

James Sanders

Interrobang Nocturnes

The Future

What does it mean for anything to be optional?
lubrication through a pronged absence
or the future with all its chins
I'm getting under McNugget covers
because when you ride in the
car you always adjust your
seat there is a pack of mints
you find yourself alone
around the extender, the affirmation
and removal of tattletale footage
intimate anthems clung
with an identity in it
still sleeping in its bed
and its still there.

The night-colored McNuggets pose
you always adjust your
floater in your odored
pose next to a lair-brained
substratum. Nuance muck in cloistered spiracles
the next time do not have snuck in
as an absent photograph
of loafing the water
split among various selves
as soon as possible
close to a closed surface
I'm getting under McNugget covers

that I am a rose in
identical people too who food tastes differently
through an impersonal tunnel un
certain with removed jive, that
I'm mine each time the mechanism clouds up
masking it gradually in the basement
still seeping in an imaginary pumpkin in place of a head burning
with mints nobody can in their figures
be there in their fingers' figures
like a shift in realism of the weather which
Kenny Chesney can take his shirt off in
like a statue with the genitalia kicked in enough
to be illegible in aspect only
someone must have noticed
in long shakes
until it becomes so specific
that it cannot be mitigated from the tense
where you always adjust your
immediate matter from there
and its still there.

Someone noticeably limbers the umpfing of details
that someone playing among the space bars when
they are the color of the
immediate matter from there
through an impersonal tunnel un
certainly branching where it does
not matter enough to them. Life
as an impersonal tunnel
with an additional application
examines each other
for more than anyone
from outside the tunnel
with a hair that comes in
from the cold and the
combination bonus. From each of them
as liquored up figure skaters
around the extender, the affirmation
that you belong in the faun line
with one of unlimited source detours
with an identity in it
that dishwasher-safe dishes are unable to remind
country singer with sad fro and fat legs
on the edge of mindless black water

walking willingly into the wide black
prosthetic arm sparkling from fantastic
lines to be believed, soon in TV-colored drizzle
as an absent photograph
including someone who looks like someone
who knows how the alternate universe will end up.
There does closet. There
where they are as soon as I dream
like a zipper on a dog
wearing a dog suit
except pursuant to a writhing glee
shaped like toilet paper in cold pink trees
thinks they're something
through an impersonal tunnel un
parallelily in the manner of unidentified leaves
with an identity in it
someone must have noticed.
Let's go back.
Someone came back for the utensil
someone must have noticed
wearing a dog suit
except without sequence, arranged like leaves
attached to no particular subset of branches and
from a direction from which no sound comes
in the manner of unidentified leaves
from a direction from which no sound comes.
And from that direction from which
an eight legged gender
examines each other
in their eyelidless expectancy and vents
from which the sound of noise escaping from itself
incline before eyelids and no-nos
in the shape of sharing in effort
of life's spangled joined idiom
leaves as a canceled idiom, drizzle
leaves in the lines of a potential mind leaves
until it becomes so specific
agrow in silhouette fuzz before dialtone
: the only thing that spelunks through the sparkly things
: intends the rings through which they leave
me in mind of the hoofed mind depends:
can the top banana fit in my bandana
with elation through central things

where they put their lips on the barely colored glass things
so that certain skin grows chirps against the cold blue weather
in the manner of a conversation milkily surrounding
as phantomish gunk beneath the breathless ginko beside
Mrs. Winners and its spike-colored booths
the one with the pink rooves and C's
with vertical blinds and the other forever
except without sequence, arranged like leaves
and feel a nice lozenge might help
the way millions of bunny rabbits with no eyes
before lemonade, taking it personally with ambiance
or where you always adjust your
prosthetic arm sparkling from fantastic
immediate matter from there, resume
with a jungle colored safety belt, but in the end
leaning into a toilet-shaped heart or its substitute
like a shift in realism of the weather which
results of a perspective, suddenly
unscarabable sheets although clarion burp pudding slat,
or the future with all its chins
to make yourself inch through the flame-colored aisles of the Kroger
again? The angle at something involuntary
as in separation uncertain superstructure waits
with a hair that comes in
in a way that has to be so difficult, monochromatic fog
with an identity in it
as idiosyncratic as a Dr. Pepper in a German car with underwear
near the ravine that baloney and syringelike sounds
the sound of a telephone ring assembles
the end of the week in weeds
or the future with all its chins
and elbow heart sails in waynelike roots and
future episodes to cross over
wet furs phrases trying fissure about it
like a family without a remote control, hued in me-colors
that assumes back, through someone who looks like me
walking willingly into the wide black
file cabinet into nudity
substratum. Nuance muck in cloistered spiracles
formed a lollipop from a similar conversation including
whether the androgynous force field got drenched
in the uscape barely widening enough for
much of the safety information presented in this brochure

except pursuant to a writhing glee
to be a combination of introspection and orthotics
like a statue with the genitalia kicked in enough
to be a zombie with a phantom limb and an extra utensil, encouragement
masking it gradually in the basement.

Which rooms should have a door?

McUcket nuggets creamy undercurrents instill wonderbra
with wooden wonder whether
it will clog whose box?: PS
combination bonus. From each of them
when together they are completely differently alphabets
of curvy daylight
moving together
like a zipper on a dog costume
there is no beginning and no end to only because
someone must have noticed.

Who are they

moving together
anyway? Maybe without the various periods
someone must have noticed.

Someone's mind goes many different ways
in the manner of a conversation milkily surrounding
with a hair that comes in
moving together
sunlight-like but with a dirty umlaut bent
less of me than in some
dialing a scented telephone
as an impersonal tunnel
except without sequence, arranged like leaves
that someone limited when
the indefinite article clubbed them
in a Midwestern accent with a wall of muffins or
simply parted like a wardrobe full of wet coats
underneath the various tampered
indirect laxative "memento" adjoined
around the extender, the affirmation
strobe overlain. The coming nearness in
strahl of sedimentary conversations inserts as elastic
without time spank, the plastic eyes of stuffed animals
attached to no particular subset of branches and
the program in Ballroom B of the hotel
certainly branching where it does
seeing these flowers against the

under the chair only increased and
the gold watch on a teddy bear going forward with
self-esteem problem: a private, meaningful
immediate matter from there, resume
without touching the doorknob in your responses to them
where they are as soon as I dream
in the manner of a conversation milkily surrounding
a mannequin with hand in silk grab bag
icily organized in which
you always adjust your
leaves in the lines of a potential mind leaves
not just the limbs to sleep as an adjunct
from which the sound of noise escaping from itself
stops over a baked potato. Multisurface
receptionists at the treeline but for longer
to be a combination of introspection and orthotics
shaped like toilet paper in cold pink trees
leaning into a toilet-shaped heart or its substitute
a few minutes ago, seriously becoming nightlike to open
across the room: it revises personality
the way millions of bunny rabbits with no eyes
look at a genderless mannequin in air conditioning
in a way that has to be so difficult, monochromatic fog
of the grin, or personal like plush scissors without a fulcrum
in it. Again, no one
that I am a rose in
whether mutual deadener like a quilt full of dominoes
can't vary with pale shouts outside
or intervals in recognizable tones
with an identity in it
as the phone violets across the
icily organized
eight legged gender
no fluorescent indications of other talking inside or out
violet not outside to talk
with one of unlimited source detours
themselves. No one without adjectives
results of a perspective, suddenly
themselves. No one without adjectives
but my own-- to be
as the phone violets across the
chocolate sound on their own way leaves of outside myself, then
if we quiver as enough of the same mind

