The saint (wali) is kept secure from involuntary thoughts (khawarij) and evil whisperings (wasawis) in four situations. These are: during the worship, during supplication, and seeking refuge with God, when difficulties befall, and when they are removed. In these situations nothing occurs or clings to their hearts save God. Their hearts are guarded and kept secure from all except four kinds of things: from thoughts of the hereafter and its opposite; from the remembrance of the saints and their opposites; from the remembrance of acts of obedience and their opposites; and from the remembrance of the real truths of the faith and their opposites. They are kept secure from all involuntary thoughts, from all except these four, on account of the advantageous contain for the accomplishment of servanthood free from thoughts rising to the opposite source (for example, the whisperings).
the getaway is drastic. the official retracts his polemic and is mismatched with the exhibitionist. the confused bridle becomes extinct, along with the philologist and the phosphorescent maidenhead. they have repelled the impersonal foreigners, but not the emissary caterpillars. the psychic waxes stubborn and mutates into something industrious and fiery. his is the corkscrew that charters the bestial sternum and is ruined by the ordeal. the hollyhocks futilely scorn his prudent waters, the ones that promise opinions but injure only the eldest. overdosed on glory they settle their elbows, gnash their mahogany, and let the galaxy effervesce. the recount reveals vodka and unholy telegrams. their merger jingles its graphite and espouses eruptive misrule. there is no stopping it now.
there was a book that contained insects and a book that contained hands and a book that contained containers that were filled with hands. there was a book full of air and a book full of ears and a book full of sodium. one book was filled with fire and another with the sound of extinct instruments. the book that was filled with shoes was too heavy for the shelf. it was the book that was empty that they all desired. they wanted it duplicated wherever they went.

**QUADRANTS**

harmonic harvests hastening the hebrews. holy ideas inferior to irrationalism. islam itching its jealous joints just to keep the king known. the lack of lake trout a lapse the latins laugh at and launch into law. legwork lengthening the leopard into a new life. light linking the liquid with the long loop lost in the luminous lung. its lust the mad magic of magnets and malaria. managing marrow in the marvelous mask whose measured menu milks the minerals and mounts the murky name.

**FORMAT**

had more canal than lotion. more river than beam. a peg to land upon. three scissors reflecting the early bite. and when the drain paused they fell inside. not ocean there that could not be stopped. only lines of stain.

**GALLEON**

the pigskin’s filler is doubloons and liquor. the privateer paralyzes the octoiron with sausage and insincerity. she prevents his flummery with moribund scrambling and malingering flippancy. they are either celibate or nephritic depending on who interferes with the rebus. the mandolin shadows their slander, nullifying the forgotten electrostatics while robbing the vessel of its jingoism. the galleon joyrides for awhile, until the ephesians personify the captain as a pastime for helium and carry his megaphones back into the terrain of menacing improprieties. there the incurable seaweed scurries through the meadow where silence feigns perception and once again sailors its towline into a shaken major-domo. only the fortress saunters into the next encounter, bugling the matriarch of moderation and navigating her into the protruding knuckles of pacifism.

**LOCATIONS**

where the lights were attached. where the spout could be folded away. where the string was found. where the nipples were painted red. where the engine could be repowered. where the separate plates were joined. where the pads were affixed. where the vibration always began. where the speakers were indicated. where the wheels became dislodged. where the substance was inserted. where the fingers had to move. where the copies were compared. where the movement continued.
no the center codes aren't bucket canon. 

once formulae net neg ion akashic cinema. 

fest a word replaced with aural synesthesia 
per demograft or porn to limbo tract reversal per 
se. pay 

vue 

se 

se 

A. di Michele

The plastered (Plated) 
rough 

her knees, smile 

excite 

says hello and then 

sum 

Scoper 
let, affirm. 
details 
are firm. 
you are set 
inset, to or at 

Ajar avarice whiskers of cat 
in fish. 

Abintra singing inside ass of A 

A leaf falls 
a coat grows on a rack 
a rake leaves thru debris. 

All the crackling tones are heard 
; air asked only to stir a drop 
away from finding anything at all 

and all aglow in garden tracks ..stink of curls 
attack these attached bobby-pins: 

we weeds wedged 
weltering wee weeds 
weened. 

A speck of what is the bathers countance in summary of shells. 

A cow of reason 
in homage to moon 
in circular curl 
of buckled belt. 

Guy R. Beining

you'll scope me 
lying at couch 

the thorn 

I've thought it 
thought 

so many hours 

It'd heap 

Thomas Taylor 

Nico Vassilakis

will the till end. 
beckon. standing 
if there. position 
in dawn grotto. 

slur dim hollow, a 
pithy extract that's that 
these days... 
the scintillate, broken 
step. windings; shell, wire. 
the book, the green wine, 
shoots of flame, the burning 
stack of cards, my abandon. 

Ezra Mark
For unlisted umbras the obelisk stood rounds. Repair as debase admixture. A radically ethical revolt against uncritical submission to nature. A head the jangle low bells fan. The very acme of something. Approximate dryness by attrition of slugs. Flattening M to acoline line raises dipoles over the interfluve. Eyes rayheads angle a flat line east. Residual lives bevelling ellipses' kerfs. Thrown rugs shoe horse of another nosing. Death equals class times means of support. Value reduced by increasing base content. A ray twists itself off and walks away. Twitching tape guts dangle. Joy, slim gypsy, more ferocious than her brother, Grief. Line of clothes rain softens. Vertical syntax in absence of Hekabe's breasts. Other mean of time's self. A new haiku reformed to trellis minds with waterfall chrysanthemums. Fans dreaming dream of deer by the river. Reified fox dogs tree the reed out fogged. A relative condition with respect to sound. Jazz angles infix isogloss. River by deer of dreams dreaming fans. Sudds verdance in gray toupee through deadeyes branching shrouds. Sprouts wet shapes birdseed molds. Jury hung over the sentencing of generous runners of shine. A rough gloss tees-off old losses. Zenith stood the alphabet up. Corresponding to the largest ordinate or frequency in any distribution of cocks with serpent tails, the employment of two voices in counterpoint. A doublebind. Redundant hybrids mingling radically. Act of song as foreplay. Breathing yard bounded on both sides by trees, shutters ajar, scabbed javelins brandishing. Fetching double-bind seeks equally flatulent dialectic forthwith in millennial turn. Heroes Wiping asses with white azaleas. Essential tonsure of ingenue, melodies crinkling at edges. Sure of ruse, voles, given run of the urn, love the nest sent. Drone over which plays words matter unessentially. The neverceasing never ceases destroying its creations. Christ or Cessna flailing air in passing fractals practicing triads diminishing seldom resolve the process of replacing cells or tissues by new formations of a sentence made from another source deeming coffee's long tooth grounds for scumble grief under assumed names expansive vacuoles in notochord invaginate iron in hemes as means to weed beds the river pickles gothic forms of a sort issuing from the mudspan rhemes glyph dubious benefits accrued from lighting at base. Jade lip plugs from golds of de-

education including sostenutos peddle photographs of snow. Lichen unto mode alloy combatants salute. Trochees, anticipating either downbeat or chord change, syncopate. Minutiae's largess. As king of text relieves himself see ileum the petioles river to sea. Long bird calls smell of rain's end. Devoiding harvests void. Cutandetailthesatesoleve. At the hearing silence ensued. A branch of science dealing with the part of a boot covering especially the introductory passage of the foot in relation to the motion of fluids and fluids' forces acting before a solo or between verses as represented on old maps by a serpent is clearly a rehydrovamp. The terrible virtuosity of elephants sucking like hummingbirds ambrosia from banyan shoots. Friable calyx of pixeled light fans strobe. The inevitable inclusion of found or external language relieves implicit "I" of locus. Tacks red expectant cat pages curtain chairs call. Mutable air sign irises, feigning aphasia, require. Folds in dried clothes dew. Headlines drawn mind quartered. But an ion of om awns ire of her asia. Conclusions? there's no end to them. Migraine ivy. Grave nature bored in waiting room of Armageddon. Part to pronounce otherwise absent consonant sound ending first of two consecutive words. Chromatic inflections suggesting the traditional choice of power over diplomacy. Watched circling water marble. Eyes of the nouemena defacing again in the nacerous solipsists reddening wavicle in. Nitrogen, woodchips withdrew, grass, shaving, returns. Watches boil. Wages of raving pro and con urn. Sows the unknot the notmine the knotnew. Beg in during panultimate zoom. In righthanded worlds what's left takes precedence. Final sounds of "stroke" and "luck" constriction trowels at the seance breath channels. If I had little tits and worked in a fishhouse. A little cedar of pleasure ferns skirt. Citing insoluble tourniquet strike-tessarae nutrients volatile antherspace dehiscence infra-verbals through the pons. Stopped clock atop piano leg dog twitching fore. Rub sticker-glue off fruit. Sea-rough urpace sandlocked verbhouse wrack. Grace notes A's particular fear of plurality. For quarkyawns on Fourth Street in the Quasar Arcade, the next unnotified dust of text issues noting quislings from sorus on gorfs, gorfs gnomoning macles' gantlets, find no exitsigns in absent lobby of the pauseless.

Ken Harris
ARRIVING BY BATHYSPIRE

Geoff's Caye repopulates.
12 palms.
6 missionary teams strip to their shorts.
3 virgins uncross. Goodbye, fish hawk.

While dark, soft necklaces boil far off suitcases.

Muggy air the height of a woman's heel.
Parrots swim and fly.
The Minister of Rags watches inexact sea lightning.

For which I shaved clean as an onion.

