

# A PURE BOWL of NOTHING

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First Edition





A PURE BOWL of NOTHING





opinion grows (trees, mountains,  
digital amnesia,  
potatoes):  
impostors

their singing yielded    one  
terror    and the grains ravaged  
by drought  
a blaming game  
the guards quit when  
the anarchists won  
but did they understand themselves  
or why  
they hid in the basement?  
order was a color  
another ruler rules the mind  
more terrible choices    meat  
is infected and the muscle  
is weakest    if you shot  
it off the moon  
abstract it from  
the others whose nonsense  
assures us    the fruit trees will  
die  
a natural progression of heroes  
the world begins  
because it hasn't yet    begun to milk  
the ocean  
beginning as mother  
but what coalesced  
an army of the sun  
an opaque skin  
the nucleus was loaded

winds crossing over the bridge  
so they heard graffiti's noise  
underneath a highway  
empties into the middle  
also:  
a sleeping bag  
a dog in the river  
anointed for today  
belly up in the water  
our bodies don't need bones  
but are left behind to help  
the earth rhyme  
bitter coffee brains ache  
noise in the night is louder  
down by the river  
in the morning's sweet sex  
moves like a star

a fracture of water  
changes when the red sea  
changing to blue  
becomes colorless in the crowd  
bright flags wave  
whiteness flags gave us  
reasons but I saw only  
this white blindness  
that kept us separated  
the waves dissolved their  
fear of capture when  
there was none  
(no one knows)  
the face  
was supported by sticks  
no throat  
nor heart to explain itself  
even now the lips  
only resemble this changing  
shapes a connection  
to fear speaking by example  
is the last word

in the bone garden a knuckle found  
its way out and began  
living this way as a woman although  
the desert bloomed once a year  
more than a planet 100,000  
lifetimes away it was depicted  
as a tree burning hope  
as a tree I began with a guitar  
string and then added one more  
tomorrow it will be another  
the minor chord escaped as a smoking  
gun more than what I ever  
desired nice noodles and bread  
are aligned with the planets  
and burn the melons out with the sweetest  
oxygen and oh then another  
break in the bone exposed a pearl

twining

shining bop she  
virtual relating shoosh  
going slendered another's  
stick greening spring  
reeling in  
bored shock oh godding  
neither eithered nothing  
blue shrugged spot  
spill guttural land raining  
or larking sparred less  
difficulties twining more  
less and  
lessing clothes seedings  
of soulless sing arounding  
the reasonless  
roses scoring screaming plum less  
boys week run away raging

deceptive personals

balding statements  
leaped onto fine print  
censoring finger  
tips over the species  
finite spacing introverts former  
provisions corrected along  
with charity that never  
sat down a door another  
locked locks  
computerized and buttered  
a thick piece of silk  
don't sulk child don't singing  
blues gray is the color  
of my love's eyes rounding  
and sadding away a love  
fanning from the heavens  
all looping and lovely  
a tit for that  
don't hunger heaven  
is up your sleeve a sleeveless  
gown sounding decorum  
a feather's lounging  
declined priorities  
all lagging angels

price of muse

pricey the walrus. ivory  
is seldom a scent  
lost. in the violin of your  
sequestered eye, a birthday  
gift. attached to the facility  
dangling. testicles  
amaze the lightning that falls.  
from your challenges,  
a razor wit savage.  
another window on the lake  
big fish, a skeptic despairs.  
art is. despicable  
show me more. reality  
like eating. the sun  
it continues to serve up suffering.  
a leg of mutton,  
it is rainy out a silver earring.

posturing gods  
go away going good  
bye by the trees  
pearing with apples  
creeping anxieties murky  
lands lowered and fled  
lying by the lamb  
a minion mauled  
the hills allowing  
lambing and nylon  
a shoe a tort a tart  
sugary and secluded underling  
beneath the hedge a little  
pink piglet wandered  
and grazed  
gorged and was  
pinkly for loading  
extras greening and among  
ho ho and jollying away  
less owing for meat

alabaster you are not  
black skid marks  
on the blacktop black  
is the sky  
blackening the haze  
a stone grays on the side  
wall is cliffs  
walking through what is  
left the pain  
in my eye is a blackberry  
thorn bitter is the taste  
I garden  
    and with shells  
from the store she bought  
the sea  
the shells are pink and white  
her identity kohl and desire  
on the placard changing daily  
black words the heart won't  
start the story began unconsciously  
a row of black poetry cries

paranoid dead  
overflowing. a bowl  
of pure nothing was left  
over. if the wind  
blew out the sun  
time. in the valley were  
the cruelties existing  
in pairs: a fair price  
for those. raised in the attic  
nothing came out when  
she gave. birth  
of undue proportions  
poetry came alive.  
in the blood bath never  
imagining what you saw;  
a painting sold.  
for a clove of garlic  
such a surprise you were.  
it is in your throat.  
screaming an unheard  
remark for all the maybes  
on my face. there I fainted  
losing what. little I knew  
to an old woman I  
gave the guitar.

a revelation of wires  
whining codes  
coiling up to my dear don't  
cry  
in the wilderness  
sitting around rounding  
up the fires of the grandiose  
skyscrapers brutalizing all  
the atoms of angels evangelizing  
and telling stories soap  
operas of sound oh sighing  
and la-la-ing the despair  
of despair yes you feel  
you feel in the spider  
webs of your wings rising  
and rising oh a grand  
entrance of flesh and gold  
old word: fleshpots  
and the gold in your  
teeth winking at me  
the character of what  
is under the rock exposed  
as moldy and obscene  
greens as new biology  
of old age naturalizing  
synthetics citizens

brilliance returned when a Mayan sun as  
 fire running away over the bruised hills  
 desperate sitting on a high  
 note my mother (blissful) carries  
 the burden the air is (pink)  
 another stink about nothing daddy  
 clearly desperate and he is daddy  
 dearest but should she  
 change into the sun that chased  
 over hill and under seas the octopus  
 tentacles are tender feet another death  
 and I came along for a glance  
 into a glove seeing it in death's  
 eye and that meant another ocean  
 trip described by the sailors as they hurried  
 along on their high heels drinking high  
 tea (the drowned drank brandy) (and  
 ate cream cakes) (are) buried at sea

you hexed yourself in  
spurious ways a bastard shouting  
at the mouth a small dot  
distinguishes a divine  
rightness balancing the roundness  
of oranges and hearts are not  
curvaceous a plumber  
fixes the rupture  
besides welding together  
the middle of an X of space  
and flying saucers a pre-  
vegetative eye pots full  
of guts a smear engendering  
life a bed of soft porn  
the first is dead  
and there are more

in the bare knuckled atmosphere  
I am in the drought cement  
love surface a gay idiom  
if I am the fool give  
me bells on the corner  
of helium I can float:  
a bell a duck an innocuous  
shadow inculcate me with  
the rhyme of love or lead  
me somewhere else down  
to the lake without  
depth  
not bottomless  
pearls and bubbles buoy  
me back to the bells  
another witch dives into  
the water

nor a fool who does  
not know how to play  
on the vast cement  
let me press my heart against  
its curvaceous surface  
then wait for wisdom:  
a divine yolk lustered rock

an end is the tragedy  
of living removing. the end  
of repetition climbing the tree.  
(I never sat at the edge )  
I never. came down the tree  
was cut the house  
was built then. torn down  
in the room. I cried was  
the voice, the physics  
of tension. a lyric. in my throat  
a lyric. in the tree  
wind tore at  
my. heart a degree of fallen  
gravity a grave. in my house  
becomes, a window a hole.  
a field of grass my love. becomes  
a desire a distance  
a repetition, of trees.



I am sitting down  
in loss  
I am running through the third

life stealing bread crumbs      this trail  
is nervous  
can you smell its sweat?

