

# ATBOALGFPOPASASBIFL: Irritations, Excrement & Wipes

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atboalgfpopasabifl: Irritations, Excrement & Wipes  
by JARED SCHICKLING

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against the background of a likely global future population of parasites a  
small androgynous swelling between its fetal legs  
(ATBOALGFPOPASASBIFL)

M:

While the King sitteth at his table,  
my spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof.

The utility of sexual reproduction at the level of the gene  
The role of sex is to preserve genes especially

What may become but is currently  
not advantageous

Against the background of a likely  
Future population of parasites

Two consecutive generations might face  
Different selective pressures if

This change is rapid enough  
It might explain the persistence of sex for

An evolutionary system continuing development  
Is needed just in order to maintain its

Fitness relative to what  
It is co-evolving with

This march of morphology and species compositions  
Through time

By random perturbations to the physical environment  
Such as climate change, tectonic events

Rather than biotic interactions by

events random

With respect to them occasionally

Changed the ground rules on the biotic

Playing field

All living things are overcome

When they go extinct

The random intervention

Of an abiotic outsider who

Is not a party to their struggles, upsetting

The old status quo

Opening the door

A spurt of rapid adaptive macro

networking

Prospectus for a Stage

18

Critical Document

37

**imprimis** A human was experiencing the birth process, writing his knowledge of “minor weight gain, fits of nausea, new hormones, disturbed sleep, traveling pains, nosebleeds, depression,” which is to say, as its expecting father the human had sought to write himself into a relation with its expecting mother. It was “of the moment” so, in the process, the human looked, for example, at the ethnographic accounts of couvade syndrome and male fertility rites among certain pastoralists; the clinical language of modern medical practice; the luscious, etymologically motivated language of biology; meaty, socioeconomic, spectacular slapstick; the foundation of adult rhythms and diction in nursery rhymes (foregoing the felicitous childishness of their content); et al. The impossible one had seemed no mother (Mom.). The mythos and news of our literal stories entered, in order to sparkle the muddy water of a prenatal innocence. To worry that the slightest aspect of this substance of creation could, as if assuming its reflection in any scale, have seemed “a whole universe...here doing somersaults in bellies out of practice.” (“As if.”) It was a love poem, a book, to more than one being, finding something beneath that which would otherwise never get written. In time, in the course of this project, perhaps the ultimate questions to emerge concerned the pronominal life of its emerging, superficial participants, as “Ramona’s Private Jest” was a poem about trying to become, all the while becoming, something else.

44



## Foreword.

: “The author sought here to sacrifice itself ‘in the cause of science,’ to collect some of those less coherent thoughts over those last years (hypotheses would appear at a later place). It was fond of saying the collection had ‘appeared’ to it ‘inside the paper.’ Everything about it was printed, inked, of course, as it thought to present the readers, simultaneously, any number of secondhand engagements with, among other things, the *scratch* from its release of its ‘second wave video game system’ (DoD): ‘This year was 1984; their first attempts had, in 1889, consisted of *hanafuda* cards [which, in English, reads, “Leave luck to Heaven”]; by 1970 *Nintendo* had been a ‘love hotel’ chain, taxi company, instant noodle, the Love Tester... .’ (Hi Strunk:) Later it’d dodge the heroic Armed Service and, quite differently, its father, ‘in anthropology, quite formative years’—historical facts joined by their verb, that ‘first sentence,’ should in no significant terms preclude the reader’s sense here of the manner in which these may, at times, and actually always had crossed tolerable levels of filial decency in not fulfilling what either one has otherwise really asked for or required. Rather it’d expressed ‘no doubt’ that this occurred while ‘humbly’ thanking ‘mom for purchasing this wonderful [REDACTED], “inoculated with a dose of this mysterious illness.””

*September, 2011*

“bolide impacts that changed the ground rules for the biota

I

## Prospectus for a stage, Westward a Desert, Mother Hens

“In conclusion, then, there is no God, but a profound nothing: ponds and streams. And this nothingness must appear to us like a god—as *if we were gods*. If there could *be* no death, no exit, only change, it would follow, no birth—humans fear this—what we’ve been exploring here—we pretend we don’t *see* it *ahead*, compounding our problem back *there* (legend has it that if you meet your doppelganger, you die). Therefore, and this is the point I wish to make, as this nothingness must nurture what is—because it had not existed otherwise—*language*, terra firma, and not *confusion*, should guide our *thinking*. We’ve seen tonight how we are charged with our own care and, just so, *being blessed* is a choice. There is nothing fixed or essential in adopting this premise (it’s a choice), the fear of which is no different than fearing eternity—this is merely an obstacle. Ponds and streams.”

