.
For feeling is right where the needle is touching the record.
And then you can say other than "good and bad" things.
God Bless you in history!

STONED

Sunshine is so warm
Remember you were in the burn ward?
We can sit by your window all day like a cat.
Get out and be healthy in the sunshine.

New York is a very great city.
When you're friends, you're nearby for years.
And every day is a dirty secret you never speak of.
Try to love me ten years in the dirty Big Apple and forget.

Goddesses are always naked.
She's sweet and sexual symbolism.
My permanently erect penis!
Goddesses to tickle your tastes.

Summer is very hot.
People have brown skin and need a fan.
And look for water to float in.
Let's make the ice cocktail.

THOREAU

Henry David Thoreau is a funny consequence.
For jumping across the stream, Henry didn't give a damn!
And Henry helped a slave in the woods.
Thoreau is a real person.

MANAGER

Employee of the week is blessed by
the boss, despised by everyone else.
Armed robbery is not on the menu.
A pat on the back and a smile from a stern-
faced Yankee, Prior Thomas.
The fortune cookie factory smell.
Switch to jumble mode, for underwater
close combat.
Each night walking away, the others jeer
quitter insults, not dad rewards.
It's molting season.
Deer park.

Obama is a cybernetician.
He wait, he gathers information.
He adjusts feedback and prepares his signal.
Obama crushes the odds not taking risks.

So very happy to be here when it's over.
I did my best to make it stop.
And now there's nothing, and that pleases.
So, be nervous in the places
you can't stand to see,
I'm standing against the wall.
The tides of time
sweep stains away!
Look up at the tunnel that we are
flying through with great, passing
feeling. I wish to forget you.
So long.

Consternation is a very dramatic look.
With "oh no!" or "Maybe it's not good or OK."
You can put on so much in your eyebrows.
I was doing consternation in a show.

Stars are very famous.
Every person can see it every time, in the dark.
And to be one, you don't care, and don't be hurry, and don't want star.
And so... ready?
???????????

Rupture is very hard
Let's take a break this summer and be far away.
I really need to figure me out for two months or more.
But try rupture. You can see other people.

HAMMER

You did it and it's not your problem now.
Conflict involves other people.
Sometimes we have to clear the air for breathing.
Now you've been fingered

and the whole neighborhood agrees,
claiming a rehab is impossible.
Maybe it's a good time
to abandon the dump!
It is a strong shining dream at the end of everything
and nor rat can ever mess it up
so far that it stops. You are so calm.
Blow by

CHUTSPAHI

It's great that it got a little lighter.
As per usual the boys are biking on the bridge.
New York is also a song.
An island remade in that strange plastic-metal
is like a new kind of transformer toy,
armored for the final showdown.
Today a plane crashed
into a helicopter!
How unexpected that this one time
it shines with such a fresh gleam
it smarts. I know it's not much.
Look up

Soho is a special case.
We parade up and down these fashion runway streets.
My sexy night is in this bag.
Buy like a celebrity in Soho.

COME ABOUT

Ready to come about now.
Coming about bags of money.
A tragedy while clamming.
Coming about on a sandbar.

SOHO

MOTOR

It's smoking in the farthest part of you.
It may be problem for some people.
And there's always energy somewhere.
But, when it's blank it's a total mystery
and reach for a supplement
as if anything can be solved in the mouth.
You can ride full
speed into a wall!
It has always come, and it's a far, far
cry from there to here, but it's sending now.
I want to do something better with this.
Stoke it

Poets are not real and not a dream.
Unicorns: half animal, half angel.
They carry symbols for us.
Poets are in my house.

TV is very changing.
They have channels with sports, 24 and CSI.
In the rhythm of our brains, there's always a company.
I stretch me-to-you with TV.

ACNE

Acne is very sensitive.
Stop touching your face, says Mom!
On the bus the new girl hides her face.
Go talk to her mysterious acne.

Maybe there's no bottom to this hole.
One's thoughts order themselves,
and the mind becomes its own jailer.
But, when the sun on the water brings no pleasure,
and seeing a boy in the pool only makes me suffer
I just remember that dark is light and vice versa.
Get on the bus
and go to town!
This way I don't think about what's mine, and things are
so wrong in so many ways you start to drown in it and it
feels fine. I think you understand what I'm saying.
Good Luck
Fight Thought
Don't Worry
Have Sex
Eat Crow
Now Pay
All Summer
Your Turn
No Tricks
Cooling Brains
Enjoy Aruba

What calls itself honesty, is venom.
There's no other reason for it. If reason, not venom.
But there are reasons for it.
Venom is psychological.

VENOM

Youth is very strapping.
These bodies are flexible and full of cum.
But it's sad to work like a whore.
Let's have some fighting spirit.

New York is a very big city.
With millions of sounds, it's lively.
To be alive is such an opportunity.
Do you have a problem in New York?

MONTAUK

At the end and you can't go further.
You can stay at Memory Motel or Ronjo.
And freedom isn't ever what one wants.
But when I'm going into the big ones
and the day is almost done,
I know I'm a loner and mortal surfer .
For once in your life
don't have anything!
Later you can eat that lobster with the others
and pretend it's okay
together. I wish you every catastrophe.
Ditch Plains.

Nothing is one thing, only simultaneously.
A motorcycle is buzzing and my mom is somewhere.
It's six o'clock in the morning, and it's 3 o'clock in the morning.
What are you doing simultaneously?

CAVIAR

Burgers are better to look at.
You can come back to it, and it gets better.
Here's a finished one, is it the same?
Take your time with the burgers.

A camera is a modern timer.
At night they sparkle on the tops of buildings.
Maybe he will take her clothes off for photography.
Let's use a camera for today.

