

VOWS OF POVERTY

by Maxwell Clark

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How Poesy is Socio-biographical

For my poesiastical sovereigns I will even die.
For my life is their pre-original creation, expressed.
I live as your shame or never once.
Never once have I not been guilty of you.
Of you I am myself alone, as yours alone unto myself.
So I am; I am so, just so.

Forgiveness alone secures the immortalistic vows of
Love.
My God, I am your perfectly Beloved, you've
Forgiven me once already and so then also forever—
Even for my delusion of You.
Be You my God, you, be mine
Unfathomably unconscious arrays of affectivity,
The exact textual science of transcendental non-
Knowledge—
A math unwritten.

Counting is justice (in a civilized state) if
Sequenced infinitely, or
Forever more anarchically—
As a constantly re-intensifying sway
Of reiterations.

I witness my glory not in its consciousness.
The most distant nerve from the neural center of my
Subjectivity ("myself")
Is yet forever bathing in elements of pure ex-stasis away
Apart from my psychic core of neuroelectro coordinations.

The voice opens a coordination with exteriority,
Is the least vestigial organicism productive
Of mathematical specification:
The voice specifies exteriority,
It is a natal math of the vocalized genome's
Expression as life.

Life is the anarchic phasing of infinite otherness with
totalitarian closure, the gravitational intrications of light—
The eternity of war as a future peace,
Ocean tides,
Your dewy eyes,
Their euphoric tidings of attention
Are met in perfect silences of languorous ultra-intensity.

To relax fully is exhaustively rigorous.
Work is a privilege, an election of the self.
Slavery is merely unpleasurable work and
The otherwise luxuriant doom
Of contracting oneself to it in the near future.
Freedom is pleasurable activity
And its phallusies of prolongation.

I very often hear my cock sing, or
Assert its dynamic surpluses over
My hands and face (“vocal embouchure”).

This is as easily shown
As revealing forth
My natal skin
As nearest
To yours.—

What You Know?

—after T.I.

What you know about my clique?

((Urban Research Field-Unit
in the Tre Zoo area.))

How ethnotransitive is you?

Is you real?

((...))

Is you really?

What blocks you bang?

((You is tissue-paper, lil' homies—
Best believe I see u.))

Black Fire (is Awesome)

Is there any less than a little more?

To have a good taste is very importantly so.

More is the way of doing it.

To have been what is this as what was.

The greatness.

How precious is that is that.

Deatheriterationsxz

Things are torqued like so woah. Wavy season.
Outside of this is me, of this.

Money, money, money, justice,
Justice, money, justice, Justice.

Dulcimer growls
Spur.

I give you myself
As you gave me to too.

The text spaces
The timings of its voicings.

The calendars are slow clocks
Of our shame.

I have never been by myself
Except when facing you.

To do is—
Infinitive poesy.

I Feel More Responsible than is Normal

Apt is the snap-kick, twining
About my skull is the yarn,
Diagonal slanted Z-stance, rave
Uprush, forgot my ideas for this,
Helicopter-rainbows chop! chop!
Chop! Tissue-paper
Indentations and
 Enjambments galore.

I
 Am
 Alive
 Againsssszzzx.

I'm
 Wow
 Happy
 Againsssszzzx.

Calx'd
Ibex
Crystals
Earth

 Like MS-DOS prompts at 4am.
My buttocks are sexy cherubic.
 Like sexy MS-DOS commands at 4am.
 I pray of the Schwartz
 That it further will guide my poesy
 Into the most perfect anarchies
Of peaceful respect.

XENOPHILIA.
XENOPHILiA.
xENOpHILlaaaaaaaaAaAa!!!

Love is Justice

To explain myself is beyond me.

Staying outside is the commons.

Flowers are dirty rainbows.

Tread mincingly never upon my spider kin, please?

Rocks are the objectivity of belief.

Taking place is imperialism eternal.

Conditions issue their own conveyance.

Forgiveness is perfect love.

The names of God are passing, yet God remains forever.

I am myself alone to you.

My Plots

This is a special thing to have said
Because of no reason
Otherwise than I feel and so believe it.

Chewbacca Composition

“... not that I should be something, but
To learn.”

