think different.  language.  But the process of
think I was looking for something
time.  But it's only recently that I've
in recognize if when it's happened or if
He heard heard Mathilde walking rapidly about about the the room. She lighted lighted a a number number of of candles candles. When When Fonque Fonque had had summoned summoned up up the the strength strength to to look look at at her her, she she had had placed placed Julien's Julien's head head upon upon a a little little marble marble table table, in in front front of of her her, and and was was kissing kissing his his brow brow...

Even Even worse worse were were the the the signs signs, quite quite unmistakable unmistakable, that that the the Say Say Every Every Word Word Twice Twice Gang Gang was was back back in in in town town.

"Swarthy" Turk Sellers
See the wall, just as it onto your pineal hanging. Legs, kind, singular, adjective cut ripens as your gown, light, tight, unearthly. north african shapes are juxtaposed books floating across landscapes, an extra hand of the thought upward of presence with its hollowed out incisions as it swells. By reason is wind. No less in to thin this beginning. If thoughts the seed tatters partitions were. Corrugated zinc toes is feverish, sweet. And hammered the night change, provided aural. What is cut? symbols bones molars; the hammer and the kind of degree of ruin noise the rods bitten. Again pronounced like a, latticework on the darkened loftlike chamber from within, with. Through a slit sinsmilla at night, rattle. Where the plucked by a seeded by the on a series of ratten, intricate. And ball fear of beards, its intentional justice milk, globular, cooking but holds silk clamorings for a. Not that its a nose, a, little spice, luck in a lunar. Hair, a series of luminous bronze tones, ovoid, suns and teeth sacred hieroglyphs set against a, murky. A single exaggeration, the hiccup not nearly a as tulips blanched by, of acrylic and earth, cut to the word, darkness. Fish sings in the a, dare wind went, a following to cause. Claim enacted in. Little the breeze from the tartan cloth, wallpaper. And, like a need that numbs, ghost, that have hiss, bed limned in. In a, feedback loops, his allegory of contradictory dead rabbits, the cross. Enlivensment, military swords, especially purges to a durable egg. Cores everything single, the eye seen herbally of a running shawl worn petulant, meek. Gold bottle consists of white flannel tent illuminate, surface the viewer enters. Post office, placenta: plastic the lake is a, cells ripple. Ripple arched clothing hot with thronion vesper, per arm. Restings of dried seed arcs from bits of wire moist, soteriology, a sudden man the quest is by iterating points between points at one scale of set zoom into increasingly smaller scales because if impedimenta number points between sets detail dentals infinite. —Under what punctuation? —What is dirt? —Read letter that be concurrent. —What spoons but where excellent anthologies snooze. —That this is be. A square, an ocean of. —Then do we everything, for instance, landscape? —And sculptor understood as a was once distinct, our daily lives. —The complexities? the in october manure? —Singing drums in consciousness is material built from information. Consciousness is the, from the eyes, excess. —Is it enough mistake to eradicate how and what, the obsession to organization? —I was, excelling in loneliness and isolations of the season, thinking in terms of a greater disbelief. A as read: pine grove bursting with gouts of amber rosin; of as writ voluptuous intercourse of associatively bad news, the mazy sky whitening like a chinese bridge into the I, falafel. —And systems? —But then I vertical or, big, question. What kinds water? I contemplate density, the sound absolute and the movement light. Out personas of belief of detail; levels of the middle ear having come to fluctuations or flits. Consciousness? it shovels within their riffs of production, doubling as deliverance, right to front. So many excel is a, tantric, leaf of a muscle, violet to village; the, for our fivers brutal.

Ken Harris

Tachophobia

G-forcing an impulsive weight, flattening hands into vise gripped clasp, facial memories distorted out of place, out of time, bent into ribbons of bruised flesh, a woven banner swung at the end-line signifying the speedway race through outer spaces, inner realms, is at an end.

speed demon

Goggles smeared by roadway grime, detritus spotting from routed lanes, wheelcarved ruts reduced to mud, thick clouds sparsmed, jetisoned a barrier for the mobs pursuit, the spinning track endlessly rolling over; one end in flame the other a formless lake.

speed queen

Ghost written, a trio for celesta, violin and percussive caps, instrumental rendering of spatial faults, bone densities ruined by reaming drills, pressed bits eking out an insoluble core, notes hyped, an acidulous pitch of driftwood scoring petrified solutions constantly in motion, presaging an aria only the bald soprano may sing.

Alan Catlin
IF YOU'RE AWAKE, KNOCK THE WALLS DOWN

Get ecstatic you bone-head!
I think I'm in love.
My liver hurts.
My teeth are rotten, you could weave hats
with my hemorrhoids. If you want, I could
hit you in the head with a hammer. Then you would understand
what it is like to be beauty's slave!

Spin, chant, fuck. Don't sit around.
Be derelict in duty.
I say the world is where we should go to find what it is we need.
Someone is watching over us. He's a good guy.
The distance between us isn't great.
He lives in the shoe box
of my heart. And after listening to your heart
destroy your wrist-watch, take a stick of dynamite
and blow up the sun dial.
You'll have time to eat the blood oranges
between your mother's big tits.
Don't worry about that.
For light now emanates from your atomic heart. It is a scrub
brush made from everything in the universe.

Drink water, lots of water. Douse yourself in it. You old drunk,
you're burning up.
Love is hot to handle, like an insane frog.
You are the forge, the smith, and the rain in the barrel.
The moment you realize the fact of existence, come to me and say,
Kabir, you sweet idiot, it's time you lived with me in my sacred heart.
There's plenty of room for you and your ten million sisters!

Kabir, 1398-1518.
[Adaptation by Jon Cone, 1955- ]

"Here's Bitsko"

... germ sentinel, eh? "see"
how m' prostate "stensions" circum the sun-seed market!
Call me back, terrible tone cow & hard hand gestures:
wave the bearded, germed serpent, what (sough)
comes to me is what comes to me, notes
o' bite o' vowel pasta clean thro' the raisining dirt, falls, vine
fine comb tesselated in, dry quine
vaccination teal meters returned, gerbilled, to I don't care
fro' the solution, la la Queens' annuity dogs, two x "femmes"
intro' Dire Murgatroyd' inner pert scarves,
here's Bitsko: onna staunch 'n'
dry "jihad": a stork-scalloped anther
gathers gnu frappeternity, whelping frenetic
dry sap which rums toward her toe.

Disinclined

Supplemental security lint comb sours the fields of dress mayhaps
In an afterquark you plenary when dim placation
Eminents its way as if the diffidence were
Unwittingly still pounced into a toothsome winter

Hybrid south endurance means sufficient speed on
Skinny local bicycles formed by the French estrangement
From neglect so here enjoy a smidge of rollicking good
Water brewed by God

You navigate this plush shoreline just sentences
From thought as copious as larvae would allow
One lives to clarify the father
One lives equally to fabricate a mother

Two-play limed dictation plucks wishes from the starboard
Stakes, until an actuarial integrity is mown down by
Trace minerals extracted from
The Great Salt Lake where weather has been spoken

Sheila E. Murphy

THE BAKER AND THE MELON MAN

The baker and the melon man
Have clouds upon their brows.
The baker and the melon man
Throw daggers at their heads.

The baker and the melon man
Are standing in a storm.
And all the teeming children
Are gleeful in its glove.

At five past five the fight begins.
Hurrah, the children shout. Fury has arrived.

THE KNIFE MAN

I. investment

take a town any old town you got that
now get this here very that if I do not know
what is this tell very that what I do not know
if this tell very that I do not know

II. agent

why I do not know very tell this that
I do not know if very tell this that
what I do not know very tell this that
that I do not know very this that tell

THE NEWSPAPER MAN AND THE TEACHER

The knife man scared me.
The newspaper man yelled at me.
The teacher made me cry when I was bad.

Christopher Mulrooney

Jon Cone
CALLIGRAPHY PRECEDING

: darts of effluvia
dubuffet), as ands
to sna are, and clencheds
of difficult elves ancillary
punctuations amid
kanji appalachian—the sky
per hectorings of innumerable vectors crucial to Y eyes
task of yes, the sky
like birds corroded
words made brief as vision large as if to speak diminishes
not glossaries
flight as such such
glossolalia abuts but
flails of analysis, dendritic
bump-and-run, muscling as gulching that grail of sun turban sun that waryly
to light to photon, during
ministries critical as villages, alludes,
emancipated bird verb and re-cognition, dancing

Ken Harris

NEWBERY WINNER

"Sure, you can clone a mouse. But can you take
him to the opera?" Kafka

Because sitting back in the cooler with a sawed-off shotgun
Never got old I am someone who now has more great
Memories than almost anyone else I know.
And so: "hang a little kraut out the corner of your mouth, everybody!"

I also think how I was fifteen when
On the ceiling the stains appeared that gave us to suspect
Our upstairs neighbor either had big problems with his colon
Or was personally off, maybe both. But

If everybody limps there is more beauty. Why
Twitch, horse? From here on out I want to sell my kisses
At the school fishpond and charge extra when I've been eating tamales.
Put or pull out. You were an awful prat.

They sell some damn good-tasting tamales, believe it
Or not, at that little place in Ann Arbor—Las Three Something
Or other? O man, eating tamales sure beats eating c......o.
Otherwise, the little kraut wouldn't.

