

American Field Couches.

Bill Freind

BlazeVOX [books]

Buffalo, New York

All

Seized with a desire for, saddled with an unsignifiable this -- god only knows so dress the threat in booties. Thoughtful ballast and the fundamental unit in a plastic bag. The hole is the falls or no as you so eloquently put it. We found this on the map so it is real. Seized with a decline to obviate something shaving man and two things then. *Once it was perfect* becomes "are there good seats left?" Bought a vicious bicycle and fielder hurry, fiddling her ear the hearing continues, will have been cleansed and cut a page and take some work. Unfeeding the xmas tigers who believe elsewhere, stand not in, holy mother, where are my cookies? Purity, presence -- take it back to Wisconsin, Keanu. Hold on, let me have another look. Somethings never change several news say detailed. This is so true about pictures.

And on this autumn day in Florida I grow nostalgic for the rockfights of my youth

Somewhere a lawnmower beyond the mating of rays in surf. In the trees something moves as a camera moves for what lies shallowly beside the creek. There are stoplights and no smells, a difficulty in the limbs until the neighbor fires into a spavined pine: this is a kind of chat. Once failure was loved and triply; now I am distance, undeciduous, a kind of rush hour watched by chopper. Once the rocks flew cleanly, an unwaiting arc of a blue lurch at dusk, a pause and skittering, a clothed ache in accomodant chill. Fires and vanishings too were threehanded and in our renumbering we aspire to the condition of cedar splay. Quiet overhead as a tiny engine quits.

How to Get to Heaven

It was outside the Hanoi KFC that I realized
we had mistakes to copy. Let's settle this thing:
redo and bang and repeat, okay? I think
my neighbors are doing something interesting.
A swirl in the crowd and the hands go up, which means
the psy-ops crew can no longer compete
in the advertising world. At the root was that erstwhile scalp,
toplit, decisionless. I am not a gun but I'll be ready
when coups come back in style. Let's find someone famous.
Yeah, I was drunk at the pie festival but I swear
the survivalists eyed me with something like affection.
Nearby, vendors waved assorted ices and bags
of the eternal connective. Someone translated brick
while I got all gazey, wrote the comic check
then noticed a hole in my alibi. Descriptions
were circulated at the all night pharmacy.
No one talks about time anymore but it's my libretto
so I don't have to come down. What's the difference
between lurch and slouch? I'm kind of fond of this partial desire.
Maybe it helps to know that conversion is always an option
and anyway don't you miss absence sometimes? Repeat after me:
postpone, interim, defer, motel, cupcake. I'm thinking
about buying one of those wallet guns. Bunnies lined the driveway
and everywhere a story was about to begin. Maybe.

Undo

When we were hanging from the cliff, all we wanted was a good comedy. It's one of life's ironies and almost over, then who calls your hat? There are no connections, but still -- how could you say that? The driver escaped unharmed and was offered low interest disaster loans. Police are searching for a motive, insisting that a metaphor is a metaphor. That might have been me. Just feet from your car the stilly beasts turn from the purple meat with a look that you know means "We all belong!" This is new, of course. Don't tell me you're still waiting. You must have known he was going to get cold.

Balcony Address

Dear Public --

Don't call me Gustav. Once I was exactly the same as every one of you, now I am writing a different thing. Occasionally the reverse is also true. No link is inextricable, not I but and. Here is where the white swan dies, my readers. History is now and angling -- were we ever there? In fact the prophets of fail now brink again, as likely to was as destroy with leveling device on lid. These are the overpronouncers, the speakers of superscript, the unsurprisers of frost with their one two three. We are waiting for the angels -- you like angels? We will leave no place to run, but a few to hide, perhaps. Support our sponsors and stop looking at my dishes.

Dog on Fire

Fealty to the vatic spank equals brand loyalty to the gapers' delay. An upstate shuffle on percentages foods the yardage, hiping transreason for her appendectomy. From the garveys an untimely endnote, miked for the blunt features of the missing villain. Hang a right at the destiny of clerks, another at the blastward and clockless -- you're there when you see the remains of the furnace. When he came out he wasn't wearing shoes which was in keeping with the nonrevelations upon which the trip had been predicated. I said nominative, you handless motherfucker. Reshooting the family portrait taken from space, he upped the foliant like a melodica at the abattoir. First wellwished then a floater, givish damp struck to even. Late with the popgun the losters appear in fifties skew. Let's build a now to unpack. Are you a cop? Here comes the lava.

Just Like Alan Lomax Blues

your name here .

on your voice mail: "hi, this is whatshisname
illegible writing followed by a circle with some lines through it"
laughter

if you'd like to make a call, please hang up.

this message when you call: "he no longer works here." pause.
you remember visiting his cubicle,
how he sang among the maze of walls.

"What makes you think I'm his replacement?" the message asks

no further information is available

if you'd like to hear a poem, please start talking.

Some new worksong: digital spiraling
a trunkfull of tapes

that afternoon you see him stumbling drunk downtown
arm around a woman
sunlit smile
It's Tuesday. People work on Tuesday.

worksong:

later you see him fistfighting beneath an overpass
story of your life it's like being late for the stoning

count on it: whatever you have dialed has been changed

later another message: "but meaning peeks in through the cracked door,
accumulating like a) lint b) dust c) sleet d) uh. . . . love"

on your answering machine he sings lullaby for you

magnetism an aid to memory, to music

while you were out

Keyless Entry

i.

This is no time to get cold feet, Earl: here's the polling firm. An order of motion simultaneously action and substance -- is explosion a thing? I don't know what I'm doing but I'm sure that's my jellibaba. What's killing these 1000 lb. creatures? Again the political crawls in through the mail slot. I'm pellate, I need a closer, let's hone. What comes after the banality of flight? I think that was an artery. Stop comprising, it's nothing a little Zoloft can't fix. Sorry, the answer that we're looking for is autochthonic.

ii.

Hopish in the aging center, the decision was made to rejoin the polka. Suddenly irony was cool again in a kitschy sort of way and young people adopted the amused sneer of a previous generation. "Everyone is remiss," they chanted, until it was no longer pertinent. Did it matter that a number of relevant documents had been destroyed in the early 1960's?

iii.

Someone promised. It might have been your friend with the extractives. As if we could be other than formal. As if the ointments had been resolved in a fragrant assumption, or the nachos had not been ordered. We were stuck in house style, practically irreplaceable although not in those terms. Is that an agreeable itinerary?

Sock Puppet Mounts the Balcony

Neither debit nor marshing: we have both called in sick after leaving auspicious blanks in the paint department as the graffiti unwhelped some evil twin. We are heady environs, propagators of space who hoax econo outside San Jose which is any story. On the balcony with our own hands we have said flags and cheers denying this onlook, yet the multitudes have slunk back to the mines without so much as a song of revolt. Gander whacked - a refusal to follow led to plumbing, the feast of wax makes all of us watchers, makes us wish for lead sheen and seedlessness in the wait. Led to the fields of cinematography, puppets crouch atop the port-a-john chucking plums in the blanks. Our props spin and garner, unalien in their waxiness, floating in the pool of imply where puppies test the depths. I don RayBans to decry sin leché, rich in anti-patois.