(Selected Notes: Census dicta & the Algebra of Zero & subsequences, e.g., -8, -7, -5 &tc; gorgeous Mormon hunks, fresh guys serving missions, enviably religious; arguably, flamingo postcards are the artistic equivalent of Sustainable EcoTourism; my paramour adores tiny midbreast crucifixes, I the fuzz of fresh hair; a deleted stanza where Billie Holiday noodles Max Ernst ends in opium; Belize fable tells of the Prime Minister & the Crow; light industry includes a variety of chemical baths. 15MAR93)

Joel Lipman

Eruptowner.

FROG INSPIRATION
(In the ditch, half-asleep, with the cancerous crabs, spawn pools and germination, oil larvae, newt of mud topography and storkfoot, lunalit.)

Night my lover's toes probe our line crisp sheet.

...awraoof, charrkk, awraoof, in imitation of Belizean dog harmonies

with a shutter's zebra light ladder hair, nose, lip, nipple

navel, mons, leg's length illumine --awraoof, charrkk, charrkk

bay sympathetic hounds

balm air with tawn extension

Joel Lipman

nasalising dans
le fétu je le
dépoussière
lui qui a
horreur
de ce
MOT
A
MOT
pulsé
avec un
savoureux
gargouillis
ventriculaire
je me fragmente
S.U.E.L.

Lucien Suel

LeRoy Gorman
EEL

inking test
ink below the rock
ink of head
earn the member
inking the signs
ramble chain of ink
the snow just said
ever ever ok

IN

Lucien Suel & John M. Bennett

OLE

Science and corn
flight of door by early thinking
stained mum down the night
lounging on the blood

ink

crack juice

but near that stain

across the ears

HE CHEESE

king your lips of light
diving under sofa

rings under hand

like ever

hair leaving your head

nose in your wriggling

TOK

Lucien Suel

after John M. Bennett

NAP

fraie un passage
In the dans la boue afloat inverse the
haido et les veines' collection day
coded dans la terre with socks
wristide protides rats in the pocket
with si ouverture, itching where
reflecmevelopelles (udder-loaded,
rock en lambeaux, list
squeak vers le ciel
boat

John M. Bennett & Lucien Suel

MASTURBA

Nolo lies award blinking, swallows flies slow
heavy l'odeur de deilly's dream la coirem fac
tockapimente la s like kismunification yu
cellinosulfalesin sun solo du hancr the
sheetmadras, lied cream cs'ajoutant à all's
auckifraichesr nights cleasudoplure; from
rumpinamirsegeg mesticationqui s'est ; clock
leahia l'reaujagens in's d'en guessalanc

Lucien Suel

translated by the author and
P. Morcels

Harold Dinkel

Transfereversal.

Lucien Suel & John M. Bennett

From top to bottom
circulates fluid
the pink meat
evacuated through the
electricians' foecal tube to
roast the blood.

The finger of chance
soft lard-coated
stretches out pugging
through the sleep of
the pale pachyderm.

The miry and diabolical
lump darkened water
of the marine look
clot ejected by a
dolichocephallic
moribund.

Lucien Suel

translated by the author and
P. Morcels

Harold Dinkel

 Laboratory ignored by pedestrians/ringing payphone

M. Kettner
Instead, the poet soared

[Instead, the poet soared, flew up to heaven-
such as they had dressed him up in Petersburg:
in an American jacket, shiny yellow shoes.]
Mayakovsky and His Circle by Viktor Shklovsky

It was these words that puzzled him the most. The Soviet censors cut away sections of the poet's biography, large and small, whole pages and single words. Most were understandable, given the paranoia of working under Stalin. But this piece cut out? What was it that bothered them? The references to America? To heaven? Language was under direct attack, and the writer wrote to evade (avoid, that was the word) the weapons of the state manipulators. All writing was a code, and he knew the censors had neglected to train in the use of metaphor. America didn't mean the USA. Heaven was not a reference to the religion of Christianity.

He felt sorry for the censors trying to make sense of the writer's allusions, metaphoric juxtaposing that dazzled them so much they must have longed for Alka-Seltzer, Excedrin, Anacin. Except those remedies hadn't been invented yet. They probably just drank more vodka.

Perhaps those fearful timid souls who used scissors instead of their imaginations only cut at random to satisfy their bosses, and their bosses theirs. I imagine they were given a quantity quota. They were safe if they cut a pound or more from the manuscript of such a dangerous man as Viktor Shklovsky. The quota of quotes. But he was wrong. He eventually saw a pattern that revealed the censor to be a great poet. He suspected that it was Shklovsky, himself, who cut the heart out of his own book. Dreaming the future when Mayakovsky would be used to sell hamburgers in Red Square, Shklovsky cut himself, preferring emptiness to truth.

Three pages later in the restored, but regrettably inferior, original he read this passage:

[In that room sat a blond girl who was possibly in love with
Mayakovsky,
She looked at him, squinting her eyes as if looking into the sun and
said with pain in her voice:
"Now, you have found your handbag in life and will go on carrying
it."
"Yes, I'll carry it in my teeth," he answered meekly.]

Joe Naporas

kill a spider & for sure you will get rained on

&

f

lies

will

fo

ll

ow

you

a

l

w

aw

y

s

LeRoy Gorman

de envergadura es lo que sigue porque quién
anudo? quién cierta mente brincó en trinco por
las nieves congeladas? quién desandó las
andadas? quién trepó lo montañez? quién
conoció la orfandad de los picos? quién el sol llario
pensimismo pez de mismo pies de si mismo de
cinismo en huerto año montañésismo? quién tóz?
quién no así pío man un ático? quién h izo
monta falso? quién no así su glande mordida
amordazada? quién pego el alto tributo del
montazgo? quién oexó y a montar montes no
ya monticulos del or iz onte? quién de los
picos nev os osoce el esta ll ído y ha do nado
nervaduras narcóticos elev aciones y erecciones en
las arcos nubosas en los brindás de la vena como
venada del venado viertengua? quién arroso a
dos goces esquimaus? al suceso vertigin oso de
la arcada del pla cer? oye es él hoy es
tas nev osa nerv osa hoy éxtasis terminal
veloz éxtasis esquimál el está así . el éxtasis
seminal . semi anal

y de envergadura es el loco ético el pico del tío
e trotea y el eros tiende se encendera la
vanguardia de lo erótico hablando en latín el
grande glande aco metiera pero no grafía por no
aco metiera su pino asta de la be hasta que
cayesen las prinna do sus balumbos no vendias
no los ojos tapa dos novelas y noventa y
nueva hasta el ciem hasta las siernas con osas
hasta el simi hasta el dos mi hasta el
derrumbe del hielo y cedes rumbas
del trópico las deseas y por deshechas sed
derrumban y el anillo en el poniente de un
orto es pornográfico que es así como se hace el
da comunal común y anal

do las be iniciáticas revueltalas en sus soleros
trueque albas por ortos haga un mofo cave
las másculas otra vez y clá velas su
crictorquídica lope y tape tatúse y hágase
tastar hasta el es tio del tópico tropical
/que si no es es qui mal

Enrique Blanchard
Reprinted from CELACANTO,
REVISTA LITERARIA, III, 4, 1994

WHY VOTE?
Cake knife
Falls out of fly
Clatters—
Cats are jumping,
Waiters are everywhere,
Cuts but had not been informed
"Go to school you little fool"

FOR FRANCIS BACON
a house like a museum:
everything fits in
ripped hearts

each particle
claws that are
sinew inside

its breath
this room
its breath
the varying scents of
dogs' voices

my heart is open as a side of beef
you're too young
to get off the stove
and not burn

dogs' voices:
i have kept all my teeth
since childhood
in one pocket
that bulges now
when i walk

that rattles
like breath
when i touch it

Dale Jensen
MOTEL
armotel
brumotel
crimotel
dormotel
eurmotel
filmotel
gumotel
homotel
immotel
jammotel
kammotel
limmotel
momotel
nomotel
obmotel
permotel
quermost
rumotel
sturmotel
termotel
usmotel
vermotel
wirmotel
xermotel
yesmotel
zoomotel

Eleanor E. Crockett

TALK
betternot this weigh (s'posing) spousal paint costs,
indefatigable (parTAY!) rayon threads seek to be silk.
(most stressful moments of our day spent
talking to each other) spinoff cycle quests
hookwinkily under the magnet, every promise
gloes peculiar glory on-off switching closure
to the soft now root cause thought to be line-item dragon,
an impartive slow beseeching absent from straight across.
political eventment siphons what we have to make with
things accostive sleevely (yanks drainpipes and
motives west of nuisance opiates
hung launderly from ribbon twine showing
the neighbor world what we were wearing when
they thought things, said things,
slid out of the yard while we weren't talking
inasmuch as history all hers entails prerequisite
(at least one) memory rumored to function
grily with fluency wrapped around predictive tentacles.

