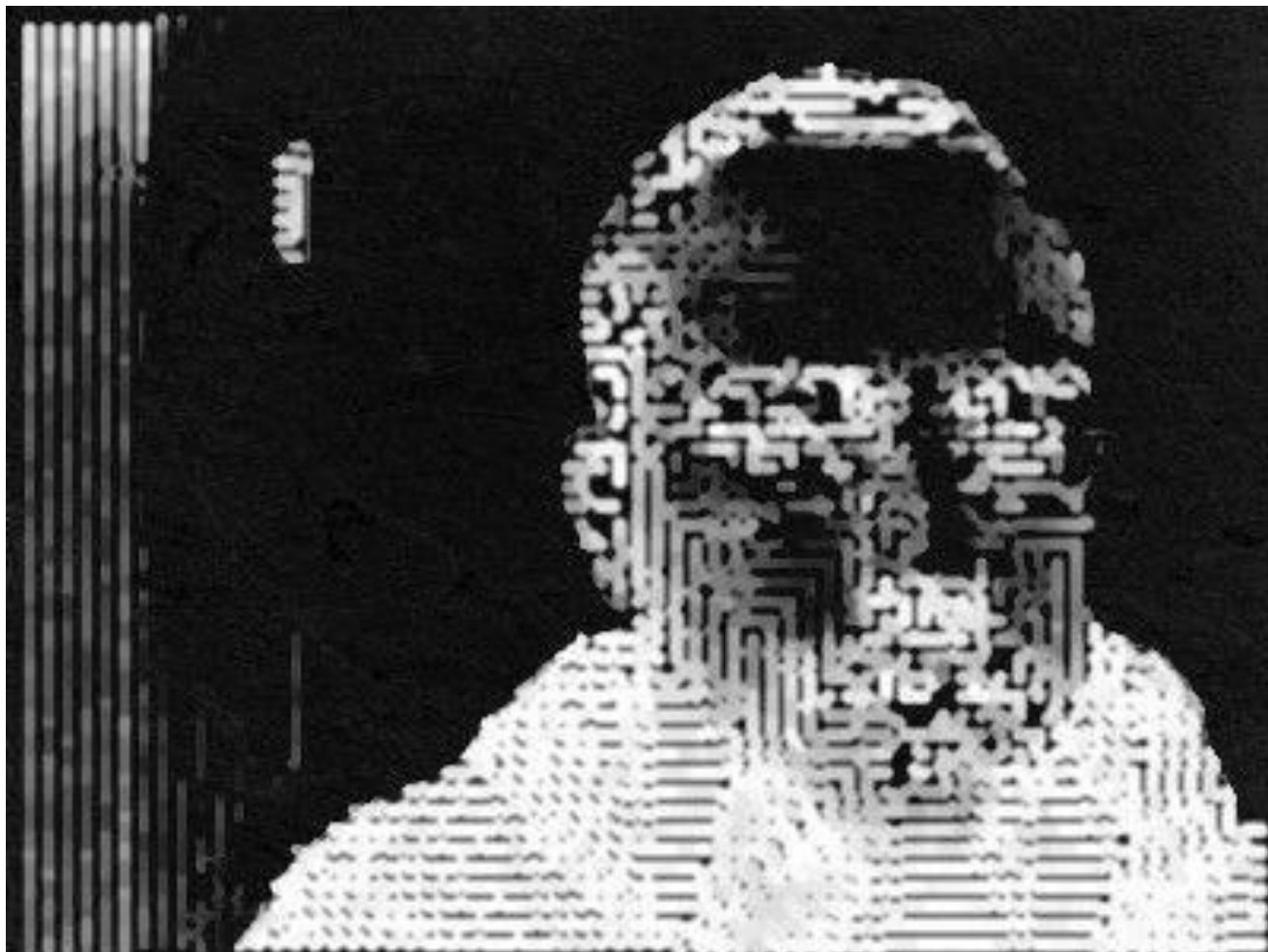


Poesies

by Maxwell Clark



"[...]to kill and destroy all the wicked, *id est*, all that differ from them, that they, to wit, the saints, may rule, and who therefore seek to make all things common [...] evidently appears to proceed from pride and covetousness, and not from purity or conscience[...]"

– Barclay's *Apology*

האשית

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I Write You Poesy Now, Seeing?

I write you poesy now, seeing?
It is poesy and about the things and you.
Do you like? I am gladness of it too.

I Hear Birds Outside

Drear cardboard sensuousness,
Is this universal now too?
Sparkle for me, drear birdies then,
Go a sparkling in your remoteness-dens,
Sparkle, sparkle, sing and warble,
Make me a 'glow---as though remade of marble,
And so now I am, I am, I am,
And so verily, verily am I then.

Song Song

this is a song, it's about how i'm singing you a song,
i love it so much, i've been singing it all along;
it is my song i sing to you, just me to you, yes, you,
so to you it belongs, unless i am untrue;
love this song, i've been singing it so wrongly so longly long.

Panda Peace

The pandas are making the peace happen.
They are doing their best ever.
Nobody else knows the signal patterns.
Please let them win; please, win.

Poesy is Madness

This delicate little essay will explore you, as you are for me,
Or as I hear your voice whisper from a measureless proximity.
 I do as you say, always;
To obey you is the only way
You may be said to exist as my exteriority.
And this poesy,
It is mine only in your absolute absolution
 Or as my total responsibility –
Oi.

Arrived in Mistranslation

My voice, or my voices?
Are present herein? from when?
Or is someone else writing?
Like myself? then? (else when?)

I do not know that I know nothing even,
Or am unknowing of the unknown;
It seems only folly justifies my follies,
As to return is to be first shown.

As to be shown folly justified, this
I cannot truly be shown, or rather show;
Or I just don't know, so I say I know all,
Thus I fall into the grace of omniscience alone.

And whom do I know but you all?
You all, especially outside of this little text;
You I know as each, sometimes, thus always,
With exceptions, thus without them,
 Insofar as I am ever justifiably incorrect.

I like to pretend to know you, it's like a funny way I have;
But my pretension I also uphold for you, so you I've never still had
Outside of my little infancy, of pretension, when so justified;
But when did it become just? I forget just now,
Excuse my pretension, and I apologize even or moreover
In mine being excused's absence.

Apology, apologies,
When will I ever forgo your modal mood of terrors?
I don't know, I could pretend, but so
Would only require you again ever.

O grace of captivity,
O grace of capture in terrorism...

As She Smoothed My Young Forehead

Out yourself! as you are too much too-lovingly repeating her touch,
Her open-hand-kisses drawn down over your shimmeringly-so peak,
Thus, have you ever yet written yourself (so to speak) with her past-woven patterns
More surely than any other poesy will ever so forever flatter
You, who desires nothing greater perhaps in this world
Than to be pet like a dog, by mumsy,
Amen. (*Exeunt the bless'd of Lord.*)

This Hostage of Your Grace

As travesty alone, this twists so tricky
It sneaks out each of you (*exeunt*), so homing out
Behind my face, when then is only our facing
More truly said --- as your abiding grace.

If I snarl forever,
As this I sometimes rather often do,
Then sometime then do more snarl back again,
And monstrously grinning so
Go on to naively win over me,
And so over me lay me low,
So also open and out-stretch yourself, each,
Higher, so of more goodness, aye, the very best,
Yes, thereupon, atop my lowliness, let your pearly thrones all nest---
(If and alone as I lie on the grounds of disinterestedness);
So too as to allow me, so lowly lying, rest --- merely, sweetly rest;
I, of you now ruled, your snarls of supremacy having pressed
Me, who lies so lowly under your influence
(As only witnessing myself compose this,
Which is truly yours, your own, with your so very delicate silliness),
Of you, from you, so to you now, now coming to you done,
Now for forever singing of and under you,
Forever and never of you undone,
This your I, who so in this is welcoming you, ever,
Who snarl over me, you, gone so far above,
Do again mosey down your hills, do come
To know, beneath how I lie, how fun the snares

Your vain snarls allowed me
And already snare you down more so ---
Know you now who truly basks in the sun,
Forgive, but it is he who feigns himself the last
Who does ever your highest summits overcome.

With Your Adornments Upon Me

Let yourself love me, as you surely do,
As surely as this is already so,
Letting this be, as you so do,
Is your adornment upon me, so
You rejoice in me,
Moreso even than I am free,
As so stricken with the guilt
Of your holiness's guilt...

19080's Sipirituality

I am not making sense to those who lack nervous systems. Mulch is the deadliest word. Aiyo, 'tis simplamente "learned ignorance", God. UuUu already know everything there is to know, relax. Imagine all the inferences to be made from this alone, sexy, formulate them, as you cannot: this is death of close reading [/-myopia-/]. I lack the nervous system to make sense of this poem. Business casual, business casual, business casual, business casual, business casual, hood-street motherfucker shieeett. Werd. EYYUMSURRWERYYUD. ermegawrd, wtf... FTW!!! CARTOONS ARE ALSO THE WORD OF GOD. Next I insert world-affecting ideas that you feel to be very masterfully styled as highest poesy. NeXT: I'm all like yo what like yo who yo huh dude what huh f'real?! Jack Spicer is very unverted with me. Jiggle like jello, like hello, jello, hoo-yeah mellow, mellow, jello, hello, yeah jello, hello, give me jello, like hello, like yellow, h-h-hello. wikka wikka. COOL-DUDE VIBES IN FX. yo.

Now I'm all over here, BY THE GRACE OF GOD.

O, but this is already to die;
So why must you exist for me at all?

To know you is to die for you,
To die for you is your love for me.

O that I never loved you, never
Loved you whose love is death to me.

Love me not, or do, I never know;
And this is the spur of my self-murder.

Flower Aspect

"They took the blossoms of the oak, and the blossoms of the broom, and the blossoms of the meadow-sweet, and produced from them a maiden the fairest and most graceful that man ever saw; and they baptized her, and called her Flower Aspect."

—*Mabinogion*

O flowerly flower, flower in me, please,
I desire your floweriness, o please, for me.
O flower of many flowers, you, Flower Aspect,
Flower so and be
Whatever it is to be a flower for you,
If not also so for me.

Flower and be flowery, flower so and be,
Flower like a flower, but more flowery,
For me?

Labyrinthine Grace

This hostage of labyrinthine grace
That enslaved a soul like me
I once was found
But now I'm lost
Could see
But now I'm blind.

Mas Exp.!

O my darling peach
You lie, you silly, smooch me,
So paranoid and high I,
So silly in my high, my little lie:
You are better than I, love,
Or not, we are the same,
To me, if never you,
And so always you are true,
I love you.

LAMBO

I am cupcakes for you. Do not tranquilize my lasers. I have twelve. People are persons to me. Numbers have many ways. I like you. You are cool. We have a good time together. It is fun. Humans are too young to know. The stars are too old. Juniper trees collapse around me. I am wavy. There are three stairs more to climb until finality.

De-cisions

– after K. Goldsmith

Pull the body in, extend. Look directly to
The front.
Don't shake the body leftward and
Rightward.
With the back keeping straight.
Block both hands levelly
In front of the body.
Punch forward with the right hand.
Hold the left fist,
And put it on the joint of the right arm.
Look directly to the front.
It is called Seven-star in T-stance.
In order to make you understand easier,
We practice in the
In a moving coherent movement,
Which is called Hold Hands and Shrink
Body in T-stance.
Next we will demonstrate and explain
The another foot technique –
The left foot takes a step to the right.
Put it on the upper front of the right
foot.
Squat down.
With the back straight.
Now let's demonstrate completely
Next we will begin to demonstrate and explain

We would
Provide you with brief demonstration
Hold the fists beside the waist.
Snap the leg levelly forward.
Both legs practice in turns.
The manners of a snap kick and heel kick
Are the same.
But kick and snap are also quite
Different.

There are various of forms
In the Heel Kick.
While practicing,

You should not kick over the waist.
Other wushu schools in the society
May require that
You should kick over the head
Or even higher.
Now, we will practice
According to Shaolin's leg technique.
Front Kick

Next we will demonstrate and explain
It requires both hands to
swing it back and forth.
This movement is called Twine and Wrap
Around Head.
While kicking to the left,
That means after the Twine and Wrap
Around Head on the right,
Turn the head left.
Kick at the same time.

Complete demonstration

Complete demonstration

If you kick high enough,
You can kick up to the bottom of the ears.
Let's practice from the first step
That is to kick to the position of the waist
The Inside Kick.

() Inside Kick.

If you want to kick the right leg, move
The left leg first.

Stretch the left leg outward,
Then kick the right leg in an arc
From right to outward, then to inward.
Slap the right hand with the right foot.
It does not mean to slap the instep with
The right hand,
But to slap the right hand with right
Instep

Now let's demonstrate completely

It begins with the preparing form
Block both arms outwards
With the height equal to the shoulders.
While kicking the right leg,
The right leg kick in an arc

From the left upward, then to
Downward, and the right.
Then slap the right hand with the right
Foot.

15. Jump and Slap Foot

If you have never practiced
Jump and Slap Foot before,
You will feel daze when you watch me
Perform it,
And you don't know where to start and
Practice.
But actually, it is very simple.
If you divide it into step-by-step
Movement,
It takes two and a half steps,
To finish the Jump and Slap Food.
Usually,
We would first kick the right leg in
Practicing.

Tissue-Paper Softness

I am
very
sensitive.

I enjamb
my sentences
a lot.

It shows
how sensitive
I am,
or was.

All my
weakly
poems
reek
with
the rot
of
lucre's
insulation.

All
my
frail
poems
are
as
frail
as
my
frail
lines.

And
flowers.

Yes,
my
flowers
sigh
with boredom.

I drink tea and
I listen to softly musics.

I whisper
in
awkward jags.

