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“And because I love you everything moves—
One need only advance to live, to go
Straight forward towards all that you love
I was going towards you
I was moving perpetually into the light”

—Paul Eluard

“Listen to me, you normals! We see the truth that you no longer see. This truth is, that there is nothing true in man except love and faith, courage and tenderness.”

—Lemmy Caution in Jean-Luc Godard’s Alphaville
A burning candle
drains echoes
from golden haulms.
I just keep losing
my noise. One
prayer quitclaims
rain shadows.
The umbel’s veiled
wax xylems—yellow,
zinc: zoom yens:
xeme wings vroom
under
the sea’s riffing,
querulous praise.
Only naïve mortadella
leaks kama juju.

I heave
gangplanks forward,

expecting
durutti columnists

bearing attitude
and bikini creases.

Devil-may-carefree
Etruscans

fling grappa
hitting, instead, junior

Kiwanis leaders.
Mind-boggling!
No one promotes quacksalver remedies, save tsetse users vis-à-vis whatchamacallits?

Xenogenesists? Yosemite Zoo’s

zany young xylophagous werewolves vilipend

uterine tree spikers, 
Rescind Q-tip peens!

Our necrotizing memes load kewpie juice

into Herbert George’s fedora! Ersatz doggerelistas!
Come back, Attaboys!
Air bladders can
deploy early, freeing
gas heads in joining kingfish.

Look Ma, no
orchestral pit queens

revealing sham teats.
Undine venom

will Xerox
yap zappy zealots,
yanking xebecs
with varicose undertows.

The sword repos
quill pens.
Once, Nanking machine linguists kludged jowly infinite hoops.

GE found elegant designers cantering behind alpha and beta.

Cambridge data-gloved egg-heads found government head-hunters implanting jinx.
Karl “laissez-faire” Marx’s noblesse oblique

projections quelled runaway

Salisbury tartar usurers.
View Walloon!

X-C youngsters zigzag Zatopek

yawing X-axis Way.
Voltaire urged
tactual sales resistance,

Quit placating outré nabobs.
Milanese lobbygows
keep jetpacks
in hidden grottoes.
Fast escapes
demand cobelligerents.
Beams aimed
at bean counters
deliver easy facts.

Getaway hacks
in Jalalabad
keep loose
Mausers
near ornate
palazzos.
Quaffing rum,
Sweet Tooth’s
Uncle Vito
waxed
Xanadu,
You zakuskahead!

Zabaglione,
yakitori, xenopus

were very
unguent treats.

Serving rare quail?
Piquant ortolan?

Nouveau mousse?—
latched-up kudos.
Japanese ice
hockey goalies

fizz eau
de cologne before

army ants.
Bracket creep

drains euros
from grave huckleberries

in Juba, Kansas.
Licorice mist

nebulizes ornery
Praetorian quadrupeds.

Remember, swallow
the unnatural.
Vostok winged
xenotransplantationers

yonder. Zooty
zoukistas

eriscaped water
viroids until

tertiary syphilis—
aracious quicksand—
poured out, northward,
making love

knots
jabber-wonky.

In Hollywood—
Godard figure eights.
Dance crimes
beguine!

An accessory before
curtain datum

eats forbidden grapes
(helps in jumping).

Kaffeeklatsch liberals
moo nous

outcaste principles.
Queer radicals

slouch toward
universal

vroom wares—
X-out your zesters!
Zooey’s xoanon
*was* valued
under toad spit
regimes.

Qwerty
police ordinances

now mandate
latch key

jock itching.
Heartbroken Gods

fight expenditure
disorders—

cloistering, bulimia
and access brokering.
Casting die
edge forward,

grabbing history
in jaws

kept locked—
marked necro

on pelt quipu.
Raree show

trapezes use
vicuña with

xenobiotic
yellow zags.

Zapata youth:
xu warriors.
Veins ululate.
The ship rides
qualmless.
plaintless. One
night, magpies
lilting
Kansascity jazz
in high-hat
Glaswegian
fada emporiums
drank
Chenin Blanc
and a beatific cord
dead ends.
Forget green hills, I jaw.

Knotgrassed lawn mowers

needle out, paring quarry

roses, soft taxing urgent violets.

When xenocrysts yellow, zappy z-lines yaw x-legs, west— vexing undertows

to sunsets, ripening quietus.
Prairie oompah
nurses mau-mau
leitmotifs. KGB’s
jukebox intonates
hardcore gabba
from Euro
détournement
conceptualists (Berlioz
and Autechre).
Before chess,
Duchamps
eroticized foie gras.

His inamorata?
Jalapeño knockwurst.
Luna moths,  
nightglow, orange

pekoe, quayside,  
red spiders

tat, undulant  
velocipedes weave

xenias.  
Years zeroize.

Zills yearn.  
Xuzhou

weeps vines.  
Umbrella trees

stalk,  
raining quirks.
Passages
of new moonlight

lick kudzu jiggers.
I hear glass

fish, erasing
downriver, coal

black, aswarm.
A blackbird calls

duskward, etching
frangible glitches.