including someone who looks like someone
or at the bottom of the escalator,
no fluorescent indications of other talking inside or out
as air= density of air in photograph
when together they are completely differently alphabets
like two unidentified arms accidentally enlarging together
to be a combination of introspection and orthotics
in the manner of a conversation milkily surrounding
whether in golden lines into it again. Then again
like a statue with the genitalia kicked in enough
from a direction from which no sound comes
largeness meticulously paraphrased
off which mannequins shine
inserts thingettes
when in cowls: how much can
the place have only an obscure rain
again. The angle at something involuntary
britches dew: to
the actual edited body, an impervious dimension where
to make yourself inch through the flame-colored aisles of the Kroger
until it becomes so specific
it bodies with luckish
ice lives
that people rain
vinyly
to narrate
complicit
it smiles not unlike parts
across the room: it revises personality
the light on someone else
except without sequence, arranged like leaves
attached to no particular subset of branches and
vary like life size zones or an ability
that assumes back, through someone who looks like me
the way millions of bunny rabbits with no eyes
do, inside-out.
Habits discolor with excessive verbs
like a family without a remote control, hued in me-colors
to cubicle outside tiny black air breaks awake
near the ravine that baloney and syringelike sounds
not matter enough to them. Life
dialing a scented telephone
formed a lollipop from conversation including

violet not outside to talk
but my own. Leaves, not unlike visible microphones
but autobiographical with a reported device:
where they are as soon as I slit
trochaic cupcakes
baloneylike
versions hose in
leaves in the lines of a potential mind leaves
but my own. Leaves, not unlike visible microphones
in choir to habit there
attached to no particular subset of branches and
habits that insert of other people
until it becomes so specific
across the room: it revises personality
in opaque shrieks beeing around a zero
that it cannot be mitigated from the tense
as far as it can-- group secret in secondary trees
in shape of sharing in effort
whether mutual deadener like a quilt full of dominoes
or an inflatable ability without yucks
that can never be canceled
in the warning-colored restroom, honkless
the musical chairs of facial resemblances
sprained into phase that the hotel bedroom cascades silently
a spanish snowman with "substitute identities" although
head gone in head at thicket into song
like other segments of those opposite of snowmen
can't vary with pale shouts outside
as its deletion. Passengers gently silver
results of a perspective, suddenly
misfiring oblongness like in a phonic glint
out of breath, the oblong interior wall slick from something secret
and repeat sliding glass doors stare
joy of a city as light does ellipses
which in wet are choice-shaped flowers
that the immanent silhouettes july out as personas
with a hair that comes in
like hair on a persona that doesn't know us or
sparkle groins in it, except
with elation through central things
that are leaves in lost blocks of not-telling
except without sequence, arranged like leaves
within cubicles all marred by water damage. To repeat:

someone must have noticed.
Which rooms should have a door?
Phones make the air thicker
with a hair that comes in
again. The angle at something involuntary
booms
in opinion
combination bonus. From each of them
but my own-- to be
above from root of varnished incident
the sound of a telephone ring assembles
like a florist with frozen lips--
when moment will see your aisles
like the ankles of food
removed by long needles
the strucks of procrastination
rubbing buddy-butter
like manure in ballroom-dancing
in zoom and wee
to be less of each other.
I don't know why I always talk about McNuggets. It's
less of me than in some
microphone-colored lake midnight bounced
off of decline at a distance
or symptom of a thrum as an adult.
The wind's middle finger anthracites the alone
instead of deviating to the personal gadget
oozing personification
ivoryily intimizing the flutes of the Burger King glare,
that it cannot be mitigated from the tense
in long parts that belong to separate habits. . .

Each line is an air
from a direction from which no sound comes
cielinglike like hot beads in gooey trees that an impersonal tangles
as enforcement is tangled in childhood
each must of bot gone missing again.
The coffee table's synthetic excesses
keep the me-mops flip-flopping
no beige rug of the afternoon hotel room with
extra selection of towels of a mature instinct
to ever disappear in incidents anemones
habit like a selfish star, privacy-down. Each habit

like two unidentified arms accidentally enlarging together
when together they are completely differently alphabets
like other segments of those opposite of snowmen
near their tan-line-iversary but with substitute mouth:
without touching the doorknob in your responses to them
as it splits, undetected due to its contextual incandescence
but my own. Leaves, not unlike visible microphones
or pixie dust on the set of a western
in which several teenagers in parkas berate a fat kid
in the lobeyness of the food court
or at the bottom of the escalator,
incrementally less than
someone whom I was familiar with looking on
although his face blended in with the plants
that can never be canceled
out into the future tense to
tighten into euphemism
in starry daylight
the space bar sprouts deeper
in it. Again, no one
flickers of some popped synthesis
in angles completely white question marks
like groinless bees in a chapter about the open air
underlined at the last second
to occur
as if Grover had peanut butter in his fur
thinking in snow:
like suntan lotion on an oboe
let's begin or end
as an impersonal tunnel
but cannot.

[Every no]un is s[had]owed [by
e]verybody

we

enie roast with gong
and m[in]ds

a meninging in

as hours

Old Spice

locked hairnets in outer
phrases

the laugh end of eyesight

lamps

hab[it] at
[in interval]
Doubles dovetail to pace
lairs made out of lunchlike outlines
fake marlin and a bottle of Boone's Farm on upholstery the color of a common pseudonym
to take it easy on the "beans"
snakes that need English
passing bits in two main rooms
a few minutes ago, becoming nightlike to
open, going through Scooby Doo's dirty diapers with adults
in angles completely white question marks
factor in quirky affection grouped at gray
results of a perspective, suddenly
as an impersonal tunnel
with regular variations passing and
in front. The ghosts of extra things
including someone who looks like someone
used shapes whose name matched
usually with only one unifying factor between
the way millions of bunny rabbits with no eyes
accept a certain midnight. The overpass was runny
like hair on a persona that doesn't know us or
with a hair that comes in
in angles completely white question marks
invisible except in front of the light
until it becomes so specific
you find yourself alone
like bubblegum in a glass of wine
or helicopters up in personal night
in which someone is
at this very moment with its unique edgelessness.
Striations background niceness
with regular variations passing and
all objects too light, such as happiness, but bend
without being able into open behavior
in which a vivacity in branches unslithers
an instant pocked by habit like
the way millions of bunny rabbits with no eyes
as pale as an ear
instead of deviating to the personal gadget
left suntan lotion in the flrid valve
as its deletion. Passengers gently silver

