

David Wyman

RE: Fishing

I

Colleagues: It has begun and it is exciting! The white curve just now making sharp electrical connections quickens. Certain of a spiraling future, our eyes get fixed to a shiny opulence.

Tired of owning junk? Insert trendy electronica here. Heed the commodification of our f***ing souls. As what we started with dissolves in unless otherwise specified. Where each hour adds surface texture pulsing on roads leading to where a broken neon light

brightly speaking in clichés—its fiery century erupts, resets, trees black and frozen, these days...We need to stop being the walking dead. Oligarchy, anyone?

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You hafta know how the weather affects the water from the point of view of the fish. Which can see *out* of the water better than you could see *in*. All it has to do is wait. So you have to cast down passed it and bring it up on the side so it doesn't have time to react and it'll hafta take a shot—Is this food? I better

get it, the fish says to himself, and strikes. Re: fishing. I sat with my back to the hot sun, against my ruin, and read in my devotional that we are here to serve not question. Leadership is about making groups more effective. Low-level radiation from flat screen TVs helps ossify public opinion in accord with benevolent commercial interests.

Today, they have underwater cameras that literally go down and *find* the fish, get 'em on film—and what do you hafta do after that?

Unbendable lines, linguistic shifters
in a cavernous ballroom. A mad pursuit

of the reader of antagonistic glances. The film packed
with heavy-hitters
that boasts some inspired visuals where

all events occur simultaneously but the best you can get from the earpiece is a homophonic translation
substituting word for word, line for line.

A binary like foxglove, its purified
chemicals referred to as digitoxin.

Creating new exciting worlds cleaves
our consensus,
the lyrics loud enough to diffuse darkness.

The imagined life opulent and serene but
losing its cohesiveness. This in a time of havoc

and deception when the exhausted sun takes up his cycle.
Hints that prayer points a way,
markers of a lost or last crossing.

Crystallizing stunningly obdurate blocks
of polysemic texts, official

court documents. Liberating dreams
to invent new uses for the yet unprocessed.

Where there is no other way to interface,
lyric intimacy's inexorable anacoluthon—

Kolinahr

Ventriloquy, channeling as synonyms. Index a perfect self partly seen banging on a piano. Or curse as the word discipline has 'unhappy connotations.' Like falling in a purple text, jagged handwriting as negative voice, eyes mask as wind or whirl. Wait another day, then the nothing gold. The set consists of a mini-hihat, mini-snare, and a triangular unit with three skins.

Yes, I'm still getting it and even a couple years ago I saw he died and I still get mail from him.

You're never more alone than when you improvise. 'The conscious and intelligent manipulation of the organized habits and opinions of the masses,' according to Bernays, 'is an important element in democratic society.'

Be mindful. Remember what you look like. Said they would soon change the method from the written to the spoken.

Here the blue heron lightly steps looking in dark water for movement.

As in the mental discipline whereby this state was maintained, Kolinahr.

Saudade

Including large contributors whose names
appear on public buildings,
we too wonder what it will be, this substituting

fresh adjectives for our displaced
lyric selves literally changing
how the days turn out for us the way

syntax choreographs thinking. Turns out
that Mallarme quote, 'Speech is no more
than a commercial approach to reality,' says it all.

Nomadic here is defined by a Bedouin,
his face covered, in a violent sandstorm
moving horizontally away and

drifting like 'textually aborted
vectors at a time of copulative semantics
and huge displacements'

seen as on a screen suspended, made of light.
Will the mysterious shadow planet Nibiru
obliterate Earth in October?

There's a bourgeoisie of poets too. They
diagram sentences talking in their sleep, sotto
voce and all at once, like a chorus.

Yet at least two of us dreamt of the Roman fasces
representing our fear of the future,
in a time of spiritual reckoning

but in our virtual sunsets on red beaches,
wee the people, we will be free.
Here let me quote the greatest movie of all time:

as the dread pirate Roberts from
The Princess Bride said 'Life is pain, highness.
Anyone who says differently is selling something.'

That is, because the commodification of the self
requires strict scrutiny,
a constant rebranding. This allows their energy

to flow easily after externals
as their inner lives aren't calling for attention.
After breakfast then, a demonstration sabotaged

by the president's goons. Tanks
rolling down Fifth Avenue at high noon.
Streets on fire tonight at eleven.

Hierarchies of angels sing thee to thy sleep.
(See notes in blue pen...)
First things likens unrelentingly ersatz futures.

First Things

It's like dark matter, it's hard to see it but it's messing with the gravity of things. This is that title line expressing a luxurious gloom, our melancholic nostalgia for what has

not yet happened, its colors the colors of Edvard Munch. To promote for us a new formula for being, experts in national security couldn't fail to notice that 43 percent of respondents had an actual defined view on bombing a place in a cartoon. Next then the burning

of books, a process for pressuring anyone to do anything.

Ideas go unchallenged. First things likens

unrelentingly ersatz futures. Just knowing how your debts will be treated after you're gone signifies—what? *That* to a people who had a special love of faith, freedom and peace, who tried to inoculate the Indians by means of blankets, a divine plan. Label that language sculpture. A huge whirling storm of possible events, wobbly timelines, a future trying to crystallize out of the streaming present. Someone like Jesus might convince them. Don't hesitate to pick up small objects, such as a tennis ball, and throw them at coyotes. Lennon said, 'The only thing they don't know how to handle is non-violence and humor.' Pretend we all think the same. Your transaction ID for this payment is: 5PM611573D574571K.

Murk Plectrum

Grab your free “When guns are outlawed,
I’ll be an outlaw” T-shirt today!
This is on my bucket list too. Awesome pic!
Taking full responsibility in a handwritten statement
makes it all the more authentic.

Instinctively all the windows reflect towers—
but who’s really calling the shots?
A helicopter could zoom in and out of frame—
and we may never know, but the bay
would remain still in a photograph.

A wall projects or delineates a space in open air.
At night it sounds like a splicing of lives
till all the definitions adjust to new settings.
Then that quote from the pope
commenting on the fate of disposable people—

The earth will literally crack open
and would we know if the pattern we followed
is instinct or just borrowed
even as we glide into a new day where
everything cycles endlessly, indelible as graffiti?