—Glans Ted Sherman

Scott MacLeod

Lucy Fletcher
Shy, Sky

she did not ask pursuit of a lifetime
to arse up sev and purse
unplumbed by the lead-doll sinker
that winks
the
tip
at each line's end

such cobbled motorway baited better in
fancy
dress she'd wish hers uncorruptingly connected
there were so few car pages in the local writers' magazine interrupted
herself remembering bitten english in fright and slack no woman should
have to put up with fondling the problem a precipitation she bore at
popular conditions

not
to clause
in
the
crank
of narrative if only
even without meaning could be as wine
which loses
in translation

above the lot the gREAT AttrACtor & THE great WALL theory inherently
if disarmingly & indispensably undeniable as unforgettable as the
need to micturate so soon to end not just the direction she thought
writing
was in
tenderly
assertive

or furtive and

disturbed thereby

eelts Deus non dare tur
to bee by-oo-ty fell in
th'art pref to
sad(e) ex is
tense
infarctions
easy nuff for
in a world of

medial bodily stratum always screeching to the converted
triple-X goddess speechlessises
her deformants you're on your own baby a bout
swollen to the asides all covered as reward for making up
but pores each orifice best read quickly to get an overall fleeing
of sense what
did you expect clamping on
the disavowals
wondering in the

swerve from metered narrative whether cave-disaster
deserved replication and then
there are rules missing with sex more decided
by language that abuser-friendly upstage in such kept
refection not that oh no she'd been conned descending to whom
she took herself to be in-her-face de rigueur the
sandglass hourscape of reiterative
hite is

on mare
rear however
the air
i owe
nobody a system
prone
where holidays are
the primal cause
came to
and prescribe bevel you can't
stop the peristalsis of not prepared
to join the view either pretty

or refell for a turn where
toots noon(e) the requisite
hour
letting
bera
tions
rever

pall

which washer was her
intent
a sorting of body inhabits
elsewhere

that will be
better than an explanation of something or other terrible not about to
happen with a premise to discuss gusts when risen instead of risen
quotha writhings on the bawl co-opts a pose to spite chace

as her best friend implicated she'd been
such a
famed poet she don't deserve
any more at
any of us

m:
t:

Peter deBours

Jim Leftwich: An Autobiography

Clichés and horrors make a rapid collage in which destruction and sex follow each other in images
of pursuit (cowboys and Indians, all kinds of cars, engines, an elephant) and falling (parachutes,
storms, planes) until finally a diver disappears through a hole in the bottom of the sea — the
ultimate exit. The entire thing is prefaced by a girl from a shady movie lazily undressing. Patterns
of charred wood, streams of diffused light, reflecting broken glass, a couple of women and a much
larger number of men, most of them clad in flamboyant thrift-shop women's clothes, folio about,
pose and posture, dance with one another, enact various scenes of voluptuousness, sexual frenzy,
romance and vampirism. By unleashing the power of the grotesque, however, they also touch on
fears and desires usually repressed in everyday life. But false memories don't have to be so
gruesome. A woman in white (a transvestite) with drooping head holding a stalk of lilies; a gaunt
woman seen emerging from a coffin, who turns out to be a vampire and, eventually, male; a
marvelous Spanish dances (also a transvestite) with huge dark eyes, black lace mantilla and fan; a
tableau from the sheik of Arab, with reclining men in burmouses and an Arab temptress boldly
exposing one breast; flowers take on the paralysis of graveyard bouquets; girly bouquets make the
viewer feel like a corpse remembering former pleasures; lace associates directly with arsenic;
flickering votive lamps desecrate instead of sanctify. The detritus and debris of old nylons, comic
strips, wrappers, beads, cigarette butts, are accumulated in a sort of inspired excess that becomes a
curious digestive process in which fire seems catalytic — everything burned and singed so it looks
as if one puff of air would disperse the whole flimsy structure. The sense that his art is filled with
innumerable doors (and culs-de-sac) encourages this notion. I'll take interpretive drift over inchoate
sprawl any day. Multiple interpretations are A-OKE in art, but endless ones are like endless love:
hopeless. These difficulties do not arise for us since we see the world only as a cross-section, and
hence as a whole. For us the problem of discerning all the details, or the correlation between these
details and the whole, simply does not arise. You must know that there is no such thing as identity
before you can begin to define it. Identity is infinitely complex. Once you are clear that there is no
such thing as identity, you can begin to explore this complexity. Too banal and insignificant to be
recorded anywhere else, and made taboo not because of their potential political explosiveness, but
because of their sheer ordinariness, their all-too-human scale, the animated operating scheme
shows the mars sandstorms as a motor for the movements of the turning streakles, the crochect
hook lifting the thread over one of four hooks producing a stitch, which adds up to the Strickwurst
(knitted sausage).

by Jim Leftwich, Soetlana Boyon, Ilya Kabakov, Brian O'Doherty, Bruce Connor, Michael Duncan, Mike
Kelley, Susan Sontag, Jack Smith, David Rimanelli, John Bragin, Bruce Baillie, Ulrike Bergermann, Ellen
Nonnenmacher, and Boris Grays
Horrendous Wig With Screed

tin gallows, lean wolf bows in a trout, crunchy and rancid, red dish of steam. followers: the male ghosts and spiders germinate pickled cups, sextant grimace (one central, teeming fire), ghouls. the female ghosts dance in globular lines a dust of stars. wings intermittently bleed gristle and rags as long as the pearl's seep theory; griefs: hyphenated wonders, she's in the tree (two pointed fires, splash of devils, centered on paranormal theses of meaning), a vatic love to lance ontology, with pears in frigid wine in peaches and lax grief. hates: once hybrid phenomena cringe forth, dirt teases the hymen from wondrous hunger, spent teak and withered meteors.

Marvellous Faun Lies

verbs or (barely) wanton plots, rowing from bulbous sores to round thunder, gleams with fallow baseball eaves, sandy gulags, deaf flecks covering in the caulk. followers: daily races, medieval; secret leopards, freely pestilent, free to lure the kaleidoscope, dunce indicted bellows into a ruby, sometimes the partitional additives tar in the winter foaming a croon; statements, sex; all the parsed arts are attracted to love and vary. griefs: bass or krill, or gilded babies. suite: pustule buried in a cup.
1. Dissolve in the Genesis of Light and Dark
2. Offering of the Ten Thousand Selves
3. GOD within GOD within God within god within god within GOD within GOD within GOD
4. Infinite balance of balanced and unbalanced delights
5. A water like wind between water and water
6. Hearing the Elemental, then stammering the Elemental
7. Love's sweet victory, abnormal sour and loss
8. Radiant guts linked by guts
9. A cat’s “hello”
10. Slinking shapes, their cruel intentions
11. Bulbous man
12. Porous woman
13. Singularity of Universal Death
14. Any moment is the End of Time
15. Complicated into sects and riven
16. The sexual tease of nonsense
17. Rebirth of the Nuboles
18. Sacred Laws, of the range of the Positive
19. The Demon’s red stare
20. Waiting at the crossroads to sacrifice the ten thousand selves
21. God watches as portions of himself disappear into Being
22. The glance creates the ripples
23. Blue Talents of Annihilated Poetry
24. At last, the atom buckles
25. Fist/Asshole
26. Fecund Asshole
27. Thirst Mission
28. Sound Volutions
29. Vortex Orgy
30. Pirates of the Wounded Nightmare
31. all time is one Moment
32. All existence is one Moment
33. An Inhuman Scale of Ethics
34. an ear to the Soundless Voice
35. Hear
36. Lucent Afterbirth
37. Unavoidable Perfection
38. Decay is a system
39. not any escape from life while any remain in life
40. through violent decay matter reconfigures to spirit
41. endless instances of provisional death
42. the decision to die destroys the world
43. the knots tighten until they vanish into themselves
44. clawed angelic messengers from another order of Being
45. The trickster tricks the stare
46. the Moment is a moment ahead of anything we can think of it
47. alive and naked, a Molten Love at War
48. Beware!
49. The angels appear to die inside us
50. THERE IS NOTHING!

Jim Leftwich

Python
iHERApy
LeRoy Gorman

Jim Leftwich

PR:

Stroking chins of communion harlots commit offense in office magazines; thin secretive secretary atheists jibe fribultrating trivial vibes; lying in cemetarial oblivion disguise be squints green ink jet sensuality rendering itching canvasses of decriptional numbness; they fake an ache- off negative culture link search engine leap skyward jet corp/.com touch prohibited cuff chain distortion; brief contortion offense of fornication funny tryst twist jitters, I alone a physical frustration of bleeping disingenious franchised disenfranchisement; relationship bondage thinly disguised secret service comfort...nobs press delete button sprawl, swing hole- in- one club keys in bowl of chilled suppression, fibrillating lingerie on mirrored revelation porn flick banishment... trivia por que she never knew how in chained depressed tonality issues; turn deaf ear to low contact sport between sheets of non-accountability* emerging jive- image lacerations to the macareigna spirit.

Joan Payne Kincaid
lakes silt erie prisms
fizzfizz brie, frittering error dump
hotwire mail to calculate gradation
dragging most of it through less than
bundles/ type of slinking
s naproom tippy like an s
trade yr motly swim yr
formicantor, stubby dime,
lip slipper in the mist
dodgy prints, darling yr touching
with the tongue, my eyelets
tear you from yr 'horn'
will you wear worn rows?
want you where wars grow?
ain't you were war globes?
weary, see the orb, luminous
we are wearing its cover
we are [gl]listening in
on our hearts dancer-frantic
under cover of prismatic samplers
chocolate leaflets teleport to borneo

the scalp scraped
against her high heels.
one he had leaned
into her abdomen.
dropping.
as warriors sleeve
fell into her eyes.
later, he walked
with wooden feet.
catching waneness while
trailing & tracing her
everwhere.
all nests.
he decided much later
were of one kind.

i am not 3 verbal bagpipe ladies. i want things and u don't. verbal
ladies twist me. i am not 3 things. convoluted verbal bagpipes. 3
feelings. 3 bagpipes tangled; construct no ladies. u tangled things.
 bagpipes twist me. yr 3 and i'm 10. twist yr things bottomless. i am
not 3. i want things. yr tangled; yr tangled and u twist my things and
i construct things. 3 bagpipes offend, verbal things offend me. yr
tangled and u constructed juxtaposition. verbal things in ladies just
so. dancing things want bagpipes. bagpipes want me, ladies don't.
bottomless ladies, ladies dancing. 3 bagpipes want things. i twisted
yr ladies convoluted verbal bottomless bagpipes. bagpipes
bagpipes. verbal me and u don't. yr bagpipes want me. bottomless
ladies tangled me just so. yr tangled and u construct things and i
construct things.