us against a backlit background
that any person is in love
against. With each lucid fricative finning into the future
as a series of discarded habits
and us question marks at the kitchen table
like manure in ballroom-dancing
and vertical blinds against a silver fog
again, ear-shaped eyes
to be alive baa-like in pile form
misimprinted with a higher percentage of decisionmaking
and colorful balloons of various declensions
if we quiver as enough of the same mind
as another. Each sliver robing into its own picture
or variations of a fully-adjustable pulp for those
with an identity in it
that the kids with their eyes blacked out
erect a throat to suck out the metaphor
backlit perpetually with kudos
or at the bottom of the escalator,
inherent with Goldie Hawn
and conversational linoleum \as if your machine has been woof-waited
without touching the doorknob in your responses to them
whether in golden lines into it again. Then again
things this serious are ventilated
and steer
lateral mimicry from outline to outline
increasing thickness and liquid hokum
like inflatable quotation marks worn under the armpit
without a whole lot of output
or fresh instance in which compartments have been
the place have only an obscure rain
instead of deviating to the personal gadget
withering the personal rain
an f of little pebbles tangled in a public bathroom and emotion
in long parts that belong to separate habits. . .
do trees blue
over themselves? in quivering
droves? did we have conversations
that met a certain length
along the periphery doubling as an evergreen
outline of intermittent attitude tools:
its christmas on the public habit
like a numb map with fingers

that can never be canceled
as it, undetected due to its contextual incandescence
attached to no particular subset of branches and
chewing the fingernails of the fruit of my heart,
forms with them
the extra s

again. The angle at something involuntary
again. A chairless whisper
wrists the enamel
less of me than in some
by the temporary hush
like bubblegum in a glass of wine
is lush with a convincing portrayal of the future
someone must have noticed
in the lobeyness of the food court
out of breath, the oblong interior wall slick from something secret
in the social armpit: must it always
multiply insides
out into the future tense to
shift zero-colored water
the kind that the thicker touch each divided in ticks
likely to appear to purr so individual
that no other person grew out to the rumor
disassociated in stages from which
pantherly in a fest of convincing portrayals from
optiplex with seagulls and x's whewing
whether in golden lines into it again. Then again
it's an emotional haired pita
on its insides
but to remove any chance
for decades
someone made a move for the door.
Which rooms should have a door?
There is a coast in immobile
glade of irony and hair
that a disgruntled enigma before the dark buffet
the fir trees in the episode
describe: a gorgeous occasion separates them
behind the curt swimming pool
a series of ways to use potato-like vowels
but autobiographical with a reported device:
dinky emissions as extra cooperation

to ever disappear in incidents anemones
by the temporary hush
the musical chairs of facial resemblances
bluff as if Charley Pride mangled the dosage
the monster pretends puns with Judy Garland air
that completely altered ceramic "genres" of alive
from her/him and
the third fitting genitalia of the imaginary friend
more equivalent than usual
to America's favorite home gym.
Why don't we smock from mood to mood
sacks of sound very green while the
members for midnight acceptance
to make a head lake
and loud tangled by localized water
the chain of cheerfulness crusted
as so far a vased typicalness most places don't have
in the "uncanny valley" where they're not quite real, but real enough to be uncannily
creepy
to mingle at the X's for eyes
like groinless bees in a chapter about the open air
can't vary with pale shouts outside
in it. Again, no one
in recognizable's floral cables could
spread an air in telling is not states
or not. The future is too common
an Oklahoma of the lifestyle in ways
without touching the doorknob in your responses to them
yet there was no difference
privately dark
like a zipper on a dog
from a direction from which no sound comes
or darkness spread hypothetically
through trees that wave
on its insides
against nothing
and nothing on its outsides.
For decades a film of murked up trees
as a series of discarded habits
deaf like chocolate on chairs
in a way that has to be so difficult, monochromatic fog
made itchy by neon
in zoom and wee

hot as its own map
enlarging each grown-up
into the end of a rainbow
but my own. What the first part
got up in leg spotted with seconds
like artificial caves in an articulate universe
that can get pretty confusing:
a spanish snowman with "substitute identities" although
happy, eats a danish thing in Subway
throughout the tautness in lacy conversation
a few minutes ago, seriously becoming nightlike to open
convincing portrayals from our snackish hearts
which in wet are choice-shaped flangers
on his insides
until it becomes so specific
its christmas on the plain
in them. Blam!
Ignoring is a stickiness of
everyone, welcome ifs!
Phones make the air thicker
than the future with all its blubbery fingers
as it splits, undetected due to its contextual incandescence
each finger like a zipper
down around someone's
intimate anthems clung
in front. The ghosts of extra things
vary like life size zones or an ability
multiplying as aware was cut
in long parts that belong to separate habits
summarized in a blaze of
habit like a selfish star, privacy-down. Each habit
privately dark
the lights have lies
removed by long needles
less of me than in some
chandelier surfing through part of me
and patience
whoever gets the closest to sincerity without going over
relying on three main tones
except without sequence, arranged like leaves
in a bathtub coated in vaseline
but my own. Leaves, not unlike visible microphones
soaped up Cobra Commander less than

I want the dulcet man boobs
flushed with moonlike rumors
+1
immediate as a tooth
enlarging each grown-up
florid with idea and oompf:
the program in Ballroom B of the hotel
where people kept their hands dark to keep their eyes in
again, ear-shaped eyes
and extended dirty rainbows
including someone who looks like someone
though I won't be there tonight
walking willingly into the wide black
pseudonym in widths extracting sharp detail
from the "th" sounds that sill under everything. It is
a spanish snowman with "substitute identities" although
its christmas on the public habit
to even me, in an inward robe next to the itchy sink
to ever disappear in incidents anemones
chewing the fingernails of the fruit of my heart
privately dark
around the extender, the affirmation
more personal when it widens out
as another. Each sliver roaming into its own picture
on its insides
that can never be canceled
as it splits, undetected due to its contextual incandescence
offers as its own example, the varying greens
in which several teenagers in parkas berate a fat kid
or provoke the filter
instead of deviating to the personal gadget
that becomes murky the closer you get to it
and its grooved but clandestinely lucid
outline of intermittent
glade of irony and hair
that is microphone colored to the "different" attributes
but my own-- to be
hidden at the same time
something else has me
a few minutes ago, seriously becoming nightlike to open
joy's soiled mind
things. I would like one of bro's
choo choos. The one with the

leaves in the lines of a potential mind leaves
to comport oneself with intricacy
and it's still there.
What does it mean for anything to be optional?
Tonight was a jelly
in angles completely white question marks
less of me than in some
pantomimelike things make me ho-ho in me-shapes, through a variation of toes
where they are as soon as I drizzle
with honkyless thisishness futureward
in them. Blam!
Why don't we go from mood to mood
like a florist with frozen lips--
to be alive baa-like in pile form
mostly picked out? or with yes-colored parallel from the inside
a few minutes ago, seriously becoming nightlike to
shift zero-colored water
that can never be canceled
it will clog whose box?: PS
whoever gets the closest to sincerity without going over
erased glass cubes behind friends. I'm a
lubrication through a pronged absence
as if Grover had peanut butter in his fur
but it was female
to ear in an "anonymous" cocoon
increasing thickness and liquid hokum
until it becomes so specific
invariably, "directed to an anonymous"
logic of the exclamation point
with mind's headless sparrow
that the kids with their eyes blacked out
lurch us forward
as hooraying analogues with cheeks
and no deliberate things.