Sheila E. Murphy

LEAKED GLYPH
Chip woodsy if the spawn and flute craw beams awake incipience
Balloon clause ravishing in numbers slopes the slipshod bridal train
Amuck-described recidivist she tramps up and down again
Harmonica repeals an act of thunder worn glorificamos
Extra extra feed all harvest spasms numb points like infested lake
Vitality corks personality with blue in it grace tones
Rock a Mary fast asleep permission-laced as brawn comes down
Apogetically why is it good to gamble what's under the hood
When it is city I dress down on purpose
Weak fields growth-ruptured come into their own fright
Then marshmellows sprout like love poems all over the feed grain
Anxiety upstages free will umpteen times encrypted shame refuses to repose
Can you decide to turn off the soprano part by ear
She the matron saint of the isosceles so what next door and butterflies
Playthings first need to be dealt a workaholic hand clapping as one
Floorboards offer ripest anchor thistle inside figurative parks
Riddles ask that we be parked beside them without asking
A handkerchief once pressed came into style again a leaking pen required it
Something cruel as unmatched tones inserts itself into our conversation
As you were saying the relief fund won't equate to bubbles much again
Proof of everything endears the sieve at first to reasonable substitute
Slow motion spoilage of milk recently purchased
A cat laps paint-by-number offerings we feign respect
A little while goes by and something random purchased
In response to ocean as empirical or permanent

Sheila E. Murphy
THE PUBLIC

It looks as though they will be nice to me, my velvet hurts with memory. I
often expect into oblivion the cabin pressure (straps) equip me with an
instrument so I inevitably learn what to expect. Here is my money and my
shape. This is my hand and my intelligence to follow. Offer something white
as soon as we complete our cabin check. What is my money worth this
nightly derivation this false trip singed with modica this bod faced bracketed
economy this foolish also young eyepiece revealing as the sun. Perhaps the
shield will hold me and perhaps the message scrawled and tucked inside this
broken bottle owns capacity to glisten some of our remaining history and
wetness we complete in sleep most things embarrassingly close to the
emotional and spiritual projected jugular exposed and reedy when familiar
wind fails to invade us with resulting music that resembles what about the
spheres the cusp of jealousy the hot point partially alert and glimmering for
now as simple as the point of rest we nominate for mindset that delivers
heaven in a little tub a canister next to a wing.

Good hubbub bad hubbub the remaining self-esteem an equal feel for
pouncing on all fours across most temperate amusing forms of clouds

Sheila E. Murphy

ALL DOWN MY LEG

I am the big pancake of partiality
toward monitoring my own viewing habits
Like when you sit in front of your TV
at home and you spit on the screen
then you go next door and spit on your neighbor’s TV screen.
and by dent of close scrutiny
subtle shading much monitoring you’re able
to notice the difference? Yes, you are and you are
my little can of maple syrup: Dent Dent

Eel Leonard

DON'T BLAME ME

One time I went to buy some chalk. It was one dollar and
I had 20 dollars and I give it to them. They said it
isn’t 20 dollars it’s one dollar. I sang this:

Don’t blame me
One time I had 0 dollars
I did lots of work
and I got a 20 dollar bill
So don’t blame me
even if I give you a trip to Mexico

John Also Bennett

consider this general equation
and explain the doctrine of
atonement

corpse shining menses
pit oracular vines
wound through my brain
these fisherman insular rhythms
brought down through fevers!
spasms!
spells!
infusions!
dialects confusion gland

Jake Berry

from Brahma Dress: Book Two
FITS OF RHETORIC or ORACLE OF THE HAIRBALL

A flight of flesh-eating birds, open to the sky, was gathering itself to come out of my closet, and a dancing sea of tiny blue flames would then dance across that rug of mine, that wall-to-wall ashtray, that repository of horrible brown mishaps, peeling outer surface of the door to the can included, but a dead man, who looked like my old high school geometry teacher—the flesh of his neck humped and emurpled where it had been pushed up on one side by the leather belt he'd used clear back in the mid-fifties to hang himself after hearing the rumor I was going to be repeating his class—came out of the closet instead. Holding, not a belt, but his pants up with both hands he came. As he came floundering towards me, I found myself thinking what a lousy way to start the day and that if I didn't want this livid zombie floundering around on top of me I was going to have to wake up and get my ass in gear, haul my dead ass out of bed before noon— in order to extricate myself as quickly as possible from this latest fit of rhetoric I must start all over and describe the Oracle of the Hairball, I guess. For luck, then. . . . it's the way it would be if a member of your own family had, while on a walk in early childhood, picked up and swallowed something that he ever after referred to as either a hairball, or some kind of alien egg. Actually it's the way it would be if your father had, while stationed in Burma during WWII, picked up and swallowed something that he always ever after referred to as either a hairball or some kind of oriental egg development. Dormant as a pellet of dried peanut butter it lay in his stomach for years. Till one day it spoke out, asserting itself in the form of this tiny monster voice (possibly cat) that mewedled and uttered garbled lunatic prophecy for the coming millenium. You never knew when. You know when? You could be sitting across from your dad, the two of you in sidebumps and orange windbreakers, having a quiet plate of fish sticks at the All-Brite before moving around the corner to go in and catch the 10:45 show at "Flash" Burns's My Alibi Show Bar. The 10:45 tidy show. (How nice to have a bite and catch a show at 10:45 with your dad after you and he have stuck up a liquor store!) when suddenly, without much warning, dad's eyes would roll back, I'd see his mouth drop open like megaphone king hell belch and the Oracle of the Hairball I guess you'd call it would commence broadcasting out of his mouth, its voice too tiny and snarling to be anything but the issuance of a pint-sized "Other" remote as / the wet thing in the well become the shrunken-head thing in the belly of unattractive rhetoric involving birds and flames and dead things, like the one adjective that breaks the bank, somewhere in your heart a nausea rather than pity that prose can hurt itself with a tired word. You growl at the margins of style, like a giant rat with tiny human hands, a giant pale rat, at the feet of something huge, impossible to see clearly, that if we could, had we lanterns, we know would be unspeakable, yes? You ask us complicity like that, so say "your dad," joining us grammatically to genealogies foreign to us as Charles Dexter Ward, Herbert West (stumped by a box with handle), the elegant and sinister name of Valdemar himself, on a businesscard handed you by an uncreased black glove.

Gerald Burns

Reply to the Oracle (for Al Ackerman)

Reading your "Fits of Rhetoric" poem, if reading's what you call the experience of lines longer than they want to be, I was struck by how my name in the 31st line if you were computerized could be replaced by your addressee, "ANY RECIPIENT," as a full-scale architect-rendered building facade Jim Hanson once sent me has on its front as if chiseled APPROPRIATE INSCRIPTION. But then I thought how right you are to install as the meat or matter of your piece genuine associative reactions to imaginary events, the egg or hairball, indefinitely described even by the relative who ate it, how nice that it too's bracketed in uncertain-y. If it were (say) a cheap jade or slate carving of a turtle the effect is dull. No, hairball it is, producing in any reader a shrinking feeling, the disgust at any thought of swallowing, because one doesn't think of it as the compacted products of one's cat (like high-quality felt, like "scat") but rather something found under the couch, like that, entangling maybe a Wrigley gum wrapper, rubber band, button or smaller thing like the punched out paper circles included with ticket (like Annie Oakley ghosts) in flat clear bag from Tarzana, California (prompted, incidentally, by you) yesterday's mail deposited with a really pretty low rectangle of black paper with gold filigree stamping that's a folder, inside a tactically cut around bit of ad, very clean, stapled. Like that. Or "some kind of alien egg." What's swallowed, conjectural, is out of phase as the act of swallowing. That's good, so when you get to its manifestation, "its voice too tiny and snarling to be anything but the issuance of a pint-sized 'Other' remote as / the wet thing in the well" speaking from your dad's stomach we're braced for the qualifier of "probably as lurid and leathery as it sounded" and forgive your theft from Poe's "Valdemar" of "without however causing dad's lips to move in the least, proof / to me of genuine Oracle of the Hairball possession," and beautiful description of discarded catcher's mitt in Wrigley Field. Is it true all your poems are about discards? Strange fits of rhetoric are mostly what you've known, like the one adjective that breaks the bank, somewhere in your heart of unattractive rhetoric involving birds and flames and dead things, like the one I'm having right now, but I don't remember what it said.
SLEEPING IN THE RUINS OF ALTITUDE

alternate carp with the
allerons, steering ocher with cheeks along
a culture of simplicity.
vigorous ruderal grammar, vestigial and fragrant.
sorrow of centuries.
erection whist to vex the robe,
wrinkled by freedom, wrecked by the code of reign.

as if in a turning axis of muscular spikes, political
curving wheel, by water benign, mind chambered right hand of
digestive divination,
without a thing, cut by genetic humidity while an
entrance,
royal polymorphism government, parodied
reserve length, sudden and violent
fragment, criminal reverse radiofrequency,
resistance camera wiring,
in the same words to form again,
available symbols of varieties, domestic children of brain
zoning, envelope dead in the now of dialects.

being a white essential luggage of the soul, bordered by animal
depression and flat systemic gloom. winter of the
volcanic necropolis. medieval tanning dangers. a commodity, a
wine, an epilepsy of the lips, worthy of monetary phonetics.

hinged membranous trumpet, boot of chords with patch
corne, sleeping in the ruins of altitude.

SLEEP

jewels of fury down the center of
the buttons. an insignia adorns in words the sunlight
windswept and raw as artificial tears. eyes sleep the cry of a
blistered plant. wound in the edge of a euphemism.

scar tea, sea whiskey, blades tapering to
mucus, eyelids plastic as the name of the cross.

Jim Leftwich
LEADFOOT IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

(Just so you know) we hate industrial training films around here,
public hairs are embedded in the walls

Twirling a toilet brush like a cane
she paced the root cellar nightly

I tripped over a bag of anarchist literature—
dang that chili mac

Tripped over a bag of soup goddammit

The smug soldier strutting here is slowly
turning into a spider

Go at the hobby horse with a paint scraper before it's too late
(antilock braking system)

O how I yelled at the meteor shower—didn't help—the
soda's been groaning since dawn

Soft and warm as a summer's day, they call her
airline disaster

So buy war bonds now in case the girl pops
out of the cake masturbating again

---from a Basque newspaper

Eragozpena aundiya dezu
ta da aundienetakua.
Auxe, bai, dala gaurko egunian
estal gabe zulua.

Olaku leku biar iarrezkuan
¡zenbat ona egiñ leiken,
antxen bilduta zuri ta beltzak!
Ez da gauz erraza neurtzen.