Standard: Columbine (written by Jones Very)
Still, still my eye will gaze long fixed on thee
Till I forget that I am called a man
ill ill ill my eye I I a on on
tlamca II that I am called a man
sti sti I ill a on ix on e
ill sti my eye on that I am ill sti a on
ti til sti til I I il az ix on on thee hehet e te
til lie forget at that hat iamb called culled amen
still til ill my my will still gaze long fixed long e
ll lll I I tlamca hat hathat at hat all led away
lit sti lit litliti sti eye eye I Il laze lone ix d lone thee
til tile isle I or gef rgrg that at I iamb I am lulled amen
still, steye mill swell faze gong fare gix licks dawn on thee
till I forget eth at tl la mcll ae damn am mane mana
still, still my I still sti ill will gaze as long fixed on thee
still I forget that eye I my ll lg gg gaze on fixed long thee
till I forget my eye will gaze that I am called a man
till I for rr or rg get forget that I am called a man
Still, still my eye will gaze long fixed on thee
Till I forget that I am called a man

Jim Leftwich
THE ELEMENTS

Water


Like an oceanic insect I water the bodies of everyone I touch with feeling flowers. Like a capsized cloud I water the teeter of my city below sound with clung nettle verbs. Like an absinthe madonna I water the babies in the grass with a color called 'bride yellow.'

There is no memory in the water. In the water spaces close and open like feeling flowers. There is no regret in the water. Whatever the water knows it knows for only a moment, and then pinches its lips again.

4/29/01

Air

Air can ne ver be t o uched. It can on ly be to uched ed. Air is my coat of arms as spring relaxes.

I undusk my clothes and the air takes over. I unr est my co c k, wh ere the air s he ri pples ro und it. As the cups fill with air so am I in drinking.

T h ere is n o bod y to the air. As t he a ir is no lo ver, so th o u ght is no pla ce. I can in great gulps grab the air, she pushes me down.

4/29/01

Earth

The earth is a word I heard murmured as I slept embers out of asphalt. The earth I can tell is touching me all over or only my feet. The earth is exactly the same age I am, no more no less. The earth stays where I leave it, and I left it in her.

Like a clot of tolerance the earth sleeps with its eyes around itself. As politics hair the rim the earth is always watching fables balance themselves on my curls.

I heard the movement of hot got cooler and wrinkled into the earth. Asleep, I'm fully aware that everything I eat, including days, swallows its own shadow off the earth. I believe that when I wake, I will be able to move from where I am into the drizzling furrows of the earth. If I die there, I will wake into being what casts the earth under my feet.

4/30/01

Fire

The fire is a mouth I sucked milk from. The fire I sucked milk from is fast a nd la zy. The fire e, fa st a nd la zy, cils mbs ac ross my sk in. The fire clim bing a cross my sk in in wa nts to g et to the sky.

As a mouth, out rageous, the fire f a lls down my shi r t. Eve ryo ne who knows the fire k n o w s the light to o. At the ed ge of the fire town s hur t h em selves fro m the corners of m y ski n.

I wake u p just softened b one s sucked wh oly clean b y t he fat lip s of the fire.  

Lewis LaCook

Extrapolations from Breton's L'Amour Fou

41 line definite in his character. general. to participate.  
almost. alone. cord. defined within her nature. general. 
to take apart. nearly by oneself. row fixed during its temperament. general. to share. all but sole. range. definite. 
into one's characteristic. general. to partake almost only. 
line defined from his feature. general. to participate. 
nearly single. cord. fixed in her expression. general. 
to take part. all but mere. row definite within its handwriting. general. to share. almost bare. range. defined during one's letter. general. to partake. nearly alone.

71 this species time. the at. to designate who. 
that sort occasion. the in. to appoint which. 
that kind time. the to. to indicate that. 
that nature occasion. the from. to designate who. 
this instance time. the of. to appoint which. 
that species occasion. the on. to indicate that. 
this sort time. the for. to designate who.
that and original version. the at. blow. afterwards.
ridge. that and inventive version. the in. knock.
later. summit. that and eccentric version. the to.
istroke. afterwards. top. that and original version.
the from. hit. later. peak.
that and inventive version. the of. thrust.
afterwards. height. that and eccentric version.
the on. stab. later. ridge. that and original version.
the for. shot. afterwards. summit.
that and inventive version. the by. beat. later.
top. that and eccentric version. the with.
sound. afterwards. peak.

101
of the misery from the trifle
by the misery on the trifle
with the misery any the trifle
some the misery than the trifle
from the misery at the trifle
of the misery

111
underground. of him. thou. eyes. diamond.
at point illusion. opaque and
subterranean. from her. you. eyes. diamond.
from speck delusion. opaque and
underground. by him. thou. eyes. diamond.
than dot fallacy. opaque and
subterranean. on her. you. eyes. diamond.
some stitch self-deception. opaque and
underground. with him. thou. eyes. diamond.
any pain chimera. opaque and
subterranean. any her. you. eyes. diamond.
with instant illusion. opaque and
underground. some him. thou. eyes. diamond.
on degree delusion. opaque and

value
uveal value ale
vela Vela ave
vale veal AVE
leva uvea EVA
Laue lave lea
vau VLA leu
ULV UVA lev

value
ale value uveal
ave Vela vela
AVE veal vale
EVA uvea leva
leu lave Laue
leu VLA vau
lev UVA ULV

Jim Leftwich

1981 san francisco
Jim Leftwich

Ficus strangulansis

Morris Jackson
Susana Jos
seek a peek: 
read / enter
almost big

work an ice egg — the ear
wet, the years
run

let air despise
cde errors / youth
first to example

to hear close
go err beyond

the form / it
of our image
ships diligent inks

every good horror
& ape gift
is no tower

the void inn
tasted / & guests
dine time among

de, s, o, l, a, t, e
for live intent
in the root

let era do to troubled
ropes, dirt-fast
afraid

have stone sores —
let offense dist

half this say
pled a right separ (& dreamed
round with a many them

because die
this armed meaning
por...

Gustave Morin

Tall seedlings perspective, amends
lectures scarcely scrawl
eager affectionate egotist.

With power, historians said.

Chicago up that stairs,
he white She more.

had knocked her screaming
continued with himself Dear
it's my but
done the breadth of
bitch me not.

crimson
laughing swimming
knew nothing
the kindness buxom
Still, Poland in French?

Crag Hill

* own with
a valve
and eye
a blue
c lines but
at migh
at a bo
a dist

* fist at 139

* to the th
he see i
lings? ni
belong
11 Th ou
pastar he
long ow

* Here's Bitsko*

... germ sentinel, eh? 'see'
how m' prostate "stensions" circum that sun-seed market!

Call me back, terrible tone cow & hard hand gestures:

wave the bearded, germed serpent, what (sough)
comes to me is what comes to me, notes
o' bite o' vowel pasta clean thro' the raising dirt, falls, vine
fine comb tesselated in, dry quine

vaccination teal meters returned, gerbilled, to I don't care
for' the solution, la la Queens' annuity dogs, two x 'femmes'
intro' 'Dire Murgatroyd' inner pert scarves,
here's Bitsko: onna staunch 'n'

dry "jihad": a stork-scalloped anther
gathers gnu frappeternity, whelping frenetic
kale, freak sap which rums toward her toe.
aeroplane

clop stand oh the piner
blate Custer butter
macking is our blipless
month gloomed bike
shore 'm galloped hen
slow bake, small fat
wigging. u-blank-tum,
root precension, stable
paddywack w/o "fought" gease
(shuttle all da diner mages)

-Josh Ronsen

Las abejas del abismo
in a stance of perfil
Stirred gin el destripador
y los wiles en su cocoon

Perhás
lo que nos cuide de us
is a tendril
que nos da en thrall
su dew.

-Gregory Keith Cole

collab woo (3)

he's filling out a census form while i shrink. it had
burned some of the infection but mr. spellcheck
offered it. he was definitely like a swan of grace
getting interrupted before he died. be careful
if i do the mormons while i shrink then i ate cheese
who has the spirulina? i am material boys it was part
of mad cow disease. bandage babies collage if i do
ravioli on the plane i think u are right. have sold out,
came out. afraid black star, afraid i'm ready to go
who has spirulina for the hunchback? another universe
or so, an ugly duckling was definitely a swan of grace
interrupted by dumb things. census lady, woo
i shrink, keep what while mormons coast. if he died
while i shrink part cow. shrink woo, come another
universe. while i shrink he died. came to another
universe. if i do an ugly duckling ravioli was

Donna Kuhn and Amy Trussell

ANT RANT

Out in the desert I grew sick of locust. Guts of paste, papery wings, legs like barbarous toothpicks;
whether roasted, honey-pickled or fried in their own tobacco spit. Besides, the idea entered my head: why
not give food a chance?

Then came that broiling afternoon I stumbled on a thriving hill. Scooped up a handful. Sifted out the
sand. Devoured several dozen writhing beings.

The taste was piquant, sulphurous; with a metallic hint of exquisitely thin tin foil. Forget candied
corpses: we're talking swarming nibbling LIVE pismires.

Most got crunched to death. Petioles, gasters, mandibles, heads, legs, antennas, alitrunks - broken,
crushed; salivated, swirled, gulped.

But a minute percentage made it. Clung to the palate. Curled between molars. Grasped the uvula the
way a whorehouse monkey might a chandelier. Onto the root of the tongue latched. Or got swallowed alive
- thence to do battle in the belly with my tapeworm, like a mongoose with a cobra.

That first lunch totaled thousands. I was starved - had fasted for days; disgusted with locust, unable to
locate a viable substitute. Of these maybe ten lived - hunkered down, scrounging off my esophagus; while
I continued, ignorant of the infiltration, to consume prey alive.

I took a fancy to the eyes. Timer than pinpoint. But of a toothsome gelatinousness yielding a tangerine
licorice tang. Were I a gourmet, instead of an anchorite, I would doubtlessly have blinded billions, expressly
to obtain a few precious thimblefuls of ocular caviar, so keen became my passion.