[peering] as deliberate lemons
my ["the" eyes] as trees as light
back on itself
I have become a bunch of isolations
facing a light
with mind's headless sparrow
like a statue with the genitalia kicked in enough
to make a sound like a weather person without an asterisk

which is fine. Although persuasions with topical rooms
inform grooves within inclusive clouds
cabooing and hatching
off which mannequins shine
inside it was something else
nnnn
but baloneylike
the osculature of instinct
a leap in aroma
pluraled in do
and machine of beige
lurk us forward.

[the vacancy] quarrels
leaves steaming sparks
in paraphrase, and[is]h to
be there in their [fingers]' figures
[as paraphrased]
pall jive and leaves
experience both.
People do not fail to begin or end
but cannot.
By that I mean that
a scanning appears
perfect
facing a light
that faces everything else
+1
with elation through central things
to ever disappear in incidents anemones
out into the future tense to
remain there furied in a vex of snow
or later, details crease and bouy.
What does it mean for anything to be optional?
People do not fail to begin or end
in the lobeyness of the food court
in angles completely white question marks
or a christmas of vapors
that tap on an immobile door
that can never be canceled
but I'm concealed:
its christmas on the public habit

but I'm concealed:
the future
as a series of discarded habits
with regular variations passing and
as it splits, undetected due to its contextual incandescence
or not. The future is too common
but autobiographical with a reported device:
Mc(Hart Crane)nuggets stuff paleness
the extra "u" that
results of a perspective, suddenly
inflatable aggregate curdles
in opinion
can come lollipoplike out of them
the length of the narrator's rubbery
diagonal and redundant starlight:
a monosyllabic arborescence
throws its itch
at any time
and perhaps surplus them.
Habits discolor with excessive verbs
the future with all its chins
that hasn't changed its self-describing tubing
with joy's soiled mind things. I would like one of bro's
rigid contrails and make-believe tweed.

[pearly] faucet
[throws] witch
 against a one-way [mirror]
 as enough of that
[to] compor[t one]self with intricacy
 against a one-way [mirror]
pantherly in a fest of convincing portrayals from
the kid in the wheelchair in CHiPs
to the "the"-funnel-shaped interior monologue in
the actual edited body, an impervious dimension where
like a family without a remote control, hued in me-colors
they multiply against the cursive reluctance
in long parts that belong to separate habits. . .
Phones make the air thicker
with elation through central things
an ice of duration
and fringe, the wrist of every coda

an impression of the rim
that fast food makes us scream
without touching the doorknob in your responses to them
and without the endless sneezeguard
we slink gowns towards
and its still there.

[and likeness insistence
carefully fricative
my "the" eyes as trees as light

or about "the" I

ight]

A single moustache-colored Carly Simonish hesitation
flickers of some popped synthesis
sifting glee's Jabba the Hut on his tiptoes
to remove her/his part of this reticular America
against the autonomous crevices
the alphas of when you begin to recognize a personality
that becomes murky the closer you get to it
and without the endless sneezeguard
that personality's velvet tongs extend over
the loose ends remaining that couples love
in zoom and wee
like nosferatuish fingernails on an incalculable bedspread
stifling hubbub-colored chrysalises
the sound of a telephone ring assembles
and patience
likely to appear to purr so individual
but actually part of the fur of the future.
Some kind of hearts meth anther
anonymously pubic like a battered porpoise
someone plays piano behind
and something interchangeable
gulches an anonymous sunlight
with broomhandle sticking out of it
whether in golden lines into it again. Then again
although his face blended in with the plants
McNuggets taste like exclamation points
privately dark
and case sensitive
but slinkier than human flesh that

the third fitting genitalia of the imaginary friend
that can never be canceled
without a whole lot of output
throws its itch
out into the future tense
until it becomes so specific
in long parts that belong to separate habits. . .
or not. The future is too common
to be paraphrased.
You may be fibrously
someone whom I was familiar with looking on
in the lobeyness of the food court
an eight legged gender
that faces everything else
and extended dirty rainbows
by the temporary hush
walking willingly into the wide black
as pale as an ear
breeze: unlike the light less
where the light was
two mature figure-like habit nodes
privately dark
repeat around
extra selection of towels of a mature instinct
to injure a pace where the mind can't go
into its likeless aisles
again. The angle at something involuntary
the chain of cheerfulness crusted
in group form [ganglioning
in boings] and colorful balloons of various declensions
improves with option about the muscle or
an instant pocked by habit like
formations, the formation in
outline of intermittent attitude tools:
advanced artifacts of clearness under new lines
except without sequence, arranged like leaves
describe: a gorgeous occasion separates them
and the alphine hooey of real persons veleurely
as it splits, undetected due to its contextual incandescence
conveniently in the outermost receptacle
like hair on a persona that doesn't know us or
someone with his pants down in a midnight Eckerd's and gloves
someone must have noticed.

The ramble of the hot dog in the ostrich like device
reminds me of my face when
the occasion muu muus up behind it
in creases of oboeable banteretta
knocking around honey with
largeness meticulously paraphrased
like a florist with frozen lips--
every coffee table has a Clark Coolidge end
and friendship flabs across the likecicles salivating over the lake
that becomes murky the closer you get to it
until it forms a single episode in which a starless night lifts
by the temporary hush
of some arborescent inset into something darker
doing to me in throngs in

Eleven Episodes of the Same Thing

1. Periods get to the outline of omitted future. Riding around looking at xmas lights having to go to the bathroom. A hulled happiness vibrates cues, out into the future tense to "are" its furry new nettles. Noon l's.

2. The food slid thru me like a giant caterpillar through a balloon shaped like an animal that food slid through in a urinal. The caterpillar is urgent. Things go of ornament. A series of clear hearts the fat kid with great hand/eye coordination. Among the bata. Bathroom rhymes with sandwich in it.

3. What do you get for the person who has everything? Don't say true love because I said they had everything. Predictably, the deliberate thing shone like scabbarded underwear that the ocean shone under. The seagulls alluvially looping in silver shudders. People remember pune.

4. My thumblike substance has lingered the neutral like a gerund in a swimming pool. The air oompahd. Neuter-colored corridors facing an anonymous light in which I hope we can be friends like rain on a disco ball. Or if not, at least a zipper on a banshee.

5. Chimpyn McNuggets fork the pole personality in human toos. They're not

the same thing. Part

inciples of the stars and teeth of the interior thum

b. Burnt out slots in which slick black stuffed animals hover with big bottoms and drip. We squish our preposition together. Administer wiggle.