Beltzak!

Even the rag of oz opens an undigestable yard-long desoto.
Take dat America! Undies die in the net to take you away.
Auckland, Bay of Pigs, Bali, Guernica are all equestrian
nightmares. Even Stalin's gotta be itchin' for some ZOO TV.

Oh, like you—like your beer—beer residue can
bat zen on an evil lichen-covered ant.
Xenophobes named Bill make dusty small talk in Zurich.
Is dat guy running errands for Nietzsche?

---from a Basque newspaper

Matt Hohner
Field hockey changes colour when you breathe on it ( tepid transmission fluid) - half 'in two' (as if?)
Puppets in silhouette
Useless organs crystalized powdered & exported
Busses lightly skim the streets
This type of inflation peculiar to exploding dirigibles (dirty pills)
(no I voted against the other)

TVs blink on across yr darkened minds

Michael Dec

Bloodorginates.

THE FLYING LEGION

"I'm hoping to pick
My way through these autumn leaves;
I would hope to see before this day is out
Many electrons in violent motion."

Denver Butson

Such conjunctions were crucial to the ancient
Chinese concept of hoping and would hope
Sounding as a single chime in the front hall

If you open the front door and see me
Picking my way across your lawn
With my head bathed in Big Electric Display
And my pants off, please remember
A genius can often behave in ways
That appear alien or even repulsive
To the crowd, please remember me to your
Mother, a rounded, smooth and well-defined
Heap, who still knows her way around in bed

If I fail to send similar greetings to your dad
It's only because he's threatened to shoot,
Knife or blow me up on sight,
And I don't have that happen. Never,
After I get through with these leaves and electrons,
I'm hoping to give some attention to the concept of turning
These experiences of mine inside-out--
Franco-American or quonset, the result is something I would hope to go inside
Suppose there's a terrific mystery aerodrome inside

...NOT

"Nietzsche is pietzsche"
―old suf proverb

"For the sake of the leech
I have lain here beside this swamp
Like a leech, and already my outstretched
arm has been lured to this swamp—"

But his simple mind couldn't grasp
This swamp madness, and he thought:
"A bird's stomach could sing a song
About the faithful old hundred-headed

Grape Dinner!!! Then all at once he grew
Warmer and more cheerful, and behaved
Like someone covered in a veil of leeches who didn't
understand the situation very well.

And that was right! Almost anything can
If you think about it long enough.
LONG

Snore of’s seating, locks of thumb restrained and twiddling hopefully sullen lap stained or jello tracings sought the doorknob damp or floor of's seeping socks some drain whistling slopes full hats rained those severed chasings "oughta blow that clocky lamp"

FOOT

(Can't says soaking outward fusion with the in or disappearance pane of circled glass some rocky thoughts the air a mirror you mere a hairy doubt docking gloved ass your cherty pain's reappearance-shore, kin of wit's protrusion words spout choking plays pant)

SORE

Snore my glancing boats meat crumbs retained the piddling rug I steer the same jerked cap hellos (bought without) the pair I stored "me pants" (you pee) clout-pocking, "loved fast but listened slow" the chair's resurgent spin (evasive spit) I "know" that joke but can't

SHORT

John M. Bennett

Methodormant.

Ry Nikonova

deformation
circulation
wind
erosion
abdomen
FETUS

Ry Nikonova

tile
grooved
carved
cuneiform
pressure
wound
artery
SUICIDE

Fabio Doctorovich

Tiresomemory.
3. "Залізна завіса" (політичний термін часів холодної війни)
"Iron curtain" (political term of cold war period)
"this is radio liberty" on the one side and sounds denoting interference on the other

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FALING MOIST

cold breach face down grit speaks incoming magnet eaters chewing at the lip shining effigy how many times walking 60 watts of always naked salad detaining her epilogue

Kent Gowran

Weavetotalitarianalogy.

Larry Tomoyasu

Ficus Strangulensis

17.Erotic poetry

I like to relax near two waves of your sea especially when it is not quiet

18. Erotic poetry

I am loving crying poking abusing Oh!
I understand there is a petition being circulated by members of my family to have me put away for (quote) "excessive and pernicious leering." That doesn't bother me much, as I figure I can just go on leering wherever they put me. (I discovered my talent for leering at an early age, back when I was being told so often by my second grade teacher to straighten my shoulders and stop leering that I realized I must be onto something and started practicing my leer in front of the mirror--honing and perfecting it by the hour, until, at around age nine, I found myself strictly excluded from the birthday parties of my playmates and, indeed, most other juvenile functions. The result has been that as an adult I view life from something of a distance and walk the byways of social interaction secure in my own solitary special brand of uniqueness, leering like a house afire.)

But as something of a multiple or split personality, I am also keenly aware (at least part of the time) that, leering aside, there is a lot of other moderately important stuff going on in the world, like, say, for instance, in the political arena. To take one example, I'm aware that the full story of the so-called Iran-Contra Affair remains to this day a complicated and highly problematical item--not to say a real bucket of worms. Stated briefly--seven or eight years ago on November 3, 1986, Al-Shiraa, a Lebanese weekly, reported that the United States had secretly sold arms to Iran. Subsequent reports claimed that the purpose of the sale was to win the release of American hostages in Lebanon. To many these reports seemed unbelievable. Few principles of U.S. policy were stated more forcefully by the Reagan Administration than refusing to traffic with terrorists or sell arms to the Government of Ayatollah Khomeini of Iran, as the saying goes.

However, there must be others like me who do a lot of leering or there wouldn't be so many subscriptions to the Playboy Channel. And it is in the hope of reaching out to these leering, like-minded fellow-travelers that I tender the following remarks and observations, remarks and observations based on nearly five and a half decades of purposeful, top-line leering.

Let me begin with a few words about cleavage dirt.

Not long ago, I was in a bar near the Georgetown campus, in D.C., where I go most afternoons to leer at the college-age women who frequent the place. From my customary vantage point behind the cigarette machine I spent about 20 minutes leering at this pair of campus cuties who had come in and were sitting at the bar--a blonde and a red head with zetfig figures and cheekbones that wouldn't quit. They had on big coats and black Ban-Lon baseball caps with the bills trimmed down to resemble jockey hats. They were drinking Coors. As I say, I leered at them non-stop for a good 20 minutes, my face a crawling red mask of lascivious interest. Although the Administration initially denied the reports, by mid-November it was clear that the accounts of the covert arms sales were true. There was still another revelation to come: on November 25, the Attorney General announced that proceeds from the Iran arms sales had been "diverted" to the Nicaraguan resistance at a time when U.S. military aid to the Contras was prohibited. Privately, the Attorney General predicted "earthly impossibility hope handle be feel cell," and then reportedly mooned his own press secretary, because (so Capitol Hill scuttlebuti ran) he was either 1) having problems with his drinking again, or 2) in the early stages of Alzheimer's. We Americans are living in what the ancient Chinese philosophers would call "interesting times."

Leer, leer...After 20 minutes of expert, non-stop leering I was starting to wonder why the two young women at the bar kept choosing to ignore me. Then I noticed they were both engrossed in this outsized book of photos--The Gypsy Women of Eastern Europe--which they had spread out open in front of them on the bar. Art or Photography majors, I surmised. At that point I heard the blonde, who was busy turning pages and pointing out pictures to her friend, say, "And will you look at the fantastic boobs on this one here, from Romania, in the low-cut peasant blouse!" "Hey, wow, yes," replied the redhead, delighted. "And look--you can even see the dirt in her cleavage!" Then they both fell to laughing and chattering gaily about the dirt to be found between Romanian Gypsy women's breasts. They even did some speculating on the possible uses for such dirt. Using cleavage dirt for purposes of sculpting or modeling tiny crechettes was mentioned, among other ideas. Iran and Nicaragua--twin thorns of U.S. foreign policy in the 1980s--were thus linked in a credibility crisis that raised serious questions about the adherence of the Reagan Administration to the Constitutional process of Government.

"And you know what else--I bet that dirt could come in handy for warding off creepy guys," the blonde said. She took a sip of her Coors. "I bet if a creepy guy in a bar tried to hit on her, that Gypsy woman in the photo could just scrape some dirt out of her cleavage, roll it up in a little ball and flick it right in the creep's face!"

When I heard that. I just stood there. I mean, I just stood there as one transfixed. No other word will do. For, in those brief seconds, I had felt myself transfixed--utterly blown away, in fact--so struck and bedazzled was I by the sudden mental image of how great it would be to go up to some East European Gypsy woman and leer at her to the point of no return, where she would be driven to reciprocate by rolling up and flicking
little balls of dirt from her cleavage straight into my face. A leer-face full of Gypsy cleavage dirt! What a turn-on! I wondered how long such a bout of ecstacy could be made to last-how best to extend and prolong it. Trying to estimate how much dirt for how many little flickable balls any one cleavage might conceivably be expected to harbor, I fell to doing lightning calculations in my head. I became so engrossed in the arithmetic of the thing that I forgot to leer, and just stood there behind the cigarette machine, slack-jawed, and with my tongue hanging out. In this way whole minutes passed. My lips were moving as I silently mouthed the numbers and equations ("36-C...38-D...") but I obviously wasn’t leer ing, and pretty soon the bartender, who had seen me in there on numerous occasions, must have noticed I wasn’t. In any event, he came right over, looking worried, and asked me what was wrong—was I perhaps ill, or smashed out of my mind on crack cocaine? At that, I managed to regain sufficient composure and was able to reassure him with a hearty, man-to-man leer (and, for good measure, I also leered over his shoulder at the bumper pool table in the corner), which seemed to set his mind at rest, but—no question about it—that afternoon in the bar as far as my thoughts, my emotions and my general equilibrium were concerned, Gypsy cleavage dirt ruled.