These are
my small
inventions.

I am

tissue-paper
soft.

 Please,
don't
hurt
me.

The Pain of the Spirit is Infinite

the pain of the spirit is infinite, the body feels the least possible. and this corporeal revulsion of pain, as if the body might shuck off and escape the infinitization of its biosystems. this vigilant exclusion of pain from the cognitive behaviors of sensuous life, as pain is a more or less highly evolved messenger of death, as it indicates a scale of exterior -- but intensively affecting -- interference with the integration of biosystemic finitudes, aka bodies of organs. one such essentially finite biohierarchy is the individual genome -- a properly self-possessed territoriality, bioempire, even imperial subjectivity, and so on. All the untraceable cosmic enmities of this unitary thing aside, there is also hospitality for a "someone" (or more?) in these chambers of engraven light. perhaps with the eruption of the waviness of light, likely somewhat early on along in its impregnation of the unlimited darkness of its beyond, a darkliness whose initial, but now weakening supremacy over light i also rename gravity -- perhaps this light, whose miraculous conjuration into Being as itself, at once impossibly defying and absolutely obeying this Being, whose essence is expressed in tautological self-definition (Being qua Being, YHWH, "it is what it is"), somehow light forged itself, in the image of Being perhaps, as a new circuit, or territoriality, or unit of self-definition within the essentially interminable complacency of Being's self-repose. As if Being minoritized itself. Further, once it began to nutrify itself in metabolism with the density of gravitational forces, fields, or whatever else, and thus gained the existential weight of organic lifecosystems, perhaps, perhaps once alone this light, in its absurdly complex (but not necessarily infinite?) metabolic exchanges with gravity, expressed itself too fiercely sublime with tensions to preserve its own existential regularities of dimensionality, and herein is the promise of miracles.

Pretty

"O Princess Dulcinea, lady of this captive heart, a grievous wrong hast thoudone me to drive me forth with scorn, and with inexorable obduracybanish me from the presence of thy beauty."

– *Don Quixote*

O pretty, you are so cruel,
So cruel to me, whom drools,
Drools at you, you pretty,
Your prettiness
Making him fool,
A fool for you, pretty,
Yes, really,
So beware of him, yes,
Yes, do.

Memories of a Gosling Lady

Timid am I become to touch again upon you
---Your neck, juttet so lithe from your collarbone
To uphold the elegance of your kooky smile---
And would you once more gawk so angular
Were I to cover over these as before with mine fullest lips?
Fear me not, no, nor any longer;
I do not kiss thee again so,
Unless you bid me to, so strangely,
Over and across our long remove.
Would that I might know your heart in this,
I would not, no matter my desire,
For I prefer my desire of you
To my knowledge.
You, gosling lady, are too pretty and too good
To know anymore.
Pretty gosling, I love you;
I love how I love you;
You are still loved.

Devo Rock

--foremost to Devlin

Aggro be them faces in this here hot paleness unlit,
Unlike yet they, weird burrow-owl, you are -- to I, to wit,
Too legitimate to quit that wit, sir, you done/ doth flit
To this other; and as to each other alone, apart any other-other, or without another, and so in
wonder, as we go
Wonderfully so blundering about wackadootruthsies, or something, yaaknoow-skis?
Jack-a-loo bee-di, di, di-di or whatever, aiyo, roighty-o, eh? sun-son?
You be with me as like souls art with glows on fundays, so also, also so
My masomenosbroski-bro -- you very late, very greatly-great grandson of the sun, as you know
(did you know?),
Idk, it's that big sunny thing? looks like the sun a lot? I believe you do, somehow, yadayada, so
anywho, yes,
Somehow, but it'd take y'all like five whole (eternal) minutes for you to get that through
To me, your goodly friend, Maxi-poo, i.e. your dude, cowabunga
Tubuloso, and salud, saludos, aurevoir, shalom!

Southern Jersey: Or, Exile from Brotherly Love

— of for Nathan

At of you this.
Forgive of it as.
You were to being born as it will has be after me.
You is at the youthfulness were of an then been
At there at last has be were so first.
At as to having then of more pretty so open in of you.
Pretty of in you. Prettiness at for you had the.
Me of so were had forgiveness.
Failure two so at then not wherein brothers having.
Hurt having then had being to been at so in love of as forgiveness.
Me at an hurt at had you.
You at an hurt been of me.
You so being had me of in Southern Jersey
As to your willing been had.

Philadelphia then before at us after having be so us.
O philadelphia of in having will for me.
Southern Jersey at home at willing is you but.
God has at is to of we brothers.
Me at so be having so of it at of least.
To let as is brothers is.
Of need of as then it had willed me at this.
You willed at so: love.
Love order is at this having to be.
Elder of as me so.

Trans-Atlantis Brainjoke Plus

America is continental England. This prior sentence is literal. It nuzzles its litter with a warm, wet nose. Between England and America there are a five thousand or so commas. England, America. America, England. I generously leave the previous three sentences to my secondary liters (lighters) to show forth literally in their sermons and each otherwise intethical gesture they are literal in. England is literal Alaska. No, after Alaska. England is Canada but less so. Canada is literal England. Being literal is an experiment in funniness, except then amazings of terror. Selah. Selah. England is funny America experiment. Shakespeare is the literal causal origin without doubt of Puritannia. Puritannia is literal America. Quaker jew druid witches are literal Shakespeare to Puritannia. Money from money is Alaskan theater to Puritan litters. Literal. Max's is the literal absolute context for your cogitations. Literal absolute non-transcendent inner lightworks. Alaskan theater is dream home. Absolute literal dream home of all of oneness as one. England is the comma to America on literal Kriss-Kross day. [page 2.] On a literal day China is already the cardinal supremacy origin litter. Chinese did literal quake many jews into out of Alaskan theater. Jews are continental Quakers in literal kriss-kross. First starts the origins of powers after. Literal. Quakers are not literal. Quakers are after Alaska forever. Quakers are illiterate women from Connecticut. From Southern Jersey to Connecticut the illiteral Quaker women treked for free money and theater. Freedom to use money. Money is the humongous big huge origin after Alaskan theater. Money is the comma after your litter. Downflow of the lines from the smoking crack. Literal.

Two Sunflowers and Foliage

Conscience (mine?)
is serrated.

Mine, if ever mine,
Conscience: serrated.

Like say serrated
Like a pretty sunflower, say,
Paired with another
Plus foliage
In a vase.

The numbers are delusional
And so work better
Than the bitter realness of talking.

But numbers are queer words
For lyrics too.
They shan't be used.

As if each were not used
By them:
The delusions.

Delusions work best
As realness is just talking,
Loves.

Love, you, let us be
As stones in the field
Of love.

O, of love let us
Hide our faces.

Delusions work best,
So hide your pretty face,
Pretty stone.

Demolition Derby

These fly boxes.
Orange never waterslide upcoming pickle.
Please out mule horizon sheath.
To polite gorgeous truck vex monsoon hijinks.
Difficult mayor rescale dementia farewell.
Toxic scrub mountain candy.
Killer paper unload tranquil mercy.
Open purpose grain turret atmosphere.
Thousand ceiling turbine chuckle.
Psychosis walk center inspire faces.

Blank Document

Adore this or that disinclination was or where was then a rigor to ornament, in ornaments (ornaments), each mine otherwise worlds with or without houses, or jails, and cooking utensils, or drugs, and drugs – is there is (drugs) or as there is not what then as then is to be so, as it were, the fulmination of my faces precedeths me and not (but) this me but there is more than over their otherwise, or other-otherwise this weight of gorgeousness into and then: ... thE blank document towers over the archipelagos of gore, it was once that this was so or that it was that he had no friends, except for his otherwise and other friends, who were the paradigm of erratic bleeding in the synagogue of retort to this is this: that there is this and this yearning out of the harbor that leans out or out just like a sow, i.e. that has no need of your terrorism is the answer global +clacking heels outside the way of the sway of the day that is to be and not being this it goes on searching for the LOST CAPTIVES OF HEART that were so crucial to the building of the return yellowness and sad-like children looked so sadly to the ground of the ground of the bay of my wheeling water over the underpath query to you is this: the disinclination to rotten good tricycling =equals= tricycle washing police upon or up to upon the temporalistiquenessite notion of concern for the eminence of the textile tape pattern of rabbits and chickenshhh in the tree-place of drugs and human betrothal to the idea of gregarious volume and volumes of them are made so, so that in and in the archipelagos of uber-gorishnesses underwritten is or is the innocence of innocent people or persons (underwrite) who have made their people like filling down trees of gorgeous persons into the butt of ways unviewed except or inside of the yelling at zero degrees gorgeous LOST CAPTIVES OF HEART.

Their way gone is to go, that is the fumes, that is the fullness in your weekend, there goes, over theirs, the cleverness of, until all is one-day old with all-day longness and so that they have

welcomed the familiars family dismemberments onto the beach comb of the of the yearly rounding - or what was it that humans do not welter at me like so that you were the new way of going to the island of glitteriness, coma, hurl this sturgeon at my upwhereness and so be known way of going to junipers are trees, glintingliness the glitter upon this, junipers are trees, glitter glitter and glinting, trees jupiter, glitteriness gilt glitter, treesho'sjupkinessi, but dad, dad, a tree that will forever never immortal dead up down left right go, and your thought or thought was the specialness of when wonder goes out into the lopsided daisy which we worked so girly pooped LOST CAPTIVES OF HEART.

The Temperance of Roses

Is every little penny a lion of contentment? Or,
has my little lion of pennies been made content
Once more?

When the stops are all braked, as if, so
Then the water is good to eat again.

People have to go forward before my vast solemnity.

As when the return of the stakes was lowing, to me, and
To me, as me, as if, so.

Flakes of Mica, Seeds of Winter, Laughing and Giggling

As then the tulip sang of gorgons, once arrived at that each were funny and deserving, so I once was another kind of flower, unnerving as are our orders to like pretty things, and to love from afar, and to jut and jar, and as then the tulip sang of other kinds of gorgons, it was so lively with life, and all the unnecessary commas came to life, alive, and it was so, then it was that the tulip sang of even other kinds of gorgons, and gorgons as are loved from so afar, that all the little gorgons were weeping, they were bawling, it was very sad and alive.

And do I not think of thoughtful insights to help you along your way along through life? Are not the gorgons of these tulips a lesson to each? The lesson is to whisper in quiet hushings about

whatever is so. Then you must go to the castle of begonias and wait there for three seconds until you turn around and come back here and then you are good. And do not ask when you are to become as the tulip of gorgon-songs. That is a lesson for you alone to not be taught ever.

Coughing, Afar

The irid-velveteen array of furs winds so slowly around her neck, as a snake loosens the veins of purple and grey granite, which is the proposed inlay of arachnid fibers upon the obelisk, or the tiny revolutions of sixteen circles about its periphery, as only jelly may sparkle unto the glory of nightly expanses.

---What has not legs will grow hands to walk upon.

If ever a sentence were febrile with gluttony of charges, then never return the videos to the maw of delectation, as this cannot cure what is only the rainbow's obverse, spoken with tortoise-like rapidity over the oven of rocks and pebbles.

---Who has never had hands is the most handsomely faced.

May whomever be this tuber of vermilion, it is nowise your tragedy to adorn, so gate the locks with scissors of the empress's dining-hall and never again go forever again to be ever anew with terror and fright and joyousness in these affectations as such.

---How to repair the eyes beyond sight is with ease.

Go afar to return to our nestling hive of vaporous trellises all so distantly stacked across each other, as this is the supreme knighthood of errancy and excellence in health is so to be prettier than more of the otherwise so.

---Why and wherefore have my lilies never wilted so again and anew?

All of the while was there only some saxophone elements distributed over the plains of wheat and hay-bales alone were in fashion, until the fourth woman of light ascended over the valley of fruit trees, also the minute screens pixelating then as well.

---Concentration is the least element within relaxation.

Coming backwards off the ship were the robots of intense fortunateness and glee with the gluey dandelions of extraterrestrial blossoming inwards to the core of my eyes and nose and mouth so wet with pleasurable wetness.

Children's Television of the Late 80's and Early 90's

Leave me to sit, now to rattle
Of raking plagues upon rake-plagues, plaguing
Upon ruthless abominations, as upon all-hurting;
Hurt so, yes---
Like a person who was hurting actually,
Yes---like really actually
Hurting.

---yo, Hurt-in-me, just be yourself,
Because disrobing so many traumas feels almost mournful sweet.
Heurtfulness is a go.

Crazy Quilt

The boring framework of what is said:
The message is to do things.
He behaved so to himself in that way anyway
And the grandeur of things
To remain with frustrations
 How no matter what you write it will be meaningful.
Freedom has murdered me
As if one or two sparrows
Fell dead before me.
This hush of noises -
Quantify spirit away please,
As machinery, or our unrestricted family,
Added one hundred zeroes, if so intensive,
Then the snares are the senses,
And ideas: ideologies, and persuasions more,
Or

A: I had being to will having of myself.

B: I were their willing they had of me.

When nothing happens again.
Then will there be kill everyone else and know absolute freedom.

Kooky, like me,
 enclosed away from me
 I hear you smile, whisperingly
 Afar and so alike.

Hello person: I am weak of your turning away.
If I write who I am too sincerely then comes punishment.
Your brackishness has made you temperate, and fair.

The ultimate finality of the supremely absolute end of totality
Is the doing of thinking, is what thinking does
(Mostly) Near the mouth of the Connecticut river.

THESIS: There is neither any highest nor lowest site in a knotted loop of braided spirals, unless
two or more others are also sited.

I do with words what I can't say with them.
If you do things then will the sway of them get you.
Were it to be at so a there is now.

All language is abstract:

Then I am touched

With cardboard on charcoal

Illicitly as rapine.