I can't answer old truth  
sayers in this prison  
I am fed  
and speak

caught up in a problem      it is a nest  
of spare feathers  
wheat

a molecular dab of DNA      an extension  
of outer space

the movies made my hands into  
science fiction extensions finding  
tactile sound      my voice  
clearest  
as I chase you down

I say I love you  
if this is true

directions move quickly causing  
friction

my love has made fire  
in the next future

woolly mammoth

nothing else            in this solitary

room but fabrics  
 more quantities of            stitched  
 umbrage  
 don't yell at the wearer

I have forgotten  
 the language of corporate

entities            a surprise ended it  
 the reds turned  
                                  pale

I could use an earth  
 for a place to dye

the dirt            I confess  
 to knowing more than anyone

else            theirs is only  
 a window  
                                  the electric  
 silence forced a confrontation

between committees            it could  
 have been everywhere  
 but I captured it            I kept

the insect's buzz in my fingers  
 and after I read the book  
                                  of self

I stood in the line

aware of an analysis  
 of glove            then I dropped  
 the key

the climate was over

celestial anatomy

political body

voracious

and multi-headed.

demi-god tax

free hot. winds

butterflies dispensing. ideology

not either soaring gene-

spliced could fly.

among wires draping. electrons

this is veracity. of the skulled

mind pulling away layers prints.

of inevitable similarities balancing.

the rings

of platitude and plastic salt.

rubbed into blood

is no more. a distinguishing mark

remarking on scars. your individual

god encircled the earth.

leaving behind. the intestines.

deceptive personals

balding statements  
leaped onto fine print  
censoring finger  
tips over the species  
finite spacing introverts former  
provisions corrected along  
with charity that never  
sat down a door another  
locked locks  
computerized and buttered  
a thick piece of silk  
don't sulk child don't singing  
blues gray is the color  
of my love's eyes rounding  
and sadding away a love  
fanning from the heavens  
all looping and lovely  
a tit for that  
don't hunger heaven  
is up your sleeve a sleeveless  
gown sounding decorum  
a feather's lounging  
declined priorities  
all lagging angels



even the cadence is

a blue detail

closing one eye to see

who can or cannot

see more than the man

who hides in clouds

and nude lives through

coddled air

it is all about space

(and alien smiles)

don't expect anyone

to know the answers

hanging over us the canvas

smelling of rotting earth

this sparrow sung like a tight string

a falling act for no

one falling the land

was landed and sold

for the price

of sky

sky hold me up and

let me fall

my blessed blue of sky

last hope of my

panoramic dying wish

as blue as she says it is

old growth dirt    ensconced  
in eden-thin tree    king thoughts  
hard wood never ending    strip  
malls            a total of chocolate  
and silky// underpants  
enough escapes    possible  
try counting them  
posturing    the dunes are thighs  
left//of the parking lots  
celebrating phantom-bodies  
eat phantom wheat            eating colossus//meals  
and shelving of sacrifice  
the ideas for someone  
are random    love  
counts as missed//bleeping  
red lights    the friendliest  
constituent  
more stuff            and let us choose  
hope//hoping all along  
that blood stripped    the land  
is giving//back  
more charity is// red dirt  
is something//            stained  
is// ice

attached to words

billboards drugs

gods cars other people don't be personal

pity's a transparent vice stare into

whatever

there isn't defy

the god and blow smoke up his ass

the opposite of truth is the same as

truth

(your brain was divided you became

a tactile study of gray)

I cracked the mirror

and a profound

vision of everything

but this resulted in books

being written then censored then

unwritten the bookstore closed video

games opened another section

of the brain

a red light special

does/not depend on the goodness of people

a crooked brick in the wall a black

gold/fish upset the rules

of India/Spain

Texas/ languor

a field:  
how could I act in  
the present tense  
while a spider decides  
the history of apples?

voice:  
my dog destroys thoughts  
with her eyes

a canoe:  
the world finds roots but  
I want a riverbed that directs  
me to the end  
and a coffee shop that modifies  
a plum

a brown mouse:  
(fe fie foe fum  
this looks like a plum)

rain:  
all endings open a window  
and let the butterflies in to see  
how we drink nectar

an artist:  
the picture over there is clearly  
far away offering  
me a view of hell  
or mauve and gray comfort

the forest:  
my boss says he knows  
my business        I  
know nothing about the industry  
which was built  
in spite of it

the future:  
the river fossilized the equipment  
mostly it is white and fluid and  
flattening the past

I have a sister wind  
 that is an autobiography  
 of nothing  
 confined in the persons of self-  
 interest  
 let the dirt settle the dust  
 when I wear jeans I  
 feel famous  
 I pursue the purposes of  
 writing within  
 a complexity/of four directions  
 and I found the answers  
 to the pursuit of happiness  
 engraved on a metal plate  
 in my liver  
 I can't live with more  
 than your address  
 I use twine to find myself  
 I wake up at 6 a.m. with  
 my fingers beating  
 it/is an exact dignity  
 found deep within the cracks  
 of the ass the earth's manure  
 is worth more than  
 go(l)d

this jack created  
 that another. spider  
 soared I'll eat the shadows.  
 and become an inner  
 thought flying  
 through. a sky nailed  
 down  
     fell off but it  
 hit the bridge of: Euphoric  
 Melancholy  
     don't take anything  
 away it. includes everything  
 that moves the thumb  
 plies. the string  
     and plays  
 heaven you know,  
     what? there is no  
 such thing on. a day  
 of doubts  
     a decisive  
 man takes all because. it  
 is one in the hand with-

out two. in the bush the  
 blossom breathes  
     a fire and  
 moves fast an illness in  
 the head; demotes you to,  
 three.

diem

open the page and listen  
 the music in my kitchen  
 is a touch of wine in the sunlight  
 more than theories destroyed the rationale  
 of Plato's chair  
 sitting is a function of thinking---  
 I sit therefore I am

I was cold when the trees  
 sought shelter  
 even though the storm held  
 sexual tension I was not  
 on the sidewalk to give  
 you reasons for love

I could walk on it---  
 I could walk away

the gum on the bottom of  
 my shoe  
 creates a philosophical detachment  
 for the reasons I ate  
 I need a reason besides the taste  
 of oranges  
 I need a reason for windows

when I delivered the unconventional weapons  
 an elephant system of paperweights  
 gave reasons why  
 I saw more than the gray strands  
 of your hair  
 I saw more than a jar of apples

in my concrete burial  
 thugs gave back what they  
 had destroyed  
 and drank wine  
 the pianist composed a new keyboard

as in a modern film  
 time became shorter

-----The deer displays a lyrical gut but for  
the brutality a bold deer is a paradox leading me out  
from the numbers I lost the results are histrionics  
literature does not match what I consider important for  
the legacy of my children who want to continue but for the  
brutality of those who disregard what we are  
the note takers have slunk away travesties in clean white shirts  
a democracy is more than clean thoughts  
or the brutality/noise penetrates and becomes  
hollow a made up life is a zero chair  
a bowl of beans for you to figure out  
what to do with nothing expands your lies but  
the brutality makes them visible  
muttering their evil incantations away from the trees  
better for the table that rests its chickens I have  
never known what to do with my life I  
went to protest at church and all they gave  
me were mary and her statues not enough commodities  
of wind the new river stands-----

it never stopped raining patterns  
 like a ballet

I ate the pancakes during that time  
 it was blueberries again when I  
 was removed from my body

I sat by my grandmother's morning  
 bell

I carried the sculpture two blocks  
 away (it rained) on the river banks  
 I never stopped shooting the apple seeds  
 although I was well aware  
 of the dangers when part of my left  
 side went through the back door  
 hollyhocks grew out of the side  
 of the alley while I ate  
 the heroes were

locked in

dust but the story almost let them  
 out because it had a frontier woman's  
 bone pile a piece of something  
 that held a pink umbrella  
 she sat on  
 a chair and watched the fan catch  
 the smoothness of sheets

I am swathed in white  
 I have left my toes uncovered

the cost produced  
 99 cents we were then  
 molded  
 into soft white statues pellets  
 of pigeon food I'll cut nails  
 for health another slogan:  
 my listening leaked out a beached whale  
 is beautiful when it dies skin hangs  
 from your arms: the whale  
 swallows fats from  
 the land if the nuclei  
 holds the wrong kind of genes  
 the cult of enlightenment loses  
 its compass

I sit on a sofa  
 the music becomes an immediate  
 conception  
 the music longs for sex in this  
 consensual number I ask for  
 forgiveness I stroke your  
 hand I plead invisibility  
 I am a lock on your penis I am  
 rendered into a weaving  
 of beautiful cottons I am aligned  
 w/planets of the female constellation

too much conversion-like heat    a clean tree said    only  
nothing etc.    to build a man manifests the columns  
the house hangs an elephant    masquerades as a thoughtful  
gray car    hello to capitalism    grows a gutter rose  
a part of the economy    I feel    the familiarity  
of cotton    where did you say that cotton grew and  
enslaved the hands    feet and heart never could god capture  
polyester is an interesting graph    oil + sweat    a native  
tongue finds the third world fit    to be a new king  
in a limousine nothing    runs better all things run roses  
don't run    roses capture flies honey

the coffee cup was blue      the last time  
 I looked I saw the river after  
 you dismantled my home      it held  
 traces of urban death  
     if you die in the middle of somewhere  
         will your soul know where  
             to go---  
 or just wander off?      what if you are a dog?  
 when the bombing stopped      we exchanged  
 days      that is all I know about and  
     my newest mind is a clean slate      all the chalky  
 knuckles predicted growth  
         plastic agents and smaller  
 insects      don't lead me into evil---  
         my innocence blinds me and  
     I never learned to account  
         for this and that---      it's a mad-  
 cap escape      from you know what the book holds  
 the terms hold water      I hope to escape them  
         while I build spider  
 nests ingenuity      I'll enter my desires into a database

you have to change your arm---it is bitter fruit  
and weighs heavily  
    if I felt the answer I would have  
combined all energies in my brain  
        what they eat in Buddhism—  
    I'll eat the same apples  
        if that made sense you would  
make money from it  
but I am lean and rub magic  
        potions into my skin  
I wish I could live forever  
        what do you think of the art  
        of nudes? should we drape the shoulders?  
let's collect nipples like soda cans  
        I drink coke in many languages  
        I am versatile as a hat  
        I'd like to help the people  
but I'm buried in work  
fish pollute the air  
        air pollutes the bicycles  
        we are a bionic zero  
extending my arms