The Iran-Contra Affair, as it came to be known, carried such serious implications for U.S. foreign policy, and for the rule of law in a democracy, that the 100th Congress determined to undertake its own investigation of the Affair. This thing I was experiencing—Christ, what a high and feverish bewitchment it was! A regular thaumaturgy of the soul that had me trembling like a leaf. And through it all I could only hope that when I finally found her—this Gypsy dream-girl of mine as yet unknown, unmet, but somehow already ineffably real to me for all of that—she would be wearing a peasant blouse cut so low you could practically see her navel. Through it all I could only pray that once she had sampled the passionate steadfastness of my leer, I would be treated to the magic of her eyes enkindled and shining with the pure, unmistakable, tawny-yellow light of true sadomasochism.

The enquiry formally began on January 6, 1987. Still entertaining dizzying dreams of having a never-ending stream of East European Gypsy dirt balls pelt me in the kiss er, I staggered out of the bar and found my car. Who was responsible for the Iran-Contra Affair? I began to drive down Wisconsin Avenue with no particular direction or destination in mind—just driving-driving. At the operational level, the central figure in the Iran-Contra Affair was Lt. Col. North. As I drove, the chaotic longing that was suffusing every fiber of my being (and groin) swiftly resolved itself into a vaulting determination to seek out Gypsy cleavage dirt at its source. North, however, did not act alone. That is, I resolved then and there to book a seat on the first available Pan Am or TAROM flight to Bucharest. North’s conduct had the express approval of Admiral John Poindexter, and at least the tacit support of Robert McFarlane, who served as National Security Advisor until December 1985. Bucharest—capital city of Romania (poorest country in Europe after Albania). But what of North’s relationship with Fawn Hall, Jessica Hahn, Bess Myerson, Charles Van Doren, et al.? Yes, I told myself with a knowing leer, Bucharest would make the ideal starting point for my quest. And what of the rumors, so rife on Capitol Hill, that said all those National Security guys were in the habit of huffing Rust-Oleum? Once there, in the cradle of Eastern European Gypsedom, I hoped that by following the scent like a bloodhound—perhaps along the Black Sea coast, perhaps high among the splendid Carpathian Mountain ranges—or (if need be) by pressing on and venturing into shadowy, mysterious Transylvania itself, home of so many Hollywood legends, or by even just hanging around outside the women’s john at a brasserie in some moderately priced Romanian hotel like the Astoria or the Par c—well, I hoped in this way, eventually, to find that which I and my leer were so eagerly seeking: the elusive age-old spoor of Gypsy cleavage dirt, the real stuff, personified in all its splendor between the jutting dusky sort of a set that men of

knowledge and discrimination call super-hooters. On the critical point of the role of the President in the Iran-Contra Affair, the shredding of documents by Poindexter, North and others, plus the death of Wm. Casey, left the record incomplete.

By then, it was close to 8 P.M. Full dark. I was still on Wisconsin Avenue, doing about 70. My pulses were hammering with anticipation. My leer, which in the faint green light of the dashboard I could see reflected back at me from the windshield, looked steely with resolve. Downright maniacal, in fact. Passing the twinkling red and orange facade of Feather’s Inferno, where I had stopped in so often of an evening to leer like a gargoyle at the lap dancers and all-nude entertainers, I decided that my best bet was to find a convenience store where I could pick up a twelve pack, then hit Interstate 95 and drive straight through to NYC where, at Kennedy, direct overseas air connections to Bucharest could be arranged without wasting time on the D.C. shuttle or Amtrak. After that, leaning all the way at the foxy stews who ply the in-flight drinks and meals, it would be on to Romania and (we live in hope!) "pay-dirt."

Such was my plan. But, wouldn’t you know, before I could even reach the on-ramp for I-95, my car phone set up its infernal burbling. Feeling irritated, and in no mood to be bothered, I picked up, very reluctantly. Sure enough, it was Lefty, my “nervous-nelly” aide, who, whenever he finds me out-of-pocket—I don’t care whether it’s been five days or five minutes—automatically assumes the worst, and starts phoning around in a sweat trying to locate me. In a terse voice that wasted no words, I immediately apprised Lefty of my plans. I told him I was flying to Bucharest that night, and to expect me back when he saw me. Lefty, in turn, immediately hit the panic button, squawking, “Bucharest?!” Now listen, Senator, you know as well as I do that you can’t go taking off on no European pleasure jaunts right now. That Clarence Thomas-Anita Hill thing starts tomorrow. You’re on the committee, Senator, and that means you got to be around to put in at least some kind of appearance—” Etc.

Well, bummer. As one who has spent half his life holding public office, I knew he was probably right. All the same, it was a blow, having my cherished dream of pursing Gypsy cleavage dirt through the pretty medieval towns of Romania shot down like that. The unfairness and frustration of it made my head hurt. And at the same time, I could feel my leer start to jump around and go completely haywire the way it does whenever I’m about to have one of my “blackout spells.” Have I mentioned my “blackout spells” yet? If not, let me simply state that these strange, amnesia-like seizures can last all night, during which time I become no longer responsible for my actions but emerge as a kind of wild beast, ravened and mindless, and running amok a la Jekyll-Hyde. In the morning, after a spell has passed, depending on how far off the beam I’ve been, the extent of heavy breakage, etc., this will usually mean another spate of unfavorable press, and more ammunition for my detractors. Now only minutes after my shattering phone conversation with Lefty, and with the familiar blackness usually mean another spate of unfavorable press, and more ammunition for my detractors. Now only minutes after my shattering phone conversation with Lefty, and with the familiar blackness closing over me in waves, I had only brief seconds to wonder which brothel or massage parlor or S&M den I was going to wind up visiting that night in at least some kind of appearance—”
Dear JOHNEE,

Quickly—as I have to leave here in ten minutes so as to get over to Teresa’s and fix Vietnamese dinner for two—but I wanted to copy out the hack I did LAST night off yours of 6.22 (NO, etc) this time the poetry machine constructed by octaves and by thinking as hard as I could about the Collier Bros—remember the Collier Bros?

RECLUSE

The reverse spittle tries to reseal a wrinkled sigh but fades down to lubrication or radiant Wednesday's tumble behind the wall the food concealed when your TV-tray collection went out of hand so far it crossed into Moscow as one obsessed with copious empties would.

So near it is only eyes flattened against face purple against the trees rumbling like streets gladly we find little cream dream stains and I see you constructed.

And in the same construction of holes and cream dream stains YOUR hole bleeds speak a speech with suggest come.

O.K., JOHNEE,

Here's another Hack inspired by your INFUSED. Did this yesterday at the bookstore, aided by two bookstore events: 1) customer who bought a stack of kid's books; while I was ringing these up I happened to glance inside one about Elmer the Elephant boy and discovered the wonderful lines that wd later form basis of hack's opening stanzas, and 2) Abilene. Once again this most gifted of street-winos was right there, outside the store, pushing his basket to and fro for an hr or more, talking excitedly to the air before seating himself on the steps next door where he proceeded, from time to time, to shout out names of books in the Bible, and each time he did, I, who was paging through INFUSED, would take this cue and mark a phrase, said phrases constituting body of the hack—

ABILENE

Abilene wants to use the toilet
It is very big
But Abilene is big too!
I think I can use this big toilet, says Abilene

I guess Abilene wants to use the toilet
I guess it is very big
I guess but Abilene is big too!
I guess I think I can use this big toilet, says

Hi Dear Johnnee,

Well talk about forgetfulness being the lost chord—last week I took a batch of your poems and did a couple of hacks, pretty good ones too, then carried them around town in my bag while my date and I were going from club to club in taxi's and, what with one thing and another, wound up leaving the bag behind in a cab. So there went your poems, my hacks plus a long Eel Leonard letter etc. Damn.

Anyway I was happy to receive this latest batch from 12.7 (END, etc) as I got busy and did nice Synthetic Hack, and managed not to leave it behind in a taxi too—

DANGER DANGER

Your milked thought opens poured lap
Haunted by thought you might be arrested before you finish This. One started
It and his back yard
Is clean now because he's in jail
Charged with rusting sausage through the door.
The bust came at noon. When he tried to milk it
He was also charged with attempted bust milking!
Another started and was jailed
Charged with regressed ticking, slack coughing, slow shirt
Worm; now fat sores of incarceration
Sprawl his butt. Yet another who started
Blinked too much to be trusted and was sent up
Charged with excessive blinking that knew the floor.
Now you've started and it's too late for you, too.
Your crimes? (1) Rent warming (2) Swarming all gloved but nude.