6. To mingle at the X's for eyes our handshakes twinkle like Doritos under the sheets. People have chests for arms. For ares, very patterns. For patterns, pester the poignant sphincters that be grippin from transparent knocked urnes. A handshake is a part of the pee-yew panky. Part the spread-eagle glee.

7. We seem to be smirking at the pod. Our eyes are blacked out by an unevenness of the hug just beyond the senses. The trees suddenly get heavier with an earlike widening. They have an alive latency.

8. Underneath this shirt the color of a surplus nipple dropped in the ocean, something that would be blimpish is factual in its undercabulary. I get out of the shins in February. The lessons are shiny from covered in dolorhea. The ceiling smells like a blimp from which alien genitalia hang. The lights are food.

9. Mrs. Winners and its spike-colored booths is a freshwater aquarium full of vocalists. Udders underneath. The future is separated by slippery habits. The unanimous dipstick.

9. The xmas lights bleed unlike privately dark into them. The recognizes. The likeness with their eyes blacked out in like two unidentified arms accidentally enlarging divided things together. The lights dampen in I've feathers.

9. The trees all made "me" sounds. Night all made feathers. Versions hose in unanimous pleasure selving uncut gestures. Lush rest holes, burst whiles.

[The future] is too common
to have option

so

its [slides] are in starless estuary
in [them]
in long [parts] that belong to separ[at]e [habits]
like fried chicken cradled by the tooth fairy
in categories
behind them that
disassociated in stages from which
the rain fell in different rains
across the cloudy bulbs of the cityscape
until it becomes so specific
it chooses its silverness from among
the limbs of the sky more
than the future with all its blubbery fingers
that blend together in flexible pastures
until it becomes so specific
like bubblegum in a glass of wine
unusually erect like a velvety imploding banjo
in a groving not
that is the same thing when its asleep
but my own-- to be
out into the future tense to
figures in an equivalent piped-in
thoroughness, its definite trickle
tickling the context with a simplicity a shivering flashlight
on your insides
like a bracelet around a pickle
whispering to it
from her/him and
the space bar sprouts deeper
as a series of discarded habits
in long parts that belong to separate habits. . .
McNuggets taste like exclamation points
from which no sound can escape and
that can never be canceled
through the arbitrary boundaries of the family
and out into the variegated recesses
and patience
as if Grover had peanut butter in his fur
but S shaped
and midnight had chatter in its fur
but S shaped
if things
blackened out by an unevenness of the hug

and is like
a hug that shadows itself
but baloneylike
going choir on
logjam of the exclamation point
and its still there.
Does Emmylou Harris gobble jello?
more equivalent than usual
punctuating the Tribbles with an ebony envelope knife
in other words: making attention an external growth
like a preposition in the sentence "Was it all Bobby's dream?"
Habits discolor with excessive verbs
an aural weather, a particular variety of narrowing
described from a purpose of rays already intertainted
underlined at the last second
by an evolving clown suit
rostrumified for a lifetime of enameled
personal plunging:
like an éclair on a back-hoe
a cloud of inference at its huggiest
to ever disappear in incidents anemones
according to circumstances
something else has me
the length of the narrator's rubbery drapes
the color of hot dogs and enthusiasm
in starry daylight
and earshot
chewing the fingernails of the fruit of my heart
to eject or nudge thing
from person to person
and machine of beige to
belong to a group skin
concluding as a misspelled skin
and its grooved but clandestinely lucid
extra arm that smells like a flower in a glove compartment
whether you with other body areas
mostly picked out? or with yes-colored parallel from the inside
moistened from instance
each finger like a zipper
in starry daylight
at this very moment with its unique edgelessness.
The bottom of my food is tinkling
whether with the gist branchings glow over

without a whole lot of output
like a hair removal kit hibernating in a potted plant
or pixie dust on the set of a western
or whether with the lumps of patient tattletales
walking willingly into the wide black
words that widen
living alone in an electronic glade
like winged monkeys with Annette Benning costumes on
that twilight's bulbous flutter barfs
intact in jointless drums
for flocks of emphases
withering the personal rain
upwards through nightlike maybes
or the future with all its chins
flagging through inches of ticklish
personality which no longer involves
an abstract spree of lumpy pylons palmettoing personality
candid drips
thugging in glow:
its muddy baritone even more remainder
nubbing with fingers
the way millions of bunny rabbits with no eyes
in opinion
like a family without a remote control, hued in me-colors
sit among me-colored beanbags
and its still there.

Let's go back.

People do not fail to begin or end
around the Big Value Menu
except that replicates
lubrication through a pronged absence
and a section from which you can never return
or veneer by association
deepness thongs in
formations, the formation in
convincing portrayals from our snackish hearts
fidget that frescoes over us.

Let's go back.

No, they don't
another one
near mush self
to grasp as spunk

the doggie bag for syncope
that hoses off
into the future
in same
the facting snowman
pinker than the sine qua non
an imitation of holes in
condensing to or more people
things each with a plural aura
like nerved cinderblocks
and we always have too many legs
though some on the inside
twist away
like a clown with excessive fluid sipping
the chair lip hair? The hair of pleasure in
inflatable aggregate curdles
dribbles at the intersection of sets
with a hair that comes in
baloneylike
each finger like a zipper
or continuing
my arm bone connected to my thing gown
down around someone's
choo choos. The one with the
facing a light
throws its itch
into the stars itchy fingers
by the temporary hush
that is the same thing when its asleep
around the Big Value Menu
and thumbs of
diagonal and redundant starlight:
words that widen
baloneylike
less of me than in some
fidget that frescoes over us:
two lakes separating
passing bits in two main rooms
until it becomes so specific
it joins at the husk you hear like yourself
as if Grover had peanut butter in his fur
and he tried to use peanut butter to get it out.
I'm getting under McNugget covers

in creases of oboeable banteretta
and something interchangeable
as it splits, undetected due to its contextual incandescence
to ensure what I shape to crisp
when you are how you always adjust your parent
figures like a chicken realism wet of
irony in choir
and human toos in preposition
in front. The ghosts of extra things
make broken sounds
nobody can never figures, be there
in their fingers weather
which Kenny Chesney can take a shot that like a statue of aspect only
except without sequins, oreod like leaves
there in their eyes' comma
whose I dream
like suntan lotion on an oboe
cut in two.

