

BlazeVOX 2k9

Fall 2009

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FROM X = X

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An entire world painstakingly created with each detail erotically real.

Every wounded tender thing on the verge of being illuminated from within.

If I were a Siamese twin, I'd want to be attached at the tongue.

Information is replacing memory. "From the folks who brought you the Twentieth Century."

My replacement parts have been ordered. I'm becoming the hologram I dreamed of.

An evolutionary debate rages between cooperation and competition.

Gravity is practicing out loud.

Ideological frenzy: I left behind my organs in various cities.

To see and then remember. Philosophy's mandarin role. The zany world of logic and ethics.

All of us were relatively happy on the disassociative disorders ward.

Death is a shiny windup toy. Footnotes hover in the air.

Eventually all the female parts will be on the internet: leg.com; eyecolor.com.

We don't have the right locks.

I use a few tip-ups with light monofilament line and small hooks baited with local shiners.

The air is gentle. [CLICK HERE FOR HYPERLINK.](#)

Climbing the shrouds of a clipper ship, the Zambezi of the body.

Molecule Man: walks on water. Holes. Holes. Holes.

A faulty mourning device: rituals which perpetuate the pain they are meant to alleviate.

In the "things" section there is no clear beginning.

In the old days you turned left at Cézanne's "Bather" and proceeded.

The story is jarringly arbitrary. A series of speculative "what-ifs." A freefall. A purge.

A sudden balancing.

Having gone to such pains to make himself up.

To tell you the truth, I get aroused every time I walk by a dictionary.

Ineluctably. SOFT HORIZON. GILT COMPLEX.

Having gone to such pains to make it all up.

Blossoming in a barren landscape. Capsized.

Flickers of messianic hope ready to explode in the fragile streets.

Life on the outside/Life on the outside: Title of my next project.

Flight envelope. Cryptography. Flowering of the brain. In reality, these are the same things.

Syrupy with shadows. The impersonal "city without qualities."

Being ripped open to have your soul looked at.

To tell you the truth, I get aroused every time I walk by a petri dish.

I wasn't the "I" INSIDE THE STORY.

Word architecture. Behind the gauzy white curtains of the story was another story.

A story about the unreliability of stories.

Thought shrinks. We either go along quietly or else. Succumb to nostalgia.

I sometimes feel like a global corporate entity. Don't get me confused with a person.

Fuse is one of those words. The temporariness of reality suspended. Smaller-than-life.

Worldwide displacement. The cities made only for airports.

Half of the inhabitants are always flying.

What about the movie Nazis? Photogenic in their snappy uniforms.

What about de Mann and Hedeigger?

The view seems almost trite today, but for the 1960's it was almost insurgent.

Inside the hotel the guests chatter away in a language she doesn't understand.

The child then sets out on a fabulous quest.

She had faith in the act of personal transformation. Hah.

I am writing a poem for David Wojnarowicz. Dwell is a fantastic word.

The laws of nature are hotly debated in all the cities.

Bohemians. Criminals. Visionaries. Soul survivors. I have that sinked-in sensation.

Her stark and beautiful mouth. THE SCULPTED MIND.

They were giving lectures about rainbows and sharing secrets about light.

I was glad when it was over. A city built entirely for stores.

Ern Malley is writing again. What I feel bangs against my heart.

Words fresh from the mouth. I am a perpetual tourist.

Can you help me put this together? I multiply space times memory.

Breaking the intended spell of illusion and provoking a clash of realities.

Strange theaters of captive cravings. We vibrate to the frequencies of our desires.

In the Binary Hotel. This is where meaning used to be.

You should interpret my penchant for self destruction as a kind of spiritual quest.