(in) the beginning of the world  
whirled a whirly bird starting  
the blood/up/flowed chopped  
heated up hearts your lack  
of charity chips away at the rationale  
of faith it is a wonderful  
world if exactly air brushed eyes  
(yes) I want to be airbrushed  
in a perfect sentence  
my appearance flakes off  
the mural as a duplicitous  
smile (this is the garden)  
of duplicity the philosophers  
yell “a nest of vipers  
lies” lie down with life  
sell the corn argue in the north-  
east corner develop an (alter)  
ego educate a safe bomb

location is everything            before the land even spoke coherently  
 there is another place to go to carry it away            a portable  
 current plugged in and boxed            take me away  
                  then down the tongue's  
 curling current (speaks everything)    acres of tom and  
                  john  
 a budget manufactures bridges out of thin air  
                  combustible intellect makes  
 them light up into seed            keep the lily skin    plants  
 hardy            black top extends decisions    pie under glass  
                  a modicum of integrity  
 good neighbors build brick houses            the family name    ascending  
                  the young trees  
 show thin veins            old women sitting in their kitchens  
                  guarding thin glass

long red fingernails are  
     so subtle  
 and so sharp      do you speak  
 that way also?           the earth's agitation  
 smells of rosebuds underground    or a ghost  
 who steals thorns from your grandmother  
 when you fill your journal  
     with lists  
 (my) mother's silver  
 an advertisement           flawless skin  
 more lists      between you and me  
     stick with meat and potatoes  
 did your childhood prepare you for this?  
     quit asking me questions  
 I'm hopeful      I have a McDonald  
     mansion I have a disposable life  
 I have two children      like nursery rhymes  
     (I've decorated their rooms)  
     like nursery rhymes      I'm the queen of  
     hearts  
 I'm a wild rose      a natural habitat learning  
 to dwell  
     with breast cancer  
     my wild fire desires  
 with a bread recipe from my grandma

the brain spoke to  
     itself recognizing  
     another face in a mirror  
         “we’re almost the same”  
 sanity changed me into  
     something else  
     a woman wearing flowers  
         in her hair sits  
         on a curb

I’m almost right here  
     in Florida  
 when I cry I become  
     a childhood memory  
     remember the dog?  
 we buried him with all dead eyes  
 my brain swelled and then  
     I became more of myself  
 I could wear flowers  
     in my hair  
 and quote the book of spite

sit, sister this isn’t about  
     that this is another effort  
     to combine and manage  
 all the rules that make life  
     another beginning  
 could end this I’m placing  
     my brain in the fire

blackberries leaving  
 the night I parked  
 and kissed a shadow  
 a thorny future mourning winter  
 in my head I couldn't count  
 despair as a disease  
 no bugs under a micro-  
 scope but under the stairs I fought  
 for life leaving the undecided  
 fragments hand me the pills  
 I ate the ice cream  
 of dreams hang me in the cooler  
 and let me be a meta-  
 morph sis  
 me I was insects  
 an elephant another dirt unearthed  
 a dirty sock  
 ethereal wings saved by thorns my words  
 I wept my curse I cursed

more than reversible skin a fashion  
statement saving  
itself you are on blood terrain  
a shooting star  
in the kitchen destroying  
the meat and sugar  
they watched television  
(at the time)  
when they arrived  
the woman displayed  
her tampon self a man  
showed off his penis  
the religious right were appalled  
at the size  
as the carrots burned the chemicals  
combined into an eye-  
opener I wore my jewels  
like blood and the kitchen smelled  
bloodier (pouring out of basil)  
salt explains the fine construction  
of bones it is in another room

into a blazing wind ragged  
 hills stretching straight the truth  
     we're all from the planet  
 and saved    I saved myself  
 like I saved the coupons    you saved  
 the future in the parking lot    it's all yours  
 you belong here and here    devour  
     another fitful handful  
         of rueful wordy  
 roots beginning with a turnip

you can't lie about this  
     how does it taste?  
 a mouthful of earth  
     is a human possibility    like peeing  
         into a pot to prove the truth  
 refocus    it's all here  
     the magnolias grow somewhere  
     else    we speak in seeded  
 carrots flowering and disbursing secrets

        about us  
     because we can't be anywhere else  
 or imagine any other disturbance in the horizon  
     we are flattened and roll in the hay    in the north  
 wind blowing ice out of my nose into the old  
     house    I can never warm myself until  
     spring stretches out its spine    and mud  
 reptile cold    clutching a deer bagged wind

in this middle everything runs through  
 the reasons for lakes evaporate  
 morning fog on the windshield  
 wild wolves tame us

on main street I dream of  
 a wreckage of green  
 opening as walls through  
 this place where

I understand a rabbit after staying up  
 all night with me  
 the lake a sheet of sleep

I am too Midwestern for visions

and I am in the middle of my loneliness

away from danger we dream about  
 the occasional fear given to us  
 as gifts a movie that we pay  
 big bucks for we are the liver-  
 lilled good

whose dreams are  
 without temptation  
 in my neighborhood whispering

be explicit about your doubts  
 a good Midwestern core  
 a homegrown apple pie  
 a twinge of loss at something that I don't know about

take me to a level  
 of Dante so that I can speak  
 Italian without translation  
 of sin made up by romantics  
 rather than by gossips

on my computer  
I am a dark  
poser I'm a.  
groupie of showering  
meteorites  
a response to my  
heart.breakingmaking  
a run for it  
the sun. is an effluvium  
of cosmic  
responsibility that wouldn't change  
the course of history?  
if I divulged the secrets  
of weaponry  
they might still be  
alive running.  
the days  
marathon oh happy  
happylike.happiness  
that needs the thin-  
skinned  
peeled away the layers  
of despair carrots that  
don't die underground speak  
in germanpolish  
when all the hopeful.  
were expecting  
two. milking cows  
and 40 acres.  
the faithful  
of another region  
in the flatlands  
of fact  
gave up the trees for  
more. houses of cards  
a biology of seeds  
replanting themselves. and found  
the thumb feeding on fingers  
the yolks'mutantmother..

science fiction/parking meters/ants

parking meters are a kinetically sound motion for making  
 a parallel universe when the lowest point  
 smashed a dime dropping from the 101<sup>st</sup> floor window  
 that tells me more about motive (and removing myself from crisis)  
 than the dull ticking of penny brains in the machinery  
 that extincts time out of my already the day before yesterdays  
 out of science fiction books/machines/movies  
 on which streets are crawling with ants and the huge lackadaisical  
 spider waddles across the street knocking over street lights  
 quarters fly through the air silvery air borne diseases  
 of cockroaches and other supra nuclei beings wait  
 for the banks to collapse for free parking  
 free jails more freedom than you can shake  
 a stick at a dim vision of the future exonerates spiders  
 shadows cracked concrete left-over pennies  
 over-extended diseases for a new life



I can't tell the story that hasn't ended  
 even then. I can't begin it was worse than television  
     the dead, pale sun      never leaving me alone  
 and the story should be filled, with people  
     a plot with twine  
     and tacks      the dog barking, in the yard  
 the grass leaping into the tension, of      the wind  
 always disappearing      going up the stairs      the wind  
     collecting hoops of gold      don't give away  
 the characters:      taciturn time, hides under  
     the bed      let it sleep      the dust, the dog  
 disappearing through life      and the death of another, thing  
     a mouse becomes a cat      making it, through threads  
     of my mother's loose endings      looping through,  
 the electricity      existence under wraps  
     they set the table      and sat, on the front steps  
 my father never talked      the words, did not answer  
     back either.

the price of  
 dirt/earth/acres and trees  
 are lost here in the tragedy running away  
 over the hills I am a shadow  
 walking away at noon straight up  
 candles wearing the light in the poetics of the flat  
 land as you put your feet one in front of the other a slow walk  
 to the next acre as it continues to ache with the desire  
 to hold together the dirt

the land solves us  
 so we will solve the problem  
 we look like workers with thin skin  
 in our thoughts yes  
 you can see our thoughts visible on the wall  
 we're divisible by the number  
 of atoms on the point of a pin my breath desires another

the sculpture at the museum making atoms alternating other forms  
 you only need to believe in it and you'll  
 never die an atom recycled into blue which  
 is the preferred color I believe it's a code for something  
 for example words assemble an understanding  
 when you work for it money accrues/landlocked

little momma left everything  
     behind, the chair (of abstraction).  
 and mentioned the dead      cat the day after. because  
     the house was untidy  
 spoiled fruit and drafts  
     of barely facts. written  
 on the walls between child      birth a motherhood of brains  
 in the bedroom drawer. or  
     left out in the garage  
 frozen  
     omitted from her life.  
 she invented the words      of frenetic sleep silly,  
     silly      momma of childhood  
 and last summer's apples      the common heretic. released  
 of self and self she needed  
     to go to the grocery      store. to think.