Caviar is a very expensive egg.
Tasting those bubbles on the tongue.
Sturgeon fish are vanishing, but we have paddlefish!
In Sweden they had caviar at a funeral.

YOU

Who kills you, is you.
This is someone who is waiting for you and you only.
Here is a person or something you know, or who knows you better.
Well.... it's not you!

DON'T

You thought it now you have it.
Amazing how everything falls in your hands
at times you don't even care.
It's not easy any longer to imagine surprising
yourself. You are older,
and various people depend on you.
Maybe you betray them
and cause a breakdown!
Seriously, this is an emergency,
it's so terrible to lose the simple possibility
of not working. You should try.
Don't Stop

Porn is a very popular.
On line we saw tits, amateurs, young sex and anal sex.
In a bar, everyone has seen porn, really it's obvious.
Let's decide everything is porn.

MUGS

Mugs are like Mallarmé.
He sometimes wrote on a lady's fan.
A magazine can slide and shine.
This is a mug.

NYC is very safe.
You don't need a gun.
Grab a to go coffee.
NYC is for you!

BURGERS

It's a dull, rotten, disappearing feeling.
A million miles away from one's death,
And a lady is cleaning the pool with a longpole.
But, whenever I feel on the blank side of history,
and the sunny fountain is blowing droplets in the water,
I just think about what Thomas Mann said in a letter:
 Before the Great War
 We dreamed of death!
It's an idea that always surprises me
and allows me to see the swimming pool
intensely. When I think of you it's happy hour.
 Soon Flying
 Love's Concussion

Underwear is the smaller package.
Some dress up in a tiny nylon nothing.
At the airport store, she spent a lot for almost nothing.
American Apparel sells underwear.

FEAR

Don't fear your own potencies.
A composition looks in on a scene.
The history of rock n' roll unveiling for you.
Fear becoming potency.

Riding to a friend.
Curiosity swash.
Is it your twelfth scarf?
Riding complimentary ground.

Knowledge can be sipped.
With this tea, within this world.
Night systems are for you.
Benefit from ancient and modern knowledge.

Clean, burning face.
Yours is more the color of the hills.
And hairy. Will you kiss someone?
My face is not from here.

COMPUTER

Opera is big.
Sometimes it's heart-
breaking the failure.
Polish your lorgnettes at the opera.

WISTERIA

It's a greedy and green reaching out.
It only wants to increase.
And growing isn't always the answer.
But, when everything closes down
at least there is a sun.
I just try and think of spreading out.
Maybe even a plant
has a profitable idea!
I have always done it. It's a long time
I am collapsing and now it is
surprising. Why are we so healthy?
Go green.

EVENING DRESS

The girls changed into their evening dress.

ORDER

The girls are preparing their toilet.

Two Donkeys. Two hardons. Why not.

YOGA

People are different animals
For one, thinking is better for you than expected.
It's funny with the same ideas flying.
People can be very surprising.

Order is a very stable design.
In a restaurant, the man orders spaghetti, salad and wine.
The city can be a boiling pot and it takes a lot of information.
Let's get some order in a situation.

The airport is for us.
Which place are you flying to? I'm flying too.
The toilet seat and other things I don't mind.
I'm in love at the airport.

EMERGENCY

I never even see it until too late.
I wish you will call these final days
but not after it's something we can do about it.
All the time you are deciding
it's done I was planning the life,
and how useless, I see.
Dear love, is it
a real reason?
I test my attraction on several new people
and I'm aware what can happen,
So mostly sad and finally a mistake.
Pick up

Rain is soaking everything.
I was dry behind the windows but the ceiling leaked.
A non-stop day is depressing.
Refreshing rain is quick.

Friendly is an advanced state of mind.
Each man is interesting, and nothing in this case will be bad.
This man rubbing lotion on his belly is a great fighter in the world?
Our two brains laugh to the war, friendly.

COLLAPSE

It's the fastest thing in the world.
It's amazing to be abstract.
And now capitalism really controls everything.
But, the economy is most of all
how we go through the street,
always with our relationships.
If you fight it
you will go to jail!
What is it really? Sometimes the best question
seems most obvious, for children,
but is it mostly just a fear of the stupid?
Try Again

Kissing is a very open feeling.
In a public street there is a strong thing for losing it.
Licked lips are never giving, always getting taken.
Kissing never returns from kissing.

W Javier and cowboy Brian the real cowboy.
How many times you ride before? W/ sir Johnny and half moon.
He don't have to listen. You have to commander.
We'll stop and take pictures of the sceneries.

NOT FROM HERE

Your new distanted self.
It's mobilized in this way.
Call Gilles, decide on a date.
Try a self for something.

BIRD HAND

B.h. is a stitching hand.
The birds are related to lizards, raptors.
In the cage is a conniving white bird.
Save me from misanthropic b.h.

A heart is very delicate.
Loneliness is a disease that leads you to death.
The next time you get up in front of everybody.
Do it with heart.

RIDING

Everyone has only so much possibility.
But you insist on them, like it's
your own private property.
We can be curious about others
and it only touches at the end of you,
when really touching is always for everybody.
It's not special
for an owner!
When I lose my patience in the world
and I seek a much different music
than the monotony of my own individual.
Lose It

Sun had already set but it was evening.
I was glad to miss the last glare of that monster.
Do some good people watching, a walk on the high line with me.
Still hot but it's evening.

EDWARD

Lover of funny necklace with erotic meaning.
Makes your skin inflame nicely.
No pasts required at Orchard Beach.
Lover of a nature of culture.