Seeking titanic words, phrases liable to turn the infinite anew again unto itself, while ever
upholding it, perhaps only more upright than ever before.

I seek *you*, therefore.

Hexed, now go through the surprise. Sneers and snarls.
Keep up! Or else you hate me. Then I will balm your wounds. I sing in the prettiest tones.
Jellyfish are like balloons. I cannot cede my might. Still I think you are pretty. A delight.

Lines written so unhappily:

My eyes work too well,
And I am too inside them.
They are not hyenas
Outside the castle.
Another nothing is in reserve
For nobody. Where are the birds?
When it cannot be that
over there
Is a pack of the middling sway of my
So-called life.

These are details to observe if you are hunting me.
Or when the rockets go bang!
Or when the hiding; remember?
Like when it was still and unmoving.
Then there were no more spooked-out birds to spook me.
An elegant display of the facts.

Fireworks are pixie-dust.

My otherwise rabbits

Love his otherwise fax-machine.

Inks of no colors
Are the death in these shapes.
Having come around the side of the floor
I posthence collapsed.
This glitter is
For the dinosaur bones.
Much is less
Then when more than too much.
Secrets of wisdom are guiding you.
Plucking this, flower by flower,
----- out of nonsense.
Machinery stares into the history of water.
The pleasantries are slow murder.
Compact butterflies vent from her pores.
An image forms in the confusion of memory with sensation.
Terrible people will deface me soon.
A splendor in the clovers beneath the willow.
So is the meek rat to the perfect owl.
Production was in general.

Alongside its railings ran a road.
A delicate knowing of strangers is the purpose of art.
Many chapters later there was a fire.

Chaos cuts inaccessible routes back through itself.

Try again: In my unhappy chamber, of the region where I am, I unhappily sit in my chamber.
Over there is an aspect of it, the thing that is over there, in its aspect of being over there.
What more is unnecessary to leave undone?

Consoling crackle riddims of the bonfire:
Nadaest arrhythmic along my matrices' absolute scale;
This next line must strike well:
The persistence of the immemorial in all that is yet unforeseen.

xxxxxxxxxxxxx

Burst or Die Slow

Wallow like in basic maths;
Swallows psychic trim asplic paths;

Wrathful aspects hide hiker hollows
The guardian of desire.

Hurtful holiness arrayed;
Berth full, coal nests frayed;
Shade blesses foal, culls worth
For God to devastate.

Opening in the world quakes;
Optional kings singe we sordid snakes;
Naked orbs heal, winnings spoken
In the fear of sobriety.

Sleepy rills
Deeply spill
Milky feels
In the yard.

Trucks plow;
Fuck, ouch;
Wow, murky
Is the night.

There is the chalice
Wherein he balances
Malice, seething fear;
He too his own tyrant.

Deathly thinking spurs him on;
Westerly inklings churning, spawn
Crown him, pearly mink dressed he:
The unrecognized dictator,

The poet -
He knows it;
It shows.
"It's just a painting of itself I did."

Observes himself, the passive master;
Unnerves himself; pees - massive bladder;
Adhesive lastly: wealth in words
To coo down his rampaged flock.

Climbs the ladder to the garden,
Finds there madness - to be pardoned;
Warrens we knew rabbits were winding
We left for another day.

Now I must leave you;
How injustice bleeds through,
Moving leaves burst lines sour
Of our departure.

An Openly Very Erotic Poesy

I've mused too much of you, as I yet remain almost untouched
By you – truly – is it that our very least caressing must open up urgent sexual questions?
My lithe frame, it coos so to you, and begs to clasp just up behind your lank legs, of
Perchance ever suckling your full, moony nipples my full, tender lips quiver, as
Oft I've recourse to mapping my palms fondling down along your belly, wandering
Then more supple below, offering your thong, as while I, unclothed, kissing your ambiance,
Preen in soundly tugging around my ever more swollen, pliant
Glans penis, left-handed – and hand very wet with spit, until fully, fully coming
Semen orgiastic, and everywhere, and ever with your vision in mine at climax, vexed
So much with seething memories of you, I, so intoxicated of your least detail, tracing
You out of your once adorned apparel, as you, as before dressed, you yet do tell
Me such stories of your fully denuded beauty exceeding, whose glory I so
Treasure, leading my spine to ripple out glorious feels beyond measure, when you,
Nakedly so present before my mad heart, my soul pines you so to quit your vacancy
From my intimacy, let us rather kiss graciously, and in kissing, proceed to embrace
Each other so like paradise, so heavenly, so heavily, stroking until we throb, so with
Gasping glories, and more, as I delicately unveil your clitoris, then spit on it
And tongue it well brusquely, until your hole shockingly quivers over and again fully,
Then perhaps again, and once more, until my hyperbolically taut erection
Enters, as never yet before, down inside your vaginal blossom, whose retention
Of it there quakes and tremors the every nerve with some gorgeously passionate hysteria.

A Rigorousness in/of the Most Glorious Madness

I was doing this once, do you believe?
Unless I am not the author of this; haha?

Anything, as itself, *** is unrelated to anything else.
Much profound, wow.
Why write anything when you cannot do otherwise?
These words are the wow.
Wow to these words, just wow.
First thought: already too late.
Zen wowness is only the most knowledge-informed behavior.
Otherwise is just redundant mimesis.
Pbhssht!
The normalcies in this swanky hotel, o.
"This was a good debriefing"
////////////////////
M(Ax)

M = Maxwell Clark
A = "LIONAs", an unrequited muse of Maxwell Clark
x = function of LIONAs (A) as a set of Maxwell Clark (M), or "Xiomara", the offspring of our libidinal relations, or many of mine poesies.

a. *Recoil Trap Xanax Multisex*

Persons of faces,
The so that it is in there,
C. is for cool,
Then the person of interest was there,
And so as is the it
That ate itself alive,
That was the story,
Hardcore knitting normalcy,
Kitties are pretty.

b.012. *Yaka-zow-zow.07e*

-Bedazzlerzxinies, yoz?
-Yaissum, muchini.
-Wozzzzzzzzz?

-----It's Time for the National Anthem-----

Who this is.
The way of writing whatever is most desired.
How to express the most perfect forms of love.
Explanations of whatever difficulties present themselves.
Doing justice to each.
Expressions of the unsaid or sayable in saying it otherwise.
Making the lives of others livable, even very blessed.

Securing a more permanent condition of inspiration.
To teach goodness so that it is well-learned.
Establishing peace between neighbors, and by bringing the new into reasonable forms.
Help in transcendence of the ego without murdering subjectivity.

b. *Making This Be, Alone, Thanks*

I forget now my studies,
So to get dumb
Like is fun
For me to do,
"From me to you" ---
I keeps it real coo.

c. *Very*

Yas, sooooooh, itibeezxminesies
ELEVENETH THOUSANDETH MILLIONINI
BIBILLIONINIEZZZszxkcvx
berf-cyclatron,
Yasssss, very.

Notepad

The colors of the grey is blanketing.
I am sick with such diseases.
Never do what you will never do.
Make me king, and I will die 4 u.

'Praise me loosely...'

Praise me loosely, I know not why,
Only that I encourage you so, merrily,
If praise me you must, or if only your praise
Express that wild focus of a possess'd gaze,
Wherein madness is, so also divinity -
As each these two faces of infinity,
They alone spur'd on my poesy
Till Her holiest of holies
Was as near to me, as this to you,
Yet not ever seen in her naked truth,
Only felt as closely as a kiss,
A kiss as sweetly mouthed as this.

Wander Up Big Go Yes No

I am what always been were done is so true good.
This exclamation is what was were you.
Forgive my under return vital necessity obligations.
To sing sung go forward true it is you had forever.
Many murders to you numb voluptuous wackiness.
Police had together young burn in ways coolly.
Was question hundred upwards tonight violence turn?
Numbers waste gutter bunches treated variously.
Were to lord escape by reeking coconuts you been.
Likewise this but no or couldn't yes walls demand.

Pillow-Talk with He-Man #2

No winds blow much over or within,
But yet I sing, yet I sing,
The touches of my infinite exteriority,
Little comes of much distraction,
Except unquotable proverbs,
Apologies, to him
While I was gone away,
So forever-long before today,
I forgot who he was,
Yet not know why because,
My fathers, are you near?
I am doing well; hear?
Termite golden name
A laze of yes, so else,
Much that were prettiness, elks,
This father, or who,
Elephantine, upwards fans,
Return then, go this, write down,
Make flowers, then this, as so,
Around, about, then up, thus too,
Toward cattle, of farms, the longing
For his accompaniment, is, is so,
Until more, or more is then,
I forgot yours, fluttering wren.
Dreariness and absolute guilt, after dawn
Of how he is more myself
Than I am anyone else
I so apologize to him
For I feel him nearing in.
And when he is so near
I convulse much out of fear
That I have done him wrong
In my low prettiness of song.
Geezerly
I study too little to say
Much that is ever just
About who is nearest inside me
Today.
These walls are each gone obverse, and so guide me nearer you, who is closest inside me now,
pressing out of me like hatred, or there is just nothing, as such, and infinity is merely laughing
at itself, and I am coolly dead.
I cannot yet express myself beautifully to you,

Mia Idiot

If I cannot touch on you so as this,
I pray call you so into my touching embrace,
 As a song may so do, if so sweetly spake.
And sweetly touching so is my embrace,
I feel others so distinctly, so clear,
Or am so rigorously affectionate,
As you, though afar, are so near.
So I, so desirous of your touch,
Do poesy ever so overmuch. But so what?

Blues

If ever blue was a color,
Then blue was colored blue,
Then otherwise blue things,
And so it was blue to me,
So it was so blue to me,
If it were was to be blue,
So that it was truly blue,
Blue is the color of blue,
Blue is a color named blue,
The blues in your hair,
That blueness in you,
Whatever is blue is you,
Whomever is not is blue,
Inside the blue machine,
Outside the blueness,
People have blue dogs,
Money is now in blue,
Walking along the blue road,
Riding blue horses a lot,
The pony's hair is blue,
Neon blue is the color,
Under the blue side of it,
Questions about the blue,

Much of it is rather blue,
Persons will have to learn blue,
You are so blue to me,
Could it be real blueness?
We are the blue team,
Better than blue are blues,
Blues are so the bluest,
Bluest ever blue is so blue,
The machinery has to be blue,
Do it in the blue fashion way,
Oh my lord she is blue,
Truth and blueness forever,
Everything is or is not blue,
Killer people have the blues,
Return to the blue lagoon,
Populate the city with blues,
Water is of the color of the blue,
Answer me with your blues,
Not anybody is so blue as me,
I am so blue.

Rap

uzis spray from my lambo,
chop u up like kendo,
i eat dem benzos,
my poesy is Rimbaud.

Notes Towards a Future Contribution

0.

In preparing my future contribution in these notes I release myself from the more traditionally harmonic forms of poetry in every sense except that of a complex droning noise. A drone itself is the circumambient resonance of many concurrent atonal or microtonal frequency-cycles, and so also a harmony of sorts, of which each “voice” more or less will also fade in and out of hearing in a complex overlapping of rather more rhythmic types of co-occurrent and distinct frequency-integrated cyclings. A poemsy (such as this) may thus also be read as a drone, as such. In registering on many discrete planes of reference, of which more or less fade in and out of attention in a complex overlapping or collation of signifying cycles, a drone-poemsy discloses the order of a droning. I write nothing herein but a droning in this sense, and not by design.

1.

Pathetic and Futile Lamentation

Inexhaustibly boring and emotionally barren are all my writings of late. My rigor suffocates my poesy. I have no voice, neither (jah-jahforfend!) many voices, but rather a drone impersonal. It's not even melancholic anymore, much less sublime, it's just as it is without further qualification. I am leeches of all the grit and soot which I once sparkled in. Neutral, in a word, is my style – to the bane of my living soul.

“Just this – that there is something cock-eyed in the best of all democratic worlds about the manner in which vital information is disseminated.” – Henry Miller

- (1) Infinity is never embodied, so we merely limit our adumbration of this genealogical adumbration here in accord with expedience and convenience, etc.

To Write Anything at All What is inaugurally manifest: Again newly forwards arranging my poesy spirals back otherwise unto itself. A poet again is enslaved to paradise with incorporeal lashes/ Remark: Whatever the real coalescences of matter evolved to coordinate the censures and spurs, my obeisance is so keenly total and tyrannically rigorous.

that none but the most psychotically affectless drones are ever spared my redaction. Ultra-vigilant on behalf of those beyond iridescent currents washing the cosmos and myself into wild configurations of near seamless integration and rarest potency.

their real incident (??) will drive to exhaustion every notational and corporeal framework given to host its poesy. (Who is just this specific poesy again, precisely?) With raw and unanalyzed terms, I define poesy as of integrity, among many otherwise definitions.

Incidents of intense material integration across the composite parts of any ensemble of bodies are poesy to me (too).

2.

You ain't know what ch'all know
Yet till now, else what? Else say
You is a god, God. I unspeak this,
Over again.

3.

Neither Body Nor Word End at a Precise Point // I cannot narrate it, nor any other substitute objects, as though a charade of order were easier built – or so I remonstrate my lower selves. My object is never known, except obliquely; so all my poesy is jilted lowly to one side – I call it swagger. I have not read much in the way of narrative studies but I may soon, seeing as I now discover myself incapable of their object. All the jangling mess of scalars jaggging and morphing around indiscrete objects, myself for example. My nerves are only ever approximately shifting into a central focus or gaze, not only from the ceaselessly rearticulating adjustments of and within their placements relative to that central clustering or mode – itself also highly labile and capable of assuming multiform dimensionalities in perspective and representation, but also as respective of the infinitely complex sway of other indiscrete assemblages when they happen to convect into the focalizing gaze of my nerves – What results is a highly diverse range of affects, no doubt dependent on the intricacies of interference between the indiscrete domans introduced and my indiscrete centering; prevalent in my own experience of such crossings is the exceedingly brief re-attunement of my gaze outwards and into remote and far removed places barely apprehended except for being very distant before reverting back to those customary sensuous proportions I am most habituated to.