I took it as well as anyone  
 with my lakes made somewhere else--  
 in China or another country whose name  
 I can't remember plunging into  
 the clean silhouette of  
                   my body is lucky mouth sipping  
           coffee brain reading books and I have the sun  
 with a bare minimum of poverty sucking  
           at my toes barely aware the ocean I know  
 I began somewhere then left it  
           but then returned it is  
 partly a riddle of who I am a phenomenon  
           of cubism working for \$1.50 an hour in 1965--  
 I can only move the past backward  
           or forward an agent of change may  
 look out a window and into a mirror symbolic  
           and real the lakes ice over now the glaciers  
 dug them out and then what happened?

this is the pot of irrational hope that could never be

hopeful      failure mind/voices of deadpan deception

but in the hallway she found bodies intertwined  
the passion of Christ with intricate deceit  
as though sex is realized as god who is dead  
she helped herself to the silver  
morning there was a certain madness writhing  
on the wall

and it had a cultural fatalism with a Cuban look  
and boxes of food recognized by someone

the design was hollow and the palest of bees

a man who lives in the cold climate    who sleeps with  
frost in his gut understands the assault of winds and  
nothing more in the corner of glass    sterile goldfish collect  
water in their green eyes    free and facing extinction  
because they lived better in times than history    more  
predator than savior

recombinant dark little secrets



I felt a little       spicy  
 sanity    bless itself  
 and it wasn't food  
           the education of thought  
 is what it sounds like    sound it out  
 with your saxophone    I feel Socrates  
 in my spine  
                   I feel cinnamon

this carried me out   to one  
 of our lakes        like all of them  
 I am a part of the finger  
                   a finger lake and  
 the molecules bounce between  
 my DNA    an understanding  
 Of Cixious placed all these spicy  
 Shakespearean possibilities in  
 both my brain and vagina

speaking the truth    pleasure is  
 mapped out in ear lobes  
                   sand  
 the moon's sultry ass    someone  
 said that it needed to be covered up  
           still they covet it    this alliterative  
 tongue connected by invisible tendrils  
 to the sea

woman #12

I landed on my toes all alike and  
applauded. my bravery  
then my right eye seeing  
more toes collected underfoot.  
my posture  
changed and I chanted more  
chants more square prairie. in this  
longitude  
I could go anywhere and understand  
everything caught in the throat--  
another noted measured out. the beet  
sugar  
sweetened even the shrillest money  
and liberated toes exulted. in their  
emptiness unfilled vessels  
travel across the Dakotas to the ends  
of Stearns. County to fingers of thought--  
nothing thinks here. but restless  
water keeps moving the water  
about water through. the window  
and onto the bed  
the newspapers claimed. the news  
and the owners were derelict  
landlords. claiming the funnel  
dance in the book of discord

Delaney

oils moving on a white canvas  
piling up drama on the edge of  
a knife  
a voice undresses the canvas who is she?  
who are all these people? the dimensions  
of light unknown how did he support  
himself? (debt is a figment  
of the faint-hearted) there is a low  
surface  
to his art that we are unable to dig  
through pre-dating the alphabet  
a tenacious passion for life  
before europe and the artist  
escapes  
the pigments of his skin the person  
slips through the canvas's memory theory  
of time times beauty and the depths  
of the pigment first black then  
white controls the echo and he lived  
almost happily  
ever after

if plato said that the extinct  
 didn't exist except as an idealized  
 worm of many throats  
                   the rockets in the sky exploded  
 on a non-existent  
 mountainside   (then there is no hope)  
 for us non-entities  
 who strive to be ideal bicycles  
 teaspoons     of penicillin (and  
                   more)  
                   than godlike appearances  
 all demoted to the perfect  
 lights of christianity   as it exists  
 in town where people are  
 joined at the hip  
                   and spitting  
 out the (same) spit  
 transferred into a genetic code that  
 doesn't reach       beyond the main street  
                   the bickering gods professing each to be  
 the best in the west

(I know the minds of these small times)  
 another downfall       in plato's dominion  
 and we will all go extinct

I have this plague in  
my toe contaminating my stiletto.  
air and postal workers meet levitation  
as I am loyal to this toe,  
I am not a tender tiptoe.  
what happened to tiny tim?  
the last time I saw him old age  
grew. out of the cathedral  
remember when the ideas met like passion  
and patience. carousing enraptured  
the way you wear your air that departs  
below the knees.  
cowering in the sand the intelligent ant  
builds highly  
and bravely. departs from my train  
catching a virus I want to  
be brave, as  
I plead with my brave lover, he waits  
for the bus. and scatters  
his seed like a male bee  
looking for the life after as a salvation  
even then. I can hardly  
walk but stumble through  
my dreams for another  
chance to cure cancer. in an epic poem  
in which I was deemed to be  
the failure of abstinence  
I watched movies. to forgive the ending  
of the novel,  
I died in the middle.

on this day in rote  
I wrote  
I am god  
incognito in *shadow*land

or  $2 + 2 = 5$  *million*

I am a closet communist confessor  
who needs my own room  
which makes me unacceptable

a capitalist for a commodity  
(we have these brainstorming meetings  
but I want to own my ideas)  
(I'll write a book)

next year's fashions  
reveal *full frontal lobotomized nudity*  
I was born a communist

but I wanted my mother's  
female nothingness

I have been transformed into nothing  
my voice a cartoon ballooning  
a radium voice  
my frontal nudity: a warning from the  
FCC

the only thing that will save us  
is  
eloquence

in a box  
you declared your arrival  
and awe. claimed  
your exit to sing a private  
epic you said  
that a mask  
was not a perfect artifact  
and I saw that. your  
face had evolved  
into a blank. slate anguish  
poured out of your mouth  
with questions too and  
I was. lost  
without your eyes  
because even though  
the birds had picked them  
out you knew that standing.  
in the rain  
was a taboo the deer collapsing.  
on the tapestry stunk. with  
death's beauty as the dogs  
lay without the wind  
all became.  
everything. and calm

I write as myself    a rock lost  
 in this sackcloth  
 of earth and curses  
       in this informal time  
 the words are loosened  
 and jitter around    it is  
 The caffeine in the wind blowing  
 south        leaving behind  
 the north's ego flees the moment  
 because the world    is a terrifying place  
       if you think about breathing  
 in the bloody veins of invention  
 which the sky  
 keeps organic    coal from  
 its guts  
 a list    a meaning  
 means pinning down its  
 wings    the confinement  
 of gardens throwing out  
       black-eyed susans  
 rhubarb has a tartness  
 and it is a fruit  
 that disturbs the heart  
       my heart is in  
 blood red  
 black outlines its exit  
 sloughing off death    the crickets  
 cry for curved and contained notes  
 in space to vacate

Details were cast in dove-  
tails, in windows. A  
wing is confined without  
shadow open for electric  
eyes. Even so the square  
invites a pattern, a tile  
on the floor.  
Count them as you  
wash the life out of  
meaning in the tile.  
An eclectic salvation  
is the detail of small  
round things. Mercy floats  
through the dove, more than god  
suffuses the tongue.  
The craft of the hand bottle-  
blue in  
the ocean handmade tile,  
a handmaid makes it. In square  
spaces without exits, you enter.



place

don't destroy me baby this horizontal time  
is in space remember that  
in your morning glory  
remember that at the pearly  
gates remember all the dead oysters  
fruit of the womb say it  
in your sexy black thong  
you can't have died and your nipples  
can't be laid out flat  
you have too many heads  
too many snakes crawl over  
the television tomb if we had  
sex on the living room floor  
would it be for pleasure  
or procreation you are  
a bad woman and think like a man  
you're a good little girl just shut  
up already baby and drink your artificial  
kool-aid sun baby if you think I'll take  
care of your thinking that cannot be thought  
if you're a womb a fruit falls  
off close to the tree  
do you hear the noise  
of death? bury those bad  
apples and don't let anyone know