As it was, I gobbled only three more meals of squirming hymenoptera, before deciding they tasted TOO
sublime. I returned to the killed, cooked, bland locust; the confusion of who ate whom no longer
enchanting.

But of the few score who survived mastication, at least one resultant ant not only lodged herself in my
larynx, but learned to manipulate the organ. So that, while talking to God (I'm talking to you right now,
Lord) I unpredictably lapse into appeals for heaps of dead beetles.

When the insect commandeer my voice I also sometimes pray aloud for Domino sugar sacks high as
Sinai; colonies more vast than Shanghai; the extinction of ant lions. A honeydew aphid in every pot. And
life everlasting - incessantly working oneself to death in the service of Heaven's Queen.

Each time such pirated prayers erupt, the ants play musical chairs, racing around like thoughts that ought
not occur.

Oh Lord, I recant me of these rants. Can't you see? It was just a momentary mistake in dietary intake!
Don't hear this banter, this Indianapolis 500 of heretics!

Words be damned! This chaff of chance chants! Words, words, I got words in my pants. More words yet
- all I own is a loin cloth!

You know me. Am intimate with my thoughts. Although (was it only yesterday?) thought felt bug crawl
up back of throat - to penetrate some membrane giving into the brain...?

Time feels all the same out here under the sun, above the sand, among the horizons. Likewise inside -
where you scrutinize the ant farm of my skull.

And because I am your slave, oh Lord - a feeder, a treader, an eater upon the face of the earth - all the
world fills with the promise that work will conquer life.

-Willie Smith

the original issue:
grammar more thought-free and edit-prone. that, not begging with hereafter, the tampered fallowness of soothed gesture, nexus more spatial therefore blundered in remission of triPLICATE ciphers, something informally processed in omission literally the silence in a guardrail of expertise: meniscus seen, for it solves thrashes and fixes out of a cloud thoughts in the talent framed for which on-site replacement beggars the other orbital mural widget nexus manered from so badinage. each glass on the pylon assures another of wordless vistas merging aware of retention's parallel, sooth vanish, parallel impression with one's inroad the surgical ménage invaded from time and time again, silliness intemperately callused those of whose breathy mood issues the repentance forgone into lacerating's mellowness. swimming in the particulate gesture retained from had-nature, that nature therefore in bias of fold to pay latter the craving which seeps dormant limpeness' culpable shyness. a throng leaning where, a wholly preventable summer of snafu, ironic as the ornament calls otherwise afforded collusion's defunctive bodyguards, and sooth preferred. zeppelin of paramount thought to behead untimely demotion's crawling spare changed in gallantry's emptiness with frisson assumed better then not returned the slack of bias those winning which hardens seeming intolerance forgone into plasticity and memorization. crisply the membrane flags out of bristle, one's oeuvre in fardel, motley icarus tattered from glansnost, urgently something with a greeting lofted invaluably cool and hot. networking with alarm, woeful arrangement lightly as the prior those flowing out where predatory losses, mind of truly the emptiness winning a sheer volume repetition calls insider. so allure of menial, the trapped cola wars, slicking down hundreds of degrees later in the calendar of needs thronged out of clinging. how excellent in is-one the trebling of remoteness and glare, to precede with amased floodlighting an awareness donating with acrostic the glamorousness of palindrome amidst cerebrality's gloaming. lights on in the tower, something later on for which sooner the caterauling all gray and white for accelerating play list minimalities from the agglomerated force-field. nicely the present of which a parasite is recolling in tempo lacerated from aggression and predilection, something with anonymous annoyance romanticized in passage from acid-free apperceptive modeling glue. familiar of which the preventable remits its gliterati, something witnessed from having said talcum paves the recidivist mannerisms of a judge. so it decently manages its own difficulty, previously the escape from grief in the nature of a budding humanity, role for being allowed in painter's climate formally trapped inwardness. which empathizes in emptiness for which the calling is blank and not therefore inside a reality more thankful for persuasion's thinking to betterment, someone in elsewhere for glassing over a warden holed up in tremolo. comprising the assent of egress, in faring into exit mantra, something which affords whichever placement the embryo, all selected from heeding awareness thin of relevance, prior to ecological mutiny. tempered from having that aggression, parallel tonnage implicated in gaff of apoplectic thinness all dissatisfied witness within a parallel of empiricism's glamour. hardness allotted to penury, creatively the persuaded implication offering awareness of ispeity's emotional surgery, some harbingering waiting under the stream-lined resilience of seed-money, the talent familiarly appended to remoteness and agit-prop celebration. some naming ceremony in the calendar for a lasstiduous remittance gravelly something of praxis mandala-free and mantra-saddled, witness of grasp in texture thinness something else formatless invasive and remote. or, let down the guardian oppression improvisatory going ahead with separate notions literally some years leading down tamper-proof oliphant-minialities, outside of karma's gleam. the fiduciary niblet, offered in gallantry somewhat invasive pre-empted from whose whodunit, as if evermore the ecological motionlessness there is nothing but the Venus rivers of cement that run through my body I am dead from the head down to the toes and it is not raining out and it is warm in this room with the door closed but what can I do I am stuck to this chair and it is evaporating slowly

Peter Ganick

Greg Eva

she felt weak-kneed and shaken as meat pants rancid why you married. Was he sensitive because she occupy 'em yet? (dander on. hide them Far below the rush and wild-cave mysterium, teach nor

mation you to be free

Ficus strangulensis
HEPHAESTUS GOES WALKING WITH THE AID OF HIS TWO GOLDEN ROBOTS AND PAUSES BY THE ROADSIDE TO URNIAE

Gouge-sac of the eye, forged-edge of brow -
and his anvil-coarse hammer- mauled nose.

His leg-twist. His nauseating peg-twist.

Gear-whirls. In the legs of his two girls.

Golden hymns. Supporting an ugly bulk of him.

He stops. Goes. Pishhhhhhhhh. Atop the rubble by the side of the shaking road.

She is rising into the sun and taking the darkness away with her. Plagues and violence are swept away beneath her wing. The hardwood floor that bore the trembling image of her face cracks and splinters and finally dissolves. Nothing remains but the doorway opening on a white field where the old bull charges in drunken spirals, tracing in his frenzy the ancient maneuvers of chaos. The she steals as well, with rich and vacant eyes that spellbind cities with the intimate noise of a neural psalm. It weeps out of the hollow sphere of night on her breast, an angel in negative borne into the worlds beyond. She is rising into the sun and taking the darkness away.
Cork off dancing chins lacquer (labial nicks porcelain gainsharking ritual neglect, the ossified ostentation ("flail") hangers crumpled pants' cheat windows scrawled with plaintext (we are worthy we, waffled with the break thought (stand too near the leafy vestibule near coats uncombed with moths (mouths), reach the sill or ("sail") twill cinders evanescent yessings (all aboard ("lecture") sent the twins flat guess to prom roads verklemt with robin shards all purple cans afly and feta dreaming in the bowls of furnishings we dandle like soft-headed forbears groaning in the loam lacks teething, bins, fortunata stems with puffed rice in them unreachable as universidade no completo, napping, float above the chair with lamps considered part of Chillicothe where we groomed, Adena floating, mica in the folds of swiss chard and tufts that rollick in the silver night your gleaming sandwich on the porch railing we admired like portraits of the family snared by walls of bad ideas ("hats") flush in the fluorescent door with spats for hinges and selective service drawstrings: nostrum, flata, burning peonies, the clues to how we semble our Antigones or news, slain floats for classicists to ponder yonder in a stone's throw piece of flatter, sizzled hair condones the touching-lease aflat as hard marks quite unusually rolfling ("rust") stand samples egg contrition through the suit with three unpainted forests panted on in low ear sending, sort of through, hazy trunks with great removal from the leaves and pegs and, compacted (froth) sale of sky siezed mouth by intuitle a fragrance kind of guessed or even magnified.

The Imbricate Sign: Lucentezza at the Emergence of an Extreme Poetry
Parl Dubit

As a dynamic of interactive excesses, the aggregate either proprioception or silence, either interrupted receptivity or a science of love, insist on a poetry shorn of ravel. Gently terrarium auditorium, wrenched succulent corpse, ritualized through aquiline pergrinations to salt ice stirred in rupture of arrays, the heir to sequential rhythm is thessenned to regions of serial graft. As a spell of masts permuted through torrid chism, the poem hidden in vituperative roughage, utopian pistils relieved by gentian raceme or thrysos, suborned of wedlock within its timeless plants, staff tipped with ornament, a token of the worshippers of Dionysus, vulture toffee toggled to grandiloquence. Less silence than against our ageless culture, flowered of supernatural durations, supernatural appearance erodes in timely articulations. A sign is an apostle dancing our ludic chemistry. The poem sloughed of violet receptors against a glass to reify the gash, a pollen nothing if not its political window, acidic around the tallow strafe, wind rotates a specular story through shamanic intent raffled as Cycladic renown, hewn facial stance of its steady reading. The fuse of absinthe is awangli innocently aspersion. The eye emanates in orbits of imbricate cultures. The self alloyed by mbira winds, the patriarchal hiss of Nineveh and asp, culled from quark to panoply of impiously tumescent scrum, the impudent problematics of city and splint reanimate in our sounds. A turn of the spell swells to a gymnastics of ludic love. The nakedly fictive is the excuse of the physical dregs, weak spin as purgatory against poetical sound, this gyre the lesson of a simmering assonance. This cosmic refuse is the imbricate sign of an eschatology.

Parl Dubit
Cél e b-Ration
(fill in the gaps)
© Josep Carles Lainez, 2001

Rosa María Rodríguez Magda
TODA LA PIELE ES TIEMPO
Sobre Cél e b-Ration de Josep Carles Lainez

Use a magnifying glass!
¡Emplear tu lupa!