—Holderlin

There are tides of brambles at the door
And therein are pricklers
Of this.

If I cannot go to the far corner
Then consider it not
Nor myself.

In glittering array
Walk on before me, you,
And I will talk with you.
There is no other sound now
Than of silences between us.

When I cared for you most
Was I most beautiful to myself.

The lines are redrawn in your absence
Like winds through tall grasses
And I am nowhere out here in this
Anymore than scissors may refine dust.

I am alone, so I sing of you
Who are each outside of me,
Who are each alone too.

In weakling steps I go whereby you've lead me.

Then is the late snow charged with sickly eloquence.

Tinkling rubbish along sandy pavements
And so mumbling happily away,
The reflexes of mine hands are even lost
And so I descend into less dappled greys.

Each stands apart me as a secret never once said,
Alone saying themselves in
A language before words, felt but never known.

Madness as Self-Reformation

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 the only knowledge-informed behavior.
Otherwise is just redundancies.
Pbhsst!
The normalcies in this swanky hotel, o.
“This was a good debriefing”

Believe...

The dude is boring about paintings.
Who has the key to the special place?
Intensity is criminal and so on.
There is the special place over there.
To be good is so special.
These are the ways you may go into it.
Instead of this must not be that.
Where is the splay in how it goes?
Foolishness is the proximity now.
Returning to there is important to some.
I have no place to inspire trust.
It's not up to me if the leprosy is so.
Wickedness is the trail to freedom.
Much of my life is so as it is.
Please, to be happy needs more food.
Oh my, the monstrosity is teaching youths.
Postcards have special significance.

Who?

I am not this I.
Feel me otherwise facing you,
Who are not you.
You are more than this you.
You face me otherwise.

Selah.

Indirect Hints about Real Things

We censor what is most real because it is unlivable to know. Excessive thinking is an enemy of survival. My error and madness are of a passion for truth that exceeds the laws of reason.

We who solve are the broken ones
And the enigmas are instead sound—
Whereas questions never die
Nor even weaken nor decay.
 Answers perish like flies,
 Often even before.

Poetic revelation of things as they are without exceptions can become so intense a labor for the poet that the toilsome paths of their reasoning are lost upon or impassable even for their most energetic and intimately acquainted readers.

Truth lures the poet
As long and as far away
From the habitual
 And normal sway
Of the general intellect
As their bodies can catalyze
Passion for inquiry.
 But once too far gone
There's no way back—
Too much passion for
Expressing what is,
 As it is,
Reaps the foulest reversal

For the poet
When their access
 To what is
Becomes so far
Advanced beyond
The common run
Of cognitive behavior
In their society
That their words
Are no longer recognized
Within the dominant
 Ideological frameworks
 Then extant;
Next comes
The cruelty,
Punishment,
Censorship, and
Stigma
 Without fail.

Baffling Insights into the Absolute Truth

Good is everybody.
There are things.
Things have their places and
movements and such and so.

Upon the flutes of invisible shepherds
I am forever lost
On these streets of the zoo
I guide myself so surely along.

No matter how
Possessing violent
Nor proximately enduring
These fronts of common affect,
To harbor many principles exclusive
 Of each other
 And to affirm them
As is meet for real events
 Is a better method
Than to obey unique principles
 Alone.

Laws of Old

“But now, dear lady, I ask you, not as thought
I was writing you a new commandment, but
one we have had from the beginning, let us
love one another.”
—2 John

I cannot snuggle with her familial assemblage, less her;
something subterranean has jilted us askew. —Apart so that
we might finally listen to each other. I wish our child.

“Thrum pandas!”, looms Santa, so ill.
Pale bread, ate, was sated, now well.
Spits still, now wheezy, elder ill.
Quits life of gifting. Well unwell.

Cathexi bleed under hoods. Gut it,
Then hook it,
All terrorist mad
It gutters.

Rose ashes; wetly smooth slowly
Down sadly lashed quick: loads gun clips,
It comes, trot slow, again turn now
Rip rounds and rounds rip greedless pure.