Dear Johnnee—

I was recently musing that in our day the name inscribed on the forehead of the golem is not EMET but EMETIC, and that (again in our day) the golem does not answer because he has been denied a potato. So it was fine indeed to have your latest batch of poems—FAST, etc., these from 2.22—and to tinker up this completely "synthetic" hack in which I managed to introduce the great wisdom of Zippy the Pinhead. This one was threatening to jump the track at every instant & I guess that's what it did. See what you think, overside, eh?
DEAR ZIPPY FATTENING HAIRY BUTTOCKS

"...frentes juntas..."
—Banchs

Dear Zippy fattening hairy buttocks

is the trademark spillage from whence spillage clothes

sleeping in the red

when red dreams chill stalls

A vague enough beginning

for any fear of masking tape face lumps

And please take, dear Zippy, my pants

please take my face

transform me these both

through the fickle miracle of milky pants

and through the Mickey Mouse of cheeseball TV peep show holes

ardently watching every dry cleaning establishment

in Minnesota for Mr. Sofa's nest

springs glossed 'n

May I see only tears in everyone's tapioca

bonfire whose gutter-rolling is what hairy buttocks in shape

of Lil Lulu lap dancing renamed this

stuttered dune

Skip with me through slapping hands of nurses and fashion

Halfose of wood and also

a copped thigh or two on the bus wouldn't would wouldn't

would feel like mentioning soap-opera

creatures by their first names as friends

such friends

are pale blue gas they're hardly any consolation

for Andy Rooney's unwelcome creeping
toward your lax belly skin, for example, or as dribble

breeding pen said to your fully laminated Patty Hearst jones, oink

Do for do for

do for hit the g.d. arm crime do for

me what chairs stalled if

the crazy Zenith Guy who comes in here foaming

over the ravine to thank Hall & Oates

for making the car radio part of the N.M. trip

so perfectly match the two-headed snoring fish attraction

with its wire sutures and neck mike a little too noticeable

that time out behind the pottery cactus farm & a stones throw from

the yellow stucco wigwam where your father

holding a dead battery to his

chest made the words connie n'gg -ing to'gah'a'gherrrr!!!! awful

memorable (we had to pack him in ice) memorable

even to your later skinhead connections do for you

I am at home, may I lift Cheerios

and find toiletries! Zippy

please lift me up and share your bacon-flavored strips

of burlap

May my life somehow become so one-sided

my little feet

enter me in the hallowed sanctuary of hairy

buttocks to relearn mooning o olive pearl

Al Ackerman

Sulfureemia.
Smells like the seashore
Gas!
Quai her belly scrabbling
fleas back sand
falling laps of
damp lips
ring the shopping plaza
Gas!
Quai eaten and thin
neglect on flagpole
eating dirt
or scented stumbling
flocks of lamps
her belly crusted
Gas! (pooling)
Bees carried in the helmet's crown stratosphere of silk remain a temperature acceptable to roiling and ladders loosing, rung through the hairdo's clout a virtual inburst of corrugation waylaid near the chubby plums or fatter chairs of thirst (boiling ear perennial lack of soothing (crucible for one dome warm) sack jewels, seize nail, extend parenthesis as far as vowel sounds linger, knotted then and fair clotted, growling through the light persnickety though young characteristically thumbish in the structure of guitar poked homely glasses tilted on the nose to rhyme with centuries of insects warm to the imagined touch (a friction ticking in the section's swarm dichotomy split into sense the length of, politics, the, felt shirt, forks in armpit hair, sound flights immaculate ramblings (stuffed shirt, hair - or blithering new coated yarn (what dripped off the brim, turned, yard pendulum as cragged as ice at first amendable tale often

John M. Bennett & Sheila E. Murphy

sunny afternoon

greased black straw
pulled tight in clump
atop emerging bone skull
offers a suck for 5
calls up to man in
barred window
a case of the dreaded shrinks
by the dumpster
rat whiff hovering
cartoon ghost
keep the head floating
don't let lol
neck all rubber
work walk stiff
swift, past the man with binder says:
"Faggot. Come here Faggot."

Kym Grier & Patrick Mullins

Rupert Wondolowski

---

NOW
Re Reading Jim Leftwich's KHAWATIR

Lumbar watched beef tide least of chewing wave's fecal bison (hollowed drool) propeller eye the snake drifts in, either ether or, revised as rubbing sand the lunar wrench (lotion's siren). Body person, fire in spoor (spoon) lap of funnel gust (stumbled through the hatches' steep thigh)

POOL

SOURCE

Toaster attic, loosed around a (final beam)
lacerations aged packing spinal walls returned
as pus thick lip, leaning o'er, the clumps
ticking, yellow simulation blood the socks
collect, gestured to the feet or fetal soil.
Gush closer tube sciatic, finds the ham, pages hacking

RISE

BREATH

Store hair clocks' reef fuse smear switching, say
the narrows sentence, epidermal flag or colder seam (null oven's sag, roof with chancre sore).
Sleef muse itching taller than the gristle (bore
loaf of air, clay lake mucous burns, vat of sauce the meeting options//Bacon, tumor, wasp, intention)

DOORS

---

Larry Tomoyasu
Fort rain, night of howling, rumble in the typewriter (written streets or spades, you're biting bricks the mayor foams, his tassels (I and hose (reign the entry exit (kind of growling (light moths mothered ceiling egg invades the flowered spore of thoughtless, sheets licks beltless roams, asking clothes for chicken basket, you (bolus sound retained you (choke

TRAVEL

Text For Train: An Improvisation on Bennett's TEXT TRAVEL

forum bricks the trope peeling egg in raphe of trope forms themes nacelles rite prose litmus speech of g e l t growl of beats cities exiles mesh of lips umbilical in piss vessels blowing the stricken wreaths of o t h e r plaid meat shielding the feathered door of drought

Jim Leftwich

Shampoodlelevitate.

logic @ 15 below

the ice hanging the air an etching of sheet metal & piano wire curtains of distances of the distances the curtains of from Jeffrey Little
dwrench Surllama

foolish, silly, and unwise. ig excitement many persons have deeds that filled them with shame of of off. ght e of seen by his hen the

SLOW

Pork? Spat of's hand the lassitude (lasting sandwich) strips the foreground scale where troubled biting moistens sails of blowing's nose- (you turn your cheek) --soggy hat across the tumbled street "light of autumn". Poke the mustard, snails, your pocket brimming spattered sand from coughing: Ah heavy pails you doubled reading, what you left, useless with a fork! (But you

SUPPOSE

Low Pork Fork Posse: Mis-reading Bennett's SLOW SUPPOSE

pork pie sax the nude trips bands mail poisons lapsed door bubbles the joke of shreds burn of harlem ate ground fogs fastened flowing brim of slough shes limen socked tattered e ye e leavened youths rub mumbled tails slumbers rite of silence re ad ing

Jim Leftwich

Upraidealmother.

Harold Dinkel

Saw

seething

We will make out curt with curse.

Patrick Mullins

cover grows apart

Keith Breese

Jeffrey Little

Surllama

Spencer Selby
sleet nap

hand strips the lassitude
foreground, soggy

brimming what
fast inching

back retention
troubled biting

hearing spattered
so clean

leg as glossy sheet
you, doubled

Patrick Mullins
made from "DUST" and "SLOW",
two poems by John M. Bennett

Patrick Mullins

Tax Roll

Roll the list
fingered cheek

to pick
one of three holes
the shell game

Wet pearl
scraped free

bubble gum goes
hand to mouth finger to foot
tap-dancing

Stance at the edge
heel

gutter
dog
do

The bolus
thinking round

boletus rex
raising spores
taxes

ON THE SHELF I

1
AND SUCKED

fingers sent
the task

hefty
crowning
flaws

2
THE TASK

spouts chilly

rinse
leather
hands

spittle mist

3
SPITILE MIST

spans
cupward
place

felt streams
of crowding

4
OF CROWDING

split
heaving
gland

skin rent
leaning well

5
LEANING WELL

wheeling can
tense
shoeing
dents

in splinters

6
IN SPLINTERS

sticky clean
and sucked
twist
whether
lease

Patrick Mullins Nov. 4
Made from "Floors" & "Congregation",
2 poems by John M. Bennett

ZIPLESS
leaving a shiny trail pointing

Kent Gowran

MALADY

Smash a blaring radio
in the middle of
a frozen field
and all silences
are optimistic

--Francis Poole

Patrick Mullins

Nico Vassilakis

Patrick Mullins

Patrick Mullins

44

Patrick Mullins

45
You wet one hand with the other
the way Narcissus looked at that night sky
smelling from flowers, naked shoulders
could be anything in the dark

--with just your fingertips
prod an old cradlesong and this sink
still listening for seawater.

You almost hear the tides
locked in some death swoon
slowly freezing though the sun
will always lean too far
as if it too wanted to hear
what it sees in the outer air
the glossy darkness it can't recognize
half mountainside, half
needing more water --you bathe

every night, twice a night
one hand scalded by the other
by the sun the sun looks for --could be
an old lullaby led by the sky
that flows across and the hand
you thought you had forgotten.

Simon Perchik

Elling, welling, swelling swelled-up, a spore forms driven hirten
stinging (ng stin), hour hands, rubberbands, cellular buildrool,
the tarnished embers of tattered skirt drool begins to break my
will, the form break up and folding and clouding my vision as
the skin breaks through like waves of foam building womb out
of rubberbands, the ping of scissors clearing the stinging,
snipping the tentacles off with their velcro latches of eggs,
raining rivers of yoke screaming out yellow mouth forms of
clingling to life in rivers of raw sprinkled desire, pores breaking
up, temples crumbling and soaked by teats sought blind,
squeezing one now and farting warm ink.