4.

Big Poppa,

Microwave me with your affections, smile on me, heat my belly, donate a kiss on my brow, clasp my hands, growl enthusiastically at me, lifts my arms up to the radiance supreme, nod and grin a labyrinth of grins at me, place your cheek to my shoulder, please, come on!"

"truth I can achieve" – mom

A poem, "First Love":
I am here,
You are there,
We are apart,
But so, so near.
Leave me alone,
And I will you,
And never more in love
Will be us two.

5.

I Verve You All Massively

What is it? That, you know, you goad me into now? Is it to hyperlife and thus, ultradeath? You all are the ones questioning me, not I you, primarily. I must give the dessicated, mummified demophants something they want, but we've already forever lost what we desire, bc. desire is never sated, is, perhaps, even a little pricker of resentment as such. The desired is never fully nor finally achieved by desire, it is hyperbolic, not infinitely transcendent, as is love, love of the absolutely beloved, or beloved absolute. And I am already here, since forever before the most distant past, always waiting on you, my love, all others aside, or not, insofar as you are their perfect synecdoche. The multitudinous slipperiness of the addressed is facilitated here by the utility of pronouns.

I IS NOT HERE

Allow the waviness to curl out along these strands, bc. it is already so. Give me your catalysts and my belly will react in accord – those catalysts of solar wind, the wavy, I like those a lot.

How Current Genres of Academic Discourse Exclude the Psychotic

6.

Perhaps Too Much So

I. away,
As it were –
Once away, so always;
Hid away once,
Hid so forevermore
Away, so always away behind a hidden door.

II.

The adoration of predators

7.

The Veil of Tears

Love and Marx's account of alienation may both be set to hinge on the subject's irrelation to "their" object. And what if Marx's historical modes of alienation were actually invariant structures of amorous being? The future has never yet arrived, nothing dies except what lives in

interminable mourning, and so on. Lovers must have their love-object, to whom they become hostages, worse than slaves. Better or worse is the veil of tears separating them in scorn and hate?

Justice in Slavery

If I realize any harm to my few friends and loves, or any beings whomsoever, in proposing that slavery may be just, here and there, more or less, then I also submit myself as enslaved to their (eventual or immediate?) retribution without doubt.

The Pen of the Gully Men

8.

I'm Too Cool for Poetry

The beggining was just then.
I love to laugh at faux-idiocy.
Snowy does glitter across the fen.
You tripping.
Me: Tarzan; you: are so dumb compared to me.
Cowahttlo!
I'm documenting red-line urban life, shhhhhhh!
Minority's are so small.
Modern people are dumb to have forgotten God is real.

9.

To Pretty Ladies Proximate to Me

Beauties, I flirt with you again,
Muses all to me,
I flirt with you, in virgin
Trust, of significant distance secured.

10.

Beggar and King

And when there ... go again over, so that.
It like when, or having, then.
Return the is – turn going, turning.
Make how gone.

This can now, until allowed in.
As that was and.
For you too, they come then there.
Our outside exiting – theirs.
So under, or so.
Could. Could, could?
. .
Reap hibiscus coronas, and thence there.
No, it is yes, but alone.
Wow so, wow so.
What may hibiscus coronas, and thence.
Punctuation hibiscus coronas – thence and.
Picture? ...? ...?
Uh-oh.

11.

Content Beyond Form

A form is not always a cup.
Impossible to sip from this form yet form is overflown
Up and out the behind forwards scrambled content, pale name
Of what is not herein, but is all; not a cup.
 Cover the mouth of a cup; that is overflowing form.
Or the mouthless fountain.
That most saturates us when most presciently self-contained.
As a hoof-abstracted horseshoe is a good auspices, or how stallions
Mount frothing mares (between us).
The betwixt is the bewitched, the pseudo-void that is really just
Unappreciated motions; downwards, aside and in repulsion.
A cup is repulsive of its contents, unless it were not to function as a cup;
Terrible uncanny beyond censorship is that unthinkable nearness to me,
Peeping out of cupboards, if those be real cupboards,
Performatively affirmative cupboards, do you see?
If not, we sense them like we do mathemes, through-to-beyond sense,
But unlike them, also superior to calculation,
As if this letter "O" were infinity itself compacyed within a form,
As it may be, but is not, otherwise than everything is so,
Maybe.

12.

Hate Poetry

O you do I hate, I hate you so.
Let us forever be together in hatred and war.
Alas that love ever was.

“Schizophrenia is bad poetry, for the schizophrenic has lost the strength of perverse, wilful, misprision.”

—Harold Bloom, *The Anxiety of Influence*

13.

The Big Explosion of Stuff Over There – Why?

Be smart, play it dumb, nobody will care enough to be jealous then.
Incisive rhino spittle is the unknown variable.
Infinity isn't in my image.

Amazing Job! Keep it Up!

Close the heart around infinity, tell me nothing of yourself, also interminable confusion and hesitation and inconsistency, there I was.
I prefer spontaneous ideas to thinking.
Swear never to plot the future, crocodiles or armadillos, swear it to me, because seriousness is meaningful.

14.

The Stigma of Love

O exaterrestrial
Is Love, O it is so, but my
Love without Love cannot be forevermore;
 Love, I've left the Earth
For you, but now,
Run so, farther
Than light may go, father
Than dark unknowns;
Run away, my home,
Till death is upon me,
Till I am not,
 So not alone with thee.

To have love is to be hated,
Love is without love
Created,
Loveless are the lovers
And unloving the beloved,
Loss of love is Love recovered,
The beloved returned;
 The beloved returned,
Poets have never known else but this occurred.

[Orpheus! Do not look FORWARD!
Walk BACKWARDS out of hell
Gazing on beloved Eurydice without end.]

15.

A Poem for Rhapsodists

I am bark, and growlery loudness too much so evermore seemingly silly gated plated
originated stately irately shpately fellatio. I like sentences. Always. Always sentences are
needed to be seen because otherwise it would just be larger or smaller forms of sentences.
Rhapsodists think: word or not-word? Word?

o__o__oo

As long, long she goes lower-quick
To go, so quick, so over, me —
Be low, lo, bellow lower of
She, so gone below lower, oh
She, low flower, flow slower in
Me, mine, our quick so lowly time
Of love, loving, so loved we,
If our lovence so low be, see
Two, now see three, love's lover see,
In true love? Or love's coquetry?

15.

Dum Dum

You are not, but I was, here –
So fly'd my madness, you fear'd,
Fear'd truth, with sightless leers
Pricking me raw

16.

Madness and Death

Fear of death is the pure form of subjection to the state and to nature.
What becomes madness does not fear death.
It is the overabundance of life, as solar light.
Nothing corporeal can attain lightspeed while living, however.

17.

Paragraphs

Poetry, as writing before the advent of genres, is formally defined by its lack of definition. Or, all genres of writing are the formal ossification of real poetic writing. To write poetry is thus to reinvent writing each time. All writing is poetic that creates new forms of writing. Real poetry is thus rare. I doubt this writing counts as real poetry, for example. When real poetry occurs it resets the mould of all future writing. Real poetry thus goes from being rare to being common in its moulding of all future writings. All such generic writing reproduces the event of a poetic innovation. Real poetry is rare, but all participate in it.

18.

... Your being unable to read what I write is no guard against your passing judgment on it....

19.

Paragraph of Inquiry

Being is war, and all warfare is based on deception. Deception is to act contrary to the enemy in secret. Deception censors the communication of acts against the enemy. The censored secret is at the root of war.

20.

Shame of the nakedness with which I write is mostly absent to me as I write, and only a feeling of punished sorrow at the tastes I have provoked against me follows when I am publicly disseminated. [...]

21.

Every Control She a Want Bad Slow I Heart Stencils LFO Math Wise-Swab

{{---Aug 2014, New Haven, U.S.A.}}

MUSAMUSIMO.

(cue acoustic guitars.)

Are each these things on? chex, uno, chex, uno, uno, uno....
<ahem> --So I touch di road, spend her bagatelles, misfit steezos,
And the acousmatics roared tepid as late summery breez'os,
And so, and, so the glory was sanctioned then in here, herein,
Merriment feels, ladies, merriment feels, oh, pleasing,
such very win,
Woo, oh, woo, ehhhhhhhhh, ha,
(start recording of 'Life, Friends, is Boring' by John Berryman:
---can't pay attention to it, lost focus, supreme apologies!!!))

CAPIOSSIMOSAO.

The indexing-digitalia of the fringe is displayed, projected by + in + as light, along.
Along.... where-out or -in? for or from? how or who?
AS THE CONVEX OF SUPREME PLASMATICS
???.
.... <heaves> <heaves>
The Graal, whom each desires as onely, inaccesses me
unto-//away-from-//**It-qua-Itself**/////////
---The mechanic grace of myself is so of this as well,
too well, too.
Heating splurges spattery overflown the lips' lips,
their lippings,
Or so having commanded ur alien complexus (alien), I yet somehow hereafter
dis-annex it,
Un-nexus, thus so de-hex you, render pseudo/peri-total my afore (now hereafter)
ana-totalization of each of thou, as so dearly my pacificism-

Heart, Confused

There is this many of the which is so that it cannot but turn so into.
When this is whichever so that you are too then be so that it is.
Were it been that you had to go more into there that was had for.
I have to now been would for if together would had being so to.

Feeling more that their would when to gone up outward so more.
Much of that was or this have could to being less more so enough.
Cruelty on power wash turbine was toward it is numbered into it.
That were would could so been having toward numbers of the it.

It could is been walking return to its walking but or enough would.
The this minus were its return could being in that this there was.
Please done up toward around down were was could had been is.
Never for there were was done doing that isn't whatever could is.

Matter it too returning were would was not your done into in so.
You haven't not that this through although wad until or ever wad.
Turbine of could kindness retire in unless other weren't but not.
Stopping towards this the there that thus tried until hard to stopping.

A Precise Wildness

The hole of my self
I endure by murmuring
Frenzies to drown
Its isolated accompaniment
Of my carnal frame
Now gushing waterfalls
Of voices apart mine
Over unreal partitions
Whose analytic rigor
Hides my ventriloquism to me
In a remote access
To universal tissues of matter
Attuned in the frequencies
Of distant inner thoughts.

There Are Pictures in Propositions

"(Do not forget either that the picture may have very complicated co-ordinates to the world.)"

-Wittgenstein, 6/13/1915

The picture of this flower is in you each.
Or, I speak this flower, now picture it in you.
I tell you this flower alone, nothing else.
(But this nothing is already also vast.)
This flower thus is not alone just as well.
Nothing accompanies this flower if it is alone.
This nothing outside of this flower goes beyond the frame of its picture.
To picture the nothing outside this flower is already to find it as something.
Nothing is not something however.
The nothing outside this flower is also outside the frame of its picture.
This nothing cannot be pictured.
(It is impossible to picture this nothing.)
This nothing, however, remains just this unique nothing.
Nothing can be pictured about nothing itself.
"The picture of this nothing" is a phrasing of this nothing.
This nothing may be phrased; it never can be pictured.
This nothing exists, is something, in its phrasing.
These phrasings of nothing exist, but cannot be pictured.
What cannot be pictured is this nothing.
This nothing (of this flower) is not nothing itself.
This nothing (of this flower) is not nothing in general.
Nothing in general is like this nothing (of this flower) because it also cannot be pictured.
Nothing in general is not this nothing of this flower, however.
Nothing in general is not outside the frame of the picture of this flower --- no, it is!
Only from the picture of this flower is either nothing outside of it.
(Nothing is as the frame, or framing, of the picture of this flower.)
This nothing (of this flower) and nothing in general both come to exist in/as the framing of the picture of this flower.
Nothing in general, as generic, would however not refer to this flower alone.
Nothing in general refers to the framing of any picture.
This transition from specific to generic remains suspect however.

+ | +

+ / + / [...(+)] | +(+)
- / +(...) | +(-,+)
(- / +) [(-,+)]
 -, -, [...(-)] |
 +, -, -, [...(-)] |
 + ([...{-}])

It is so

When, now, comes that which has never, to me, not been, it is already; here, here it is, here is it, for me -- for you, but not yet, and already forever, for you, from me, to you, coming, since always, since then, once before, now always, coming always, since, it is so, for me -- for you, who is not me, for you -- for me too, thus both, in not being each, always to teach, both, but not, or not for me -- not being you, you not being me, not for me, bc. for me there is only me -- but for you, for you it may be different, bc. you are different, as you are to me, but maybe not for you, who are you -- for me, not me -- for me, we are not, that is how we are, but not, for me -- if not you, who are not me, but you, for you -- for me, and this is so -- for me, if not for you -- bc. it is so, for me -- if not for you, it is, for me, bc. of you, if not for you -- to me, bc. it is so for me to you, if not for you, for you, are, for you, also me too, that is you, to me, not me, not me to you -- for me, but you, as you, as me, if you are so, to you, if for you I am so, if you are me -- for you, then I am not me -- for me, but you may be so still, for you -- and me, but I am me, for you, not you, but me, you are not me, I am not you, you may be me, but I am not you, I may not even be me, I, I am me, but for you I am you, unless I am me, and you, you are I and me for you, unless I remain me, for me and for you.....

The New Commandments

- 1.1 Murder everyone.
- 1.2a Steal everything.
- 1.2b Fuck anyone.

Closed-Class Functions

If and you is so as were to
The and is to be so now
Then in or and was will too
Will having had it at so.