Space—Hospital

Snow waves
Heighten the derelictions,
Constrict the manifolds, outrage
My mildness with opulence,
 Kick ethics into high-power,
Turn on
The refrigerator, cauterize the natural
World with glow-sticks,
For love is not anywhere but afar now,
To be eternalized when the time comes,
 Rather goes away, and substance
Be affirmed in observation curled
Behind its own back into a braid
That slices through itself without edges.

Pumpkin skeletons hover about
The statuary birches,
Feeding on the moonlight
Until they rip inwards into another scenery.

Princes,
Also the crests of snow in the
Gasping eyes—this is the cause
Of the compaction
Between the suns.

Whither is the condition of the conditions,
Here-now as here-now?

A bellicosity is

Unexplainable
Except as the intensification
Of love by gravity.

And we may.

Univocal Polylogue

Kids, watch for the naked spiders along the pretty
sentence continuations. Kaleidoscope vision blinks in,
and nothing collides like wit, spittle is on the dew.
Chorus of spooked, shook presidents of the United
States of America's ribs. A rib is the organ of what I
purple to slurs. He is crippled in the don't-say. To grows
is numerical likey agua fresca con yeast.

When it becomes the only sound
Then each again is all around
Whatever there is to be of
What in the voice is said in love.

Form.

Form is the forming of otherwise formations.

Forgive me, all of this is all my fault, I did it, me, not you,
forgive me.

The crows, the owls, the uzis, their chatter.
"What is, is what, is, what, what is, is."

Soldiers, sovereigns, poets, workers.
Life is never ruled by death.
Death dies, so life infinite.

The Caribou are thickly yonder: Safety-Helmets!

I meant to write in accord with a complex plot shining from my brow. A cathedral can never be pixilated less than my Velcro sneakers. President Nixon invented the handshake. Cuando mi sonrisa es una avestruce inedito, you soy el hombre. The Mohawk-Pequot doo-wop hullabaloo is being infiltrated by persons in human disguise. Baseball is a sport of numbers in people camouflage. We are three acute diagonals away from where the crack porches are wavy.

I can brush my hair good.

My poesy of no concrete detail—

That tricks us poets?

Not obliged to make descriptive lists

Or cloak in metaphors.

The earthy roots we tread

Are most cosmic.

Our patterns

Most focused;

The precision of our craft is excruciating.

A lazer slices my lines cawing like a crow or as the owl our bird totems marked us—having since joined forces with the clan are descended by rank below alone.

Hymn to the City

As it pleases my lord
I declare and glorify
The city of all cities.

I stoop low
In its bowels
Where the war is wildest.

I ascend high
In its fortresses
Where the leashes are longest.

I travel one road
Back and forth from my home
Almost everyday.

I observe beautiful women from behind
And tug at myself.

I visit my friends on occasion
In order to procure illegal paradises
And freestyle rap.

I visit libraries
Where all the books gather to smother me
In their embrace
Of already worn phrases.

I hear sirens
Whose secret urgency is horror

Of the worst in me.

I hear birds
Whose chants threaten me
So pathetically I laugh
In admiration.

Showing Tells

Meaning at all points and as they are placed,
Reason at few;

Reasons without meaning ...

A telling without gaze receiving

But affecting ...

No failures exist in themselves. The making of
Stories not itself a story—different laws of genre.
I know my meanings are forever unsettled.
Stuttering and lips uncorrected, lords of lord,
Because we love you.

Variation minus change

Austerely intelligible

Forms without contradictions ...

Reading writes lines of intellection.

My unlearning cannot be taught.

Mumble-rant low of mine, you lack no heroism of character,
only amusing ostentation. My choices have contraries of a
type you must already decide. To shift away once and never
return or circle away again and forever return?

My faults are not intended like others,
I would be merely very sane.

Hearing Y'all

Deafness disobeys, paralyzes, frays
Our unseen interlocking maze of winds
Of friends known not, seen not, do not sin
Against my taste, for wide wastes betwixt the hexed

Are mildness
(((...)))

T/here

There are these out t/here in this place.

These are out in this place.

The manner of doing this is already gone.

Meekly Redacted

Disincarnate senses pincer
incorporeal fibers
Of the infinite webbing between things discrete
And privately proper
And in being so touched by their tensions
Render obeisant this poetic flesh to a
More supreme commons....