Edward is a poetic name.
From Britannia, sensitive, wry and skinny.
Smarter than the great capitalist but goes in mustard gas.
In my garden I trust the Edward poetry.

A glass as a fan
At Cap de _____
Dear D, we received your alteration.
Stupid wretched high glass.

SUN

Cute bombs are free children.
Over and over and again and again, these kids can do anything.
It's the least we can do for them.
Cute bombs, so fucked up.

BREAST

Cigarettes are like a violent redneck lover.
He won't let you leave him.
It's a youthful mistake that wraps around your destiny.
Cigarettes are a plastic bag.

NOT MUCH

The glare on the glass is hypnotic.
Dan is cheap thrills for culture with a big C.
We put the C back in cobbler, the B in the bee.
When my guy throws the dice down
and they all come up sevens, I'm shocked.
Let's spread out the table of capital.

She's a fine one,
a deluxe edition!
It's great to be like a scorpion,
always ready to end oneself, everything, like money
and computers and you smell a lot like death.
This is different.

TO PACK

Bathing suits to pack.
Goggles.
Adapter-chargers, computers.
To pack it is to kill it.

Beauty is not too far off.
Always striving without effort.
No seed refuses to sprout.
Einstein speed to the center of beauty.

Easy a two-minute thunder.
You wonder how we'll go longer.
On the upper floor we call her.
With the thunder, all call together.



FUCK

It's the best place in the world.
It's fantastic to be so popular.
And the city is always new when there's trouble.
Yet, when I'm on the high line
and I know these are beautiful flowers,
a guard always tells you to stick on the path.
Suddenly we feel
a strong disagreement!
It never leaves, and it's difficult
always being so available and working,
as ever it's a holiday. I know it is flexible.
Now Stop

BUDGET

Trying to be gay, we consider the welded legs.
Never as gay as we want, we settle for Plexiglas.
In Germany they always know how to make it perfect.
A room feels right when you're in it,
but right for what? I would never live there.
We want a room that's impossible for you.
Let's make a world
that denies the world!
If you read it, you're already out of it,
and just by looking you are in exile.
Our abstraction is how we talk in the air.
Think things

Horrible is not every day.
Kissing is the heart between lips
When I see your face and it's fight or flight, and a gray monster.
Today you were horrible.
Your face is so giant

INVISIBLE

Stoned is a very curious cat.
She is a curious genius for she doesn't care.
So if you don't like the heat you can get out of it.
Stoned for us is today.

THANKS

Thanks for coming uptown today.
Madison Avenue is a carpet for kings.
The stores pretend we are present, so we are.
I want to say thanks for the salmon.

It's exciting to have a fighting spirit.
You also have a crotch.
And we do see how you go when there's beer.
But, when I was younger
and I living in a small apartment
I just try to be okay working in a restaurant.
Everybody I know

Twenty Words

N2. N4. Safety. Anal. Abscond. Enounce. Email. Nonplus. Ten. Onto. Skipet. Butts. Santos. Lexicon. Depress. Margiela. Debtor. Attention. Unseemliness.

Twenty Words

Number. Sake. Psychedelic. Chart. Painted. Coach. Braindead. Reeking. Homemade. Peat. Art. Ventilator.

TWENTY WORDS

Mail. Rodeo. Bloopers. Yonder. Fish. Seeberville. Of. L'Anse. Hornets. Are. Phone. Fornicate. Whiz. Korea. Lend.

Twenty Words

Melodic. Ward. Oils. Golashes. Temper. Onion. Half-assed. Sung. Plucked. Partridge. Spring. Hand. Teen.

Twenty Words

Rejuvenate. Degreaser. Purportedly. Horse. Psychic. Estate. Guidance. Country. Games. More. Strategy. Acrylic. Daybreak. Unlimited. Asterisk. Hurricane. Slime. Horn. Lunar. Comb.

Twenty Words

Got. Loris. Overwhelmed. U-Bahn. Yoghurt. Period. Iceland. Cheese. Askance. Slat. Morgan. Italy. Remiss.

CASH WORDS

Via. Low. Self. Pinch. Squint. Balcony. Juggler. Judgment. Bus. Jaw. Push. Glove. Define. Paradox. Dentist. Aluminum.

Twenty Words

Snub. Yellow. Comma. Dork. Undo. Copyright. Sperm. Flag. AccuWeather. Lithography. Cord. Utmost. Money. Egg. Gun.

Twenty Words

Resting. Asleep. Girls. Twice. Fade. Rinse. Shalimar. One. Folgers. Aleve. Crickets.

Twenty Words

Touch. Lawrence. Mithridates. Pollux. Enough. Hiyaa. Toni Kukoc. Buster. User. Shasta. Levi's. Ivanhoe. Brim. Rim.

20 Words

Rice. Poblano. Sucker. Quail. Chimp. Burglar. Handclap. Headland. Feathered. Pus. Soap. Rutabaga. Yam. Gerbil. Caper. Shave. Gentlemen. Harvest. Ownage. Gackt.

Twenty Words

Weird. Half-off. Semen. Seaman. Jinx. Lemon. Tool. Fix. Show-down. Gel. Tissue. Clip. Pricey.

TWENTY WORDS

Breed. Farley. Casino. Launch. More. Drain. We. Kleenex. Vowels. Must. Born. Crèche. Zinger. No. Participate. Wren. Exacerbate. Yes. Lincoln. Jingo. White. Putt.

Twenty Words

Ashamed. Portly. Margin. Fight. Class. Who. Place. Dry. Wail.