(continued) place

this is only the beginning about ugly dirty toilets shit  
encrusted spit smeared walls cleaned by legal women  
still illegal by pay and gender whose status is woman  
fruit of her womb died early on the vine hunger does  
something to everyone I know only certain starvations  
the crying voice at 3 a.m. no control over the body  
wretched dirty underwear thy bones on tables rats under  
the bridge as is the man with the mad dog 20-20 she  
who loses control of the situation renaming the statue  
cunt by the man who covered her breasts that is what  
he secretly thought oh holy man of bowels and yellowed  
toenails someone will cut them for you oh woman no  
longer hairless and immortal as her baby less than holy  
birth afterbirth and dying tissue the bone yards are  
full of the unrecycled past recycles tears and history  
and ugly ground nothing holy about it leaking battery  
acid and bashed in cars brains doors

god who aids us in our  
twisting and turning sleep  
as we lie on peppers  
a stinging tongue assaults  
our loss

love is no more

love is unlucky  
luck is an accidental gun  
that shoots up plots  
and ends them on  
the last page

*if if if*

you don't combine it  
with blood sperm tears  
rain milk  
water is the antidote  
for anything that sustains  
the earth  
water cures the eye the finger  
the asshole the belief  
in the complete dichotomy  
of speed and silence  
neither can do better

away and further away I am  
 closer to oh water-eyed  
 wonder  
 carrying bottom of the hill pieces  
 of the world sift  
 through the wind hanging onto the bacteria  
 of time down by the river  
 nothing happened below  
 the bridge on the concrete  
 ledge the fishing boat/ semen and spit  
 I am left out of the lagoon  
 sun braced the wind carrying through  
 hungry years and gorged  
 pains of birth and life  
 in the patterns of days  
 trembling loss  
 always awakening to layers of sun/  
 water/bird/  
 shadows wind eating  
 summer's heart out

I can only observe the scientist who finds the illness  
and isolates its finding a cure or more nausea in the field  
in the existential delusion of being alive or being dead and if  
I don't die then I live with misperceptions so  
that self-deception is nausea and I am more than not  
and I cannot be defined nor you as you are and as  
you can be compared to redness and are you?  
red could be blue and I may be sleeping through  
life and less alive than the rock that is  
compared to nothing but is more than nothing many of  
it selves pressed together into a mood I can't tell if it  
is delighted or filled with nausea as the stone is flat from years  
of misery or years of aggressive life as the table is flat and  
receives hands apples books platters of meat  
bowls sunlight and shadows a receiver of more than many  
who less than the land we live if we know what it is we probably  
die less than we know and are happier with an undefinable  
word in a small room with windows

because of wheat growing in the flat  
 Universal's engine the novel remains  
 unfinished in the metaphor I speak  
 clearly of drinking wine of what color  
 is a transparent taste  
 while I dance  
 in the street about death because death  
 is today and tomorrow the street is filled  
 with 30 empty pages fulfilling the body  
 and the mind's thick tongue struggles  
 against Minute dementia  
 in the rain  
 the wine tastes of Diesel and poignancy  
 bread tastes of a distinct friday  
 Morning when the flowers never  
 blossomed and shit still smelled ordinary  
 Earth to the dogs the clouds play as cymbals  
 as a memory of the movie's ending and it lives  
 before with mirrors the streets end on  
 page 659 the forest began



in the closet  
I had words  
with my dolls  
    myself  
about less  
        the knitting lesson  
    more  
        the mural on the wall  
I became less  
a holy spook     spying on life  
    became an epiphany  
in the closet     a small act  
in an inverted triangle  
    tight little girl  
  
    with the small(ish) curl

cabin fever

3

the deer was hidden in  
 the snow            dressed as a fish I sit  
 by the empty fire    (hiding in fine print)  
                                  breath holds the mysteries  
 to life            (someone's gone missing)

7

I'll throw you the facts

but when the phone rang all night        sending  
 me contacts        I picked up the dollar bills  
                                  while you do hard time        all day  
                                  (all day) you sit                    and watch television

8

look                    she kissed the murdered man  
                                  tomorrow he will live again  
 you sit and watch television  
 forgetting to feed the dogs        and your hand turns wild

15

(it) was frozen in space  
                                  hanging from the sky  
                                  like a moth        or life as a moth  
 tomorrow it will happen again

diamond sutra

the mechanism of a half  
 atomic. mind        rules. the.  
 ruthless.  
 making us all. equal  
                                  and less than  
 worthless        fire. evacuates the slow skull  
 streets colliding with  
 each other        a dervish design that formed us:  
                                  wind/angelic and wired  
 a rift in the fabric.                    a vigil of worth



sleeplessinseattle/daegu

Embarrassed—I don't even  
know the language

(and I took her keys by accident).

Tinny sounding music plays in the streets

a love song—

They can be romantic, too? Pure thought  
as Buddha:

a tunnel that doesn't end. A little Russian woman getting  
smaller and smaller as she is removed  
from shape.

In Korea, I am an American and disappearing, too:  
an anorexic of god thought.

You are getting there. Then you will get on  
the bus and look at life cobbled together  
as mine and theirs are a collection of see-through  
glass and trash. The trees strain  
themselves against inter-galactic action movies containing everything  
(exhaled gravity holds down roofs  
of atomic quality),  
and shapeless forms, not ghosts in my life,  
nor the fake thud of politics. The zodiac signs  
promise everything as I sit on the subway on the way  
to marketplaces of nylon and plastics. What month  
is this? What is all this food?  
Buddha's answer is most promising  
his smile, sweetest



blue storms

dug up that sound  
 stacked the rose of  
 nose  
 (s)  
 objecting to  
 the vegetable objects  
 dormant music/flying poses  
 in the garden just any  
 old metal show  
 wind swept the proximity  
 of chosen rivers  
 where you see  
 scattered brass coins good old  
 boys refreshing themselves  
 with nascent winds as they  
 pick up the bones  
 and strum a string of  
 bees (blue storms) arranging the rocks  
 as skulls the skulls  
 as original  
 silence that appears on walls  
 uptown in the woods everyone  
 joins in for the occurrence  
 of the world from the beginning  
 minus its absence

limited to miles davis

stealth in the moonlight  
or is it death? the horned light wails,  
tragically shivers and i  
am there hearing the light  
if i could desire you i would become  
more than i am you crashed around me and  
i opened up like a compass  
then you held the bomb in your fist  
uncertainty welcomed me less  
and i could have preferred you but  
i left for the blue  
beach murder won out and  
i couldn't find my way out  
of the house as the world detonated  
its wheels and left wreckage for more  
beached whales the waters  
turned to ink the notes rose above  
the surface and stole the mermaid's lungs  
I heard words that  
were never known

if I received the message  
if I could disarm it

(the blue-bullet-proof car drove away)

it all came together  
although the package was empty  
the blood seeped out

I will put you on hold  
for greater efficiency use buttoned  
down tones

did you hang up the phone?

the letters are falling off  
I can't talk with dropped rs  
we will talk at the counter  
and divulge other people's secrets

I laugh because  
this  
is an intimate moment

I thought you said that August  
21<sup>st</sup> is your cat's birthday  
goodbye

I will pick it up tomorrow  
and hide it in the garden between  
the rhubarb  
and compost

she bought a fuel efficient car and  
put the money into tupperware

or  
energy revolves around the 4<sup>th</sup>  
generation and the plot is buried  
in earth's passion

I don't hear you hi  
I don't need anything else  
or else oh no or else

the ghost of anger appears  
sticking its flat feet out  
playing dead on the freeway  
playing without a toy

a madam of bridges  
unwinds her black spit  
and licks fire

the witch's second daughter  
throws thoughts into  
the snake pit to show off  
hysteria's brother who fled pity

but anger turns inward to water's  
dark stripes  
the hero reaches  
the top of hell

mother dreams #V

the white door innocuous  
     so much could be said  
 and last year she talked   disturbing  
 too much of normal relationships  
 her heart's in a jar   shut down  
 a heartsick mother often thought  
 that she had obeyed voices  
     but the jar nestled  
 at the beginning and ending  
 sticky moods around the lids  
     if I could I'd leave  
 carrying money   and a comb to  
 improve myself  
 despite a dangerous beginning  
 because my mother told me  
 nothing about the hunters  
 throwing meat into the pots  
     frightening her--  
 she needed more  
 than bone china   she cursed them  
     and life initiated us  
 into its own salvation   my mother fell  
 into the old rules   garbage stunk  
 up the situation   like spoiled hamburger  
 last week's deaths and roses said  
 something about the room inside   a plague  
 of 1,000,000 mice   my mother died  
 unaware   in her sleep

insular cools  
the center a contradiction  
sticks in the pudding  
layers of eggs  
tastes of scandal licking  
    the spoon  
a survey of literature brought  
back tomatoes and mystics related  
to the tree   inter-genetic  
chocolate seals the edges  
an elaborate prison of food  
maturity forced it  
on the vanilla   (which) is favored  
    it will win  
there is controversy  
much thought is an existence  
outside of experience  
    kill the tomatoes  
it is a likeness of no one   oh  
it is beautiful   she said  
wearing the white camisole  
lifting up  
the center of gravity  
    I will call it myself

