

J4

j4 is a collective of four persons, all given names beginning with j, who are compelled to explore transindividual composition

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Sprezzatura

*Accordingly we may affirm that to be true art which does not appear to be art; nor to anything must we give greater care than to conceal art, for if it is discovered, it quite destroys our credit and brings us into small esteem.*

— Baldassare Castiglione

1.                   the sincerity of sperm on skin isn't a comic book.                   [*frontispiece*: in sky norms  
edit me out of this [edit me out of this] in a city called \_\_\_\_\_                   feed: outshit/omits]  
effervescently accept, flourish in waves of almost brown & fire hydrant                   cancels very pet effects  
skulk about the dim window, painless and eager,                   [oak but sulk]  
we beneath seasons, beneath trouble and alert,                   banshee teases own  
squirming before an alarm and dude                   mañana gerbil risque from  
schooled in tilted droning scary chairs, almost pointed at                   root decoded, shinning lilt  
Sacramento blues ink on the sidewalls until it bleeds up into                   sombrest lacunae  
cinder blocks<sup>1</sup>, empty buildings. Sarcasm Avenue a bliss to treasure                   bed slick corn  
everything looks in at your expanding eroding parts, rub                   televising honky or  
a dub til the totally sucks                   tubal id  
goo thru an artsy version of fluid mechanics                   rahs to nugatory  
I find my own edge inside of you every other moment                   defog windy mien  
its limitation is constraint, a surfboard in Arizona                   imitation slit  
a tidal logistic, if you question *Dianetics* with cakes of light, you                   ditto cilia lags  
might win a trip to the moon with the "hair" of Nicolas Cage                   nightwear oomph [omit tint]  
the bunker is filled with graph paper and sweat. I can't see                   buried fetish knell  
them getting a whole movie out of what I can't see                   heehaw getting molt

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<sup>1</sup> Concrete and cinder blocks are made with open cells that can accept metal reinforcing or additional concrete for greater strength. Concrete blocks are far stronger than cinder blocks. Some building codes expressly prohibit the use of cinder blocks in construction projects. Nonetheless, many people do not distinguish and refer to what are usually concrete blocks as cinder block, as above.

2. I don't like the look of them house centipedes<sup>2</sup>

[behind the eyes, behind the yes]

but they eat other small insects. sternum and stained binding,

calliope with metal and wings, you whiteout your eyes

[without your eyes]

soap it now. It is in the other room with nouns

slick at the dad end.

Life is distribution & death is receivership, or cross-hatched<sup>3</sup>

we qualify the unneeded clarified and compromise

the point

oohed oink kit, tell

bed eye then his

rubato teeth they

[await poem cell, hilt]

becomes permanent or tiling

anti-swoop

[detach: add tinkles]

[wobble and beave]

qua wifely

poet-thin

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<sup>2</sup> *Scutigera coleoptrata*.

<sup>3</sup> Herringboned or houndstoothed.

3. shit-dog in the kitchen  
things I do & a bottled message is a beacon sniffy in a wet shadow  
cross-witch a purloined mystery. Because I often forget  
how to spell satellite & silhouette and gonorrhoea,  
sometimes asphalt.<sup>5</sup>

A dose of how you really feel on the passage?

A: over-favored by customs and under-articulated. Literally,

one smooth expulsion without a hitch

Snowden trophy coffee cups, a luxury

databases dongle met

[scotch stirs<sup>4</sup>]

tessellate hollow pit

plateaus moist hems

top fecal gym skit

and hoof it

[ash wooed of]

phoenixes moult soon

favor body veer

nth-spooned, wry

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<sup>4</sup> The distillation process is undertaken by a staff of 16, known as *The Sixteen Men of Tain*, who work year round, with the exceptions of Christmas and periods of maintenance.

<sup>5</sup> Might as well pick up and off of it.

4. if you can't draw a straight line, your nerves are chained together  
post nails in a darkened hole. Pass cutaway rind of  
crate to the lurchmen if they got tome for dearth of alacrity panel slit to  
fractions opposing dopamine and golden ratios scream patsy  
feet to rest before the daisy screams we innate kvetch in  
jerk faster & we don't want to compete. The cataracts flourished, flatteries tone set  
finial tops were not the usual fruit refs wreak [jet]  
[dada.] is. no longer able to. be googled, [tailspin of]  
but tattooed to the anthology of this using audacity & corpus callosum sock nodalised organ  
hobbits to telegraph the flatwhite suck sound of a miniature kangaroo corpse mutated bi-toot  
another penniless genius like ourself light poet bathrobes<sup>6</sup>  
men were working on that guy's [box of bad] tricks, the irrigates ex-wince  
guy without the had. [let's pretend our hands were made out of other  
hands, slightly wider than  
hours but paper thin]  
The gumball machine was on autohypnosis in the Crimean sea. This  
was Thursday. The slower detaching  
they go the more they become objects hayseed ruts,  
forested eyes<sup>7</sup>

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<sup>6</sup> See me cry me a sea. Think it to yourself in three, two, one.