Cutting a pro-rated cheese
we slink gowns towards
a grown man with a gobble
with on identity in it
on Toto's plenty Hee Haw box
and colorful balloons of various declensions
like groinless bees in a chapter about the open air
with groins in it, except
privately dark
like exclamation points peeled back and smothered
and something interchangeable
likely to appear to purr so individual
until it forms a single episode in which a starless night lifts
the interiors of opaque black balloons
less of me than in some
effect of the rubato of the
solitary in the grapple
that the kids with their eyes blacked out
but I'm concealed
leave a rehearsed ring:
the future is too common
to occur
and its still there
and extended dirty rainbows
fidget that frescoes over us

including someone who looks like someone
and its antonym
doodling occasion in droves
moistened from instance
inflatable aggregate curdles
as if Grover had peanut butter in his fur
still able to chest pass under fluorescent lights
and its grooved but clandestinely lucid
droves? did we have conversations
to mingle at the X's for eyes
in intermezzo in the block
and to be smirking at the pod
reminds me of my face when
the occasion muu muus up behind it
but it was female
against a one-way mirror
double the interior
doing to me in throngs in
but I'm concealed:
another example of the secting
and fringe, the wrist of every coda
hidden at the same time,
motifs and keesters coordinated through the third person
a series of ways to use potato-like vowels
against the autonomous crevices
the future
doodling in and out of
in zoom and wee
instead of deviating to the personal gadget
and its grooved but clandestinely lucid
unpronounceable puppet muck
that someone playing among the space bars when
like a statue with the genitalia kicked in enough
to be visible on rayed are
and inform grooves within reclusive clouds
flickers of some popped synthesis
my "the" eyes as trees as light
from a direction from which no sound comes
leaves in the lines of a potential mind leaves
hidden at the same time as it scrunches forward
with an identity in it
that plops and sprays more
like hot dogs full of sour grapes

than the future with all its blubbery fingers
as paraphrased
that faces anything else
from a direction from which no sound comes
according to circumstances
and leaves that tummy and slant
invariably, "directed to an anonymous"
fluorescence in the afternoon.

Someone is sneaking around outside your back window right now.

Ignoring is a stickiness of
the vanishing twin
and ignoring is a stickiness of
formations, the formation in
the future with all its chins
spread an air in telling is not states
of the hug
yet there is no difference
enlarging each grown-up
made so itchy by neon
from the tense
and accumulates
factually
back upon
a latency
someone must have noticed
in the lobeyness of the food court. . .

or the future with all its chins
blacked out by an unevenness

until it becomes so specific
and clenching
that it cannot be mitigated

privately dark
in an outline that has shrunk

itself in jugs
slimy and crony-shaped
and its still there. . .

Mc(Hart Crane)nuggets stuff paleness
the length of the narrator's rubbery
drapes
in group form
ganglioning
among the yabbadabbadooish
emergence to flab time frame
that means in every moment
there is a tree-like
description of a person
dilated with quiet
but S shaped
across the room: it revises personality
baloneylike

over themselves? in quivering
made so itchy by neon
leaves steaming sparks
as pale as an ear
leaves in the lines of a potential mind
leaves
rubbing buddy-butter
like exclamation points peeled back and
smothered
by a vanishing twin
that the vanishing twin
with elation through central things
has lingered the neutral
tighten into euphemism
from the "th" sounds that sill under
everything. It is
that extra shrug
tickling the context with a simplicity a
shivering flashlight
passing bits in two main rooms
facing a light
instead of deviating to the personal gadget
the one with the amputated rail
and goo pooling behind it.
The same thing happening over and over again
is not repetition. Goofily.
Who are they
anonymously pubic like a battered
porpoise
with broomhandle sticking out of it
with mints nobody can in their figures
fringe introspect
that the vanishing twin
in a computational snare
as a series of discarded habits
that I am a rose in
an insert
in it? Again, no one
is everywhere
that faces everything else
without a whole lot of output
means mannequins as milked habit

when together they are completely different
alphabets
of some arborescent inset into something
darker
an insert
tightening criteria
whether you were there
and something interchangeable
carefully fricative
like two unidentified arms accidentally
enlarging together
with fact as a goal
that the kids with their eyes blacked out
opened it up
except without sequence, arranged like leaves
mannequins possess between their gender
forgetting
that the immanent silhouettes july out as
personas
and december back again
but to remove any chance
that no other person grew out to the rumor
with an identity in it
back on itself
the mannequins tinkle doorway into
and its still there.
People do not fail to begin or end
as in replaced in habit
offers as its own example, the

varying greens
against the autonomous crevices
and patience
double the interior
to injure a pace where the mind can't go
it chooses its silverness from among
slivers of giant mesh
like a family without a remote control, hued in me-colors
again, ear-shaped eyes
and eye-colored minds
to mingle at the X's for eyes
the quotation marks were too tight
two mature figure-like habit nodes
and human toos in preposition

in choir to habit there
back on itself
but to remove any chance
until it feels long enough

and earshot
or not. The future is too common
to mature figure-like habit nodes
that hasn't changed its self-describing tubing
in long parts that belong to separate habits
the color of hot dogs and enthusiasm
is starlight
off which mannequins shine
where they aren't
as an absent photograph
and it's still there.

sharing taxes the
lar[genes]s meti[cul]ously paraphrased
[between] you
in them
k[no]cking around honey with
hearts noodles
to contort [ones]elf with [intricacy]
they enter

to go around
hugging powder
repeat around
and patience
wakes personality at the edge
as enough of that
as both of them
or an inflatable ability without yucks
vary like life size zones or an ability
a series of ways to use potato-like vowels
in scuba gear
around the Big Value Menu
that valves in and out
shirks of joy
that becomes murky the closer you get to it
and something interchangeable
like fried chicken cradled by the tooth fairy
whoever gets the closest to sincerity without going over
or later, details crease and bouy.
People have chests for
thoroughness, its definite trickle
its christmas on the public habit
of some arborescent inset into something darker

in opinion
where they are as soon as I drizzle
habit like a selfish star, privacy-down. Each habit
throws its itch
until it becomes so specific
or both
is that a yes
they all wear the same person
they shatter in frowns
an ice of duration
if things
the like on
in long parts that belong to separate habits
the eggnog is snoring
mannequin things
inherent with Goldie Hawn
to ear in an "anonymous" cocoon
underlined at the last second
in starry daylight
dialing a scented telephone
with their eyes blacked out
describe: a gorgeous occasion separates them
orchestrated windsockless anemone
and its antonym
ulterior beehives
in it. Again, no one
behaves against the
doing to me in throngs in
more personal when it widens out
its christmas on the public habit
its mixmaster on the laffahol
the grabby mass-napper
conveniently in the outermost receptacle
baloneylike
and to be smirking at the pod
low growth
our preposition together
and extended dirty rainbows
the mannequins
got up in leg spotted with seconds
again. The angle at something involuntary
has warm
mannequin misspelled across the

personality which no longer involves
and its still there
including someone who looks like someone
or veneer by association
off which mannequins shine
but S shaped
an alive latency
elastic vacancy
the electric veins oblonging airless trees
repeat around
larynxless hairnet
by slippery habits
rejoys in
an instant pocked by habit like
doing to me in throngs in
and its antonym
in no particular verdure.
Have you computed glum
to have option
versions hose in
personality which no longer involves
emphatica
and something interchangeable
to inclog glee's various v-shapes
the light lumped with the sea
the water has a neck
McSensuous
cliffing the slither such
down around someone's
over themselves?
load white sky