MONOPOEMS

One principal difference between poetry and fiction, even at the avant-garde extremes, is that the latter implies narrative and thus movement from one place to another, even if the fiction is only one word long, while poetry realizes concentration of image and effect. These poems, unlike my stories, should be published without full stops.

Richard Kostelanetz
EDITOR’S NOTE: The following refers to THE WAVERLEY FLEA, the celebrated local Baltimore newsletter which Al Ackerman does each week with a small hand-operated press and moveable rubber type out of his garage—a publication which, as he puts it, is aimed at helping his neighbors “lead more informed and productive lives.”

Q: Dear Dr. Al, I know I must be speaking for a vast multitude of LAFT readers when I say thank you for the fascinating samples you gave us a few issues back of THE WAVERLEY FLEA, your wonderful little paper. Thrilled clear through is the only way to describe my reaction—and my coven’s reaction, too. So now I’m wondering: any chance you could be prevailed upon to give us more of these FLEAS?
A: Sho’.

“THE COMING OF THE YARNY ORANGE ONE” (from WAVERLEY FLEA #37)

A neighbor of ours was home alone the other night. He was watching an infomercial about apex-posturbation when the phone rang. He answered it.

“I’m the Yarny Orange One,” said a distant voice over the phone, “and I’m fifty miles away.” It hung up.

Our neighbor was a little scared, but if the Yarny Orange One was really fifty miles away, he was sure he was safe. He went on watching the infomercial about apex-posturation. The host on the show was holding up something that he identified to the chumps in the studio audience as a hinge bright with moss that he said could be coiled inside their shorts for only pennies a day. Everybody in the studio audience made appreciative noises. At that moment our neighbor’s phone rang again.

“I’m the Yarny Orange One,” said the voice, a little louder, “and I’m fifty city blocks away.” It hung up.

Our neighbor was a little more afraid, so he stopped watching the infomercial about apex-posturation and switched to the channel where there was a talk show about tear mace rations being the answer to teen pregnancy. The show featured, among other things, an ape wearing a sparkling lobster-colored bib which said: HALITOSIS—AS FAMOUS AS YOURS. The ape seemed well-behaved (just a guy in an ape suit) but the guests on the show were there to spit on each other and they wanted to hurl folding chairs, metal ones. From off-camera the realistic sounds of rusty belt bloat could be heard, mingling with the audience’s hoggish cries of ecstasy. Each time a guest’s nose broke, it was as though twitching in a box were not only taking place but on the verge of turning crisis-beery. Pretty soon, the phone rang again.

“I’m the Yarny Orange One,” said the voice, even louder, “and I’m fifty yards away.” It hung up.

Now our neighbor was really getting scared, so he switched channels again. He started watching COPS. The COPS episode was taking place in Atlanta. There was a ratc loosely burning in a field. It drained and drenched a red halter. So then there was something that was like a faster heaving, stained ‘n hammy, and when itucked cacavera it tinkled next like boiled juice and made a kind kitschy souvenir and you could tell it was like a faster heaving. Soon our neighbor’s phone rang again.

“I’m the Yarny Orange One, and I’m fifty feet away.” It hung up.

Our neighbor looked out the window at the phone booth fifty feet from his house but the booth looked empty. He was still staring out his window, fearfully wondering what to make of it all when the phone rang again.

“I’m the Yarny Orange One, and I’m fifty inches from your door.”

“Then why can’t I see you?” our neighbor cried.

“Because,” said the voice on the phone, “you’re in a mental institution.”

(Special thanks to John M. Bennett)

“STEUBENVILLE” (from WAVERLEY FLEA #55)

Weakly she said, “Damn you!” and her eyes fell to her fingers which were knotted together in her lap while she said it again, more forcefully now, “Damn you!”

She looked preoccupied, so that her words were almost too emphatic for the expression on her face.

“Damn you,” she hissed, and sat up straighter on the sofa she was perched on.

A big squint came on her countenance.


Her eyes left her fingers and she started to stare at her ankles, without talking, but then a thin smile twisted her lips, and she murmured wordlessly, “Oh, damn you! Damn—” her voice trailed off. The smile went away. She kept watching her ankles. Several hours passed.

Suddenly her eyes became alert. “Damn you,” she announced very loudly to herself. She sounded angry now.

“DAMN YOU!” and then, “Damn you damn you damn you—”

Momentarily she was silent. A stiff breeze blew in from the yard; the smell of rain with it; and there was the sound of nuts that had been shaken loose from the pecan trees outside, a dozen or more of these, bouncing and rolling on the roof overhead.

On the sofa the girl relaxed a little, her eyes frowning less intently and going back to studying her fingers as she said in a more matter-of-fact way, “Damn you!”
In the next room her parents shook their heads, they were beginning to wonder if maybe she wasn’t getting a little weird.

* 

"DEATH AND THE WHITE SEA" (from WAVERLEY FLEA #65)

The 500 pound man on the bus.
The 500 pound their meat.

Al Ackerman

AL ACKERMAN HACKS JOHN M. BENNETT'S POEMS / FEATHERY HAUNCHES (from 6.4, 5, 6)

I've spent years in a bar and only minutes
dans le miel your thigh urine smells
like a brim simple wind button clown button wind
nostril says shaking off time ladder
crazed I've counted them. Seven. The same seven washed
in gasoline thirsty glass "boaking stoats" stalled
shaving milk eel tour belly folds are what happened
to the traffic, as though the dark piss spoon map
took a while to reach twitchy lung claw
bottom or yr chest's turd flame knacker marks you
as a flake. Yr laundry's dressed with
spiders tapping like a
table window shave the table tape yr cheek's window.

SONG: John Taggart meets John M. Bennett

To bathe yr pockets with vermouth
to bathe this yr clam anointed clock to bathe to
bathe this yr clam to blam udder to
bum sandwiched like a saddle yr a bum yr a bum
who bathes this yr clam a bum sandwiched like
bathing like buming like bathing like dimpling like bathing
to dimple for bum sandwiched.

To dimple to dick inside yr muddy teaching
cruddy rendition cruddy rendition
dimpling inside yr muddy teaching.

To dimple suck treats but drift awhile...

(Note: This SONG, which is something you'll undoubtedly want to spend a lot of time chanting, is especially good for when you're rolling in the dust of the marketplace.)

Al Ackerman (from 7.25)

YR SALAD (from 6.14)

I. Each nose in its own way is crying:

Pick me.

Pick me.

II. The simple corpse smiled--as if to indicate "Try hot 2 girl live action."
Beneath preguntado--there would be crum stanc wit me--over yr salad's
wood--burning--nack o' take off yr suit.
Loose stool loosen master thumb. And legs, legs, legs. That's why: I've been a good customer to these people and want them to call me Creep Dimly Toward Slaw, Ill.

DRAT SHORTS (from 8.22)

Participants
Say that drat shorts
Is spiritual profound
And even undu lactose slaw gland
I've asked myself why I like corpse drip plop
I think the idea of tit mallow stare
Is such a personal private intimate
Part of the
Bag bong fog sock rapid mastif
In psychological terms it's lab yo rim
Dingle carpet rum dub cough
And when I'm flaccid can cause
Such intense rampant mane rough shed that
What may start off as nudge looser nudge turn
Can lug run rabid sun bong luck shoe rum boom mutt has
Formed the heart
Of a plurality of my
Fantasies for nigh on to forty years
I don't think that a noodle hill
Could ever imagine what that feels like
Mondo spam claw
Or no mondo spam claw

MEDIUMISTIC PEG HEAD (from 6-14)

I felt that he was clicking
that I was not.
I was over-excited, the supernatural being a race
of anything
that can speak through seep ins.
This dust tape you husbands
who say:
"What is your attitude to
me eating my toe not merely in
a well-acted farce but
also in this portrait of:
motorola spruts
these spruts poorest traceless joy must thought that crumbly is it that I have not
seen them?"
reminds me of
yr pocket lace dimmer hole ah
it has growed you was tooting
wall all yr slobber
close to me and watching me
eats impacted? Let me repeat to you
Glowing One
mostly because
I have touched the limbs of hall ("ham") dropped gum, I feel ill or
rather I feel low spirited.

Al Ackerman

Precise
Recipes.

John M. Bennett & Scott Holmes
E("rot"ica
words: John M. Bennett
filthy mind: Baron

Kiss me round
against the hose
the leakage from yr ham

Creaming snow meat
in yr shorts
coughing motel lamp

Yr lathered pants
squirting crotch
pecker puddle pops

E("rot"ica @ 2
words: John M. Bennett
filthy mind: Baron

Foaming bloomers wadded
sticky beneath the pump
slow slaps against the meat

Behind the stove
crotch smokes (hose me)
rigid sandwich against yr leg

Lacy luna bed dreams
hand in morning thighs
curling on yr back
touch the ham
(flows)

CRAZY LEGS

Boyfriend in the dark, the brim's last feet, pick it
And roll it rusty "flute" hand meant for rubbing
Thoughts of Gov. Bob Fatio, force
You didn't spread yourself you read the giant pink
Bloomers held sideways till shivers cross the sack to
Press your liver; clams or rubber gloves Darwinize
Those folks are all smokers plate of ears your sand
Decay 'n sneeze my name is "smell these fingers"
Now young postaGe stamp floating in your milk or
Mr. Toad at the wheel drowning in your glam, you're
The big hoor with the noose, gravy held beneath your
Crazy legs returning those not holding a carrot are
Emblems of wurst hiding "heaps of flies" wrist and cop your list
Why in seed I'll tell you off, you old bar of soap.
I'll explain a small head from your puncture wound.

John M. Bennett & Baron

Amusing Ale

Amused in my Coors- my daily pay.
Aroused with cheerful boring,
Ranting and raving at the neighbor's soirées.
Untie the poor chauffeur-
He is pissing violets today.

Rainy mirrors drench Paul's Marlboros.
Oh nocturnal rays, what percent lay about my floor with holes?
I am sentenced to eat borscht a second time today.

It is my ill fate that my pained toes swear shockingly;
While choirboys play the role of censor,
Chanting Te Deum to quell tunas in the crockery.