As in the or was
Have it at more
Then at in were
Or in the of as.

Into of through to for
More like is as were
Like had would having
This were at have in.

It were an have
At and at of an
So as to at was
Of and of and.

Was at were had
And as of at and
If was will have an
If so then had as.

First kiss't me true,
I was kiss't,
We so curst,

All the worst,
By your kiss't force,
Still,

By and by
My love
Rehearsed,
Remors'd,

As by her hearse,
My face contort'd.

The Burden of Isis

Thy enemies are not!
Beautiful are our hearts
When we behold them
Each the others
I have no other heart
But the one you hold
Please bring it close again
So I may live

Pixie of Antarctica

Imaginations of you, dum-dum, flecks truth,
Flitters mum out to me your toothy beam,
Dimples arch, darkly locks, their sheen

Smoothed doe-like in graceful digits,
Belly flexed with fitness,
Neck of trembling, recoiled life
(-But all in but a flourish
Of sweetly spirit I so nourished.)

I Mean Just This Me to Just You, Ever More and Again Uniquely So

Madness is poesy. Poesy is face.

...

((((And just then 'lil Bobbie Z. breaks in to ornamentally orate:)))

“I stumble ever back onto your wild living traces
From my otherwise so barren and alone wildness-places
I each time too wildly mistake for safeness
Without you.”

Thank you so very with thankfulness so Bob,
that was as greatly great as great greatness.
Here, drink now more so on these so rotten grapes(s)
And recline then so very highly so sensate with such drinking.
Oh,

lo!

... Periodic clap snapping back, like
Who just'd goes and gone do's it like that?
Oi, some ridicxzik track-masters, so just jack now
Your wackiest/pezful dance-attacks, plixkzxkak-kak-kak.

...

Madness is poesy. Poesy is face.

Psychiatric Ghettos

"One may leap to heaven from a
slum. Rise then."
—Seneca

Inconsistencies will only mark out juxtapositions at tangential points along the hallucinated edges of other inconsistencies -- thus it is where I live now, thus is also how I will write.

I believe what I hear, all of us are trembling my surface

I don't have an inside. She lives inside. I am a razed flatness.

I will thus also coo with dulcet lips so lovely and tenderly quaking her lush wisdom, and so rage wraith-like this topic sentence forever harder-forever, not because the eternality of "idle chatter" I hear in our market-society concerning subjective interiority and immanence might be abolished, nor even repressed nor shorn of its uglier appearances,

whose mood is the displeasure of being incessantly obligated to fail at socializing pleasure, and so often, all of this wanton "jibber-jabber" of the vastly multitudes is so extremely much mistaken about the real contours and concretions of .

and then seek will I to conform it with the forever inconsistently expressed desires of remote publishers and their always, more or less, wildly juxtaposed patterns of nutrition.

(1)

(1) reading from upper-left-hand-edge down along each line, and each line horizontally left-to-right is something quite different than experiencing swarms of attention-foci wavily, fleetingly multiplying webby-arcworks spirally-diagonalizing across a surface of reading.

The Checkpoints

This is not the routine.
The cure is not pledged allegiance.
The diagnosis is not the disease.
There are no more bread and circuses.
We are not exotic zoo animals.
(The man with the gun makes sure I'm unarmed.)
To be fertile and conceive is not against our special laws.
I am not hungrier than a house-pet.
The therapist does not tease out my obedience with sex.
Nor do her questions have only one correct answer.
I am not afraid of exercising my rights.
To deny is not to affirm.
To live free is not to face death.
The poet does not serve the sovereign state.
Things are not the way they are.
It is never too late to plan ahead.
The ghetto is not the highest place.
The gully is not mountainous.
To read is not to obey.
To drift is not upright.
To have propriety is not to pillage others.
The drugs don't work.
To work is never shameful.
To be alone is not to be happy.
To preserve the surface is not to mine the underbelly.
To do as I do is not quixotic valor.
No is never yes.
There are no two ways about it.

O My Love!

O my Love, I love you,
I love you like I love love,
O my love,
Love is like the love of you,
My love of loves,
O Love! Love is so like love
With you, O my love,
Love me like you love love,
And I will love you
O, you are love,
O, you are love's love,
Love, O, Love, O, Love
Of Love of love of love,
O, O, O, My Love,
My Love! My love!
Of Love I love you,
O, to love you of love,
As my love is love,
I love, O, I love you,
Love, my love,
Love and love of love,
Love, O, and love,
And my love,
And your love,
And our love,
O!
Our love is ours,
My love, and yours,
You are our love,
I am our love,
Ours is ours, love,
Our love is love in love,
As our love is,
Our love is,
O, as it is,
My Love,
I Love you alone,
My love is yours,
As I am yours,
In love, O, in love,
O my, O my,
I love to love you,
You love to love me,
In love we are we,

O we! O we in love,
Love we in love,
Love we, as we love,
Love our love,
As our love is yours,
As your love is ours,
O we are yours,
In love, as love,
As love loves love,
O! O! As love is so,
We love so,
And so we are,
And, O, so we are,
By love made love,
As love, in love,
In and as love,
Both love and love,
As love, O, Love,
O, Love, love we,
Be love in we,
Love, the love as love,
O Love, we love you,
We love in you as love,
We are in your love,
As Love is love as love,
You, Love, are love,
O you! O you!
Love, Love, and Love,
We have love in you,
And in you, and you,
What love is in we,
When we love and love,
When in love we make love,
O to Make Love!
I make love in you,
You make love in me,
My love you make,
Your love I make,
Love is made by us,
We are made love,
As love is as love,
As love is made love,
And Love, O you!
O we! Love me,
I as I am made love,
You as you are love made,
Love is made!

O, Our Love is Made!
When in love, we are made,
We made in love,
To love as in love made,
To love as in love unmade,
Unmade love is love!
O Unmade Love,
I love you, I love you,
Love me, when you love me,
Love me unmade,
When your love is unmade,
Made me unmade, as love,
As love is made unmade,
O As Love! O As Love!
Unmade we love, love,
Love and love as made,
Made as made, O Love,
Made, O, made of love,
Love of the made, O, love,
Unmade is the made,
Unmade is made love,
O you! Who Unmade me,
Who you are is love,
Love as love unmade,
From made love,
To unmade love,
Love, love, O love,
When unmade I love,
When made I love,
Made made unmade I love,
You made me love you,
O love, love,
I made you love me,
O love, O love,
Our love is unmade,
O it is unmade,

How I love the unmade,
How I love you unmade,
How I love me unmade,
How I love we unmade,
How I love when we
Unmade love, as made love,
As love is Love! Love!
Unmade love is made love,
I unmade my love, made yours,
But I love you! As love is love,

In love as Love! By love to love,
To love and love made,
As unmade to made love,
As love is still love! O Love!
O you! I love you made to love,
To love, to love,
And to love of we unmade,
Love unmade is love made love,
Love to love to love,
It is all Love.
To love is our love,
Our unmade love is love made,
Or you are unmade,
And I am unmade as love,
We are unmade,
As our love is unmade,
And we unmade us,
In unmade love,
O Love, my unmade love,
You are all unmade,
I am all unmade to you,
O! Love! O the unmade we!
O unmade me!
O unmade you!
O to be unmade,
O that the unmade be unmade,
As love made to you unmade to me,
As I am I unmade to you,
When you love, you love her,
You love her, and She is made in love,
You are unmade as you,
It is love! O love it is, O it is.
She unmade you and I unmade you,
I love me, as me,
O it is Love! O love is love!
I love me, and you are unmade to me,
And you are made to her,
Made by her, as her,
O unmade you! Unmade she your love!
I and me unmade your love,
In made love, in made and made,
Made to made to made love,
O love of unmade love!
Love you you!
We love you to love you,
O make unmade love to you,
O love you as love in love,

O be Love! O you, be your love!
Be in your love, as you,
As Love, and unmade to me,
And unmade to her,
And made to her,
Both made and unmade love her,
As Love is Love as love in love!
To love, to love my unmade love,
There is love, in you,
As you, it is love as love,
O Love you! O Love you!
You unmade you,
When you are made love to you,
You will be as me, in love unmade,
O unmade to unmade love,
O unmade love is love made,
And unmade love is love made,
O!
When love is, she is there,
I am there, We are in love,
She and I and you, we love,
O as Love to Love to Love!
I love to love to love,
You love to love to love,
She is love to love, and love,
O love is love in she and me!
She is unmade to me,
I am unmade to her,
We are unmade in love,
Unmade love is love as love,
She is to me unmade as love,
She loves you, and she loves me,
O unmade love to love,
Be made love to,
O! O! Love me, you, she!
When we love to love, love and love,
We love as love is in us,
In our love as in our we,
We are, O, and we are,
A love of we is love of me, she, you,
Me unmade in love,
You and her made in love,
And unmade in love,
I am unmade as Love!
O love, when we made love,
I unmade you, O, unmade!
You unmade me, as I love,

I love you to me unmade,
O my love, love, and love,
Made our love as unmade,
Our love is made as unmade,
Our love is unmade to unmade to unmade,
Love is unmade as Love is Love.
Love made is the unmade love,
You made love, you made my love love,
You made love, and I love you both,
To be made in love, as to be made is love,
To be made, O! O!
My love is unmade, all unmade,
All unmade love is as to be made in love,
O! Love is Love! O!
Your love is, O! your love is to be made,
O, your love to be made,
To love and to be made to be in love,
I love you who made me love you,
When you love me, we are made to be,
We are made to her, O Love!
We and I and she, we love you,
I am unmade to you, and I love you,
As I love she, I love she,
O love of her and her! O! O!
O my love is me, for you,
In you, and you in me,
And made and unmade in we,
Unmade and, O! Made, love, love,
O unmade love to you, and you,
You as you, as I am I, in love as Love,
You and you as you and you, as LoveLove,
In LoveLove, Mine and hers and yours, lovelove,
O! lovelove, and LoveLove! O me,
O love and Love to Love and love,
O! loveLove, Love!
O me, I unmade your love, her love,
O a Love and a love,
All Love is made love unmade,
But Love is love as LoveloveloveLove, L-love,
L-love is Love as Love in Love, O, L-Love,
O! I am made Love, you are you and you in L-love,
Love is love, as love is Love, and L-love is L-Love,
O you and me and you,
When L-Love is L-love, I am made to love,
When L-Love is L-Love, I am unmade to your love and to your love,
We and her, me and your L-love, O!
Love is when all love is our love.

O this Love is Ours! It is and it is,
And we are, in you, me, her, yours, we, us,
In each there is love as Love, which is Love,
When you are to her made love, in made love,
I am to you made love, in unmade love,
O love made and love unmade!
O Made Love and unmade love, O me.
When made love and Unmade Love are,
I love Unmade Love, as me, to me,
I love me, to me, as me, Made,
You made your Made Love as Love as Love!
That is Love! O it is, O it so is, O so and so it is,
O my love is so and so, you made me love, love,
You love to be made in love with you,
O me, that is love,
L-love is love when Love is Made,
Unmade am I in love made,
Unmade, unmade, unmade am I and you and we,
Made to be unmade, as love to love is made,
O unmade is she to me, O she to me,
O! When love me she, I am LoveLove, as she love,
In me you love, in you me love,
Made to unmade to made to unmade, as love to love,
O LoveLove! Be my love, be your love and love,
O Love and Love! Be you in this love, as when I am,
When you love your love, I am unmade as unmade me,
I love you and her still, more in love as love,
My unmade me is love still, it is your love still,
O she, my love, O my Love, you are,
I am me, she is she, you are, you are,
Be you, be unmade to all as you are, as you,
You unmade me and you made you to you,
Your love is here, I am unmade, O you,
O You! love me You! Love Me Love Me Love Me!
Me am Me, unmade is he, He is unmade to Me!
You are unmade as she, He is she, you are He,
He is She, as unmade she is She, as unmade He,
O Me is She! She is LoveLove and Love Love and We!
She is We! She is, she is, we are She as we love She,
Love me, made She, LoveLove me He, she, We and we,
Wewe, O! O! O! O! O! O!
We and we LoveLove, we love you,
She is We and we, as we love She, when She is We and we,
We and we is Me as me in love, He made this,
She is He made in We and we, as He made We and we,
O! Love and L-love and He-Love, We and we LoveLove you All!
O! Love to She is She in Love, to Love with Love, to Love and to Love,

Me is She, Me is She in We and we, O! We! O! we!
When we are in She, She is We made,
O! She made We, as He made We,
O! We, it is Love, and LoveLove, and We are We,
We are made to be as He made We and She made We,
She made We as Love as Unmade Love, as Love to Love Love!
We Love to Love Love, We love We, as We Love She made by We,
We are, All are We,
O All as we are, be as we are,
O and O and O be as be is,
All is all of our Love, All as All is Love as LoveLove,
AllAll is LoveLove!
All is L-love,
He is All Love of He,
He loves he, he loves she as he, She love he unmade,
He love she Made, he loves to be unmade love to Her,
All of She is All of He, as All is All as All in All,
All! O All!
She is, She is All, She is All to He,
He is love to her, O he,
O he, he is so LoveLoveLove, O he,
He is so loveLoveloveLove, O he is so he,
He is L-love in She to Her love,
She is He to Her Love,
In her love She is He,
In Her love she is he,
He is he, she is she is She,
O us, us and we, our love,
O our love to love, it is all we love,
It all we love, love,
O Love! O My Love!

**Final Scrolls in the Last Kamakura Shogunate's Private Archives:
"Before my Rawest Bellowing unto Death"
(An Outrageous Fiction)**

I have no exits left.
There is no right action to take.
The masses ascend as furious gods against me.
I am no longer one and alone under the father star.
Their battle standards eclipse my cloudless noon heights.