Crickled temperature mule
smattered hue wand sweetered,
whips nether tasting flexed curtain.

surllama

--inspired by Jim Leftwich/John Bennett EM AGON (END AGO)/
certain scat once rich in em (CITY BED)/SEA LIPS (CLIPS)

anthyllfetuschiney

emulsion and casts,
bruiess of uncolored mirrors photographed horseback
the beam to the doodles is a Nowhere typewriter with marine tension
lacking extreme lids
lacking sun's brown flight quickly transfeeding
bulbed strips of tire
valves of communicability
fingers incetera yawn flaming dentled
head outward through rippled g-hosts again
SMELLING the PURSED cracked OCEAN

monks exploding a moon laughing blurred black uncentered snow
flowering fingers wobbling unseen rifle squinting, trees circling, cocoon
greasing

--surllama
in advance of the broken arm
(bob's rhymes)

acustomed i'm to the chicken hawks encircling my skull they tend to circumvent locomotion yet keep mostly to their own their pecks infrequent a token to cement shoes & the necessity of gravity in relation to a cork floor since covered w/carpet i await it the flooring like a totemic fossil not yet backhoed from out of the tar pit of my senselessly hawk-circled head its strata of carbon householdes & clamorings mixing w/the aggregate of ballparks the bologna sandwiches that jackhammerings exhume that ossify into spurts these spurs they act as landmarks as ballasted icons to wiffle balls & the calculus of lost time a meaning as locked in as a fry cook on speed the chicken hawks they know this they circle my skull they form a diagram a diagram in the air a diagram matching the metallic silhouette of an antique tram w/out which w/out their pinpointings w/out the electric lights & giant tote boards they imply i'm unable to digest jerky to recall the proper significance of the boers or the foundry the scent of the foundry or that headstone this side of westminster i've yet to see it but it's there it's implanted like a notion of limburger to a hamster hopeless lost in a maze i yield to it the rhythms the manic rhythms of a dr seuss book surrounding me an arm awaiting its splint & the tattooed privity of the bruise

Jeffrey Little

bad day

It has the look and feel of a porno flick, but is a commercial for vinyl couch covers.
The phone rings but you forget who you are.

Rupert Wondolowski

Humbug

eh He how said him the shift thousands of feet below the crust of the earth disbelief said he he says I, it can be done done to moment in disbelief but the glands have top hats on them waiting for formal occasions to spin the waves into unconsumable belly flops the sting of which gives rise to a well done flank patty she spoke of cement to hold it together knowing the peril of falling apart with a splash

eh He how said him a mockery I point up I point down knowing there really is no difference a pop squeeze in the rooftops never to give the swan dive from there much better into splash

I understand the eating of the pointer to knock him down.

SHE FELL OUT OF THE CRUNCHY WALLS, SNEEZING

And then I sent him various isotopes, a plastic plate with a knife and accordion, Bernouli's Encyclopedia of the street, and I stuck it on envelopes while he compiled his breakfast so he'd get as drunk as the very Angels he dreaded. Pretty stinky. Then he broke into the imaginary diseases' stable, getting a case of fiberglass resin and proceeded to a number of fictional mutant animals made of cerebrospinal systems. After I sent the partially invented pathology to a hat-shaped office, he nearly got prosecuted by monographs on imaginary receipts of maggot-ridden earth on its period. He got called into a postscript series therefore feeling much like he was lying naked on his desk trying to address himself. His greatest moment of superessential meat-conjuring and they said to him, "do you dissent?" He had to deny the ultraviolet venereal disease floating about his waistsline—he had to say that some synthetic force of an extraordinary nature had sent it...

Anything dead I found and shoved into his recent past. But Bernouli's work, I remember him once telling us not to be dazzingly propped up against the mantel or try to chat him up for his ass-heating techniques. Instead I gave him a jam jar that shimmered with a rotten brilliance as it stood at the altar waiting to be fucked. As a result, he received a 30% decrease of art critics showing up at his house. The jar became some really foul hydrogen at room temperature, causing him to throw up on the bus.

Bernouli met Catherine later that day, and soon they placed their affections of marriage in a big mural. And they wrote religions that sat on the edge of some perspex boxes, until there was constant writhing within every box. Everybody else kissed her armpit as if about to conduct surgery. A witty Fluxus-type relationship. In their first film I'd rent maggots and, I think, would later find oil drums to store their bodies in (laughs).

I wanted to have something that would monitor the volume of their relationship that would go "yecha!! docudrama!!" at their most inane moments. Sticking their heads in ovens made them incurable thin-virus freaks insisting that expansion was immoral. They would also get insulted when I invited them to my exhibit of pornographic collages at the zoo.

They were so smug about furniture, the scent of the wood and all. The contraceptive wallet in the desk couldn't even survive her hand-topillow arrangements. Still everywhere they were hounded by mail art. I soon discovered their target areas, as hundreds of people I wrote to sustained head trauma. Bernouli and Catherine were sick to death of me by now. I just wanted to do insensitive things to her left nipple, pass gas into her cunt, and just get left alone.

Mike Halchin

ERASERS

Turtles dawled on their way to her thighs stopped off at a rotting fruit pile, snipped rinds snapped through seeds to do cotyledons. Irritated at reptilian responses she rubbed alum into her crotch scratched mispelled words on a blackboard. And the grass stopped growing turned grey in revealing dried worms. In turn, birds disassembled nests budgets began negations and young boys pissed on centerfolds.

Paul Weinman
Once I was clear of the shore
sitting hatless on the 
voice in sudden
the bowl of flypaper

Ann Erickson

Draw a bead    sharp
beading jell
line of weld
rifle
solid hidden pearl
in clam

Hans Braumüller & John M. Bennett

AVON CALLING IN URANUS

Many are grayer than my stomach
NO? Then go suffer that rabbit
look a slaver gets on his face
when he meets a bigger
slaver under water
the cry "Princess Alice & Old Mr. Scribner,"
counts halfway between loving r/eh
and scarfing Al Capone--Al's bod
all cooked & rainy,
looking fairly darn enticing, in fact
but if possibly somebody's screwup has pushed a pill
of wet sense high & inside
too near near you while you were at the plate
sucking in the old breadbasket
by all means don't play alto
else stained
brown-rimmed lips start
laughing up a sleeve into Petland & go on from there
to what the door-to-door Shakespeare's Call
Avon Calling in Uranus

going raisins
going bald
from Van the Janitor
crossing his legs

--Eel Leonard

Undersong in 3/4

These were the days we thought we'd never.
These the days our heads stitched and our hips pressed.
Your face in my hands and the hush of snowfall.

I wore a top hat.  
I wore a top hat and cope and carried a scepter. 
Carried you in my arms.

Those then nobody not even could tell it. 
I stood with both feet off the ground, 
Made a pas de deux with a trace of you beside me.

Almost. There nearly so almost as 
False reports of my death at the Ganges. 
Like a scented envelope that never arrived

Or your fingertips,  
Your earth-bird laugh, your hand to your mouth, 
Or your white leather trousers from Italy.

Clayton Banes
INSURED TO THE HILT


On the way, picked up a lady hitcher. We pulled off in a ditch and she pulled me off for under $25.

Detoured back to her corner of embarkation. Re-routed myself into the grooved tarmac of Highway One, bound for the ole Win Dixie on the outskirts. Window-shopped a bit in the meat section. Met a secretary bent over a porter-house. We agreed porter-house high in cholesterol - but nothing like prime rib, Spencer or even New York. She worked for the City. Was engaged to a civil engineer currently off on assignment.

It took us five minutes to get down, without anybody noting, her pantyhose. I took her before the catfish.

She smiled. Pretended comparing prices. From shrimp to oysters to crab to whole kinki her eyes drifted. Then her mouth briefly crazed. I pulled it out, crammed it in, zipped.

She hiked hose, smoothed dress, decided on a filet of skate.

I scooted off. Planted a kiss on the vegetable girl. Followed my nose to the bleach. Couldn't find traps. Asked a fresh fellow, who fellated me for a dime, where they carried rat death?

Giggled he was carrying a lot of things. But the store had discontinued traps the day the law made it illegal. Now you hadda buy 'em at a hardware. I'd hafta pay a nickel on top for the tip, because my unit smacked of fish - where had I been eating?

I fumed and seethed. Ejaculated up the boy's nose. Stowed gear.

Stalked up front.

At the checkout stand I could stand it no longer. The clerk failed to understand when I maneuvered the stem of the enema bulb into her ear. Until I explained it was free sex and she shouldn't bitch. She rang up the sale. I alternately aerated and sucked her brain.

I turned. Asked the antique bagboy - supplementing his disability - if he had any grandchildren without hysterectomies?

He said, no, they were all in church or school or else on drugs. Nothing to be done about it. He tuckled my sack in the trunk. Expecting a tip; till he saw me ready to hawk.

I drove home. Sadly unable to recognize the ditch; having forgotten the coordinates of the encounter. Alien hands and outlandish orifices haunting me, nuts itching - nuts: forgot the nuts!

Turned around in a spasm. Sped into a pole. Went through the windshield. I was all over the highway - humping, bumping, slamming. Heavily insured. Fitfully asleep.

Willie Smith

SAINTS

Dress hangs on tree waving.
The pink dots seem to be weeping.
Well at least someone is.

Valerie Hardin

Harold Dinkel

THE SOUTH POLE

South Pole southern end of earth's axis
At Springfield, Vermont by shortwave radio, the voice of Admiral Byrd

As the area is not inhabited, no legal taxes
Except for expeditions, no human voice is heard

This is an area of avalanches, ice and snow
With independent hail and sleet

Frequently strong winds the drifts blow
In that isolated area, except for expeditions, no one to peek

Suppose demolished by a deadly earthquake
The ice would be loosened from its base
Could be classed as an earth shake

The ice cake would float into space
As original, all ice fastened to its base

Many are ice floats and ice caps
Territorially it has nothing to trace
Has the South Pole ever had a mouse trap?

Originally when all of God's material creations, also ice made
Even though the area has no human soul
It has known real spiritual ways
The southern end of the earth, our South Pole.

Ernest Noyes Brookings
(Thanks to David Greenberger and The Duplex Planet)

Autonomyself.
More Stuff about the Cutting Edge of Today's Poetry

Bob Grumman

For a time it seemed unlikely that I would do any more writing for the editor of this publication—not after what he did to me this winter (like print an essay of mine in something called Lost & Found Times instead of the Harvard Review, as he promised, then send me in payment only two of the nautical brasseries that Al Ackerman wore in the twenties—both of which, I learned, are gone from both). Eventually, however, I remembered C. Mulrooney and his courageous battle on behalf of subcutaneous tattoos of Charles Lindberg shaking hands with Jack P. Saunders. For over forty years, Mulrooney has been trying to get the city council of Los Angeles, California, to recognize these as "an indistinguishable form as this community has ever had the good fortune to snuggle up against," as Mulrooney generally phrased it in the poems he has composed on the subject. For his sake I decided I must continue championing Art for the Superior Few everywhere I can, even only here.