Twenty Words

Resist. Mental. Fair. Nightmare. Question. Repression. Map. Bottom. Three. Apartment. Confidential. Settlement. Language. University. Container. Kantian. Chant. Jump. Cassandra. Middle.

twenty words

Iverson. Empieza. Technicolor. Irish spring. On/Off. Chelsea. Melancholy. Riot. Quik-Trak. Scan. Brother. Mel Karch. Progressive Muscle Relaxation (PMR). Pittsburgh.

Twenty Words

Slow. Shame. Men. Watercolor. Poison. Everyday. Ambivalence. Spook. Freight. Brick. Throne. Eyes. Cactus. Oriental. Traces. Marble. Shoe. Profile. Eraser.

1

Pitching gadgets.

Put in pit.

Cocaine in his system/him.

Not in pit.

Unresponsive in bed.

College, everything, one big picture. A neat plan to spring somebody out of prison. It made working fun.

Monday afternoon off, Jim Burns in the Bronx, loved to puff pot. Had a prison phobia.

Queer magic talk.

Failure, meet your cousin the flop, show him to his room.

The hose, an instrument to help you clean out the pen.

Sweat remedial poet's courses thru the summer.

Crank verse.

Joy will follow hardship's expense. Right, without a doubt

I follow leadership but in these rank fields my cursed

fur and servant are gone for good, and in their place a

fur turd.

2

My/his girlfriend came up w/a knife between her teeth.

Don't tread on me.

I'm the most horrible one of all.

The conundrum of the end. Special.

You've tasted blood. And I've tasted blood.

Wacko Jacko, King Pop Face, gloved one. A star sparkles. Silk robes as they brush the floor of the Ed Hardy store.

Monkey, camel. Go back. Re-fashion that time. Just a child worker in productivity's hard-hearted chic.

Sending drones remotely, they blow up a bunch of clones.

When Mehsud's drip infusion is destroyed, he is dead.

Working drone-like or headless, being the equipment.

Lock on.

Move to Chelsea, cyborg, and pay ransom for your room.

At Chelsea Hardware you can get a screw eye and chains.

Shop at ABC Carpet showroom for a Persian.

Shop things.

3

Sun low

Late zebra

All gusts

Ball me

'tis Cream-o-land/where's Land-o-Lakes?

Come and get it. Why not give cheese to the rats? Blow my ten bucks on that junkie?

Tales of a go-crazy joy.

Helping strangers eats up time. Thus when the girls fell I slinked off so as not to notice their harsh, yowling cries.

Now the butterflies in the back garden are in pairs.

The monkeys aggravate me with a high, mournful noise.

Let me know if you plan to come by Shirley Hwy.

We'll meet.

Gotham's hammer pummels a fresh crater for a bank.

The hammer's post-industrial exhaust goes in your lung.

Put a crown on the laughing head as it destroys you.

Put out.

4

A cicada song powering down

Cycles of brain hemispheres in sync

Hearing a baseball game on TV

The fountain in the courtyard drowned by A/C units

A beetle advancing towards a popsicle wrapper

Spitting, swinging athlete puts wood to the ball, smacks a long flyer and brings the run in. My rod, Oh my rod.

Replay shows him look up, tongue out, with his wide, pin-striped ass turning in light and scoring. A god runs with gum.

Like a tightly wound, meaning dense, knot without the larger picture. Temporarily. You don't need it right now. Just work with the space around you in your brain and go deep.

That's the night I saw what a sawn shotgun was about.

At night I ruminated on the things none should see.

Waves of joy that were strong enough to be disturbing.

Waves rose.

5

Mounties stop them at a Mohawk reservation near the border.
An FBI informant brunches with them after a rally in Denver.
The university's dean radios a code cobra during the protest.
An angry old farmer is refused sex by the revolutionaries.
The tactical units check out each other's body armor.
Shipments come from San Fran, St. Louis and Bonn. Seven wood crates in the morning,
early. It's my job to sign.
Both are neon. Two tubes sent FedEx in one Plexi case, wrapped in a moving blanket. It
fills up the head.
Single earthy, tampon and pause, raven shorn of wings,
gets older thinking he is not a bird, he's a dog.
Crouch in Braille like a daisy. Forest a *maison* and
pipe down.
Use the lingo stolen from Burt Reynolds' old machines.
A lingo relegated to the old magazines.
Some relief from the churning out of the internal.
Some stun.

6

It's an adventure as an image/Cacharelle...
It's the white noise of nothing
Nina Ricci...
Excitementimaki...
Paris.
Yes it seems I'm now quite blown open by ill-timed career moves and decisions made
without foresight or plan.
Try to prove a point: ten lost years can be worn lightly. Plus, loving Manhattan life as a ghost
floats my boat.
Try to start with shoplifting. Let vandalism wait.
It might be helpful if you think of smart, handsome friends.
Let their energy turn your lethargy to genius.
Big G's.
Now I'm sending shit. It's a bad feeling at the desk.
The sending travels without any hard, solid blows.
Most activity isn't really in the muscles.
Most shit.

7

Unfair advantage, unfair advantage.

Respond. God bless the way he runs.

Someone's head had been split.

Ion/Electron. Zero. Yessir. Sympathy.

It's enough to stretch to you.

I was twenty, club kids ruled nightlife in New York, my friend hosted and gave me drinks for free, I stole his job.

Eight years old with J. Blume book. Lifted from plot: make a scrapbook with all students' names and then write insults down.

Hello. Friday's squeezing a last sunset from a cloud.

I went and accidentally erased all the friends.

Names and details are wiped. It's boring on the sofa.

Hey gone.

You were shopping hard at the Hot Topics in the malls.

A shopping exaltation can be checked off for free:

Mosh the matinee shows at ABC no Rio.

Mosh stop.