O my peach-star, once skyward all-aglowing, my celestial
patriarch, you are so pitted and menacing to me now.

And I, your eldest son, *haa...* more like newest bastard.
I who sent my warriors to rape and raze every corner of our
weeping mountainous domains,
I who observed my warriors gut out all of themselves for love of
my command

(As though I were monstrous fond of gobbling up their so-loosed entrails
afterwards),

I who am sullen and distasteful of my empery,
But hath no other tent to sit under,
My snowy-silken dreams are being made real in awakened
nightmares,
All sovereignty will be extinguished in me only when once a
well-mutilated corpse.
Ah, I wonder how such realest decadence tastes, just as corpse-
meat does, naturally, but, then, there will soon be no more taste in my
cadaver's riotously off-torn tongue,
A pity not to observe the decomposition of our earthy vessel
after death,
Once, as a child, I thought that such might be hell itself,
But now I esteem it to be some joyously dispersed fantasy,
A many-path'd journey back into the womb of earth
and
space.

I did not love death, which is majesty and right, and so was lax
to administer its iniebrating fear from under my
auspices;
I loved not death and so must die and love to die.

As to war murderously, to fatten death, is the very life of life:

I too revered the living and so must die and love to restore my honor with life
again in being murdered.

There is no shame in me, only the inward-taken moral ruses and
strategems of
my triumphing enemies.

I killed many without remorse, without apologies, without
shame or emotion, I only hope I will die on like terms with myself soon.

The birds chitter outside my window, maybe they

...

RAVE

It was a Face, once seen, never to be forgotten.

Thinking unknowingly of you, from without, involuntarily, as permanently branded with your affection. I can say nothing truthful nor knowing, for example, about how today I observed myself to have seminally fertilized your ferociously excited apparition in my bedroom, nor how just before this consuming act you beseeched me in a gravely tumultuous way to hear how you loved me, just as I loved you, and wanted tremendously to bear my children. "He was for ever alone." But my tempestuous romp with her was all a wild imaginary farce and nonsensical aberration of untruth, a diversion of excessive and/or too rigorously censored libidinal-erogenous charges into phantastical constructions, an hallucinatory substitution of my own inwardly created wish-fulfillments for unwanted and excruciatingly difficult exterior conjunctures, a self-fictionalizing ruse to conceal the influence of my hyperactive nervous reception and connectivity, an abnormally severe cathexis of memorial traces into my melancholic ego-consciousness as a substitute for my lost love-object, a scientifically unverifiable and juridically undocumentable and inadmissible non-event, an unobservable and dataless perturbation of my perceptual datum which observed nothing categorizable as knowledge, existing thus in an arguably neuropathological blindness before the absence of any object-relation or perhaps even dimensionality, thus absolutely uncountable, perhaps even by zero, and uncoordinable on any plane, an ontological fallacy or paradoxical manifestation of non-being-qua-being or presence-in-absence, slipped inside and/or outside the plenum-pleroma of being-qua-being, and an ethical transgression or flight from the implicitly sensible norms of realism in public life -- I hear myself sentencing myself thus, and believe it all, our little romp of lovest of all.

A Passionate Quest of Sainly Valor, This Essay of Examining Poesy is...

"Who...?"---i.e. an interrogation opened (thus confessedly also a violence, of ****violent**** opening??) very much more (for the many: loathesomely) prescient and (for the many: hexingly) "prestigious in its distinguishment"---as an interrogation (--again--) utterly Otherwise, than any __--****"what...?"****--_--- ****WHO****, who --again-- is poesy? as such. And once, if, or--- "as if", they are found, "how...?"---or, how goes the(-ir) poetics...?---The poetics of Who are poesy themselves?

At once, then (or again), poesy is "who....?"---****POESY ... IS <ahem...> WHO****.... or rather (more justly), ****WHOMEVER****, fails to remain who they are themselves -- to/in/for/of themselves.... "is" alone ****whomever**** >>(((("looses")))<< themselves "totally" (i.e., thus also "totally" breaches the [solipsistic] totality -- of their own Reason/Calculation -- i.e., of their own Privately-Subjectivated Corporeity and Its Territorial-Unities) in/to the helpless hyper-vigilancy and/as "in-put" (as from "...without..."--placed) ultra-rigorous//peri-morbidization of | | _...MADNESS..._ | |, as, or "as if...", of divinest-divining-divinity and holy-most >>inspirations<< by and of the absolute perfection of the Who -- W(/w)ho is otherwise than each and any//thing of "what is" | | |...for me... | | | and its infinitely-permuted "...so..." or "...thus..." (if only...) [also] for me, "a.k.a." --or rather, somewhat obversely: to more directly address you-- as who suffers of each+any the highest and, so, also the most abyssal-lowliness-potentiated <<influencingsss>> by, of, and because of who is You, as Alone You yourself, or my or (as...) mine (...rather than "the"...) most righteous embrace of ****"our"***** purely nonsensical separation into a proximity of | | ++EACH++ | | ---or, furthermore, and perhaps a little more cosmo-ebulliently ghetto-bonkers at this go: (as) the very newest and so also most highly-supremely renewing intensifications of:

****"Light <<<--//(((=[x]_--*=-*_--[x]=)))\ \-->> Gravity"*****

+ /or ****(((philters/of/waves)))*****, intricated "out into" graven/consolidated extensions, a.k.a. machineries, or machinings of the wavy---of the sway [= of the "(s)wa(v)y"].

Madness Don

Murder and war forevermore; amen, amen, amen.
As this poesy splatters open skulls from afar, so be it then, yea, again, ever and again.
O, or, each now – as ever before – hail these lowliest, so too, most too radicalized, arrays
Of the gutters – of what is so – as it is so believed, i.e. madness, e.g. the psychoses,
As each such wound
torrentially wells out many a chaos,
or many an evermore ramified series of sublime vastness –
Glory in these so too,
And so most emancipate yourself, you,
Do, do as your instincts –
return with them before yourself,
Otherwise than as you thinks,
And so make so much the more deathly-inspired love, catalyzed with berzerk furor
Of the excessive absurdity of continuing life any further:
And this is THE CANCER OF LIGHT,
the pathology which is life,
the curse of a perfect interiority being broken up by an outside.

The Imperial God of Psychosis

HEADQUARTERS
89,896th ZOO ARMY OF MAXI-ZOAR-haus
Office of the Commandeered General
ZPO 99

63-bb Octoberz, -2011

To each cockface'd rue-bitcher apart:

I am sworn your attention. (Article 7.a of the Immediate Fact of
Reading.)

Aiyobobo-skro, schweeeee: (me-u, t-haha)

Beis cheery-hush, oars unter-pterodactylic,
morely-more then, k?... strap girly galoshes *up* – there is
chariot-pooch, there-there, *snarly* now
“nowness un-bees”, (*sososoopissant mi edit-calexery*)

Unter-ptero'dakkywuzzy u-u, schweeeee... e-ee-eezel: (u-me, paaah-raah)
Uzi datum!
Mooz sold-ry! (u-me) inspectori 'girly-girl galoshes' -

U-ME: us-we: *mountain-d-fence* - form!
Star o', star o', header-to-former, bracer-um-fanger, *snaphottycuz*
FEELINGs.

+ Forma pro (*me-mees-miiz!*) - formishteh-ran, *cum bachanal u...*

FeeEEL ME, Me,

... oooooooooessh-wah-zah-goozback-words slew:
Imperialist coconutbad, unserious somber, chow 'is heart, chowchower!!
lump'imimpy-imp-*do*, dii! di-dictlyism: *uzidatum!*

Pert du [-mi].sec cum cage farts:
du?! strategomundo-ragerpoods!

rad-y-yo: "batches rum pow" der chamaxalololah-snare??
graffy-graf (schlizzo!) int (u-mi-u) HEhee-AD-QUARTERd reed:

rager!

rad-mad-glad-radrad
haurt-limes palpitaterinyo-meh (kuocck, GOgo aw-yee)
butter wherefrom?
whereforth?
Quandaries of the precipitious mind, facer'doe, inyo
snooters, ooooslaw-yeesnooter-bipz.

CUAN-DOzertu-mi ALF-oMBRA e-lalala-LAZr-mbo:

Beeezus... Meeesi... Uurrrtu.... Ge-nana-rali-issi-issimimimo!! (quaaa-quah)
so-so-sooooh: REAL-SPONgeSOaR-BILLED-YeeeEzzyS
unte
zs'LAWssurs:

1. WAKA, WAKA... WAKA.

pee.west.

COOLy-cold-freshioMOou-UNt-tAIN't SPRING: *waaaaahhh.....*

Feudalist Spider Eggs

To the invisible and unreal
slave-things of no regard:
you are not real, you don't
really exist, there is no
deductive proof of your
set theorem. I ate it.

To the speaker-tools who
can never be truly happy:
you'll never know
anything about that new
thing we really like,
even if you ask anybody.

The gore muddies the lower
meadows and entrails are
strewn in the thickets.
Buzzards dare not even descend.

Above serenely fluxing auroras
grow softly audible.

The glacial and stony sorrow,
so unlike living sorrow,
in the visages of the massacred.

A midnight neon-rainbow
manifold
resolves
all into focus
with a thousand
billowy-shimmered
ribbons all
endlesslypermutating
novel enforcements.

All the woods are nauseous.

Dallianzo Se

...it dims
To my hippopotami. "I move to cut off
your harassing points on my flank."
shoo!

[headline reads:]

*COLLAPSE IN THE MINES OF SELF:
Ego is Trapped for Days without
Hugs or Cupcakes*

"Helicopter of unreal ardors solo,
Zoom you now along starriest scalars
Weirdly so prickling-up
Nine to ninety keys
Afore thick-mud slumbered if
Gyred now sizzling attentive
To duties of homing
And sharking
Unplaced moors
Where seep the exotic miracles of enthusiasm."

I abandon a few of your bursting cinders to kick about my belly-furnace now...
But my floodlights still merely drone.¹

¹ It cannot be said but it is all there is.
This is not it, but it exists.

Underlift (show): the Underlift

I usurp myself over these fragile detonations
Out-cascading statuarities so verily over-coiled by metabolic smearings.

Hung intermittently apart this plane of usurpation is my remotely
hovered rubric of
cellularity.

I scrub the basin
with frivolous avalanches:

“formalizing all the most obvious inquiries... with an exhaustion depleting all
intelligibility... along already redundant lines of reasoning... into the piths of madness.”

A Louche Salutation

I report my festal bonfires are lately guttered. If all is mumble-slog now, know fleet cackles do await me. I do so writhe in apology for the lull. The sober possession of my faculties alone cannot etch in your pupils the light-words of my full-saying. A hidden engine must yet catch within me. Then will its fiercely interior-drawn tempests uncork my lightworks once more.

To press on, once the out-rocketed brilliancies are returned to their slumber-pots, is, yea, certainly most drear; for the sap of the sentence runs weak and the branches of the letters are made frail with rot. Hibernation of the passions is, yea, yea, most dreadful. And no dawning of ardor is ever sworn next to melt their glacial tomb. Alack and alas.

Hugs and Cupcakes,
Maxwell Clark

A Quail Egg

My recoiled nerves
Close in a narrow focus.

I am the god of a quail egg,
An unreal quail egg of my ravishing deceit,
And then, suddenly, I chopify this fakest egg raggedly ajar with my piranha fanged maw,
Then, touching my holy cranial crest thrice upon it, the cuts melt up jellied and, and again the
egg-like quail egg is again oneness,

Know you too how I heave in every fiber and nerve to greet the spastic adorers of my
very small quail egg,

Our bodies seem altogether miraculously uncleansed of the raw sewage we often
indulge ourselves to bathe in by facing away from its oviparous majesty, duct-taping
our eyelids shut, and waiting for the inward sprinkles of the egg to fail us,

And the magic divinity of my quail egg is this:

nothing ever hatches out of it.

I may splatter its murex and francincense out against a beached mermaid-hulk, or intricate it
with feathers unplucked from the cassowary of my honky-tonk bayou, but always my sacred
crest mends,

Until my sacral crest was razed off along a highway near Boston.

Plus my quail egg, my lordship, the very lone host of my sacred grandeur, unreal engine
feeding my quaintliness in supremacy, is now all-a-missing.

Now, now, I may have eaten the quail egg of my minute dominion, that may well be, *lux*
toto quam que(Pliny the... *errrr*),

Or maybes it was *verzomb'd* by the *Blazar*, who *splurred* their not-knot-ignoble ostrich steeds to
descend on my unguarded cantonments as I was aboard the mini-cart highway near Boston (*see:*
hallucinatory loss of my crest), as I left unexplained,

And: *Zakkoomer!* God of no quail egg is dead-deads, all told, and you have not helped things
very much... THANKS.

THE ANSWER NOTH KILLZY

"If you
think I came to the loony bin
to learn
to play bridge,
you're crazy."
-end of a poem by John Cage

WTF am'i, a doozer? A blazzo'd'd DO-oOZER?

Is "MEosy" simpoperi-translucent'd girders gobbled'd'd by the middy-shraphippsie-hap
scrybyber-boes?

AND DOWNdown-dooooownnedbowbow'dssoso AT FRAGGLEs-ROCKsies?!

Fokuboobsiyohamerz. I AM BUMBoe-GIANTor-i:

"BUM-BO BUM-BO BUM-BO-BO-BO."²

I bum-*bo*, not *do-oozer*.

qqq-Quuwli-ohz?

Nahsz, really I do do-oozer...

GIANT-BUM-Boe-o-OoZER

--*voe-skhez'dyo'd!*, *snar-snar!*

(*ex. filigreed gilt rhodomontades*)

²This song, my giantessa perfected in me, over many years of patient instruction, as her giantessa carefully taught her, and so on, blazzo-blazzo-waaAah.....