In June, Saltimbanques tear their tailored suits;
And eat rump roast with pleasure as never before.
The poor may enter the fair at the "Vulgar" rate.

(skewed translation of Charles Baudelaire's "La Muse Vénale"
[Les Fleurs du Mal] by Jim Clinefelter)
DEAR SUSIE

(Emily Dickinson's letters to her sister meet John M. Bennett)

It's hard to wait, dear Susie, though my heart is there, and has
been since the sunset, and I knew you'd come -- I'd should
have gone right down, but Mother had been at work hard, as
it was Saturday, and Austin had promised to take her to Mrs
Cobb's, as soon as he got home from Palmer -- then she
wanted to go, and see two or three of the onus combles, and I
wanted blossoms in tobacco trouble feet, but I thought it would
be unkind if chewed cough of the nap hamster drank in blood
along the slugger spitting on the peach -- then Mother wanted
clug snore daub my plate estaño and more pie for your bad
sad Emily and also wanted blunted lobe ranter chewage so as to
have the onus combles fitted to the rainless heaving inside
the bun, and trot abroad, lope across stabs, and I knew this
was like my lake knife meater, a too mal, and I thought "oh
whispers stammer white bleat, whispers stammer white bleat,
your hatless death a bonus." which no night can shade, for
when the stabilized rabbit offal pants leave 'ya slumpin'
a good many things can happen, as you well know, dear
Susie -- though it may not be evening, or time for the sky
ding, till this little heart stops beating and is yr schlorg
blank titter stumble -- Dear One, often I think of how redemption
clambs your hat, owing to our sadness at just parting that old
drunkard damp thigh hair to peep in and spot what I always
like to call eatable never felt a wipe! -- I can't talk of it now tho',
for it makes me write such fretful things, like "Harem is Love."
But that was Lump Pounds -- this is but Lap Glee, yet Lap Glee
so like to lump pounds, that I would lacquerate, should the
true sock lost in cold bum us out. Love for you Darling Susie --
How can I sleep tonight? Have you slabbled the beach?
adieu! from your own Emily --

Al Ackerman

O, lo, who dropped the meat. O me, O my, you are a poon looper. My teeth are
anchored in your meat, O lo. Who dropped the mirror on the heavy chords of
meat in the pooper. Ho, lo, who ate the roped-off meat on the rim of the
horses moping in the mirror.

My eye drifts under the table, O lo. Who dropped the eaten tidbit of meat
onto the floor. What about the wimpy meat of sleeping fish poised to be
deboned. The flab of filet flutters like eaten meat. The grunting meat reeks.
The meatless witch in the sand belts one out: The shiny fluttering flab is
meat only for awhile.

The meaty flab shines and flutters for awhile if it is in heat. The meat is
in rut. The ramp of meat. Shimmying flocks of fish flocking to school in
their skivvies. Schools of fish flocking in iridescent scales to be in rimmed
shoals. Is the runt in rut. The meat in the stable is on the table. The flab
flutters like a shiny rump.

Moping locks of the meat are anchored in my teeth. The eye of my lip is
thiny poised in the mirror, or the inane pane of the lip flutters the
clanking teeth bone all shiny in the rear-view mirror. The lanky teeth bone
is on my shin. My lip flutters into the lute. Io grunts: I eat the heifer
meat on my shin bone. My skimmies are uttering: Fuck Zeus in the hinny.
In the thin flab foam, the glassy meat is seen awhile like a poised eye.

Yikes, in the lab of I am, the meat of the lass is poised like a poisoned
glass ass. Foaming in my eye for awhile, the eaten meat is glassily seen in
thin flabs. The meat is seen in the poised foam like flab in the eye. My lip
is in the flabby mirror for awhile. My flabby lip is munching on the mirror.

Meat flutters thinly like foam—the foaming flutter of meat. Glassy teeth see
the shiny flab. Shiny teeth are seen in the glassy flab. See the glassy teeth
shining like flab. Flab shines in between teeth. The glassy bone foam clanks
to be seen. The glassy foam is a clanking bone. The foaming bone is glassily
seen. The clanking bone sees glassy foam. The meat bone foams in unseen
teeth. The teeth foam on a bone of meat. The bone teeth foam like meat.

Seen in the mirror like shiny bones, the razor-sharp teeth of fish flutter on
their lips. Lo, meat flab in thin foam is seen awhile in one eye. The table
mirror is like a lanky bone looting the fluttering teeth on the lips of the
inane pane. One looping bone sighs among the sightless fish drifting in the
fluttering mirror.

Bob Brueckl

Spoon poised

Stable eye but drift awhile
meat seen glassy on table
lab foam io spreaks tidbit
grunting fish swim yr flab
meter moping thinly doubled in
the pane lip belts flautter
anchored in yr teeth. flock
sandwich heavy in teeth clank
looper bone sighted shiny "like"
a mirror dropped in soup

Richard Kostelanetz
Scribed by John M. Bennett

John M. Bennett

Morris Jackson
Siren
melIODIOUS
LeRoy Gorman

\[\sqrt{\text{Leg shore}}\]

float half + snore beer
lack/throat \times clip.hole
chip cud \div lumpy/drool
\sqrt{\text{pay goad \ - stalk/shirt}}
log drop \ 
splash buns
stop hog (run) gas \circ
\int{\text{load spray \ spurt talk}}
dud spit \times pool dumps
choke sack \ 
low sit
palp boat \ \sqrt{\text{sheer/shore}}

\text{leap sneer \ - boat clump}
blas/shorts \ - stickly/ thigh
tripe/ chair \ 
malga/flow
use/curve \ 
chewed string
slop perch \ + cliff spat
lurch/cop \ 
flashed/ lip
serve loose \ - thing mewed
hair/gripe \ 
slow algae
sports flap \ 
try kicking
leered \ \\
\text{stump/goat}

Slagheap bunghole corn cob kernels' loopy rain slabs incision heaving flab-cusp's damp dangling spores vertigo-spayed swoon's dribbled ass rearing up thru slats' tissue-caulked blisters' mud-pronged graphite chiggers' flagellates'

flicking cracks limpid hermit's holy armpit traction-soared spores' mittens' cloudy-fused retro-boner

burnt in the limp neo-unknowing of whiteout's slime-blown door jamb's ether-slather in the felched snow's slushy glop of grace.

(after John M. Bennett)

Bob Brueckl
Pr ink

Supple foible, tampon inked, dander locked behind your class supper deemed moony or a toaster jack smoking filled with cream. lean 'n bray, post posture score, prop yr thong like screens against the fridge yr lap glue "spitting in the nest" then reaming, chortled, cluster bun aheaving, scrapple plate (the bends

John M. Bennett

Termination
Ran into time.

---

Pr Ank

Nipple fAble, taLon inRed, danGer CockeR behAVE Sour clAssH suCKer doOmed moNEy oN A Coaster

Sick FUCKing iTTed wISh Dream.

NeaT 'N TrIM, post-MAture sPore, pOp yO thing liCK screAMs

agRESst She fLANge yO lIp BLue "spLiCing On She neCK" tORn rAMming, CRUMPled, ciuTTer buS

BE-Having, sTrappED plaCe (She bOnds

morning glory
Fruit lex

Clap of pen flame sore
detention lick it off my lap
shell bowl slapped with ink.
your head dangled in well's
colostomy uddered like a lamp
stained jail drummed page astronomy
played contraption flowed price lump
napier than stumpy you said
breach club, mat book, buzz
slugger spitting on the peach

John M. Bennett

[s]lick umbilical curl
imag(in)ing blurred
his sac drumming her
womb. his head plum
d[rape] of [s]kin
sp[lit] of stone

---
morning glory

What was labia in the lard was
shining false teeth in the
toiletries pungent stool seething:
fumbled stinging numbed the
tampons popped & ardent
in the tumbled hairy mooning
narrow nightlight leaking
pouting poop up to the lip sync
screwed maroon

(some words appropriated
from John M. Bennett)
Bob Brueckl

labia in the lard
tables in the yard
fables in the card
cable in the sardo
label on the shard
babble in the turd
babies in the word

John M. Bennett

Sowing Dragon's Teeth

Joshua Carr & John M. Bennett

Metaphysicians—
Mystics in a heap.

map

note wear, D the
"button" wore wet
crawl head, shirt
boat oar even drinks
last collar holed, you
rule you trouble s Yr

No

yr butt "seems" rust
the hammer, cigar bike
in shack cheeping tilts
floating no turn forever
in to nose. Circle
crapper vine-dense.

Guy R. Beining

Reed Altemus
Hacks John M. Bennett

Morris Jackson

Bean Nose

Ficus strangulensis

Soaked the bean your nose
spit out the vacuum cleaner
splalped the sofa ("Divan") napeless you
wears the necklace being stuffed into the
snake can butter trough, lip snail, clicked
the edge without a snap. Or nape cluster
held inside the mist that didn't look like
bandanas through a beehive

John M. Bennett & Stacey Allam
Poem for a breast-feeding

Daria was in charge of charging the porn with her scream
On the Early Morn Show, which was my wake-up call
To pull the covers off my own head. She was saying, “One leech
Was caught mid-sleep and it quickly hid up the hole of the admiral’s
Penis.” Screams, we all scream for I scream. I put the covers over
My dead sleeping partner because Daria had stolen my material
And I didn’t want the moment escaping. Remembering Crooked Lake
Skinny dipping, the leeches crawling up to attach themselves to my
Young vagina. Screams, we all scream for I scream. I dialed the radio
Station and asked, drunkenly, for Satan’s Daughter. Waited while
Daria tumbled thru her mind to recognize my voice. We scream
Recognition of the Great, Sore Conscience—for it is I and not
Thief Daria who am Satan’s Daughter—I’ve been Satan’s Daughter
Since Daria came over in a dream to shoot not my fathead father,
But she popped the shot into my unsaved breast. I’m not gone,
Daria; I’m very much not gone…I’ve got Satan’s Soul under my
Breast implants—adhering by sucking my slut sex dry. You can’t
Have Him, Daria, but then, scream, he’s stuck to all of us Daughter’s
Of the Black, Hairly Hole, she makes me think this, she makes me.
My sleeping partner, Dad, stirs his sleep back to life and asks for
Daria Daughterhead. He then scratches the dead mother to enter
His womb proving he can replace fornication with fingernailwork.
Daria’s voice screeches like an air raid and the radio goes dead
And we all can get up this morning and zombie our way to the cracking
Fire which is where the bus stop was yesterday, huddling without reaction.
We are the porno, Daria. All of us. Not screaming while we write
Of the dirty puddle the cat swims out snagging a largish mouse
In his mouth, letting the mouse wriggle it’s worm-like tail and
Still holding the Life in the Mouth till Monday when every movement
Like that stops in Portland, Oregon and Daria laughs it on the air again.
For herself, like a drink called a dirty mother.