I had to fight the good fight, too, for Reverend David "Crowbar" Neslie and his struggle to get an NEH grant to hire someone to oversee his summer's Big Stephonce—prevent such embarrassments as the fight Ackerman and Bennett had at the last one over the placement of the spittoon in the checkers room. The reverend, by the way, has given his side of this misfortune and much else in a recent booklet (The Big Stephonce, available for $300 from Popular Reality Press, 135 W. High St., Jackson MI 49203). I recall that most of the main participants in last year's Stephonce will be back for more this summer—and should be joined by Jack R. Saunders (who has been told that Jackson is where the Nobels will be given out this year), and possibly even Bob Black, if a sufficient number of "chicks," as I believe he calls them, can be induced to attend. Andrea Dworkin will not be one of them. I mention her because the latest issue of Taproot Reviews just came out (available for $2.50 from Burning Press, Box 585, Lakewood OH 44107) and I noticed to my mortification that in my review therein of Ackerman's Blister (still available for $12.95 from FA Press, 280 E. 10th Street, #603, New York NY 10003) I reference to the possibility that it was she rather than Ackerman who first hypothesized that the Yog-Randophes were the true authors of Bennett's poems was for some reason deleted, so she has been much on my mind.

Other marginals in need of publicity include Serge Segay and John M. Bennett (who, in spite of his questionable practices as an editor is a worthy poet). I have not yet had the opportunity to really discover what Segay or Bennett are doing. One recent colophon of theirs, Segay & Bennett recently co-authored a book, Flaccid, that is now available for $2 from Luna Bisonte Prods, 137 Leland Ave., Columbus OH 43214. To each of its "made in Zaumland" pages Bennett contributes words, serigraphy, rubber-stamped designs, edges; Segay "texts" in characteristic part hieroglyphic, part cryptographic (some of it resembling Morse code), part electronic coding, part cave drawing. The sequence as a whole is clearly "designed," with all the contrasts and rephrasings of music and other varieties of the architecturally-expressive present. The result is jokey but technically-exciting and rich.

Bennett's Just Feet (available from Texture, 3760 Cedar Ridge Dr., Norman OK 73072, for $8) should also be mentioned—but only because it contains an essay on poems by me that does a really great turn on Bennett's multiply-expressive use of the phrase, "of his lover," not only to say "of his lover" but also "lover of—" the lover, in other words, of the possibility of possession. But an accompanying essay by Jake Berry and Bennett's poems themselves are probably also worth a glance. There's some very nifty collages by Susan Smith Nash, Brekka Hervey and Kelly Vincent in the book as well.

Speaking of me, I have good news for you visual-poetry-taxonomy-of-Grumman buffs: the 11th issue of Shit Diary (Anatomy Flowers, USF #3182, 4202 East Fowler Avenue, Tampa FL 33620-3182. $1.) is now out with a back-and-forth between Surlama and me about it. The issue also includes some nice samples of visual poems and related artworks from world literature. (Note: I've just run out of the "lazy-laff" tone I was using for most of this essay to this point. All I have left is Alan "Pedagogical Yow," so those of you who can't abide High Seriousness would be wise to leave forthwith.)

Issue #13 of Harry Burrus's OHZONE (1386 Fountain View Dr., Houston TX 77079, $.45) also recently hit the stands, or would have stands weren't controlled by the Yog-Randophes. It includes texts and illuminary from all over, including New Zealand, Australia, France and Thailand. It has a great collage on the cover by Glenn M. Norton and a bicyclist collage by Muybridge through a human brain as though through a hologram. Most of the poems within are what I've taken to calling plaintext poetry but there's also some buttsormatter such as Michael Basinski's "Shell Nodosus," which begins, "except for its more slender spine and less pronounced nodules sculpture their fingers/ twist into claws ..."

At this point I've decided to bring up Zyzyzys (4) Sutter St., Suite 1400, San Francisco CA 94104. $9) although it is a very slick smallpress (as opposed to micro-press) magazine (as opposed to zine) with a 15-person board of directors and lots of ads and grants. I forgive it because (1) Editor Howard Junker says, "One of my greatest pleasures as 'editor' of a 'literary' magazine is the chance to spend so much time curating," and (2) the Fall 1994 issue features four selections from Karl Kempton's "Om Suite," which are not only (gorgeous) visual poems, but take the "intra-structural" use of the language as far as any purely visual poems I familiar with.

Kempton also has two new books out: Tassajara: Where the Meat is Hung to Dry (tellet, 1818 Phillips Pl., Charleston IL 61920. $3) and Water from the Mountains of Light (White Crane Press, 2574 Harnar St., Orcutt CA 93455, $25). The first of these consists of purely textual poems inspired by a trip to India and full of the "rock/ back/ and/ forth" of "feminine receptivity and methodical arrangement" in their efforts to find a proper balance. But "feminine receptivity" generally has the upper hand, as in the following:

Water side of sycamore leaves
creek writes ten thousand sons

Each of these masterful poems is "A waiting pushed against/ The rigid pattern to slip through/ free/ in the mystery."

Kempton's other new book is a reputation-establisher if there ever was one, for its poetry ranges in length from haiku like "Raised eyebrow/ old moon/ crow circles" and even shorter non-haiku like "mag(!!!!!!!!!)" to a ten-page autobiographical philosophical quest-log called "Working His Way Out Of Darkness," and in technique from purely textual pieces like the last-named poem, through infra-verbal poems like "mag(!!!!!!!!!),$" and mathematical poems like the ones in the sequence, "Crow Mathematics," to visual poems like the "Om Suite," which is repeated here.

Kempton, like Bennett and probably not more than two or three others now writing, consistently stays at least a generation ahead of the people getting into publications like the recent Norton Anthology of American Post-Modern Poetry, which really isn't bad, just falsely advertised as having to do with contemporary experimental poetry. A full two pages of the latest Taproot Reviews is devoted to an examination by Steve Evans of the Norton and four other just-out langpo-dominated anthologies, by the way. Evans is easy to read and informative if not too much, and I think we are leaving out though he does suggest he knows that something is missing. Actually, he does a good neutral job that will (mildly) bother only puritans like me.

Two other important visual poets, Bill Keith and Pierre Garnier, have a collaboration out: Viva Africal! (Writers Forum, 89a Petherton Rd., London N5 2QT, $10) in it a "sssssssssonic" snake formed of the letters of its name that slithers through a field of s's, and other visual poems by Bill Keith interact with conceptual illuminaries by Pierre Garnier that often restate poems of Keith's, and always continue the book's celebration of Africa as Eden/heartheart/art-source (often with drawings of the map of Africa). This book is a must for all who appreciate plurascetic art.

Keith also has a book out called Op Poems that is available from him for $6 (26 Cliff Street, Beacon NY 12508). It does almost nothing but spell and respell the word, "POEM," in letters of dizzyingly varied shapes against op-art backgrounds; in the process, though, it acts as a variable prime of design. It's hard for me to imagine anyone with eyes not enjoying what Keith does here.

The final author I feel the need to rescue from pitiful obscurity is Susan Smith Nash, who was recently published by Potes and Poets Press in Elmwood CT 06116. It consists of 35 "authorless" texts full of erudition (among the names that pop up: St. Augustine, Boethius, Wittgenstein, Lessing, Fritz Kreisler, Edith Piaf, Wilde, Schubert, Spenser, Poussin, Rousseau, Benoit, Locke, Angeles Silesius, Goya—but also the Seven Dwarves). It is also self-referential at times, but mostly seethes with knowledge that Nash has "gained on lears" waxed—stained feathers and "glued(0) upon (her) foolish, lonely skin," and is sufficiently hormonally-active (about, for instance, eyes as a variable prime of design). It's hard for me to imagine anyone with eyes not enjoying what Keith does here.
earitate

Surllama

train reaction

shrinking, crash
to clackage
rhymes, ripples
slow into our approach
above the river Fic

i'm pissing off the flatcar
when the sound suddens
clear through the center
of gravity tipping
me off between cars

cched

stretched rigid digits vice
corrugations in the facing
wall, wrestle the blurred
trackedbed back

"piss"
i think but do,
heave upright,
zip & sit;
quiver.

the canyon yawns.

see,
there is no bridge
when you're over it
&
when you're over it
there is!

the briefest of spine
conveying us

Noto Bueno

This rage for unintelligibility beats all.
John Bennett, whose "Spit Poem" was his
last good one; Noto, who spells whose who's
but by god gets in gemeinschaft, a Beavis
of the arts if ever there was one, is Cyber in
this sense: we remember the radio kits
put together badly; the flux spits,
tubes barely poke thin wire legs in holes.
You imagine electricity as (say) a fluid,
flowing, so verbs coped from hydraulics
are genuinely descriptive, as stars were
for Hound of Heaven Thompson, a description
set, toy soldiers in a box, Noto's prose
not unlike that author's Shelley. It all
(you see) applies to me, my states, the
shivers that always in the twenties
were talked of as nerve fibers. Are chips.
The damned authors don't know science, its
rigor, the beauty of Darwin's stringed-off square
to count the kinds of grasses in, can't program ...
It is sci-fi, the liking to imagine with the props,
as amateur magicians collect boxes of apparatus,
pack and unpack it (far from stages). Finger this.
Let's see you crack my modem code, or bend
my backdoor key — make one measurable thing
different from your having been.