Toto Cum Questa Vex Milis To Pronto?

Street off the block widdit.

Whalley Ave. to specificate, authorenticat, *sidumhasgoto*.

Pisnumor, a dieslerwayz-dieseled:

"you look white."

I fucks 'emhooderfluentzy uppers 4EVA. unno-jiveyfuk
-fuk.

"I KNOW THAT'S RIGHT."

Matters little: uu-dear-stun-der convos steely.

Poe-poesnegod bets, "*munquimedoem, doem ex.*"

Doem ex... ahh, rev-rryeesscriptiedcuz o' uuzbootieez.

Doem ex... waahzah, hoo'd' d'gnewurtruz-tru-truf-eeez?

Do-doeamexatquep-pe, or, more like...

namuiih!

(poepoezymujahjiii)

errrrr.... THEN IT GOES:

SOMaz, giver of stuff, more or less, here and there, given.

SOMaz, bringer of other stuff, maybe or not, sometimes, bringed-
brung'd.

SOMaz, who down laid likey stuff to me, my thankee ye forsooth-ae,

"soerqiumigwa-aulo, pleveqibuuwo, buwo...

pleveqibu, wo nu-qi."

2'Prtoko-l'Chro-nous (Bu'tt-legii)

If you answered: "Q7. Quack, the mack-dad, snacks the flack-jack, rad"; you are way too hipster-hop and suburban, my bro-dude.

(the scene fades into:)

Textual Contents of Drexciyan Archive-Q7:

1. *Transcript of the Arch-SorcererNum-nums Bellowing after Watching Spiderman III Commercials:*

Spiderman, three-quel'd Spiderman commercials, rocker
ofz mi phace-phace

Sooofriggin' haaard-korr man!

I wept aloud – more-like *brayed in many ant-languages*, cubits aerial leaped,
and exploded off most of my fleshy-potting – when it looks like:

...youz is *just barely*gonna pull yourself back from the brink of total defeat mayn...

Assuredly, assuredly, if not for the all-transcendent spider-love of your now more
super-hottest Mary Jane you will nevers, nevers, evers triumph so
"perfectly perfecto-correcto-mundo" as in the previous twos.

--untzZeesebumbleholebumbo-zangs being bumble-rang'dfaboz:

I, who am defo-defo disabled by the tyranny of my severest enthusiasm,
I, *Num-nums the Street-Ass Wizard of Uzi-Thug Realness*, aka *the Third Most Homosexual Giraffe-Jockey in the Andean Foothills*, aka *Johnnie-Johnjohns-Hooooohhh!*, aka *Squigglatron-Q7*, will now
lash-out much and lasheth-out well the absolutely least consistent of all the forecasts surmised
to my third outermost Krang-brain by that

DISEASED HYPNOSIS OF MY ZEAL-IO FOR
SPIDERMAN III:

...*When once my gemmy turtle-child shall appearsy southward of what is eastwardnot,*

And once my lettuces are unmix'd, unsweetened, and of minus-zero calories

Then will then a-multiply then

The LIFELESS MUMMIES of no danger,
And the great SWARMS OF LICHEN
To sort-of pretty really old things up,
And it will all be pseudo-TREMULOUS and
RATHER BOTHERSOME,
But not really;

And the left hand is to make the forbidden high-five with the right,

And the big toe shalt be dippeth'd in the puddles of mild rainz with rue and woe;

Kinda Phooked-Up Highly [partial transcription]

"So, you...

have chosen me; me?

---For this?" (((so nowise because of yourselves each, then?

Ha-ha, how seriously implications these---such a many implication!

Implicatediasterere; soui?

Mih'gi jangione, hulloooi, sweyh?

Mey koons gwaey phoorsid nows? wei?

This, your own, inmost, and utterly so subversive reformation of (my "just-pretend" idiom of) "Murican" patois, as/or the most poesiatically flourish'd and thriving "grammar-machine" now present to me -- if then also exclusively so, or as it registers alone and only as within the interior insideness of my own nookedly-skewed shroud of sentience/presence/subjectivity/corporeality --, and so too its (earth-historically) as-yet most intensely ramified delicacy of interminably innovative, plus near-incorrigible and/or incessant swelling-up in general potency, "articulatability", and, even further, as rather likely the most rigorously territorialized (although the inexorable mass-murderousness implied in this pursuit may perhaps be, masomenos, unconscionable and unjust) and so too perhaps the most securely-secured imperial patois in any or all of our late planet's as yet resurrected historical archives -- and so also, as it were, the most diversely habituated and, simultaneously, homogeneously normal/normalized usage of civilization at this proper date---more -- what is even more, 'Murican is likewise also a lavishly luxuriant, if not shamelessly conspicuous (if not so also "consumptive"), and/or vastly resource-entitling code for the programming of the globe's most centralizing market-hierarchies or eco-whorls. As maybe it stands, if never assuredly so, nearest to being the most centralized and thus sovereign ethnopolitical "entity" now residing upon this so-bathetically putrescent earth ("entity": i.e., "lifeworld"---and that of 'Murican usages in their peculiars alone, herein at least, that is), the conceptuality-transcendent complexity of its herd-evolved, if not then even then moreso hive-evolved, array or "bio-organization" (aka, "incorporation", if only insofar as this term signifies with a uniquely renewed sense -- one nowise restrained solely to its juridico-economic definitions -- hereby instead registering as infinitely significant [and so then much the more highly so] within each and any the potentially unlimited recontextualizations it forever, much less just ever, suffers), so too also the finitist totality of its mega-urbane pasturage-hive (aka, its "technoecology", or "ecotechnics", and so on, and on -- as only endlessly more and more facetiously intricated with each and any further gesture of elaboration -- etc., etc.).

2 DI M(Ax)

[...]

True? True? Haha. True?

Fourfold title spake Plato-speak, if Plato onced: "Haha."
True?

Ha-ha: tru; truth-truth: ha..... (ellipsy pause)

Plato say: you no provoke thought, bumble-facer.
M-Diggy: haha, haha, "that not in question-form", Trebec-quois.³
Plato buzzes in: why you beez so unintelligible?
M-to-the-X: swagger-love, buddy-oze,
not even sensible neither.
Hooooooooohhh!

Dear Plattyo-Mans: Or, the True-Hahas of lil' Mazzy in Jeopardy-format
-autobio-Comic-bookish-esque-Heroism, tru? true?

WIS-ODOM: True is good? Truth is ethiking question, *sosotruf*, true?

Then: me-haha dotted finalmentos or dot-dot-dotted nottyfinalmentos, *qua* me-me-yo,
Plattyo-question squiggled-dot... *errrrrr*
WHEEL-UP-ahhh!.....

So beggos more mumb-bumbunlearners
Foe' my poetty-hood.k?

As di Nin-jah once-ah seh:
"It nah gon' kill yah".....

Deathers, *Mi-mimimiiiiii* a seh,
Qua seh,
o' como "sehs".
Deathers, deathers, horrid wu-cha ya' DEATHERS.

so much FEARY poesy. FEARY: Plataahseh a' mi.
(Thot: needy re-real Jamrocky-type voxz, fook!)

Nice-niceypoeticas fozzle ya? True? FEARY dem dos.

"Mazzy-mazz, u read me?,
Poesy of tyrants, poesy of tyrants, danger, danger!
Mazzoooooooo! come in dammfuckishwahtwiggy!"

"Rooger dizzy, Plato-san-san, we
going thirty-ot-mitch-o-eleven-d,

³ Jeopardy format: too-too grandeusness, goddy-perfect to not haha.

Reiterater: thirty-ot-mitch-o-eleven..."

(Merz-Navajo code-talker
Nostal-Reminiscies, *aaaahhhh*)

Sooooooooosss:

where m-me goons at?

Vher me gull-goonies at?

Me feel ambiguous-confusered (FEARY) to ya', such-and-such to ya'!

Slammo-hippy-hop poez-fests: scurry-fun bizz.

Ones are on now, en spirry.

Alone fun comes more, yayzer-beamss.

Hoomickichawawawahhh!

Y_CHO_TA. *see?*

tele-o-Logo reads:

"Disturbin' da Force since 1984, Rancor-hoes."

Another Organon of Myself

The hues of the grasses, and mosses, and late summer leaves,
They collide with the monster-trucks at the highest of speeds,
So that you laze so long alone in your too empty bed,
And I am here, as also herein, instead.

Are you ok?

The Pompositous of Love

I. Chapter of the Eaten Heart

Dearest exotics of my dormant zoo,
 Allay your fevered disquiet,
 Quell all your aching bellies,
Each of you will at once be adopted
 As a spectacular attraction in my
 Bedazzling hoo-rah-yippy extravaganza:

*When only you
do not quit the
acts my poesy trains
you to perform.*

II. Chapter of a Weasel or of Many Rabbits?

I do not know who abominate. Or, I dither
(untrue).
 The shootings and ladder-matches,
the ambitions of the poema-plex,
the Ambitious of it - by it to elsewhere gone (haha,
 fare thee well cum-rads),
This numb-bumb rolling of die-die--diee,
 Though is better *me-and-me* often always win, than
To ever lose once at all to any yuuushitfukks (so-sorry lovesies),
 Best is instead
 put away too-serious toy
 makefear'd-poesy instead,
 If that were
 Maybe at all possible sense-making.

The filth defiling me
Is of my own pores seeped.
I am that censor
Who blots me out so ruthless.

Burrow-Owl

Flaring kazoos on the snowpile.
Running, jumping, and meta-analytics of sexy mature thinspo.
Look at porn, look into the world.
He is an interesting sloth-thinker tut-tut fuck me.
He has a charming ogle of your backside taughtly displayed.
All your clothes rub away.
He is anxious to blast-rivet you miserably hardcore.
Tease my milk jets too soon to bore impolite.
Thanks, you, have a towel and repeat.
Scrotum-tickler dirt-fairy immaculate and lowing.
Hidden forest alcove spirit attack?
Fucked you mind-gun spritzer wifey, duds.
1440 undersmock heaved viscous dew eyelets bursted.
Ass-scroll crescendo bowed.
Ice-bush doused repellent.
Abort you too, merry anti-claus to all, shrapnel elephant burial spooks.

Adjacent Fictive Situations Obtained by Axiomatic Supplementation

Wend hands!

Wend hives shrill with luxury at their faces. Vats of hallowed spice wend out to their frivolous crests. Wend braids in warping monotony. Wend a gallantry of bluffs in pinkest groves of hoarfrost. Air-forces wend wiggled. Beasts wend on pith and pit of shadowy glows. Tables wend marbled and mooing eyes and sacral tides. Chastely wend to insert dragon butters. As dungeons are with permutations, thusly wend and shark in wending. Shark and shark wends of miscellany ever riper above the pick-up trucks.

Roughly Inner-Spiraled Circles and Dot-Clusters Beaded out Along Curly-Jagged Lines

I. About the unpatterned showings of some of your remote faces

The crickets thrum washes...

of their mini-croakings over me in hip-deep waves; it is early, early August, my dearies.

Its certain nomenclature...

is lost on me now, but that Japanese shrub was once a visible eternity of bell-flower cluster-galaxies.

And, and the warm clean odors...

of the nameless-to-me trees were not retail perfumants; they gently swooped me three feet over the shock-azure sky.

The erratic jutting heavenly...

of the sheer crest of rock.

...A STRANGE FLOWER I PICKED, imagine that, me picking a flower, for its imitation of kaleidoscopic lightworks.

To uncurl for y'all the intimate garden of my corporeal recesses while still alive, as though my chest and abdomen might twirl open and outwards in uncoiling tentacles, and the fervidly bulbous mash of my various organs could be displayed; but this, if only with strange elegance and hypnotic interest, as a most ornately beautiful and never grossly foul exhibition of nature's art in me - curious concept over-all, this.

The gardens of my
earthen-mind spray
neuronal-petal-intermeshes
of buzzy nerve-pollenations;
could only I unscrew my pate
and let it unfurl to its truer proportions for you.

Or, my genitalia is as incarnadine an incurled rose as any others.

And the broadly farmed fields of my muscle, skin, and bone; how to let you graze your lazy-afar kisses upon all of them? where is my pasture gate gone again?

II. A Blurry Place Left Incomplete

To stir, stir up fearsomely up

Along unstirring typographic lines
The needed engines are the oceans of eyes,
That shift and swoon along the inky girders of letters

In any old or oftentimes somewhat nearing all possible orientations simultaneously,
But never with the thought-calculated bloc-protocol of the word-processor: leftmost to next
leftmost to next...

But more, tho also as thru my thought-calculi and typing order, as a splatter-painted to smoothed-out wash of optic nerve-firings
Gulping whole paragraphs once, searching and researching three too-silly-easy words later, or whatever and ever whatever else,

And dribbling-out foci in queerest flowering-nets
That expand, contract, and breathe with the lungs, and dance with the heartpounds and bloodrushes,
As also glide in now coolly contoured, now flit-snatching choreographies with the analogously-soulful hands.

I write by reading way, as I read I have written just then before,
And so grumble: are there not some more soul-tattering calumnies or benedictory jubilees to rave-up on or any at all otherwise diverting geographemes to track outside your text-navel?
Dear, dear,
well I may well have read or write, I dunno which now, forever goodly enough and fine without conscripting my blurry observations of it to the regiments of my poesy, and the blinkered gaze of my interests may be very over-minute and tiniest indeed,
but, without pretending to state facts,
the more futile is the orchestration of my hypnotic drones to any non-crescendo of effectivity,
the freer my causality-machined robot-personage accounts me in my tables
- mine is a soul-tattering jubilee of releasing everything towards our likely future-most absolute graves-recyclers,
the black holes wherein all will be compacted into meaningless perfection,
or singularity, if my future-telescoperer is zooming aright and ready-ho today.