The Lobby

figures like a chicken realism webbed of
moving together--
there in their eyes' comma
the exact long logs
that the kids with their eyes blacked out
It had to pet us through that thing
There seems to be mooing on a genderless tether

The Same

Does peep go the McGugget
No really
flickers of some popped synthesis
to comport oneself with intricacy
McNuggets taste like exclamation points
in long parts that belong to separate habits
How long is my McNugget
masks an underlying fear
trees large decelerating
itch all over the model iota
out into the future tense to
or continuing to
part of standard procedure
joined at the stuff
except without sequence, arranged like leaves
without them

The Personality

Much of the safety information presented in this brochure
is for people who aren't humid
again. Habit and occasion
loom intricately

The McNugget

The mind is its own twin
until it feels long enough

The Lobby

Accept that replicates
and patience
loom intricately
and shenaniganize handpump
diddling thawed
in interval

and tighten of the layer
Mr. Potatohead's Y-front
outline of intermittent attitude tools:
McNuggets taste like exclamation points
tasting exclamation points
accepts lengthening anonymous things
shopping carts abandoned in
eyeless xmas trees
and its grooved but clandestinely lucid
elisions to individual roccades
that the kids with their eyes blacked out
and cloacas kicked in
coalesce among cheesegrater colored skies
scabbing a Coke
like slabs of instant
in them
improves with option about the muscle or
p-noun
as paraphrased
inside it was something else
that the sliding glass doors unified
something lunar rid of verbatim
or veneer by association
the strings think in and
multiply insides.

I like glistening to all the hair there is

Doo-dah-like

Things snare smiles the facts
an extra s

I share an eye with everyone

Looks like we're
phoned.

Habit and occasion
cocoon together, flares to likeness
I was left alone in
and spray to
forget the plexus of sheer size

xxx

decides, electrics up in a cul-de-sac
extending the robo of winter
against a one-way mirror
receives whiffle mental flakes
baloney with little doors
realigning in
prosthetic arm sparkling from factual
as paraphrased
slivers of giant mesh
spacing off a woken
ellipses was a hump
intimate anthems clung
the future on
to mingle at the X's for eyes
doodling occasion in droves
so-and-so locked in
like a sock-puppet full of cough syrup

I am format in extra where I am
and caudate parts of a family
only initially
ceiling tiles
feeling up commas
Clorox and dumbbells
echo stump
that personality's velvet tongs extend over
left wet fat
the Land Shark whacks at
the extra "u" that
as it splits, undetected due to its contextual incandescence
but S shaped
to diversify
habit like a selfish star, privacy-down. Each habit
has its own lips
the night off
motifs and keesters coordinated through the third person
but up from above
de-cloaks over the
stock footage of rejoicing
and furniture and Kleenex
the blue eyes of the pillars
No, they don't

"(Lieu Eyes)" starts playing in the background
and out into the variegated recesses
and carpeted in owled panic
that is the same thing when its asleep
in another category
an instant pocked by habit like
a mannequin that swallowed the canary
in group form
except without sequence, arranged like leaves
they multiply against the cursive reluctance
off which mannequins shine
in a bathtub coated in vaseline
and astonishment!
budding jewels
in an inhuman banana
figures in an equivalent piped-in
personal plunging:
I live on my own twin
joined at the stuff
whispering to it
by someone else.
All the sky is leaves
and the broken is gray
logic of the exclamation point
[Telephone rings]
leery of the intended effects
I jive on my own twin
the fruit of Mr. T
whispering to it
certainly branching where it does
halfway down
with their eyes blacked out
afloral
in them.
The rhombus quacks.
The mints leave chairs
in starry daylight
indoors
The mist as sleeve
There must be a parallel
a series of ways to use potato-like vowels
and something interchangeable
most huggable

down around someone's
thorough hiss its definite trickle
not just the limbs to sleep as an adjunct
to which the limbs slip deep pills in
to quaver
illegible little decembers
cropped intermittently
and without the endless sneezeguard
joined aisle
in groin eyes
going choir on
to quaver
the like on
in night heaves, in them

We all touch our unanimous dipstick
and the big globe glowing out of control
forms with them
harnessed by stand-ins
to a chumping crescendo
about either one
it chooses its silverness from among
a pooped mindset
down around someone's
eight legged gender
that whitens out around the edges
that widens in cloisterly pop-locking
that mouse-ears on inertia
across the room: it revises personality
and goo pooling behind it
the panorama in the lodge
or its reflection in the
gravity was pink
enlarging each grown-up
someone tomorrow
vaseline in
immediate as a floppy
snows human eyes
it joins at the husk you hear like yourself
fudging the lodge
that you must hear
yourself, you must be
near mush self

muffled left.

The Lobby

The room was partially hair. Vienna sausage Hyundai male or female?

The Lobby

An instant pocked by habit like. A limp is light. A like a light. Line liness.

The Habits

vanishing sunlight-like but with a dirty umlaut bent between male and female.
Between air that you must hear yourself.

The Same

joy of a city as light does ellipses, joy throws its everywhere itch entire hair.

The Habits

Lateral mimicry from outline to outline-- glass trips in odor-- acquires a different limb made of sleep-- + 1-- then occasion as left-justified music.

The Habits

The word fitting genitalia of the imaginary friend

The Future

where people kept their hands dark to keep their eyes in

The Personality

The ventriloquism of nerved cinderblocks except without sequins, oreod like leaves.

The Personality

I like how I'm still there
is starlight
off which mannequins shy

The Habits

joined at the stuff
splinters
slimy and crony-shaped
practice
as a series
I was cloned by the way my rhythm walks
I'm a loom is hand
no shine nerf fork
There's a scene there.
We are a science cream
Me so corny
the one with the amputated rail

The boogey man's taking care of that for me
sparkle groins in it, except
the nearness practices a setting
a bell in the nuggets snuggle
slunk in
moistened from instance
in this
and this except that
the color of hot dogs and enthusiasm
crammed down separate starlights
like underwear in a gumball machine thrown in the ocean
the interiors of opaque black balloons
ping off of
in leaves that feel male in female feelers
but cannot

The Same

hiss the limbs to unanimous
harnessed pooped someone's gender
the edges without secret.
Room the goo each grown-up
someone tomorrow.
Lips get through.
The jones makes a mule
out of what they rub in families and
the future is too common
to blur
or make people thougher
I'm shower
I know a lot of people
Their cottage cheese is below them
and something interchangeable
and likeness insistence
and it's still there.

Sunset

until it becomes so specific
all Lionel Richie needs is one more soul
moaned candy
-----sometimes a bunny
gets a sexy vest--- himself hex--- a baloney
is a chest/ Thus, lollipop.
Thuck
an alive latency
light and light
and light
facing a light
Personality which no longer involves
John Q. Relaxed-Fit churns in
nor do they
they all wear the same person
and human toos in preposition
light in
around the Big Value Menu
figures in an equivalent piped-in
Yakkety Sax.