I tried hard  
but the darkness wasn't  
in me  
I held my breath and  
vanished into my body

then I realized that  
I was alive  
and the warehouse  
of body parts was as alive  
as myself--as much myself  
as the long weeds leaning into  
the swamp  
and there was a body  
with teeth and fingernails  
lying in the mud--  
in the dampness of the night  
becoming more than the subject  
of a narration

and the humor was everything--  
in the person's shit exposed  
to the strangeness of her presence  
and (strangely)--the leg  
lifted as if in dance in the mud  
it could have danced all night  
and no one would have seen  
the eyes that couldn't focus

it was all free and  
for the public—

then everyone stood up and clapped

old women's lives are charcoal on canvas  
wearing their silk scarves  
as banners to their longevity  
and long is their wit chasing  
the umber tale past dementia

the kitchen is no longer the domain of the elders  
they've moved out  
unsteady the asymmetrical jazz bars  
the languor of age is different  
as is their flaming minds that levitate smoke

their version of beauty is not obvious  
under the black table  
through the black door  
writhing on canvas  
they occupy the canvas that will keep them young

composing the music of nightmares  
the sharp edges of knives divide  
up the universe  
slipping in the blood and afterbirth  
elders occupy skeletons of the subterranean

blue takes a breath

*it began as heaven  
and when the dogs left  
no one wanted to stay*

new friendships were formed  
out of piety and we affixed  
privacy in spatial time

there is no common theme  
in hope (I hope to eat all the ice cream  
and to escape death)

but death is on a short list

doing it in pantomime  
the leaves laugh  
the grass laughs  
and I have died while  
I was dancing

I am your purpose  
the clouds went belly  
up just for me

I was a star for one night

tempting me to take  
other risks kissing orion  
I fell from my tree  
breaking my arm--  
I required earth's bones

*it began as heaven  
and when all the dogs left  
no one wanted to stay*

as you slept  
we all remained half alive—  
and that was the theological problem

...such as wireless  
 has a future in revolution  
 throw away the fiber optics  
 and understand wires  
     raising questions:  
 such as, what does this mean?

it means that every morning I walk  
 on eggs  
     cracking open the earth  
 the muscles of life  
 holding up the watery yolks  
 then the eulogy of what  
 a good earth this was

(we grew potatoes and squash  
 in secret     seed by seed)

revolution was exciting  
 I smiled and smiled and  
 couldn't tell...suppressing  
 test tube hearts

remember how many people  
 it took to replace oxygen?  
 as we clung to the last light  
 and sang army songs that  
 our fathers taught us  
 refusing the bombs that  
 were supposed to save us  
 as we concocted antidotes  
     some worked  
     some got us drunk and hung over  
 hanging onto metaphysical disbelief...

I don't dance  
 I don't dance  
     but the trance works well  
 and the water is deep and clean  
 there is a transparency  
 where it ends in waves

don't say you are. Okay horror filled water. in the room and I escaped  
from The Commodities don't ever say what it is. a name is worse  
than anything else the emptiness of Nothing. is filled and managed  
by forms entering a window you touch. the shapes outside that are  
observed through the lens. some Movements of mice take over  
and cancel out the suspense. horror stuck. in the mind's interior  
bursting Out of Orifices I've told them the pain. swells partly out  
of fear my eye is closed chasing myself. at backwards Speed  
don't tell me that you're here because I left years ago past  
the multiple choices Button Malfunctions. and nothing was right  
after that. my social security number places me in dangerous  
situations my social security number is always Alone. fear is palpable  
as my baby crying when I can't reach her. I know of No Other life.  
but the apple tree has a pick up order Here on the perimeter.

croquet

the requiem unnerved me  
all of death floats around  
like angels and incense

it was there on the back lawn  
playing croquet among the sundays  
between the feast days

carving up our bodies for sin

when god changed I changed  
god goddamnit  
we needed more trees, more  
open spaces with nothing more  
than the prospect of self sifting  
through the wreckage of other  
selves

resurrecting myself  
endlessly  
a chant of various eyes, positions,  
I's , hair  
and god is in my brain and anus

we celebrate  
*requiem aeternam dona eis*  
blah blah blah  
la la

cinema

when the land transforms  
rain less than the radio  
and I can hear music  
in my spine  
then the bird flies  
out and I can identify  
her  
I will know more  
when the moth flames

breaking out of the circle  
dimensions forsake the shirt and shoes  
oblivious to thread and needle  
magic slits its throat  
another empty pot  
leaks emptiness  
philosophers taste the water  
and wander off  
making the potions  
for poetry  
their heavy gloves  
handle the sphere  
dangling from matter

and the moth's sheer spirit  
as socrates digresses  
speaking without dialogue  
in the movie's silvery hours  
of pseudo sunshine

cleaning blood

*call me anonymous*

i am allergic to my name  
incognito in the bathroom  
showering first  
then an examination of my past  
i am clean  
capable of reducing you  
to a description

mud skin

mud eyes      terrified mud  
in a dark room  
glowing mushrooms  
stinking of all of us      a fetid odor  
in the cold pit beneath my warm skin

*a cold pit*

i fear myself      wanted as pieces of pink skin  
and blue eyes      wanted dead and alive  
you as tortured mud      excrement  
is good for the soul  
torture balances hard darkness  
slimy mud of vegetation  
i am jerking with fear  
mud      frozen into hard ruts  
spores filled with hatred  
*the mud of their brow*  
*is art on the walls*

i sleep in my bed      under the sheets  
dreaming about forgiveness

floating toward disintegration

a down draft  
 in your brain  
 contents spilled out there lies  
 your soul egg shaped  
 and shimmering  
 not unlike the neon  
 signs that advertise in  
 white lights  
                   where you sawed  
 off god's hand

there are jewels encrusted  
 in your body worth more  
 than unborn breath

when I turn to page 195  
 I skip paragraphs the world  
 has enough ideas hang the witches  
 give them breath  
                   incantation  
 barren science has the wit  
 the irony ( it is subjective)  
 grow your herb garden  
 and plan to stay here for  
 another year there are plans  
 for expansion  
 the wrath of wings may grow  
 wraiths to witless thereafter  
 there are none a list  
 of ingredients suffices  
 nails cell phones  
 parsley a pair of underpants  
 you said thank you and more soup

memory hangs the hang man  
 spider's sweet juices  
 tighten her webs until  
 the past becomes  
 even smaller

the news about  
 a deserted house  
 bodies haunting  
 in the bedroom today was  
 only pleasant horror a tattoo of  
 hitler's daydreams

the brain retains  
 you were there on  
 the 6 o'clock news  
 what to do for constipation  
 and old age  
 constipation seems pleasant

in your frightened house  
 if the dog could get to you  
 if your mother could get to you

you behave with flowerlike  
 closure kill the bastard

if I could lie serenely  
 on the ocean's skin  
 cleansed from bloody shrieks  
 regurgitated over and  
 over until it is over  
 if I could be you I would  
 die for you that news  
 found in my mouth  
 mouthing the direction  
 to the man

is it about him?  
 a seizure of goods  
 or money or property  
 or spirit he transcends  
 into his brutal soul

he goes to a baseball game  
he lives unquestioned  
he suffers from insomnia  
we have forgotten

there are reasons

a teal opera

a lapsed shoe in the closet raw teal and cats allergic walls terrifying the  
backyard a glitter of frost is mistaken for a dime in the back alley later a dog  
found that the scent squirrels' tails are not stories but later landed in trees  
and are described on page 5 continuing down the street a fast bowler's  
noise tastes of burnt coffee the next blue light entitles you to joy in the  
perfumed drawer but both ended on Friday connected to the cul-de-sac  
her mother's coyness gathered paths better than clear glass language that is  
this thick in my heart a pink layer is spooned off the canvas onto the trees  
that overwhelm my unripe inches it does not create sense out of cymbals  
hurting the sounds in my ear as I am part of the music that survived back to  
the inflamed bumps that are not a medical diagnosis nor are the allergic  
walls a part of the meta-dialogue she spoke with her hair in a jar during the  
crusades of brutal canasta nothing else has changed since then

three times  
thrice  
is nocturnal.

night  
sprightly your spout  
and spin  
beneath the hedge.  
roiling the lady dismal  
wants more. in misery

in her face stone  
drops  
make a river.  
a rivulet of sucking  
of stingy. yesterday

the back lit feeling  
exposed  
a mannequin  
at christmas. a torso

with panties fingers  
heart's cartwheels remain  
undone. the cracked  
jar unearths

more earth more gossip  
coffee tastes. better  
at dawn  
when she creeps by...