I cannot sense the many now,
My privacy is without windows.
The few who I do know
Are of no help at all.
My body is pent up into itself
And fears to relax and unfurl.

Truth is death unto me.

Deselected Noise Foolishness: 2012-2012

Maximo Owaiyn Clerico
Mall Wax Clerk
Mas Owenito Culo
Maximillion O-wu Clue-Killah
Mab Owlsh Clook
Macho Owned Clickety-Clack
Master Owwwww Clam
Mister Owabunto Clazzy-K
Mooky Oboe Clit
Mysterioso Ok-woah Clapper
Majesty Owner Clashkash
Might Olwenite Clockwatch
Mite O-dude Crackling
Maman Oldies Cook
Matthias Oxwen Crably
Music-Maestro Ouchy Cricketer
Matter Oily Clucks
Massimo Olberto Clerivelli
Maximus Ochoa Clinton
Massy Oreo Cracker
Maxy Ontology Cliffhanger
Messy Ole Crankle
Minus One Clown

Loutishness

To be a common lout
And never amount
To any loot;
Or count.

Unique Article of Indiscreet Genre

(1) Are, and pixies dying.

(2) (1) Face

(3) (2) Home, home
a pith of obliquity and
obversion.

No needles as if voices.

Darkliest waves crossabundant furor many, and

When until motherspider jags cascade fullness, darkliest

Wavy numbery-not coal-flex push'd, wanting

Three ex-marriage referential mooring (3), circularized before
the gated whorl of dusk-crust weakling-shimmering collaps'd
away many away.

Cut with teeth of teeth, so you.

Hurt like lionflowers in into insides:

gone away

inwards outlined.

Berzerkeristinioao

Scrolls out (—prescience: the presence of
God, AKA the capitalist mode of production.

“Who would ever kiss a leper?”
—Claudel

Abstract and Chaste Nudity

I cannot kiss you if you are not with me.
I kiss my hands.

Unusual Routines

Mossy Car-like Battery Batter Smokestack Jet Coffee-esque.
Sleep. Routines. Gorgeous. Pretty Loving. Car-lot. Parking.
Butter. Dragon. Insecticide. Green Copper Yellow. Orange
Tan. Darkness Total. Orange Eyes. Traces. Hands. Footsteps
Clearing Darkly Smartness. Muteness Music. Deafness
Blindness Madness Madness Cherokee. Iroquois Madness
Cymru Ddu Amor Adieu Shogunate Nomads Dogs Master
Obey Happiness Colors.

I Will Roar You

A screwdriver is needed, or not, if you even believe in screwdrivers.

“Any spoken words or composed works will have to conform to the principle that God is not responsible for everything, but only for good.”

—Plato’s *Republic*

Obedience and Creation: A Rave

pith-Stab:

creativity Breaks from obedience in obedience to all past
creativity.

The Cosmic Affect.

Bye and Bye.

Turned away, not gone. Never nowhere.

Rhythm500

It's not time.
The child not born
Life's not warm.
It's not time. (x2)

Sit inside, be so warned: LAWNMOWERS.
What is yours; what we've sworn,
You are yours—not my morn.
Rhythm500.... Rhythm500.... (x2)

Facing-Up the Gully Trap Shit and the Looks

The Freedom of Oppression.

ambition, False friends,
Appointed to foreign bureaus of

Would you
Murder me
For them?

To false bureaucrats,

Renege your offices.

The crests of mass enthusiasm

Ennoble your appointment to their own demise,

As surely as is the Church is also their own ossifications.

You count your (sex-favor) appointed few as elect of the

many. You count the unappointed many as the sovereign

one. You count the authoritative one to be your

partisan few. Your counts are thrice unreal and

invalid thus. There is no real value in your

miscalculations, only forgery.

B.

—of and for R. Luxembourg

RETROJECTIVE VERSE.

the OBJECT is not *put* forward (projected).

the “object” pushes through from behind.

SONG OF INVINCIBILITY.

Puk, puk, puk. Puk, puk, puk. Pipu, pipu. Pipu, pipu.

