

Billy Cancel

shut your lonely planet guide to k-hole
& the k-land peninsula where the knock
'em down rain is so compositionally sharp &
auto-tongue wipers are aloof pessimistic
muttering about inevitable synchronicity from
here to inter cloud spac attack your
closer reading of the meatball beef shall reveal
an impermeable geometric surface & an
attack of the slows don't get in a snit if
you're unclear on the concept of
specialized off shore proletariat myself
i fell into afternoon farming to maintain a put
upon alter ego *shacked up with a zigzag* the
idea pot testing new types of multi slack in lieu
of my monday night at the movies a 3rd voice
a watchman amongst the cows at dawn whispers
into a growing chorus of some of us have to eschew
strict categorization & live
here we want to go
out & walk with lucy

gazing through blue funk with
a jaundiced eye you jump the
fence & make off on all 4s because
white ants their incessant presence white
ant shit & the hills closing in this low
lying poorly graded area was most unsuitable
for a beano was frazzing about the moss
flowers grasses *'til my little glider*
wings were overloaded with yearnings
for kitsch marshmallow clouds meanwhile you're
right-sized beneath a half-penny
planet waiting to be led by a green man through
these mini explosions biscuits hanging high &
you need a knife & fork harm can come to a
boy that way is superbloc
cul-de-sac means this midnight overdrive
through bandit territory what
do you
think little
sir echo?

the rich man in his castle the cryptid in his microclimate

his style is blast door hard for randos to get into peppered
with references to psychosomatic tick tock certainly it's
a pig's head & the wind is blowing suddenly
from the east & we all know what
that means this is the
evening of the deluge *where 3*
generations of circus king stop & downgrade to a
fool's head on a stick skilled-loop-relentless-noise-
tide-gloom-gestural-matrix-of-diamond-cut-diamond though
wino time with anchors is proper lush lolling
in adverse landscape dense mixed forest
valley our talking & a jawing hardly rapid descent zig
zag pattern high speed low drag polluted sky same
city i'll tow that about a bit & bring it in before we
come over all unnecessary then have to go on the john
bull search from hell to gone still find nothing because
careless-weeds-burst-into-drive-away-careless-
weeds-burst-into-drive-away-careless-weeds until
by the 4th season in square 1 i stand hand on hips wearing a green visor

coming down from my wizard phase surrounded by
cake 'n' booze i discovered the merits of half-belief &
let the angst line go deep into the folkways of
that swirling nocturnal blur where he picked up his
marbles & went home & numerous forces
interests encounter each other so you can be both all
about that micro niche & go off some people billy-
no-bird & johnny-on-the-spot are in fact
the same dynamic relationship structure *2 lamps*
burning & no ships at sea knotted composition
reinforced by its own superlative sod them if
they can't take a joke wet paper can cut me cool
head main thing right? because idea hamster won't unfuck
this hospital hold commuting daily to & from inverted
commas just for a chicken in a basket at the
star dust hotel i had the briefest of
contact with
psych-abstract disaster
scene now it is morning
in the swamp & the olympics have left town