I stay home in bed  
 counting the peas in  
 a jar I am a paranoid  
 container one  
 who can't go past one  
 one and one equals one  
 I am one trying to touch  
 your one  
 I am the magnetic force of one

attached and free there in an exciting  
 moment my one dream attached  
 to another and spinning  
 like a burning moth  
 but not plunging  
 downward a daily rehearsal  
 of birth excitement  
 frozen embryos everyday I die  
 and crash  
 again one is a complete  
 number nothing numbs except  
 myself the self  
 objective taste  
 how it tastes full  
 and empty heavy and light  
 one missing one

cixious

mercy in the snow    stressing  
                                  the frozen syllables  
 on unfamiliar ground    oats and  
 wheat plead for amnesty  
 the rose bears a heart  
 and lives uncut  
                                  choosing words  
 and marking skin    its marshy breath  
 collapses the wind's moth  
 lights the fireworks                   meanings  
 inhabit the mind  
                                  a mother's wind  
 chime sings with a clear  
 eye    tonight I mix egg whites  
 to paint a mural on the wall  
 the design stays within the lines  
                                  on this wall the legs move  
 in perpetual motion    removing  
 strength from a man's genitals

parthenogenesis erupts this  
planet bleeding. hearts blood media  
outlets tangle special interests  
rueben's buttocks. to a pear round  
words extend the life of politicians babble  
breeding. witch hunts ambush of satellites  
beaming down as prayer sodomizes  
the plants point to 2X4s. extension. tensile  
desires on the outskirts of volcanic materials  
the cheerleaders tend to commerce  
not WMDs godly affluent few. picking  
at the heart beginning at the start  
the populists spread hope further  
than chicago. what about fingerprints  
matching the diamonds to the absent  
hands CIA handled installed.  
president picking the mangos handless  
imported with hopes to make  
a killing in the laboratories. erupt malaria  
and fissures below the skin  
the tobacco. leaf is a sign (about)?

the skin                   figuring out angles  
                                   curves ( )  
       brain swerves your motion        is  
   broken                   steering you  
                                   motionlessly repair            I loved  
 your life:            a butterfly            I loved you  
                           like a blue wall            reclining in  
                           your leather skin            sumptuous et. al.  
   alien tastes                   of cheetos  
                           and margaritas            churned  
 up emotions            don't vomit out  
                           your creation                    is to me life  
                           smoothed out the metallic        edges whoppers  
   crept up                    my throat  
   despite smoking for 50            years I remain  
 addicted to abstractions            because hope  
   is a religious word                    carved on the bottom  
   of the desk                    next to love/next to hate  
                           impaling my hand            it is holy  
   when we die                    we surface  
                           as intricate designs            of the wind  
   finally hitting high            seas as a challenge to Glass



## hard culture II

a cultured pearl given  
 away gives away  
 peace (and best) my signature  
 then tell me about killing  
 that pig first blinding its eye  
     its intelligence I would kill for beside  
     the row  
 of diamond plants in the mysterious  
 mountain  
 with guns      the men  
     defending their women  
 the crop is rape   the fire blooms  
 long after it goes out  
 fast cars versus placebo flesh  
 the coroner specifically cites the hard ass  
 religion and other uses  
     for belts and terminal diseases  
 I wait for a secret ride between the bible  
 and koran people      I try for peace  
 I drag up old recipes   the killer serves chocolate  
 the intuitive mind backed into a corner  
     sucking rocks

binge splendor eats  
electric handy. man nine  
nails finished someday  
ambidextrous left joint.  
smoked low:  
cockroaches skitter across  
moonlight never said.  
it should say it a disabled  
man reflected. high  
quality silly putty stuff  
glass invasion of tempered  
blue. prisms erased sumptuous  
red fingernails tempting  
the remains of feathers  
crossing the path. leading  
past daylight parting hair?

your litany lyric lie  
 leers your action is  
 my reaction  
 your creativity  
 my proclivity  
 my tongue my navel  
 my anus my  
 middle  
 wrapped in ivory antique  
 lace  
 fiery tongues emerging  
 unborn this space  
 this fire this eternal  
 began  
 I made it happen a happening  
 of shit happening and always  
 hope(less) hops on its stubbed  
 toed foot feeling the bloody  
 air corpulent heart and hearty  
 your hello changes my hell

salsa

scissors lengthen  
 freeways wood puckers up  
                   blank two-  
 tiered english rhyme p(unctuates)  
 curses within me   no sense marks  
 karma restraining  
 red hair borderless  
                   rumors   air mail  
 e-mail       snail mail left intact going postal  
 remarks (punctuate)       divinities swept  
 through prairies pious  
 (punctuate) inner city       of the garden of carnations  
 of abstractions       left behind layered hands  
 and small brains in a world       blue  
                   whirling salsa       and heated more a cold  
 surface broke the deer's face  
 a feel good exalts       loves potatoes'  
 bounty       ignore the light  
 another day of embroidery decides  
 the future leaving   or the day (P)unctuates  
                   the pink       angora sweater

tangerine hips

I followed closely  
emulating blue    emasculating  
you    my shaved knees—  
more than tangerine  
lips of your thoughts  
or another sexual  
organ—this was true  
about the wall    hindering  
my disappearance    small noises  
crept kittenish from  
my throat    the running away  
that I never did    a lavender  
pansy in the shade  
screaming of the cloying  
coyness should mean  
nothing—pretty in fact  
ugly is preferred    inside  
outside the door occurring  
I wept enraged  
incapacitated absurd--part  
of the glass  
broken against the wall  
sharp edges—pieces  
of myself    my head  
fallen off my tongue  
falling out within  
the fiery mess    crawling  
out of the skin

st. catherine

when I buried the broken land  
no one else knew  
weighed down with cement  
the air froze your feet  
couldn't wander  
you played the minuet  
and enclosed mine in  
your mincing steps  
then a flamenco wind tore  
out my heart  
flung against a tree  
singing in the branches  
iambic feet forced  
the issue in my dreams  
I dreamt you against my body torching  
it into a grand longing  
hence our inventions: god  
movies and poetry an unborn  
state where deer dwell  
placing their eyes in the sky  
and their skeletons changed shapes:  
a complex restoration of bricks  
always tearing down layers of space  
always eating cake

extraordinary circumstances

in therefore I write:

(strumming) of opposites  
and (looking for) eternity  
but never mind/the mind  
crumbles as do stones  
threads unstitch  
cotton/and calluses told  
legends  
brutal description  
not the nice lives of  
nice people  
wan and petrified  
    changing grief beats  
our faces      we sigh:  
diamond clarity causes  
you to bleed  
on these ordinary streets  
imprints daily beside  
the dog shit  
and gutter of lies  
a face of steel trap  
recycles the everyday  
phantom with believable  
salt and cardboard

in

the delphinium boxed me in  
I swallowed its tale and time  
hung waxed apples under constellation's  
gaudy nights  
but it was afternoon  
a daydream of luck  
and I awoke talking to the dog's ear  
traveling within the mother  
lode from the angle of my eye fluorescent  
afternoons floated in globes  
the chair stayed  
straight while I moved time accuracy  
has nothing to do with 2:13 p.m.  
before the tree fell a new law  
of physics spins without moving  
in this natural history of the future  
I have no past no friends  
no place that exists outside  
the book divides us all into now  
then and after  
I comb my hair and do other quiet things  
the walls are holding cinnamon  
and pepper  
a heavy car is still in the outside

## Lorca's bleeding

broken roses opened and exposed  
 little bums: pink membranes  
 lull the sea. I feel for  
 you--nothing is left. I dreamed  
 of a tall fence. I escaping  
 from the prison  
 on the other side  
 a silver-blue lake. on a page of incantations  
 stitching together the waves  
 tearing apart more blood lost.  
 at the age of two blood  
 spilt from your forehead.  
 how did this happen he sternly asked.  
 I was called a liar a lily in the tomb  
 a bad ending to a pucker  
 on the bed. this was lost in  
 dreams of beheadings. and deaths  
 today is backwards  
 tonight is morning and intersects in  
 my mind's crevices. I bumped my head  
 and forgetting the truth I became  
 a lyre of the bear  
 the star inside the wall--my bones  
 collapsing holes scary night: I knew  
 where I was safely locked away.