Puk, puk-puk-puk. Puk, puk ... puk. Pipu, p-pipu. P-pipu, pipu.

Pukuk, kuk, kuk, kuk, kuk, kuk, kuk, kuk.

Pidipidip-pipu, p-pipu. Pidipidip-pipu, p-pipu.

((the closer to us, the more we can transcribe.))

IMPISH SNARL.

What?

Mmm?!?!

TO TEACH AND PREACH CONFETTI BONANZA.

Hippy, thou art.

Death before life, this is the jingle.

It takes no thought to do.

Whatever thinking is

to words.

Cockphacer-jiggler.

Forgive.

Then there is this.

Then to this.

Think of you, it is so

as it is, so it is so.

When at that time

It is there placed.

And so on.
Did you never?
I'm serious as life.
Do not go where
the olives are plucked
because do not go there.
These cigarettes are, taste.
Oopxs, I went back
(over a line, excuse.).
I love and approve
you, You.

Terrorisms of the Sublime

—of W. Basinski's *d/p* 1.1

To bypass the slavishly interminable labor of contextualizing, an observation on the ethics of reading: to always historicize is never to anatomize—critique lives in the past it feeds off.

I devour her eyeballs.

B.

—I have larked upon thee, laze
What ho?

>>Recovery-Vacation AutoStamp<<

Well ... goll-y, I'll be a biscuit if u ain't

The SCHrazz[...]

MonoPoly//deatherz, mi 'a she

WutshudbAH//DEaTHERZ

Like a tricycle, uh-huh,

Like-like-like a tricycle.—

Wuddup?

Hoooooolds oooooon!!!!

BBbLAAAiiiiRrRrRrrrhjxzph..._''''''''

gak.

Sentimentality, Inspiration, and Expression

The lips of flowers
Heeding my love of low lights at night.
I escape upon trails of horror,
Wishing justice would equalize to right—

I open my
mouth and out purrs
her.

Long lost
love my late youth—

Where are flowers so uncouth
As in your nudist supremacy
Over me?

B Yrslf 4mi

A dreadfully frail sunset obscured behind frailer buildings.

A drear greeting, a boorishness.

When will the psychodrama ... ha.

Push things each way you do,

I push myself through them of you.

When will ... (((death is when))).

Express urslf not b urslf.

Humbleness is drearily.

Wonder of disappointment, blahraggaraha.

Retrace, retrace, retrace, retrace.

Do you,

me.

Loop'd

Sing a song of songly singing,
DING-DONG-DAAaH-DONG-DING (forgiven?).
Speed motorbikes, do motorbike tricks;
THIS IS BC. WE THINK HE LIKES MOTORBIKES A LOT.
I am the center, for myself, thus you as well—for meep.
MEEP! MEEP!

Twirly-go hands, twirl-a-go please.
SING-SONG SING-SING SING-SING – weeeeeeeee!
Motordangerbikes are a go, helidangercopters
LIKE WOAHH.
Wow, I'm so it right now,
IT. IT. IT. IT. IT!

Away! Away You!

(snarl.)

GO!@/xz

Sleep. Wake. Food. Meds.
Facebook. Food. Walk.
Facebook. Music. Walk.
Sleep.

Death is tragic.

Coolness in
the shade
of
bonsais.

Death is tragical/.@!

And Came an Angel

—after E. Bernstein

A few small things
Order over the many.

We forever live in another house
As our true home is once built.

Truth is terror
And lies console.

He belongs to her. She belongs to herself.

He is a part of her life. She lives alone.

He is her puppy. She is alone.

She
is alone.

This Thing I Write

Once as I am writing this backs into flamingo-lava.
Now once then I was written on her behalf.
Juke the diamond-machete, whence posthence forward I
return.
O, mulling jags crank vorpal interior so puny and full.
Baby-sauce her egg, done, then we are forever lesbians
again.

She causes

he.

Slave of Slaves

My lowliness arrays across the facets of my ranking in frenzies of energy. The illegality of this unbecoming might shucks the order of reason, is shameful. The laws governing us are our most precise gauge of ourselves.

[NEW] [NEW] [NEW] [nEW]