

Daniel Y. Harris

Usher 1839

The failed lately of feeds and glueware's low mischief, forfeit their tribune if rites failback under duress here collapsing. It's the optic tract of a weak left eye's wide slit of *amblyopia*. Hail the gripsack of ocular strength. Is this like a satchel or a manbag? Declare the *fundus* the audience, and hail the blur Eddy defocuses, a poke of recall in the f/16 to f/32 range. Not these audiences, those among the unconvinced performing in *The Fall of the House Usher* who hear the thin crack. Eddy's *hyperesthesia* is out of control today. His rosy cheeks could say inter and may cause the tarn to glow blue. Then, the zombie-tinge of a killbot's evil eye eyes Eddy. He's renamed Edderick. His brain splits in two. The blue crack widens eye-like twice beyond repair.

Sequitur 2015

His subfield of colloids: foams, gels and the rarefied liquid crystals of soft matter—such a common and neglected trait of heartless rapture among layered goo. If he's hypnotized, so are we in gloop, gook, gunk and glop's gummy muck of sticky stuff. Eating gruel, burgoo and cawl with butter and salt, connects bonds and polymer melts. Predictions fail to motor the nerves of bubbles above his cartoon lips. By contrast, rubber in tires, etc. He always overreaches left in spite of enthalpic smiles—right in spite of a lipid's found object. Eddy's internal degrees will never placate the *not afraid* heroic us drawn across these test surfaces. His passion segues to derive from the *passus* of pillow. Tilts to derive. Tilts to adagio with affix cum (= with), by a string left standing to suffer ranked unholied non.

Fatale 69

Release starch to local mates whose 69 nanometres,
between the infrared, break middle clauses with red
kerosene lamps. Eddy lives in/on *bioluminescence*:
nobody's *chemiluminescence* reacts with his flask's
limited emission of heat. Confess, Eddy's a vibronic,
excited state of reactants imitating being our human
man, our being a human woman: *hominin clade* erect
in posture to fuck *australopithecine* or related *genera*.
Occupy extinct Eurasia. No one lives there, mothers.
Did anyone really want a mother, lobe of first fatale,
last womb? *Wifmann* to *wimmann* to *wumman* feely.
Eddy was always Eddie. Tag the Norman Conquest
when the labial changed to a man's *wambe* conquer.
Eddy's alchemy of copper bleeds menarche's she.

Carthaginian 146

Eddy “Barbarossa” Daemon attempts to rule the sacrum’s red beard, waxing Herzog von Schwaben’s first trip to the Eastern region of Swabia: there, partnered with the multi-hyphenated cisgendered, an old school Cisalpine Gaul, unmarks the norm. When did he match their body/sex? In these seamless defenses, in these *dictatorships of likes*, birthed accrued solely due to set when born gifted. Other trans lump defeat more defeated sides, sides subjugated simple and poised for a post-peace Eddy sex, out-of-the-box and post-gendered genre. Carthage is conflict. Carthage is finally heard, blinded by a cataracts of anecdotes. Water starves motive. Eddy refuses to box glory. He humbles bromide. He crazed with *craquelure*. He all but *Punic* risks. He occupies the *cupi* of *womyn*-born *womyn*: *bych* of *ytches*. Labels consider erasures, far, far ahead of the poultry small.

Chaetophobia 342

Hurlyburly's coiled s-curly balk a bobblehead spring of jibber jabber. The magneto-follicle tilts back up to goop, switched from papier-mâché to hot ceramic. No prospect of belief, none but the nape's skin tone, bored to death, neck wrung ezone slick with a glam goldmine canned for greased up pomp. Unfix Eddy's mane for a beat boy hairclip of combed hoochie koo. About his red flared fringe, his Madame Majordomo, as Eddy calls his hair, blow dry it with a vent brush to add feathering to his hipster cred, his curl-cream boho as coiffed side pricks of spurred casting gloss. Avenge Eddy's pop pompadour in a redux of vellus ughs, stroking neck-face lash back to the first bald *sénéchaux* in training for the *chaetophobia* games.