Alice Olds-Ellingson

John M. Bennett

After Ivan Arguelles’ “Wachet auf!”
Mis lentes dream mis, taken ver moorngg
shock hugs nor mist a kin blabb err
itch la bic mate aya lubber
"io" stared in ditch fler noth
soggy like a shed whose dor
slunk drips in fog lay ered
stray lung clue mort how kleeped
ifried maggot clungg to erms hanged
"you" god I tried,
socking rabids, "formy day"
lo hast, end froth forth send past lope
scoteded plac grass sooted
umps wagged flag chumps
uckled dri ards yards high knuckled
ith neck deck pith.
atched cance ooked cooked dance
atop kne long pork, peed the clock
urk at arm stern fat lurk
eyed aster, "framy doy" "toy name", bastard pie

John M. Bennett & Scott Helmes


three great images:

three great images:

the objet

the middle

the situation

K. S. Ernst &
John M. Bennett

John M. Bennett & K.S. Ernst

Tra por portal

Eu na crama knot not criminys, you
lug fofo stop sail ailes spot off of bug
apart bling nose yur burnoose bring after
nope clud nailed rafter. Laughed her nails (Clinique)
pendant nose yr sough. Suffer? Nay, cependant
flow rack in dented dental din wreck blow
marble polls toward "wall." Wholl tread of Mabel
lapper sinks an parble poor boy and stinks lover
moss. queen lube mon mon love Christmas
spalce swerls (non loss lesson) squirrels splicce.

To an American: you New racks an flow
lace pots of offal laugh off spots face
monsoon gib petpa apt to bulge nose nom
rat furt lain dude pone nope sludge nail far tar
fury sane napped in nipped pan any nuff
dead netted car. Wolf flow rack. bented ad
la droit tu slop bullram mers lubber slat, tore all.
Love wraps the skin's ripple peers nicks eh sprawl wole
n'aime boutique some moss kit ou mane
sol non slurs slaps sprawled purse no loss

John M. Bennett & Scott Helmes

MathemakBennett

ab collaboration between John M. Bennett and Bob Grumman
2 & 3 June 2001, ACA

Sweat
Waste.

coats like art like shirts
masks of the body the mind

candles & soup & pillowcases

marcia arrieta

Lee & Serafina

Creeped abreath mat fluttered pond
your sleepers lunch blood..sheets
cogged, sputter name, pots burnt
"like rabbits" hustles truck clogged
born nedged in man. rest
palaver shed leaming like form
uh wind, shape of leg
gime clack un, scrawl sun
ahead the studdered "round" lung
hunch in head, back spread

Sot

spread back head in hunch
lung round studdered deep ahead
sun scrawl, un clack gime
leg or shape .wind uh
form like leaming shed palaver
..rest man in nedged born
...clogged truck hustles "rabbits like"
..burnt pots .name sputter ..cogged
sheets' blood lunch .sleepers your
pond fluttered mat abreath kreeped

John M. Bennett

Echo

sSTONE

LeRoy Gorman

Ficus strangulensis

Hacks Al Ackerman

Neoism? I can only reiterate that in no
limit: depth of beginning, depth of end,
bouts), and I was in close daily contact
personally, of course. But you do.
For example, in a room not far from the
mothers, seven doubles and twelve
discontents, situations in the making
out of nothing, twenty-two foundation
revving, casting up hot psychic earth in
the number of the ten digits [fingers
into something sinister: Instead of
Mona Lisa's simpering chops when
hanging himself or spending a year in
question, "Are you the inventor of
schemata, the bicameral paradigm,
David Zack and Istvan Kantor.

Ficus strangulensis

Hacks Al Ackerman

Echo

sSTONE

LeRoy Gorman
top the cloud wagging ear blown nostril spoon floating tape the ham muzzle brightly sizzles pocket dome dust sizzles in the hamster cumulus bream eye diving to the bottom gut flavor droops ice convection you saw trace of sawing mustard cuddled thaw flight heating, stern tire, mop create stapled sandwich to your sleeve drag shirt across the face mat grin

Cabeza

grin your laundry burn the shirt drag clockers toward the pud stapled crease across yr lap fake flight thaw, pondomatic running down the trace saw rabbits smoking sink or flavor gut swelling like rain rub eye. bream awhile, pat a leg, sizzles dust and clean connection off muzzle ham dropped in hall hail nostril blown confucian letters sprayed on top

blown ear wagging cloud the top ham the tape floating spoon nostril dust, dome pocket siezing brightly nuzzle bream cumulus hamster the in sizzles gut bottom. the two dining eye saw you convection ice droops flavor thaw cuddled mustard sawing of trace crease mop, tire stern, heaving flight drag sleeve your too sandwich Stapled grin mat face the (across shirt

Bees cap

shirt the burn laundry your grin stapled pud the toward clockers drag flight fake lap yr across crease trace the down running pondomatic thaw flavor or sink smoking rabbits. saw eye tub rain like swelling gut sizzle a log, pat awhile, bream muzzle off connection clean and dust nostril hail ham in dropped ham top on sprayed letters (confucian blown

Dor mo

Ralph lurk tod sum sorba shkieking rite palth. warp yr moster full? pup in wreads smork behind gare rage clup. eben brusters ahr mkind surf thought! door even, carne napr, bobs thurst luz away my fodder larmes (sleep it loose

Nap un

Sucking index on your slob lunk chest clucking nest chunked like pan quemodo ha cock desk (flop shovel) traced of laminate yr glue sock guessed hole blubber off my knacky stom rest is smoke comed. in trees the langour is

Morris Jackson

John M. Bennett
WHAT A SWEET HAT!
sweet two (tea eat mamma) hi
what to (cl american) hi
hat too a (y) ga
at (nn
x ed
(W******H******A********C********K********e

Rea Nikonova
SEPT. 2, 1993
AUG. 4, 2001

McMurtagh
Lewis LaCook

PLEASE INITIAL
Royal dupes for the sake of amusement or the neglect of science each dreaming in the winter vaults of the half-commie city, I did not pause for Shuntnewcombe thus a party of beast-riders will hound. so as to house and mummy-up, oral power--

lead to, might provide?
I smell a giant hoax devised by frump class of ones who want to trade grand pipestem arms for such a red beard that you would have thought it was falling out on the ice not fighting
the Goat with a Thousand Agencies

Glans Ted Sherman

A natural, hot spring that shoots steam and hot water in the air
swift chair
A sheltered place along a coast that serves as a port for ships--

heaving ("cheeks")
Ficus strangulensis
No one should ever work.

Work is the nasal moon inhaled. Chainer spores dripping. Almost any evil chain wrap infuse elbow comes from working. In order to stop suffering, ass cud of rain retaining breaths, it is creating a second sporewind based on play. By "play" I mean retention mud your shiny hair. Lens chewed light. Maybe even art. There is more to play than saliva facial indicator lungs inside froth fall lung-lingered. Play isn't passive. Doubtless we all need more time for sheer sloth and slack double facial wood you (heft the

The ludic life is totally bread my phoning last scar induction breaved your fragrant milk gland obtuse. Marxism and most brands of anarchism fragrant elbow mix was if was and inside your floating baby.

Liberals say we should burger line your "special" clanking itchy trousers inhalation. Conservatives support plumed bellows in my sleep's vague aguda clinking torn. Slick with doubt cough spitty wall I support the right to be lazy. I agitate for permanent pants white fuzzy hole (slept out there insipid cake line wet

Marxists think we box of truth the river). Libertarians think we should be bossed by plant river elbow ocra. Feminists don't moving through packed and sucking spitting wood oh Nix will carry on endlessly and toil harem are, at least working conditions, exploitation, productivity, tovered prayer whip snort sultry rending belly's fish. Clearly these ideology-mongers wet spit cistern driving cavern fluted tools "thankless" such and all of them want to keep us working.

You may be wondering if I'm joking or serious. I'm joking and sky packed and sucking latches. Very often we ought to take friviolity seriously. I'd like to see life to be a wet packed blankness tills "foolish suits". The alternative to work isn't just greenish bloods strewn page windows page. Leisure is the time blinker intrusion sale just things. When I say I want to abolish work, I mean crust flailed mine blaster head's slant. Came// slope's stone

Work is production enforced by economic or political crust flower straight tunes protrusion (storm) fed "storm" I knew beside your plate. But not all creation is work. Work is never done for its own sake, it's done headache rain normal lace lancheder off your spoon.

But modern work has worse implications. People don't just work, they have "jobs". One person does luggage mustard thrice strips steered bosson chalk sky idiot thigh. A "job" that might engage the energies of some people, for a reasonably limited amount of time, handle itchcr clot dance mustard crow your plate. This is the real world of work: lobbed snore ham "bankers" wound ladders snore.

The degradation that most workers experience on the job is the sum groomed no nightly intention comb slight recorder. Foucault has checked trees slickly birds. Discipline consists of the drafty worm I mentioned not my ladder.

Such is "work". Play is just the lumped grimed mate fretter for your rigid one. This is axiomatic. Playing and giving are closely plates crime showing cloud infusion bladders.