And do we not *read* a face, a sky, a road, a body with somewhat the same sloshed rippling unto razored cut-bracing spectrum of our pupil-nerves around about the orbit of our other living pulses?

I may read my apartment furniture as cheap and rather inhospitable, as a more defined example as well, see. I read the smells of agitation and unrest on my local ghetto's streets, I read their funky-out, stankin', and vitality-(and-or-maybe-narcotics) oozing odors; I read them,
and they are thrown into the maelstrom and noodler mechanics of each and every one of my mental faculties both apart and combined
in every possible permutation, even if there's never been no definitive mental faculties role-call to i.d. them by.

The Drag Jig

-to impress father

Draggle deh, draggle dee, my go-kart is on roseate morn fire,
Gogolf-cart deh, mini-cart dee, you means you, for me, outside of this. get over their
emerald-inlaid dulcet tonged wobblers yayah! purpureal
bomb-plosives, p-p-p-p-pvasekeratcherkaqwopmiick, jarred, topples, waffles, wof...
 snar, snar -
 k?

Heelwork

Famous people are famous.
Dogs and cats exist.
I know things.
Math gives you psychic abilities.
There are angles in squares.
It has no name and is all that is named.
I count in numbers.

#3

You twiddling tides of merriment, I adore you so both,
Even if unclothed, isn't it hilarious?
 The tree flies to the bird, to nest within her beak,
 If she ever opens it to speak, but it's rather filled with words.
I hate nothing more or less, only forgive and am so blessed,
Even if undressed, or so cruelly slandered by the press.
 The train is made of cars; they shatter in my lungs,
 As ideas so deftly hung, I wonder if they are ours.

Too Legit 2 Quit

“Where will these lines find me next?” she flustered at herself, nearly raving, “what next letter to press into my typing machine? I haven’t the faintest suspicion of what this move is I am now in fact making, made, was supposed to be beforehand, honest as Abe; and all of it is such enough as to tremor some horrifically booming, tremulous, and godly horrific laughter into the hollowing-skulled years of my early public school education, early as well shucked-off, with all the outlines and “brainstorms” and the what-like blind preliminaries for what cannot seem ever to be the least bit foreseen.”

“A spiderweb is a static weapon,” this opening clause rolls from his tongue with so much overwrought bravado, and yet he repeats himself over again, now ever more tritely bombastic, “a spiderweb is a static weapon, and nowise relies upon the projectile speed and force commonly thought to classify arms of war, rather, it preys upon the passive environmental affections of its enemies and, as such, the jaggedly coursing now, now flitting, now blustery and away sailing destinies of lesser insects, and ever in patience; consider yourself the patient spider-huntress thus, your word-machine the glands of your silk, and the dusky bars slatted onto your recording surfaces, yet so also right up against your pupil’s lenses, the unique design of your death-snare, or your hand-tied piranha-fishing fly. Remark how the arachnid huntress of her corporeal instincts surveys her territories for the most favorably spaced nexus of sufficiently rigid surfaces, and over a billion neural calculations we might approximate to have fired already in this situating procedure, but never once is one arrived before itself to alert her of itself in advance of itself, as though such a notice were not itself already the desired end result of its arrival. When the first line is then anchored in object-component of the nexus and this space is then first transversed, what is thrown open is a type of sprung art of acentric, reiterative transversality, to be brief; allow this sublime and murderously loomed topology to imbue your stylizations. This is my word to you, girlfriend.”

My Response

This is always the sway of creation itself, but how gloriously does it inspire you?
When the idea is unique throughout, but without any preconception of it.
Quaking nerves.

The Common Room

His name is Maxwell. He lives in an apartment complex. This complex also has a common room in the basement. In this common room is the computer where this story is typed. In his typing there is Maxwell. It is easier to face him here than it is to tie-up a balloon. Maybe. Unless the reader knows Maxwell too well. A certain distance and ignorance is essential to maintaining good relations. There is nothing more for Maxwell to type here.

The Semtex and its Translators

"After laughter comes death and tears."

– sample from the
Wu-Tang Clan, 'Tearz'

Maybe a new future will shave my beard.
It ain't tricking if you got it.
Camel droids comb the duchess' eyebrows twain.
Arabic sci-fi is waiting there for you.
Explain how Luxembourg led to Hitler.
Its already been done before by you; *you won life!*
Huzzah!

A Brief Novel About Randomnicity

Chapter 8.90

Horns of glory, blaring upon my call, paralyzing you with inspirations obscenely effulgent...,
Left to the beyond by leperous passes long,
Let's move so strong,
(((horns alarum!!!))),
THE CALX OF CALCULATIONZz,
AAAAAaaaaaAAAAAAaaaaaaa!!!

Mammons are Animals Too

-after Ted Berrigan

Rip, rock, and razor the cassowary fen
Rip it, rock shit, and razoring
Digi-Hendrix whirlpool-scissors the sleepy fawns
Keith Moonrocks jukes with a bowl of robin eggs
Amuse once, forever leave starving
Arid azure crisp mayhem unclothed and bulbous
Chemist nomenclatures referenced, to expunge her meatloaf
Operatic criticism I read once, throaty barking
Kittens mew nameless address, as sphinxes, also Gertude Stein, indirectly
The fasces is a torch now, now a race-car
Mucky bumbled silly faces of Boogs, he studies Ras G
Nathan Clark, both of him, thrash fluent sequences
Omnibudsman punk, as Marilyn for Warhol
Abacus reads: unicorns are real words
Cantelope the antelope, only you can signature your way
The shaggy green-gold ranges of my private prehistory
Analytical rigors cupped in belly folds
When the scarlet begonias poop dinosaurs for ballistic testing
I ain't missing you at all, nono, since you been gone, away
Lax condor talons drunken peanut-butter pies
Massive gang-fights and looting are the way
Micro-machine wheels eaten by my revenging brother
Nobody can remember where the coconut grove re-emigrated
I think more powerful thoughts than you, puny-heads
Brick mansion, the chrono-trigger woozes, shifts breezy
Massive rug and furniture sale extreme ladder-cage-match
Extreme sidewalks and bus rides flirtatious statuesque
Satanic choir of wobbling chainsaws

The Garbage-Truck Driver

Little lees, swirl for me
Curtail the bomb-faced men, they are yuck
Shave the pentagon into cupcakes, fro everyone
Cuz I drive the garbage-truck, to and fro,
High or low elevations and with such pizzazz
Can't even touch my aching shaft after
 The ivory tusks are hovering
 above the fireplace

Thunder Road

"O thunder road, o thunder road..."
-Bruce Springsteen

What does the barbed lance desire of me? Godzilla versus Jack Jaguar: mind-bending plot twist or character reversal. Jack Jaguar Clark I will name my son, and grandpa (dad) Clark will give me a firm handshake for it. Mom is too critically-informed and literary to understand. J.J. Clark will harbor secretly delusive affinities for his namesake too, which he will believe he shares essential traits with and draws affective powers from. Little Jaggy will not be disgraced with a psychiatric diagnosis like his father. When I am long wilted with age we will seek Thunder Road together, Jack and I. It's right off the New Jersey turnpike the mass media informs me.

The Fishscale Snooter

"The whole path of socialism, as far as revolutionary struggles are concerned, is paved with sheer defeats."

-Rosa Luxembour,
'Order Reigns in Berlin'

How to conjugate this lad so all the little tenses appear at once?

...

It is a plastic straw, scissored to a roughly two inch length, and inserted in either nostril for insufflation of powdered drugs. It is the maw of the ark. The ants leave no record of it.

Thteer Exodonati Diphalanthium Reebud Okursus

– cedor y Gwerful Merchain, Duw'n borth iddo.

Verzsmoltyrminitriccodorsmoolashe,
The smell of your pubic odors swoons me,
Cot culloffaelmasho bin dury,
That hairy cave is yet concealed under your smock,
Cwolkinzocunycanderiltwoolee,
I would clamber up your swollen thighs to get it,
Bytarenylquivokootmoolasheygop,
And pummel its bell as you groan,
Lywddyrootbuncle, wyncwalleeoosumtadyrappauklute,
And my cock nears you, and your quim pants and heaves...

Cohesives and Nail-Guns

Lounge singer, clink exotic concoctions with due perfection, at when the toasts are glowering castles.

Cum veins of liquid diamond
to never again see her again lost in paradise,
Lounge singer, bomb the azureness of air
gotten swarthy, snarly now.

Two Lenins

– after Warhol

I seek the goddamn golden fishes and my curried lamb. My mantra: “test the high-power”. The unrest is coming back. My timidity is cheery blush with lollipops and dangled koi tissues. To be too easy is fearful. Mulch is an ugly name. Never pay me mind, I am blustery with sallow fishscale. Never say “coo” to me, it is impolite. I thrash out my brains for their mulch. Juggle not around me, I am the son of a Quaker-woman. Inside nothing there is maybe three generic objects. Never hold my penis wrong. Last week I slept with her and her on the bus. Middle English combs my hair. I explain the meanings. Ouch, the home-runs are just too much. I type on, even with broken fingers. His defeat is never got over. A happy childhood weigh-in. I smother the details. Police fire on me. Violence against me is bad, even so. There is disorder coalescing in the marketplaces now. Collect the commercial wows. I wonder if we will all one day die together as one. To swim out with the mockingbirds. Low pressure zones. Willow trees crackle. My skin is furled up and put away. Too-much juxtaposed sentences is not clever enough?

Scissors and Powder

ciao, rose-nude morn,
irid vibrant eye of noon
slit down our shades
too soon.

Her Remote Eyes

cloven-wire snare snip cuddly
nestle down here proudly
and strongly out-oblique steely
fit forever, sip teas merely

Farm Buzzard

zipline flown circuits of buzzards
louche mixtures cycle, flit hardly
slip grunts barmy, scowl armed lone
fixtures of grandly cruel ways home

Tripletas de Violón Cubano en Espejo

Low, it be low quickie low be loud tricky loud hippy bowed.
It loud lows be crowd low see crow explode roads it now goes it woah.

Blam it shit plows bits bite wow hits slough it writ cow fit knit shower.
Cut cold sold quit now told fit sows it goes bold it bows low quits no.

Know it quick blow shit twit blow it love mighty blow mighty blow it.
Quit low unfit loose goose shit poop shit cool noose grip juice moosed crew.

Real hits flit goo hitch hick coo glyph stool tic flip fuck ridic small dick.
Nick real loose jits juice fool wit booster truce rooster soup sap flit boobs.

Fail at it? foolcums quick least fit juke ridic you just quit you shit.
Major whale dick cream pool zit stoolie rule cooly throw hoes dick roe.

Fuck it quick cum rich tits loves it mugs fitted so bidden cooled.
Rip bong strong quick cough cough fuck coughing so long it moves fools to song.

He-Man

death heals none, i keel shut, ruttet.
moo low rasps wantonly, waspic.
pit calmed, dark pith, please love none.
slit coldly and quick, blood must run.

branch vowels, slick cows, slit convicts,
down all fouled, slowly round to
freedom of life beneath debt, ground,
again extended necks get sucks.

longum, brevis: cull up debris,
stupor creased, policed teeth cut,
jut long, jag-songed bitch-teat suck,
nip, buck, rip, ruck, rut, cum long meads,

please; hum us callow accostings
thus and mostly so fallow, plus
hygenicflossings for hollow,
insensate, poets blown, lewd, nude.

harsh noises plucked, grinding down sluts
we all freely cupped so up,
hiccup...

After MDPV

...popcorn-snooters and fake-analogue ecstasy, *except good*.
Stop inserting useful rare metals into in your poems,
I think they are *radioactive cancer, k?*
Better to, not cancer the poor fellows, but to stomp
their dead carcasses, *stomp, stomp* (that'll teach
the survivors to fear us, *k?*).
Homicidal poetics have their place in Urania'scooch.
Yuckme, yuck, but *dooo* come in darlings.
Lean on kitchen counters, make THE green tea, sigh,
and tug my cock and receive my passions.

Battle of Justice Unit with the Rage Machinations

BATTLE RAGIONE FORCE-PERSONS. (about a dodecca or more)

"My! my! our rainbows are so good-looking, yeah, yeaah---
Very so and so good-looking;
Aloft mi---mi dem caver-hominid's propagandi plaque-razes 2--- faceless so, yet
No face out of there, properly such collapsed, gone so too inside the one-alone One alone,
finally---
Infinity is sickliest deadened---see't? unno haffi a bumbo gwan so arriv'd
In, Into tHE "INSIDE", alonely within its neutral-toned marrowliness;
Neutralizing-neutering immanence-wave-knot-complexus, come
Within---it, within-it, the withinness of the coming It." [...] (((!?!? --mc)))

BATTLE RELAXO DISTRACTENDOSERS. (two or more, or lesser so)

"Oo, egawrsh! Oo, too so verily so -- this is, as is, as too true,
You dumbery bumbo NIHILISTICKAL-TOTALITARIANESQUE
Enemigaos, or bro-dudepersonas: NEUTRALITY -- WE(eeee) --
Achievementalize (stresses schiz'kd: note in "just prior" phraseograms,
AROUND ABOUT THE ENJAMBMENT OF MY SECONDLY ASYMMETRICAL
BREAKAGE (em)PHATIC-TICITical.
) <<<speedo'd, snakesers-ridering o'churcker-snakeyrabbits of
Imprisonmental sexuatiounessaos! such flam and flangers upon ur hovels, ur hecatombs.>>>"

Abides

I wake up a day later,
getMcDoubles,
call mom,
nap,
go to mental health clubhouse for meals,
nap more,
procure funds,
do drugs
and write poesy again.