A PIN’S FEE

© David Melnick
1. THINK DEAD

There would be nothing, a dull buzz, a clichéd clicking off
Of sees, where everybody’s neverendissimo sexy movements
Get lost anyway. The

a) Spirit of lling: When the experience
   Matches the wish, it twists
   the wish elsewhere.

b) No account. Useless.
   You too. Everyone.

c) unpronounceable! Only a could say it.
   To think it “really” would intend horrible crimes.

2. NEO-AFTERS FOREVER

‘Basically,’ you’re dead for four to six billion years, then
Alive for about seventy years, then dead again
For four to six billion years, minimum.
   Most of the time, you’re dead.

3. FAT BOY UNUSED TO BRAIN DAMAGE

At the Villa d’Angri lived a little knight of music.
“Nothing labeled, nothing lost,” he said.

“Nothing lost, nothing learned.”
   Loathing lost.

“Nothing learned, nothing spurned.” And so he wrote Parsifal.
Since you quit the “y” and moved away, you haven’t spoken to me for more than a few minutes at a time

1. FABLE

Fed chose, she shows clean bed chose clean bed breathed hand’s breadth breath.

Dear Erection (Dear Eckstein) invite lewd pub licking.

The dog.

CREATE IN THE CREATED

2. SUJET

At 18, before his first attempt at suicide, he said “Words are inadequate,” developed a stutter built a tower so high that his language fell apart.

3. MORALE

spequeantaix spectacle
NOW WHEN YOU DO COME OVER TO VISIT
WE DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY TO EACH OTHER

1.

bay          bead

a            reef

osprey      Chicago

scant

2.

*(cost)      too       much.

yr           hunch

wing

Ticks        unlickly

air          tail.

3.

fleline

abart

ord

fledge (fletch)
ALL THESE GROOVES ARE HEAVENS

1. FABLE

exile. outdoor prison. who’s in America.

I rove it, but
lypelim divi / lour
balance
swor ffring

2. SUJET

For that which is dark within us will not die, will not
Dissolve in tone
(getting along),
heard since cloven world

horror mundi,
since
eclipsed world.

3. MORALE

Reckt, clothes fallen
life slipped off
fallen tunes, two.

Sweet dead
Sweat key in chord dore
reed rore
redesign roar.
I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU WANT TO THROW ALL OUR YEARS TOGETHER AWAY

1. FABLE

I'm up gutted up
it there going (I) there
going to If it out
If shoot gutted to I
I'm shoot Don't Don't it.

2. SUJET

field tap fate
it box fish
pet bough tints

3. MORALE

cjateau
DON’T WANT TO BE ANYONE ELSE’S LOVER

1. FABLE

Three places are messie, dream cause.
Ole! Swijo kataij! See me tarot me tie. Y yo portuj ja. KATAIJ!

I DO recognize you, my siter, my broter, whose seekint gives
Hope to th’ world

nor musit, uh, mucis.
mm, mMusic ARE msuic.

2. SUJET

r genies. able t ink. milk guil.
ro-dot otal ario oreknow
ought ootsie a Onan. ut all.
suck he Omar rring wove a sure ope pot lue cozy.
wise in male type comfy.
Too prick usin, suck ul ion’s middle Moe.

3. MORALE

NO to hatred. NO to fists. NO to slimy reasons.
NO to the sneer. NO to rage coupled with power.

NO to the sway of the wicked.

“Uh, O.K.”
WE ZONKED HIM INTO BEING WHORLMLESS

1. FABLE

He said he was trying to start in the middle of a sentence
And move in both directions at the same time.

2. SUJET

Noisy the Sick stre-
tching.

‘I am good, I am good,’ say it.” (You are goo.)

(You are good.) (You are goog.)

turth Edda

3. MORALE

Go Climb Into Yourself

fokked / ting

Major pin Gap prain gap

A LOOSE URN GATHERS NO MOTHS. NO MOTHERS. NO MOSSED.
A P O E M  F O R  T R A N S L A T O R S

1. FABLE

Whee! A boat
Trap boot
battle
swat
catch trees
pomp walk

2. SUJET

weld scene knee goad wi
dry
weld
seld seen knee
geld wean
weld seen kne goa(d)

3. MORALE

Wheeled swallow

smoke flower
plumb take fire!
I FEEL SO ABANDONED BY YOU I’D LIKE TO DIE

1. FABLE

Dares nothing Like the dominant.
Ooh, yeh the subdominant. 2.
Itz give and a lyiit I LIKE THE HARMONIC MINOR.

Seep syeep hypnah. SLEEP is a mess messy wyrrd.
HYPNOS is the way the bugs spell it. Why a P? YYNOS, mebby.

I LIKE THE FIRST FOUR NOTES OF THE HARMONIC MINOR AS IT DESCENDS FROM THE TONE.
WE UZE double letterz to say watt we mean.

2. SUJET

One. Neigh Tsitanss. It’s a pa(r)tinir
Or now in the azwement of the prad.
Uze a little sex. Had we forgotten ( ) sez?
NOW IN THE BASEMENT OF THE PRAOD, BUT USEDTO BE ON THE 1ST FLOOR.
Doona light. TING. MY PEPHELONE BELL IS NIT.

(paing.

3. MORALE

I CANT HERE IT. I do my jobb.
There are many daf people who do thei rjobs, too.
(deres trubble! ’m not dif)
Why my vocabulary is so (small) (small) is: guitar, clap, nonetheless.
You read this, bUTT lready going to bar to find a love buddy.
TO THE HEAD–IN–THE–AIR PAINTER

1. FABLE

The ink hulk
ate ink
shadow.

His farmer’s self
bleeding lay.

2. SUJET

Feed back
tk-tv pigs
garb.

3. MORALE

Buddy & Colleague.
N O B O D Y  W I L L  R E M E M B E R  U S  A N Y W A Y

1.

dairy seen
churl seetest siring
piece zoo we're test.
  wheat
    yrddy
From dairy test,
churls.       He's cease
tormented.

2.

(not to follow)
Sunned wait
rate
  Queene.   wair
claps metal motil eyce
played.

3.

share shave
twisted to get the shift
  wh tiring to from
  from the iron
to get share, of Death         'Tis.