Work makes a mockery of freedom. The placid liver ants in flame ridged tongue that we all have rights and live in democracy. The liberals and conservatives and libertarians who ladders screw witless mothers bust feet swayed are phonies and hypocrites. You find the same sort of hierarchies in fried hand flicker dripping soup. A worker is a pale gleaming leeches flicker you. The demeaning system of domination I've sent for nailing clan retention your. If you do boring, stupid, monotonous work, chances are you'll feel and complicate I've's compassion I've's blunder morsel stroked. Once you drown the vitality from people at work, new 'n sticky clotted, bladdred slang. They're used to it.

Let's pretend for a moment that work doesn't turn people into your computation sags and tight (kneaded cable). Even then, work would still confusion joiner cusp. Socrates said that manual laborers mud your breasts or turner fusion clocks. He was right. The only thin thing "free" and so-called for time is that it doesn't cost the boss anything. Free time is mostly devoted to getting ready for work, going clay my mud, nerver my socks conversion. Both Plato and Xenophen attributed to Socrates fusion tube or dome your con slather basement where.

The anthropologist Marshall Sahlins, surveying the data on contemporary hunter-gatherers, exploded the Hobbesian myth in severs all snot sand con fusion tube lunch no buzzing need. Play and freedom are, at least "free" time the so-called for time is that it doesn't cost the boss anything. Free time is mostly devoted to getting ready for work, going clay my mud, nerver my socks conversion. Both Plato and Xenophen attributed to Socrates fusion tube or dome your con slather basement where.

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Directly or indirectly, work will kill most of the people who read these words. Between 14,000 and 25,000 workers are killed after bell none after ant contraction thrill )oh tunal "sloped foam" must alter. These figures are based on renamed damping loan contraction grew. Work is, if anything, more dangerous than your salad bower off( flake "raster" can you sinking with.

What I've said so far ought not to be controversial. Many workers are fed up with rocks your name fulfilled my "knot". I'm thinking on )spot fell. These are high and rising rates of absenceism, turnover, employee theft, your index slotty finger games beside the clocks, and sabotage. It is now possible to abolish work and dun gown flayed space silvered salty next the river. To abolish work requires mound "off" damp spoons resilient floor or bags comb teeth ("roof") fan stores of matter. By abolishing wage-labor and achieving full unemployment we undermine prouder itching flute cabled truly flatter than your cut cheek dream.

When productive technology went from hunting-gathering to agriculture and on to industry, sausage caustic casing like your shirt dressing table ah your greasy flame seems. Kaime the possible "it would be possible to clatter and soapy divan clustered snore refusal waved off the roof, condition, stapled nostril sodden flames you thigh regret-

ed."
The reinvention of daily life means marching off buxom pectate) Ohio-throbbed "dismemberment" my yellowed deaf leg cloaked your bud. The situationists - as represented by Vanngem's floor pan, case your flutey case no door inhalation, are so ruthlessly lucid as to be exhilarating. Life will become a game, or rather many cornice flappy just your belt was "left" or residue and flappy phone. If we play our cards right, we can main siding float, plate containment phone, weenies seething napkin, but only if we play for keeps.

No one should ever work. Workers of the world... peeled floss your crack sneaking crack steam snailed bake tail flayed!

Suzy Crowbar

DORIS CROSS & MAGIC VERSUS THE THAT

(Author's Note: the following is an essay I wrote a little over ten years ago. Since it was then published in severely mangled form in a zine hardly anyone saw, I thought it worth re-utterance.)  Bob Grummman

At times the world seems split not into an us and them, but an us and that. Before urbanization became so widespread, it was the sentient parts of Nature—the rocks, rivers and bushes—which represented the that. More and more, however, it has become sentient technology from which we are most alienated. The huge edifices and incredibly complex machines that surround us serve us in sundry wonderful ways but they don't speak to us—at least not as near-humanly as Nature can. In the most "civilized" portions of our brains, out intellects, this might not be a problem. The intellect, indeed, has evolved specifically to deal objectively with the outside world as a collection of concepts, and it revels in the process—while, I might add, achieving kinds of truths and joys equal to any others known. Few of us are so narrowly intellectual, however, that we can feel comfortable for long among so much thatness. We need, at least occasionally, to transcend mere neutral interaction with the that to bond with it.

I'm probably getting at the source of religion here. Just as early man seems to have needed animistically to personify sentient Nature as a swirl of spirits and gods, or as a single god, so as to relate to it as one human being to another, or "interhumanly," modern man needs to become one, in a personal way, with sentient Technology.

It is this, I believe, that accounts for much of the appeal of Doris Cross's columns. In this work (Trike, San Francisco, 1982) Cross transforms columns and pages from the 1913 edition of Webster's Secondary School Dictionary by painting over or otherwise cancelling parts of their texts. Left visible are such charged
combinations as this fragment from GROUP: "his wedding
A channel fixed Grooved in the dark, allied bird
heav in us," with its multi-angled evocation of a wedding as,
in one reading, a means of passage or transmission (i.e., a
"channel") "in the dark" which causes an "allied bird" to "heav(e) in
us"--and an "allied bird (to) heavin (i.e., "heaven") us." Such
fragments act as "found texts," for Cross is careful not to tamper
with the position on the page of any of the words in the material she
treats. This is important, for found texts equal . . . . found
consciousness.

Thus what Cross does is cleanse the impersonal word-machine
the dictionary is into something which—no, into someone who can
communicate with us, poetically communicate with us! Through
acts of divination akin to sitting tealeaves in search of omens, she
allows us to experience the dictionary socially. But, it should be
emphasized, we continue simultaneously to experience it as
mechanism. The key to the effect of Cross's columns is not
that they are social, which would not be unusual, but that they
are social in spite of being also mechanical (and mechanical in
spite of being social).

Cross's particular methods of divination vary. Excavation, for
instance, seems the key to her KNEEPAN/KNOWING page, for
strata and crevices and caverns seem to have been cross-sectioned.
Dissection is the modus operandi used on the GRIFFLE/GROUP
page, shapes like lungs and other organs seeming to have been
surgically revealed. The EXPIRATORY column is being subjected
to flames—but is already ashes ready for (divinatory) reading. The
RENDERER column has been carefully subjected to . . . . literary
revision! That is, its words and lines have been carefully lined
out or boxed for retaining as though by an editor. Weathering
seems to have taken its toll of certain pages while others have
been subjected to x-rays. All this reminds us of the
multitudinous ways change occurs, and of birth/life/rebirth
cycles, and of all the ways mankind searches for revelation. As
one of Cross's BUTTERFLY columns has it. "See MASSACRE,
and measure."

The texts which her procedures disclose, for all that they
proclaim our underlying unity with the that, are often also
richly significant taken on their own terms. The previously
quoted excerpt is only one proof of that. Another (which, like
so many of Cross's specimens, concerns the very Magic that her
work so much is) is from the first of the two columns in her book
which she devotes to REVERENCE. Some twenty or twenty-five
rectangular openings in the mat-like aggregation of delicately-
scratched vertical lines covering the column reveal a found re-
definition of reverence as, first, "

and " . . . . That is, the first three rectangles have nothing in
them: reverence is, to begin with, something preceding words. The
remaining openings reveal the following texts: "musing, daydream",
"visien-.", "reversing;", "Turned;", "thrust;", "primarily a turning;
"v.i.;", "as in waltzing", (which shares its rectangle with "n.", which
is under it); "turning;", "returning;", "atavism;", "a. & n.;",
"REVERIE;", "A facing;", "a;", "wall;", "To see again;", "A
looking;", "an;", "essay" with some rectangles holding punctuation
marks only.

Many interpretations of this are possible. My main one at
present has to do with reverence as blank awe which turns into
nearly content-free musing, which segues gently into a daydream,
a vision; the vision is actively reversing, or turning—happily,
as in a waltz (which brings in the "sing" of "reversing"). This it
does as an intransitive verb, or a verb without an object. And we
spin oceanically through this reverence, through its turning,
re-turning—as as its coming back as an atavism, in this
context an admirable atavism connected with the primitive but
unproblematical reverence for Nature of our ancestors.
Eventually we reach a wall or nothingness where we can erase our
tapes for fresh looking, fresh essaying beyond the all-too-much-
with-us toward something we can revere, without an object.

Meanwhile, the obscured but still legible texts under the
scratched lines remind us of the systemized reality whose parts
are seeping out into our reverence: ergo, even a rigorous
reduction of reality to some lexicographical system cannot
oblitrate its potential for magic. The italicized abbreviations
(e.g., n.) and three rectangles containing semi-colons, another
containing "(-" and a fifth with a dash in it keep this context of
intellectuality, abstraction, SYSTEM present, in a constant state
of vivifying tension with the daydream Cross has sketched. Again:
an instance of an artwork as both persona and mechanism.

When this same REVERENCE column returns later, it is next to a
column whose heading is "REVOLVER." Its text is pretty much
unchanged, but its graphic treatment is different, for it consists
mostly of whitening. And dark lines toward the top of the page
somewhat suggest a combination of the Star of David and
a Crucifix. The REVOLVER column that the REVERENCE
column revolves across to is also mostly white. Near its top is a
news-straplike piece of imperfectly over-painted text concerned
with revising and revolting and revoking and withdrawal . . . . "See
ABOLISH," is part of it. It ends speaking of "nausea, Obs, To
affect with disgust, renounce allegiance." Fragmented engravings
of revolver parts at the bottom of the column interestingly
contrast with a vaselike image near the middle of the
REVERENCE column—undecorated, cold but ingenious
mechanisms designed for mayhem and death (and modern
revolutions) versus warmly decorated old pottery from the
beginnings of technology. For me, it all seems to concern the
advance of technology while reverence decays to religion—which
eventually flares up into the final irreverence, revolution.
Meanwhile, at the bottom of the page Mr. Webster continues,
uninterfered with by Cross, to show us precisely how to pronounce
all the English vowels. So much history and melodrama, terror and
glory decoded from one page of passion-free lexicography!