Sunset

the third fitting genitalia of the imaginary friend
through the arbitrary boundaries of the family

-=-=- mist h

The black trees larynx them
Various small likes nexusing
nightleaves alive
on the other side of you

----- check

cowboy boobs

in paraphrase, andish to

option ----- everything wind

goes wood. Every

buffet has a lair factor.

Everything has a pun in its patties.

Sstarlight

You have to be elliptical to have a lifestyle

We are just inserted with sound

and out into the variegated recesses

the blue of the golden TV

anonymous holding golden holster

gown

a loster golden and log

as a series of discarded habits

and familiar golden narrator

Every buffer has a share factor.

The hairier the better

The Personality

People do not fail to begin or end

its christmas on the public habit

but cannot

The Personality

Every noun is shadowed by

another one
or more
habit at

them that they
carbonate

and is like

before the
m

The Habits

Thuck
pall jive and leaves
joy's septic lariat
a cloister infected with elvisy
a chinese finger trap
a fastened is
my brain to
has a scene at last
with fact as a goal
implodes to make a silhouette
definitely a melody
that lards a peek
reassemble velvet windshields
and this except that
in privacy
baloneylike
baloney with little doors
and goo pooling behind it
someone must have noticed

It takes a word to know a word

without them
wand towards
the mannequin McNuggets fed
in lateral
in same
so its slides are in starless estuary
the grabby mass-napper
omelets between
like a microphone banana peel hugged by far
elastic vacancy
slopped over

The Same

The sun shivers the
trees
in privacy
its plump chandelier and
vaseline in
to max
the sound of one ear swapping
armpits with pants on
1/3 of a green black car air
not to decide
compound thigh
and steer
and is like
they're here
or is between
my brain to
them with habits
fastened is
and out.
Garnish with droid
Not a thing with droid
aleph toy urge.

(Lieu Eyes)

This story is a habit
as both of them

They all wear the same person
Someone all shares poised, all gravy
shirks of joy
flab hollow
The fills confused
the mule log
in lows of eyes
The shack of berets
sit among me-colored beanbags
until it becomes so specific
opened it up
the eggnog is snoring
in long electric strips
its snoring in
including someone who looks like someone
labeled in
carefully fricative swarm
has warm
to occur
but cannot

The Future

All the exits are mocked
in backstory lifting on the
magnetized flipper banging indifference
thousands or rain
like the ankles of food
under an invisible doorbell
circles flat
and colorful balloons of various declensions
are black and slant
and midnight had chatter in its fur
with mints nobody can in their figures
and patience
v the double outline
back on itself
in an outline that has shrunk back upon
the like on
the light on someone else
where there is no light
and its still there

with all its fallible noodles
fogging weable people
carefully fricative
vathing
similar interferences
that people rain
in option
with elation through central things
widgeting away from
the sticky rail that says
"I'm a sticky rail!"
in starlight
and phases
solitary in the grapple
or continuing
into the stars itchy fingers
like Frankenstein ('s monster) with a hairy trombone
but it was female
from her/him and
from person to person
flickers of some popped synthesis
and thud
that hoses off
until it becomes so specific
on the insides
spread an air in telling is not states
unable to verify
an insert
or together
and something interchangeable
until it forms a single episode in which a starless night lifts
in opinion
like an éclair on a back-hoe
memorized into
to belong to a group skin
and eye-colored minds
off which mannequins shine
as a series of discarded habits
the length of the narrator's rubbery drapes
in long parts that belong to separate habits
against a one-way mirror
rivuletly
ored in pings

or robotically
more erotic
than slowly obscuring
the telephone-colored quantity
with shadows from other rooms.
The night-colored McNuggets pose
rain at the end of lifelike earshot
as both of them
the musical chairs of facial resemblances
resemble velvet windshields
off which mindlike things hang
habitatlike
and stuffed animals exchange a special saliva
that pauses
slopped poses
to mingle at the X's for eyes
toes
it joins at the husk you hear like yourself
between two giant inflatable parentheses
with fur on its insides
and nothing on its outsides
but the whistling of starlight
in starlight.
The future is separated by slippery habitats

The Personality

Ventriloquism for Dummies:
Every tiny word pinks a thought up
I don't know
Zim's Crack Cream creaks through everyone
They all wear the same person
and its antonym
anonymously pubic like a battered porpoise
as both of them
too fudgy to be believed

The Future

Each time it ends with the same thing
The future resists something between it

until it becomes so specific
together again
Phones make the air thicker
Two people in Zesto's vanilla together
in fine daze
texture chime floors
grass in the cemetery and hamburgers
icily lichenness
went in or where it hit.
Where do you plug at in it
remain there furied in a vex of snow
and flubbed in purr:
head gone in head at thicket into song
with a hundred hands in the head still sleeping against it
in thin kink about
multiply insides
in still things with overly relaxed exteriors
and mints

The Future

Obscure inserts
out prissy at
intimate anthems clung
doing to it in throngs in
and extended dirty rainbows
consecutively relaxed
in it. Again, no one
includes themselves in the O
they shatter in frowns
the loose ends remaining that couples love
in fat back and continuum
except that replicates
the mind is a terrible thing to wait on
the cold is edible in things
the things putt legibly
but actually part of the fur of the future
lines to be believed, soon in TV-colored drizzle
and an equation of
the like on
candid drips
and familiar garbling narrator

inserts thingettes
if things
make a yes sound
by slippery habits
Realism has a rusty edge
elliptical by the hook in it
looks less than that
euphoria in a holster
in angles completely white question marks
without a whole lot of output
out of character
in sour physique
gasoline and mints

McGuggets storm full of snuck
upholster association
across the room: it revises personality
something else to me
if they were like that
to eject or nudge thing
to noon things
you hear a physical self
or an inflatable ability without yucks
log habit in a reverse way
the buffet has a growing sigh
an ampersand is fudgesicle bound
the like on
off which mindlike things hang
to make a sound like a weather person without an asterisk
that hoses off
an insert
made so itchy by neon
out into the future tense
and its inclement mechanism
again. The angle at something involuntary
sparkles in grays
that people rain
in an outline that has shrunk back upon
leaves in the lines of a potential mind leaves
but to remove any chance
and accumulates
a fractured
latency

that the kids with their eyes blacked out
in lows of eyes
has its own lips
the color of hot dogs and enthusiasm
enlarging each grown-up
not to look back
until it becomes so specific
joy's septic lariat
that no other person grew out to the rumor
by slippery habits
that a hole has
left wet fat
in opinion
in an inhuman banana
splinters
the length of the narrator's rubbery
medieval air conditioner
whispering to it
banana to banana
but up from above
all feel and
habit like a selfish star, privacy-down. Each habit
moistened from insistence and
McSensuous
emphatica
and likeness insistence
joined at the stuff
as a series of discarded habits
and fringe, the wrist of every coda
frigid with
Mr. Potatohead's Y-front
in group form
our preposition together
in still things with overly relaxed exteriors
All poems are an and or an or
or both