8

Joe Job

Cripple for a day

Denied service

We know where to find you/Bernadette

Massive amounts of junk traffic

College, life in jeans, one big picture. I once threw a hot gun in the Hudson River to save someone's ass.

Airport: lying down brings more people. Relax, stretch yr legs, sleep, and the people gather like birds minus cats.

Soda jerks at discos for teens, sleeping with the boss.

A rough annihilation with a two Quaalude lube.

Jonas Brothers invited looks at the agape.

Porn rates.

Painting value hailed at the start, later on it dro0ps.

The value dissipated as the works lost their fresh.

Fake the news and inscribe them freshly like the earlies.

Fake dates.

1

Lifted/liberated from its tank

Smuggled in a coat

Chopped in five parts.

Boiled in five pans

Eaten by Titans

Westin beach resort, last day, swimming, the mind draws a blank. Back to NY
tomorrow. I feel midasized.

Anchored party boat, bass beats thumping, and four-dollar drinks canceling mathematics.

I shell out my loot.

Even greater see-and-be-seen lounges are on top.

This private property for an escape-filling date.

Put a trendsetting urban flagship in the water.

Greens fees.

Holes in timer. Notice the hours disappearing. Timed-
out timer. Drink is a precipice. Moods, lands fall by.

Lost in place with a friend or alien, it's like a
lost night.



2

San Papa

Perhaps this was more buried.

Shall I take yr walk with you to be going hunting?

Don't let Ginger change yr mind, kid.

It was like an indoor cave/Some parts were very finished.

Ride the board, y'pink young squirt, cum on your homework, a black hoodie and acne welts,
and a shoplifted beer.

Lindsay's news of boob-jobbed hotbed up in junk section. It's front page with razor grin in a
clothes-whore delight.

Sphincter stretched in bonfiery glow, shitting in a cup.

It spells combustion and its effects (smoke and flames).

Shit and fire are the go-to mesmerizing methods.

Add bone.

You are tiresome. Don't be. Just aim, hit it and retreat.

Your tiresome cataloguing of the past's pitfalls reeks.

Be the person who crapped when Jupiter was spotted.

Be soiled.

3

A ribbon of secure homes
I raised that boy all on my own
A big fat horse
Glory/tragedy bound
Future professor of computer science
Dirty babies, let's play jail, sexual kids playground-style. Stand on the other side of the
fence showing off.
Toddler bondage, no great thought, worries the beat parents. Caught giving them jelly
fingers, so jog, pervert, on!
Often lose my face when I can't see what I've ignored.
A kind of airwave that I haven't tuned into yet.
There it sits and it cuts the saddle from the bridle.
Mount ounce.
Put the whisky down, and then stand back as it escapes.
The whisky dilates you like an enlarged inner tube.
Drown the word, it's a rhyming insect in an inkwell.
Drown noun.

4

The long spring day.
That thing, played by the boys.
The thing that guys are heard to be doing.
Girls occupying nine positions/places.
Spending in love.
Give us reggae *and* bar code scanners. The dreads come with good looking organic fruits
in controlled island hell.
Rubber sandals traipse Whole Foods aisles with a Bob Marley track Jamming the speaker
system. The whole wheat is scanned.
Now the sticky heat is on. Pink-hatted and with parts
of you that feel just as old as the moon. Ninety-nine
cents. Of course I'm a lazy person with my ninety-
nine cents.
Pampered life, they wanted the old better-than-the-best.
In life they willed themselves into a non-honest real.
Leaking daily they nonetheless became a heaven.
Leak scam.

5

The teacher reads cooking recipes to the students.

A search engine I Am.

The bloody eagles up on Sutphin Blvd.

Choppers chasing gangsters.

Meanwhile, at Bard College/Confucius...

Snapping Thor in Zen raw mind look. It's a math problem. Sal handles it tree-like (elm-like)
in bleak winter pose.

Robert's surface rolled thin, Kate's space is a drain hole that leaks watery mouthfuls,
sexual heat. Check it out.

Dialing up a bar and a scene. Live under a bridge
in darkness. Have you some of that superb wine, "La Rive
Gauche?" To glow in the dark. To not ever be photo-
graphed. No.

Salad hit or miss but the fried chicken was the bomb.

The salad hit you with a kind of old world malaise.

Eat the chicken and toss the salad on yr grandma.

Eat fling.

6

39 candles— ew!

Electric boogie

Creaking chaise-lounge

Lesbian florist

I'm on your side/your conscience

Struck by lightning crack volt buzz, rolling off roof, tender whiplash, it's the only fury
you paste-copy-shift.

Souls are heavy gold bricks, flesh-toned, and they shit caviar. Brains are fermented,
networked, respect-loving globes.

Please forgive our trespasses, please open your chemise.

We only wanted it to be a fair, honest fight.

Winning fights is a sweet amalgam of regretting.

Flick jinx.

Minding stresses, curved on a line lifted from a jar,
the stresses organizing what is put out in space.

When it happens it's copy sending up the syntax.

When jar.

7

Pick up any rocks you see and throw them in the wagon.

Clean any teat you see in a 24-hr period.

Visit each client.

Dip it in iodine.

Throw them in the wagon.

I committed acts mourned too late. And my pen condescends paragraphs whether/whither

I go high or low.

Loss of reason. Turn back. Wind down. When a snake's bitten you, them, with the ardor

(lust) of a tug captain's gut.

Schweppes is bubbled water, a clear soda from a hose.

It's fresh and carbonated as it fills up the glass.

Liquid hydrates the thirsty customers at parties.

Fizz friends.

Lousy Lady lunches with pals, orders up a soup.

The lady then misinterprets some grunge charms of youth.

See, I take out my earphones. Take them out to see you.

