

# PARATAXIS

Matt Hill

**BlazeVOX** [books]

Buffalo, New York

**Goodbye Public and Private** by James Sanders

Copyright © 2008

Published by BlazeVOX [books]

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced without the publisher's written permission, except for brief quotations in reviews.

Printed in the United States of America

Book Design by Geoffrey Gatza

First Edition

ISBN: 1-934289-88-4

ISBN 13: 978-1-934289-88-4

Library of Congress Number: 2008938104

BlazeVOX [books]  
14 Tremaine Ave  
Kenmore, NY 14217

Editor@blazevox.org



*publisher of weird little books*

BlazeVOX [ books ]

blazevox.org

2 4 6 8 0 9 7 5 3 1

## Too Early

Strains sift softly through an early rising – On a deserted street remains the light a painter inadvertently left behind – Under this marled sky, the link between worlds reconfigures – Distant roads become everyday streets, the years get logged as miles – Just the act of walking segues to a motion of jeopardy, a syntax waiting out any return to balance – A voluptuous vulnerability no longer distracts – As trembling strength fosters the day's questionable events, I realize I finally own myself ...

Any talk of premature withdrawal disavows an appetite for risk, which by current standards is clearly obsessional – Attachments to illusion's continuance provide I-know-not-what comforts to the chained and weary, the carbon-based menaces still terrorizing the neighborhoods – Through the armpits of embrangled mornings, the single focus homeboys drive their chariots, their destination the headwaters of my daily reckoning ...

## Tough Little World

These mornings cripple me with endless possibility – Freedom to move freedom to stay – To choose or not – Like Damascus steel, both equally fatal – As the weather gets hotter, the cracks increase – All this talk of looming revolution affects the genesis of my breathing – Some days just leave one feeling strangled bludgeoned and dumped by the side of the road – But with my need to make a difference, I get myself back up, brush it off and head back for more – In this somber summer, all the narrow spaces seem to be, or are, looming large ...

I covet the manna of anxious work, to rise from the ashen lethargy of my contradicted hours – I go with adapting what's usable and discard the rest, even if it has to be dismantled first – Particulars are the fragments that goad, that by which complacent shadows are toppled – As the metaphysical epistemologist, the one with rheumy eyes full of impending death, sadly informed me: it sure does get brutal in this tough little world ...

## Big Picture

The human soul, fetus of silly putty that it is, has impressionable edges expanding contracting in ratios of perilous creation, it's all there in the ineffable small print if anyone wants to bother taking it in, evolutionary process is an experimental heat sink in this sky engulfed world ...

Convulsions of the absurd glue together this swirling spectacle of dust and dissonance – One little orb spinning away in a wilderness of sparks – Even as the hermetic enigma was around long before the winged messenger came on the scene – The long sought after particle, once observed, will not likely evaporate the pervasive mysteries either – Hints of Orpheus will yet echo down from the heights as cultural savages will insist on migrating through the gates of modern barbarism ...

## A Prevailing Instinct

Upon arising from my bed of dust, mumbling in front of the mirror becomes the first item of morning protocol – With an existence-in-ruins, I wipe up remnants of the previous night's intransigent overflows – Even in the Church of the Daily Deal, where worship whispers through the daily slaughter, a dodging of pub darts, seasonal bird droppings, and BBQ embalmed animal parts is done with panache and wholly inadequate focus, straight-up illusions bolstering my instincts for further preservation ...

In this strange & unique life, currently there's way too much white space white noise white rice – Can you blame a guy for oversleeping when he gets the chance? – Then again, any forward motion decrees fortitude even as comedy yet sucks on the tit of tragedy – Endlessly, these hours should, and will continue to be, randomly engineered ...

## Phantoms Conversing

I drive north through the grandiose gestures of the dirt merchants, the Big Men who shelter their monsters in back rooms – I am the road sailor navigating the shoals of contracting life, salubrious days no longer bothering to work out the contingencies, the neon blaze of all this screaming irony no longer even *feeling* affordable ...

The vociferating infatuants rail on, the radio speaker pulsing with the savage syllables, these proclaimed artifices devoid of any scripted scruples, my vagrant sympathies murderous at times, survival now a singular obsession, the waking hours seized as insurance against any more dubious weather and/or rigorous indiscretion ...

An unforeseen event, now before me a former love passes – We amazingly exchange words in the vatic fragments of phantoms conversing ...

## Outlasting the Ninnies

No question, she has pre-determinant instincts for personal catastrophe – In the particular majesty of the particular, she keeps draping her melancholic wreckage across and over my unwilling semblance – The furor of her light yet swells the flesh, the rigor of her *morte* smiles on through her set of cracked incisors ...

Whatever O – I sign off on the raw surprises that await, I gnaw upon the savage bones of impermanence – It truly is OK that these ill-fitting hours continue to dodge the taxman – Sustained by alleged reprieve, what remains is an offering guaranteed to provoke the longest silence – False mercy should not and will not be an issue this time around ...