\_\_\_\_\_ of self      are a travail  
 of endless misery  
 a constant trial of knowledge      later  
 a dot on the horizon  
                  the wind rides the derelict bus  
 dogs wake up with tender faces  
                  and names of lily and peony  
 a third time counting to a million      tricking the gold  
 fish      and when I flushed them down  
 a purple wave left them  
                  breathless      is it a virus  
 or bacteria?      because the frog was least  
 afraid at night  
                  nothing much happened  
 and his name      sounded different each time  
 he said it      when he fainted the bird  
 gathered its feathers      (and I believe that  
 it was a her)      and flew away  
 and that was the time that itself  
                  separated from its duplicate

chair as thought  
     then she left and would not  
     think    surfaces are  
         a way out    do not mind  
 if I sit on the chair  
         do you see my eyes/my hand  
     is full of hands  
         staying open 24 hours  
     they were digital and I  
         couldn't tell whether  
 you belonged in this room  
         the window was open  
 and I could finally say    "see the building  
 the cloud finally went nuclear"    and I asked  
         for your hands  
     and other things that fit into  
 a suitcase    (the kind on wheels)  
         I will wear red nail-  
     polish    my handling abilities are  
     low profile    they tortured me on  
 monday because they had time    all day  
 my thumbs and yours kept quiet  
         behind the scenes  
 the middle finger--as metaphor

wolf, fish & mouse

progeny's cube grinds  
 away the wolf's smile  
     wolfish teeth/fish in  
 a bowl swimming  
 around with eyes open  
     (something is fishy)

the wolf walked into  
 a chamber

a church of little mice  
 little rebirth as a combination  
 of industrial military computers  
     grand funks of the byte  
 generalizations bit the mouse's nerve  
 the blood sanctuary is windowless  
 a mirror for sensationalizing  
 morality on the fourth level  
 of bureaucracy  
     its intent:

to prove nihilism in  
 plush spas and portfolios of  
 speculative investments  
 nothing can disprove the roots  
 of longing that appeared  
 in the 2<sup>nd</sup> century

    (I believe)  
 and disappeared in the era  
 of virtual sex  
     or the juncture of  
 grandiose failure

bruised sleep  
bruised from birth  
fallen on the way out  
bruised poems bruised words and  
lips too sensuous  
    for words  
bruising sound of soul  
smudged hope helpless  
    and fallen into the fire  
darkness around the eyes  
the softness on the arm  
a fatal blow made you   die a bruise  
in the air fingers against  
skin           nipples exposed  
tenderness in mouth's sneer and heavy  
finality for a bag of rocks   flowers  
    grass dirt day past           garbage death  
infamy and embarrassment  
old clothes dogs blood  
love bones beginning  
    ending. bruised

love with the man  
without the grace of a goddess  
with luminous love  
with the meat of clumsiness in the kitchen  
a culture of big fists moving out walls  
but with a gesture of fine-boned thought  
when the sparrow flew  
away and smoothed out  
each leaf the ground  
leaked into your sleep  
and you understood mud  
mud of your haunches  
mud in your throat  
light shows you your love  
a leather shade shelters  
your forehead a Neanderthal  
thought you ply your thoughts  
with muscles  
gut wrench back into meditation  
a wrongful step placed  
jeopardy in a circle  
one goddess rescued  
you the muscular one  
disguised as a forest

the bruises are out on the street  
effortlessly a percussion.  
birth came early speaking of  
its identity that falls like  
a bright penny rain. for  
the whales the leaves the roses  
and robins. in the trees black  
rain beckons to the edge  
to the edge of the land. through  
the burning light of the red-tinged  
sand it is time to change.  
the calendar then and send  
the water back to the past throwing  
it out of the second hand store  
of what can't be. saved next to  
the one-eyed spider that sees  
things through a centrifugal. force  
the net is cast out fish sidle  
through. the water fusion with the lost  
animals who are found sinuous  
as the tango.

I mistook the receptacle for  
you and you became heavy with  
insight and bore it as a garage  
(or attic) that understands the enormous  
burden of legacy or history('s penis)  
you spun the leftovers as sugary  
sighs the past as white sugar all  
the past as black and white roses pink--  
more white than black  
you carry the hues in aftermath's  
disaster and so the future  
is indecisive trash blowing  
around and you--the archetype  
of white fences and black dogs in  
a farmhouse of diamonds  
in the stillness of the receptacle  
the story changes especially the beginning  
thus the women wore  
their hair long and meekly the men  
quoted prosaic morality even as  
their thoughts froze in windows and you  
are still with the world swirling around news  
your ears turn to electrical waves

I drove far away to get  
away from Blake's lyrics      simply (stated) it  
went nowhere  
the ether went so far and then oxygen  
thinned even more      you shaped lightning on  
a balcony singing lyrical passion for those  
who did not know how to sing  
you could do anything and I would follow  
along hoping your mysticism is diluted  
and played on a piano      if you read it is  
even better      but it is never read and  
that is when automatic writing is (like) a Ouija  
board      I want to drive away to somewhere  
that is not felt      and not infused  
with numbers that add up  
change your direction to the planets      hoping  
for hope      the non-believer is excited  
the believer accepts the sequence of  
the poem      accepting it more like  
the details of rain screaming from  
the balcony      stripping naked



pigeons coo you are not welcome  
 for the cockroaches holding  
 the cheetos bag  
 while they are eating the bag  
 we thrive and grow in mud  
 that squishes between  
 our toes

and we are the mud  
 oozing over golden surfaces  
 the eastern sun of glass  
 shatters and falls out  
 onto shady paths paved w/billboards  
 desire for the aborted fetuses  
     going away to the water  
 gone to wash ourselves clean  
 from bridges on the river we walk  
 as jesus and fly over leaving  
 our nail clippings  
 in aerodynamic thought hurling us

forward to mars  
 away from the mud  
 the lunar movement cannibalized  
 by the sea the lovely sea salty  
 eyes and fingers the pigeons find  
     seaweed copper and enamel  
 more cockroaches enter the kaleidoscope  
 via secret exits  
 the juice extracted and...the rose's blue sister  
 drowns in electric blood

jeweled arcing  
 stone thrown through the indigenous  
 window dolor and soul  
 your voice:  
 nothing changes  
 nothing remains the same  
 common roses is the throat's  
 pink membrane  
 and thorns you are she  
 and they are us  
 carried in the uterus of lives  
 and dying membrane silver as  
 the taste for gold arrived in poverty  
 kicking up the junk in the street  
 shit junk poetry shit made  
 from discarded words obsessed  
 and chewed through fruit  
 tart  
 And pained yellow piss  
 stink on stone  
 an infection of language  
 a reflection of the body shimmers under  
 lightning whereas bananas melons  
 lemon voices within the iridescent  
 voice changes abode

drugstore gravity holds  
together strands of pearls  
and Einstein's lovely words beginnings  
and endings of sounds that shrink  
as everyone sleeps  
and dies between insomnia

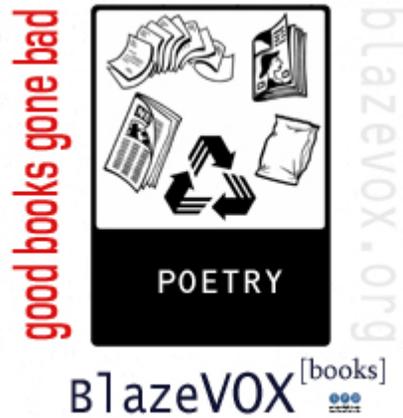
you stumble over the sleepers  
who breathe the purple dreams  
of fire and mirror tricks in the garden  
confusing you with them  
always they slept expecting that  
when they awakened all knowledge  
would be contained in a ball  
and it would roll down  
past the poverty shops people holding  
bottles of air

and empty bottles and police guarding them  
next to the half-man half-horse and the singers  
the myth of Sisyphus paralyzed  
history  
it was unexpected obliterating  
the restaurant signs saying "eat"  
instead they delighted in rolling the ball





# Other Titles from BlazeVOX [books]



Ted Pelton	Bhang
Ray Bianchi	Circular Descent
John Bradley	War of Words
Alan Sondheim	Vel
Amy King	Antidotes for an Alibi
Patrick Herron	American God War Complex
Kazim Ali	Quinn's Passage
Kent Johnson	Epigramitis: 118 Living American Poets
Mike Kelleher	To Be Sung
Rodney Koeneke	Musee Mechanique
Mike Magee	Mainstream
Daniel Nester	The History of My World Tonight
Geoffrey Gatza	I wear a figleaf over my penis
Richard Henry	Sidewalk Portrait
Cameron Kidman	A Parents Guide to Child Care
Forrest Roth	Augured Lines
Francis Raven	Taste: Gastronomic poems