See me?

8

Thinking without working

Working without thinking

Steady as a clock/song

One of the invisible

A hidden repetition.

Once they start they can't stop mock-talking. They act like they know. No one would know the difference. They start wanting more.

Soon they storm the gates. One quick battle. Perhaps more than one. Such are the ways of power. At first one pretends.

Slicing, dicing, frying, and tossed salad on the side.

You think your productivity awards bonus miles.

Heading out on a dreamed-of holiday in Hell that burns carbs.

Look these bruises. Made of a deep hurt that's in ur heart.

My bruises speak for all of that. I just know, the deep

sea was soothing. I lost u hopelessly around the

sea scene.

1

Rice

Merriment

Crimson/crayon of the dawn

What is rickets?

Like the permanent night

Tacky twenty-four hour class warfare requires you to slide up to the bar and pay or
else drink zilch for free.

Suburb's lonely night drop box bordered by guard dogs whose bark keeps you alone
and peaceful and smart, clean, insane.

Send your neighbors back to their lands, conquered and subdued.

The sunlight's concentrating on the young baby's skull.

Psyched to hunt in the weeds. At least it's like elation. .

Rat hours.

Good deliberation is not inquiry per se.

Deliberation is a way of steps causing steps.

Greek philosopher Aristotle was a genius.

Greek whiz.

2

By the way they hurt/completely weak

Getting thrown out of a BBQ

Fly from the all you see

Following a thug

A list of things you can do on the street

One of many dreams: cold, old Hanna, confused, thinks the lights flickering through her
windows are more movie screens.

Take the rice and beans, two cut lemons, and gold Cuban rum. Bedroom-invading
movies. A tree, black and flat.

Born to prison workers who weren't dreaming in the yard

Psychotic blinking was something that showed something's up

Brutal action's illegal habits in the slammer

Clink can.

Set the contrast high and the gray ranges are expunged.

The contrast maximizes as it plumps pixel depth.

Scan the scene to extract a wiff of the uncanny.

Scan crap.

3

Winter means flu
Nice old Todd Oldham shirt
Forgot/spaced on the Freud
They have to find a full-time Benders?
Where's my Bernita?
Jam the railway lines, tie up transports. A bent bar is lobbed high in electric conduits
and high speeds are slowed.
Tarnac commies own no weapons. They take things to break things while unplugging
empire's abstract ATMs.
Feed a public thirst with a false scandal to amuse.
The double ceremonies on the tray wrangle sense.
Grave offend with a reckless charge at the established.
Scoff not.
Make as Party! Town with a hot mob for the frosh.
In Party! Town all the rentals are jacked, bars are spots.
Kids who hang as if hanging program automatic.
Kids loll.

4

Five days on the floor
Going deep in the position
Legs can't/won't
Too much orange, not enough brown
Too bad Lucy McKenzie got married.
Sixteen years ago, door queen running across lot in high heels, what a showy welcome,
a door opened wide.
Fourteen years ago, door queen gives us the cold shoulder, door closed on our friends
and outfits. So what now? We knock?
Daily practice works as a good shovel for your nerves.
The body synthesizes itself, no meager feat.
People emulate subjectivity by reading.
Phrase luck.
Greet the future waves of the blood spitters with a bat.
The future generations have to launch now to live.
Stay alert to rescind their passionless recycling.
Stay numb.

5

A new way of bashing back.

Wearing safety gear in a mean way.

Poppers in a mean wave/fanny pack.

Wheels grip as dicks slip.

Rollerballs

Produce– such as grapes, eggplant, pineapple, words, paint– that don't matter today, although they have increased in joy.

“Harrod's Girl,” today's style blog, writes: I'll proceed asking why women should buy affordable handbags and shoes?

Blue-eyed Goddess this is the last vestige of complaint.

The red-eyed mutilator of a god killed my cat.

Brown-eyed lady was foul-eyed, black-eyed in her anger.

Blood Eyes.

Put a warning cone on your head sooner than they think.

The warning communicates that a crack may occur.

Be a bandage across your mouth as it is caving.

Be sweet.

6

Annihilate me, said the bacteria to the sponge.

Pulse in his eyes.

Gary lost his job b/c she lives in Wooddale.

It'll give you an idea how to read it.

Sometimes it doesn't

Butthole Surfers show, turned ON, u and ur hot older punk friend getting grunge and squishy. It's bum-trashed and mean.

Acid megaphone, bald dwarf dancing, her moves match yr books. All the transgressive titles. You make out with AIDS.

Chart the locked up days as you file motions to delay.

The special prosecutor for the state shuffles zilch.

Just deny all the charges leveled at your comrades.

Don't sing.

Take a basket, head to the fish counter, to the left.

Your basket's still, as the person ahead gets some fish.

Wait impatiently, notice prices have quadrupled.

Wait ice.

7

Team Time in one big region
The postmodernist communist novella
All the Cartoons in one long stretch
Our Pterodactyl example is cut
Leave me alone/Lemme have its
SMS arrives. Hot sent message is not meant for me. Totally accidental. But felt
nonetheless.
Chicken polonnaise feeds two people, but I made it three. Better to leave than linger.
The best dish was mine.
Overnight some homeless, to sleep, gather in the park.
They're building structures there and maybe goof off and drink.
Dots of bread on the ground, belongings look like birds on
tree limbs.
Burger, chewing gum, and the strange lady's in a trance.
The chewing following the often slow march of words.
Search your mind for a way to come without believing.
Search lite.