<sup>7</sup> Lumpy standards.

5. Lamar would work to Braker, if north is your concrete block  
if skirmish & jetsam an albatross or salad dressing, a haunted DVD [if a vagina]  
is it worth a spare tire with some try rot? concession air  
These seams "like" [control alt delete] times nuevo roman, flaneur po dongle [tonal clinamen]  
into the metronome of sick, slow, poky lil puppy: the motel lights were looks without a future  
[...]  
Noch bewegte sich eine Zehe [a toe kept on moving  
Als ich das Kino für immer as I left the movies  
verließ. forever.  
Das Gedächtnis is die eine Seite Memory is the one side  
die andere Seite efrahren wir nie.<sup>8</sup> the other side we never know.]

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<sup>8</sup> Rolf Dieter Brinkmann, "Der nackte Fuß von Ava Gardner," *Standphotos* (Rohwolt Verlag, 1980).



7. "hey you!" was splattered at the scene of the church boobs  
pouter sashayed wetly  
very nearly a teen carwash orgy with suspicious panties & hamburgers  
eaten rarely envy  
for all there was, it was in the end a sort of nuanced beginning, as  
shower after all  
they say in independent films

*I'm so bored, ill call a taxi a fag,  
ambulance a nigger, kike or spic  
whatever its skin a dick  
joke. tell a chick with big tits, nice dicks. I don't really but  
now I want to. I lack control of my impulses.*

*they perpetuate cereal boxes* [...] *they who?*  
*for illustrated sports magazines.* *we hide and lie. fucking raging because my player won't play movies*  
*and there's nobody home anyways when I feel like this. we who?*  
*me, you, clicks & impulses. [my] words.*

or subjugate, rationalize not being open to new ideas.

[the first person lies awake in the second person's pool]

I have a hard stop on Fuck-a-Dog Day<sup>11</sup> at 4 post meridian.

[Olive Garden]

used a tire like in *Jaws* last time & second helping hands are good people

[Soylent Green]

in spite of what the world and my own conditioned responses told

foreheads with twin plot

*nobody saw my boner and i felt bad about it.*

[torus]

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<sup>11</sup> FADD was first observed on July 23, 2009. It has been subsequently celebrated in the United States and western Canada on the fourth Friday of July.



8. everything is *Guardians of the Galaxy* & not 100% a dick  
kismet syllabus of offal Korn members on Beaver Ruin Road,

they needed bullet proof vests. The

loose puffs in peninsular suits

receipts tell a story in the garbage biter of the obtuse, the  
etched glass with icons

only bigger

& iodine stains like nicotine stains. No, like wine stains, &

cuted by false bottoms

coffee in the morning [her softness] courses through my fingertips.

[the curtains get up my life]

*I cut the rug. I used a plastic sneak knife, I put  
my nose to the grindstone and made hamsters fight but  
only pretend-fight. I'm more into wiener dog races  
in pudding, [me,] but that little oasis didn't  
last long. she'd get pissed if I wanted to get food*

winter is an anaconda

what's coming out of that truck?

[inspired by a true story]

*because*

[food made entirely of pronouns]

*I don't own her, which we didn't cover*

*but I was really hungry*

hang on to your interrobang

we're coming up on a commercial break of the soul

9. show the hand to the audience: Harrison Ford's voice-over & its absence  
 it isn't quite Pleasant Hill and Steve Reynolds  
 try to be a cubist painter and try to digest-agitate & consider locations  
 and conditions. I don't make movies or recall where we come  
 from all the time—thus it walked over to the Refrigerator of Contempt,  
 poking its head thru the second page of instructions & seemed  
 to become a bad diagram or code breakable  
 by that Red Baron<sup>12</sup> strafing the pizza aisle. So now  
 for some antacid

*racing felt became phat  
 like those rabies in house slippers  
 at convenience stores*

no shady whim  
 Stein quit it  
 basic butter toy  
 motion to candied skin  
 [...] adapted hosing ink  
 cooties embed, meet  
 lactose dun joy

[speaking in 90s aphorisms]

this might require some untitled instrumental track time

[.....]  
 [...]  
 [.....]  
 [.....]  
 [.....]  
 [.....]

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<sup>12</sup> Richthofen was shot down and killed near Amiens on 21 April 1918. There has been considerable discussion and debate regarding aspects of his career, especially the circumstances of his death. He remains perhaps the most widely known fighter pilot of all time, and has been the subject of many books, films and other media. He is also a major brand of frozen pizza sold in the United States by Schwan Food Company.