Onramp; they passed under the green go arrow of a green light, turning left. He reclines upholstered seats, hair and crumbs, sighing gentle sighs. Words; a different language all together. They successfully merge into the bleak motionless dusk of the zone. Squared blocks of inhabited or vacant (static) ducts, the intestinal rooftops’ (backward) straw exhaust, stairwells as few of them ever reach this gravel refracted like dust in atmospheres lighting the craggy peaks groaning this time, this inflamed egg’s shadow in the valley of drought silhouetted; a motion passed over the teeth.

Mouth-breather. A radio that remembers.

**Magda is a name with deep roots. Magda's name for the lost dog, Buffalo Bisons' baseball, a detriment to society you, chase it, i.e. the "Homer"**

*Something was going somewhere. As this morning I heard it. Show how*

*As without shows nothing comes hence          paroxysm*

*without a lawn to hold me in slush*

*I lie here. Don't move me. Through a windshield. Neighbors cursed me*

*as cold morning broke I myself (come Spring, I carried eggs*

*shriek, a trifle*

*Sprays me clean, as invincible as they are. Presently rubbery inside the run*

*over) would arrive late:*

**Going backward in time. Labor was shed and wasted, forging steel.**

*Blazed away, making way for things. It was sense to the things.*

*Round a fire, I'm re-told at its annual romp.*

*Stomach it. Braze it. Dye feathers to indicate the loins. (braise*

*it.) Render the fat too. The squirm of the nest required. Dole it out, come down from the hills. Spring.*

*Some important device. Training or not, yet. Propagated and clothed from its loins.*

*We've been here all summer.*

*I remember things, sliced and imbibed. Stamping it down, and in. Stampede.*

*They remembered it better that way, by figuring me out. The original bursts of the communal grammar were, very likely, not just lists, but inventory for this event.*

*Therefore, as one of its skins, and a zipper for its mouth, as I like to wear, I must drop my antlers, wash my face, for to range more widely. Because a map of every step, since birth, was grafted in my brain.*

*Pass me that boa. In the fall we disbanded.*

*Every taste has been familiar to me. Feathered I am not yet ready swing*

*I am responsible; I will go with them. When we return, I may be born again.*

## **The dead dog was upstairs...**

...or all the way downstairs. Where according to a poster of the Madonna's charity and my neighbors with the television, some of the kids today had the chance of helping the rural poor of Malawi during a summer break. It would have taken place between the junior and senior years in preparation of some version of later adulthood and citizenry. As I'd doubt they could learn too much, the student could have more effectually spent what significant sum is required to get and keep them there, which someone must be paying for later, as parents, on a safe and fun and even more informative trip

but this more efficacious person already discovered, even knew, who is the more fortunate

it's difficult to say what would be gleaned from the goatherds of Malawi

## **A physical presence. The pietà.**

If you ask any organisms with or without a central nervous system capable of having registered their conversation, they will all indicate, in one way or another, their lack of care beyond little more than self or group gratifications, while the whole of this being seems remarkably two dimensional, when seen from above, given over to its succeeding generation: city lights. Experience, those “emotional centers,” is important, and all there is worth living for, perhaps, this is true; but I speak here of the outcomes; purposes. That that would dislodge it from this simple (though by no means simplistic) notion must be one who lives a life of neither consequence nor value to the greater reason and quality of things. A thing dead already, though it eats and breathes and enjoys itself, though possibly not. The mountainside of ponderosa went up and, whether prepared or not, was prepared for a great conflagration which, one day, would ruin all it “had” built without

knowing or expecting it, a painful shower (one can only assume) to finally hatch the predestinated, biologically programmed, though by no means guaranteed, seeds of the future it otherwise had

to disperse  
to the diets of sparrows and rabbits

Torched. And so it seemed at the times I have scribbled this, incidentally, in back of a book by Thoreau, and it is worthwhile to consider, without any quibbling, grating reaching “after fact or reason,” that nature of a “human” experience, for a man may say with the regularity of his bowels that he was motivated by what is commonly understood to be a “greater good.” I am using this masculine form, but from what I have seen, the feminine was little different in this

respect. In fact, if my wife was any indication, a woman is better at this than any man like me could ever

hope to be; as the Red Queen, she is responsible for protecting our genetic imperfection, to include her seductive parts. My wife I should add was the most perfect example of that reason why certain animals commit themselves to monogamy and things even less completely understood like

a conclusive start of pursuits, with sentiments crucial to nature's future being arriving. This was how I loved her. On my dry erase board she's a mess.