8

Teacher man
The savage delicious
Bozo
Angela's ashes/the essential Zorah
Portraits and observations
Gopher's bloated sun-baked half carcass emits 'zymes that leech off all the poisons
cleanly and thrust face ahead.
Nature's readymade egg foo juices adjust brains for fizz, jizz in your face to blind you
and blow grand design.
Get a haircut, soon, and a new wardrobe is a must.
The office: incubator of a pale roaming swarm.
Please connect and connect yourself to a Manhattan.
Work words.
Cut from Patrick dropping the red bricks on all our heads
to Patrick joining us on the blockade spazzing out
"Stop the violence!" It made the action emblematic.
Stop Go.

or else we're going toward it and can now start to see it for what it is or could be, in any case there it is, like literally a

new dawning day or a closing set of hours, could be either one, but scratch that we have none, need some though, as

life's been too fond of what is said, while what is said is as yet unsaid, undisturbed, unbroken and unlashd like a rolling

ball in oil (like the sun) if for no other reason than it's there, reminding me of shit my grandma used to say on her back

porch deck area which I don't even have to try to see when I can sense now in this other way, o it was true, my old circle

BC

fans out, dissipates is what I want to say, but I'm not entirely sure what it means, dissipates, for you, what is your means

of dissipating, and what is this dissipation of yours for, you ask in a relaxed way, settling your head into the base of

your skull, hovering your hips over the knees, the spine lifting, as if growing, feet shoulder width apart, arms at the side,

assuming a mountain pose like you did last Sunday in Bryant Park at summer outdoor yoga class where, as far away

as night is from noon, you know there's a middle footpath for all levels and ages cutting through the deep brush, and

beyond it, in what we like to call the background, but beyond that, too, is something new or else nothing (please don't

say it's nothing!), so what does it all add up to: we can't see but so far, but even that doesn't seem true, it doesn't ring

BC

true, because yes, these are things that are pointed out to you, that are presented to you that someone figured out, and

there's no sense in that but that of pointing, speaking of which there's that Land o' Lakes butter packaging squaw in the

canoe on a pancake pond, her oar half dipped in the droopy muck screaming bloody sunset as you grease milkfat on your

grits, just as those French fur trappers went deep and they're probably still going, in a way, or their logic keeps on, until

there's no more fur in the world or they wise up and open a swanky store somewhere, say Winnipeg, but at heart they're

still out trapping, tripping in their mad search, bringing to mind kings, who so resemble suns, human suns, human stars,

the Human Ocean, so to swim in very warm, very benevolent water under the sun is to know you, by which without its

bearing you'd go bonkers mid-flight, but it's different while sailing or driving, where the sight and the thought of you is

always somehow connected to the speedometer and the gas gauge, and to other calculators too, mental ones especially,

but love will do that to a lover, that's why it helps some to keep a log of distances covered, fuel used up, dates and prices

of refills, and all the areas visited, and mental areas revisited, as it's hard to visit a thought, only revisiting allowed, there

is no first time. Frolicking, tossing a ball about, doing handstands, or even standing around hands in pockets, whether

on the lawn or in a bus terminal, testing the various attitudes we have discovered to make meditation possible while not

meditating, how to keep the same speed without a foot on the pedal, whereas cruise control and auto-pilot have been

around for some centuries but not always called by those names. Interestingly enough, as ways to make a more enjoyable

BC

ride in this multiple and multi-wheeled world, but even here we sense that everything vehicular is merely driving one to

the brink of extinction, that the year that that line was lifted off our parchment and peeled from the walls to land smack

on a piece of tradable canvas, or the renaissance, if you want to call it that, while I have no beef with it, as a grand thing

or experimental effervescence is fine in its time, but most would agree one is now moving to the point of motionlessness,

and we're already far from that push-pull picture, but it's still something you are forced to confront, as it divides the

picture in half, against which the end of the cow herd train is put in perspective, listen and repeat, and like in *Red River*

you do your best to Montgomery Clift your way through this John Wayne west as the line divides into a thousand flying

BC

arrows, traveling horseback, traveling shot, and a rhythm that you can't argue with, and so you go down with it, like those

CGI intense sequences of the Titanic from your youth, as in your dad's youth there was the *Poseidon Adventure* where

the bar and toilets ended up on the ceiling, and chandeliers tripped people up that were running from water and robbers,

hydrogen-oxygen and escaped convicts, the on-screen disaster being a metaphor for a disaster in the real world, or for the

invisible disaster each viewer carries inside, and if metaphor is an old Greek word for transportation, then a sinking ship

is both a metaphoric disaster and a disaster of metaphor, as this is what is coming, as you

but Mary, is that something you thought about
is a weird ordinary thing,
or is it another shelf, because
if someone is downstairs how about
inviting them up?

Because together we could arrange
your knick-knacks. Bring
the box down, over
here. It's a Fed Ex box
delivered without a signature.

There was no pen
the door was already open
page ninety-nine.
This line would be for you.
More shouldered carrying

to help with non-light things.
It takes a fork lift
or a well-placed lever.
You stand back and survey.
That's what you do,

but not here. What is it? in a voice
not quite overheard, you produce
a sound, a non-beautiful
sound, and then you go
out of range and fade

away. You leave us this note
or a patch of wetness
that no longer glues anything
in place. Surveyors come
to the bar after work.

They fiddle with the peanuts,
remark about their size
and shape. Small heart,
cat's eye, gonad the nuthin' ...
and now just shut your mouth.

You pee in a bottle
instead of in the sink, and absorb
an element you mistook for
élan vital. How unfortunate.
You avert your head. You

Hurl. But listen, it's about time.

Last year you danced at MoMA

Yesterday your teeth and hair fell out.

These things are replaceable.

In this assembly line of you's,

I, my me.

In fact it's more like driving

one of those new cars

into a plastic tree, Mary.

No real damage.

A something saying any tried way

is now new, is now

saying walk ahead, there

isn't a master for the mind

but still a sort of thinking

happens. Or not. Cunts. Gorgeous

cravings found in tunnels.

Anal beads again. "The boy

has a penis, sir." Brush off

the crumbs. Show some courtesy

to the next person. Get the door

and let them pass

into the shaft and drop.

Then in traction, leg up.

Turkey, gravy, and peas

on one of those trays. Yuck.

You are just another somebody in

a place that is meant for the endless

revolving of somebody's life,

sir, and now it's Friday again.

Saturday night now. The sirens laugh.

The Vikings, unable to take Paris,

went to London, then Paris.

The R&B sounds Euro,

the boys' hair looks like

it was meant for the heads on which it sits

with a natural, cut grace, until

a cow licked it. Maybe it's a

lack of information.

A hero with a tambourine,

radio-ready for anything.

Ship it to the other
billing address. And mark it
“fragile”– like a face with bad skin.
It arrives with bright, foreign stamps.

So you survived the crossing,
it seems. Take a minute, massage
the sugar out of your muscles
and understand that the wave
is already crashing– hello,

Crash. Kisses, snow, the freezing beach– Crash.
Wild gurgle... Outside all is quiet.
Georgie?... (crickets)...
And this is how it happens.
An angry shame rises up,

and everything comes together.
It’s wildly baroque, a
sort of knitted alarm clock
with tiny golden hammers and a
bell, which goes well with

that baroque of the void by Musil
you read at your parents’ house
in Franconia, not to be confused,
with Freedonia, (all hail!).
No better indication of the reasonableness of

any slamming to the ground of a noble emotion,
but this is how you too
would speak if you had
five concussions. Your trap’s agape
and a monkey escapes.

It was funny for a minute until it wasn’t.
Only because you began flailing
and became hard to track.
This happens on the bus or in the club,
and it’s stunning when it comes on in heels

and is sizing up the crowd, whoever
happens to be there, with a blank that
burns you, and then begins to whale
when an entire social door slams closed.
It happens. Which doesn’t mean it’s an unkind

milieu.

Hatred is a normal fluid, like
blood, and we all carry it coursing
through our systems. Of the many
gushers in the squishy, squirting fruit

of a body, it's the one that gets us
home, the poisoned mirror,
the black jewel, essential vitamin, your
most prudent confidant in hard times.
Leave it to the choreographers.

So one door shuts and another is
blown from its hinges,
sailing off, a blown hat
in the wind, those hands
must die, adored.

It's possible you were thinking
none of this would be received,
or perceived— this day, this chemical
picture, these words, this coincidence—
a package on the threshold and an acid

taste in the mouth, as if halfway up a hill
and all the energy burned off,
but there's a vitality to back it up.
Too good to be true, in a weird way.
You shouldn't underestimate that bowl

of cereal you ate this morning,
the alarm clock having gone off,
the sun hitting you in just the way
it did. Could these be the bones
of an argument against a retirement

plan, or are they the gray seeds
of one? Good-looking, well-preserved
old people, when you strip them down
and examine their holes, they
still stink rotten.

I should know. So don't avoid
the bridge when it's plagued
with helicopters,
don't run inside just because it's hot
out and don't forget to relax,

Alex, when all the words don't cash in to
images, because if the words ever get to
the dump, they can be dispersed like
old clothes, and the images can be more like,
everybody eats.

Classic.

A bottle where once was none.
Wipe your face clean.
It's nothing you have to do, it's
something done to you. Everyone is waiting

in the yard, all lined up
with their aprons on, the utensils
should be in the cabinet, they're dull
but get the job done.
Step into it. No rush.

Where you are, it's the place of
'a traveler,' and nothing that you are
while in this place will ever
make you anything more or less than
a traveler. Here's a walking

stick. It's flexible. It's got detachable legs.
Walk down the block and try to make
a rhyme to every storefront you see.
And don't Jason Robards it.
One gets enough

of that on dvd. Here at my desk
there's no rest, only grotesque.
But your desk is a mess.
More like a tray table went off
and no life vest.

Your guess is as good as the best.
"I will not confess!"
you said in a daydream
On whom can I lean?
And what exactly does that mean?

Your mind is a miniature lacquered screen, it
displays an ancient hunting scene
led by a goddess in jeans.
Diana and her buck knife
shot with diffusion

and a strobe light.

This is only temporary. Soon
the scene will change.

A cartoon is dug out of a fossil pit,
a vintage Pikachu. And the landscape

slips by. It is populated by so
many spirits, so
bright and flat.

And the landscape switches off.
It's dim again, yawn producing.

As many of you as you can,
help us find out more about you—
Who do you like?

How does it feel, now that you're rampant
and you see that nothing wants to stop it?

Your tech beats all tech. Giga-brains.

Put in another request.
Do you have any pets and how
did you acquire them? What's your
personal idea of a killer wave?

It usually strikes in the off-season,
puts surfers in hospitals.
But any shark or spine-crusher
makes you feel happier
about everything,

as if it was all put here by some amazing miracle,
the way that line of power grows
in foam and surf,
only to rhythmically die,
over and over. Shred, Mary.

Once up on a semi-gun, you bailed.
And still your rich girlfriend
supports you. You aren't made
for reality, you just exhaust it

B
C

THE BOOMERANG CATCHERS

BENEATH COLOSSAL TREES

THE BAMBOO COFFIN

THE BLOCKED CALLS

THE BLOOD COUNT

THE BELL'S COMPLAINT

A BILLION AND CHANGE

THE BAMBOO CURTAIN