Hanging in jackets,
kestrels lynch

mice, noosing
on parabolas.
Quonset root systems
terrace using

variable worms,
XL yoofs

zooming z-waves.
Youthful Xavierians

want virtuous
udder tracts.

Some readers
question Peter’s

ohm
née

“Molotov lox-tail”—keeping
Jekyll in Hyde.
Gatorade fuels
esprit de corps between
anomie. A black caution
descends (exit flies).

Glass harmonicas
issue jetty kisses—

longhorn moue.
Night owls

peddle quaint réchauffé sounds.
Trombonists ululate

vipers, wailing: XTC
Yardbirds, Zombies,

Zorn, Yo-yo, X,
Wire, Velvet Underground.
“Thorazine smiles
reveal qualities previously
outside new maths.”
lectured Kepler.

Joining in hallowed
gallow’s funnies

Einstein declared,
“Can bloody arts
and barren crafts
divine enclitic facts?”

Galileo howled,
“I’m junkyard kinky!
Living minky!
Noodle our pinkies!”
Quince rows
segue to umbilical, vascular

willows, xenial yuccas—
zygotic zogos.

Your xi-shaped wisteria
vamps upward

toward sunlight,
rethreading quintessence.

Pools of nervous
maple leaves

knell, juddering
into helpless

glaucous folds.
Each day cans beauty.
April?—Aunt Bereft.
Crocus drifts

edge forward. Grass has industrial

jealousies, kamikaze leanings, making

numerical order providence.

Quern rocks slough tow-flax.

Umbelliferous vines wind XS yetis.

Zamzummims?
Zombie yentas!
Xiphisternum wielding
vibrists up-end

the soft Rach-
maninoff. Quartets

pissed on Novocain
may lose

kopeck juice
in Herzegovina, going

for euphoria—dead cat
bounce—as after

brunch caesuras
deaccession

encomium
from gracile haiku.
I’m jumpy.
Keeping lookout
means not observing
Peter Quince record
surf tunes using viola
with xylophone.

You’re zero zero.
You’re xenophobic.

We vaporetto, until
tony Sicilians rush

Q-ships, portside.
Onomastic *numen* Mafioso

look kewpie
(joining in huggermuggery).
Goldfinger fingers
ermine, daring

Connery’s Bond
as a body contractor
digs excavating finks.
Green Hornet’s

id jeopardizes
Kato’s Lee.

Martial Nazarenes
once poxed

Queensbury’s rules
starting trouble

under Vampirella’s
wranglers. X Y Z!
Zambonis yaw,  
X-ing west via  
ultimate Thule, sailing  
Rimbaud Quai, parsing  
old Norse moments.  
Laity killers jump ice,  
haunting gangster friezes.  
Eunoia descends,  
crowning Bök’s  
articulable antelope.  
Brünnhilde calls down  
elegant funk, gob-  
smacking  
hang-dogged Icelanders
Jell-O knees
lend mobocracies

naff off powers.
Q-tip racketeer’s sense

tense under-the-table
variables.

When X-Box
yoo-hoos zing

Zealand’s yobs, X-man
Werewolf vituperates

Übermensch talk show
ranters. Quip

pipsqueaks’ only neo
modern love.
Killjoys jack
into hives guarded
from earplugs,
deciphering
coy beeps
and asquint bleeps.
Can dolorous
EOs free
golden handcuffs?
In Jolla
killjoy laureates
menace
nuanced obscurantistas—
*Pah!*
Quizmeisters retain
soft tonsils using

very wooly Xhosan
Yorkies—zealously.

Zagat’s yackety-yaks
x-rated Wolfgang’s

Vegas udderia.
The swank restaurateurs

quit pabulum orgies.
Needs make lambent kilns.

Jamestown Island harvests
ghosts, filament

entities, desiring
cheese blintz.
August anchors
bashful coasts. Dashing eggs flutter green,
hours inchoate;
jade kestrels land mid-vale, needing only pale quags.
Rowers stroke, 
their up-bows violate 
water. X-coordinates yield 
Zebedee’s zephyr.

Youth x wisdom?: 
Voilàism.

Under torrents 
scullers respire, 

quadriceps pump, oarlocks 
natter, making 
largo, keels jangle 
in high gee. 

Fair evenings drag. 
Chute brakes ache.
A-one bone
collars
dumb Eva’s
flowering
good hearts.
In Japanese kite-
fighting
lean moggys
need onion
paper quarks.
Red stingray
tails
undulate
vagrant winds.
“Young Zuzu’s zlotys
yin-yang Xia-xia

who vamps up
to stay *rive quì.*”

Pop operas
need mufti librettos,

keeping jargon
in high gear fleers.

Every dog-tongued
cunnilinguist bears

adontia. “A bear
cauterizes

Desiree’s earnest
faggoting—glee happens!”
I, John Keats
like: martinis neat;
onions prepucents;
queens rigescent;
studying transcendentalism under
Vedic wisenheimers.
X yea-says
Zsa Zsa Yeats.
X worships vérité.
up-all-night
television, Shelley’s
requiescat, quart pints
of naïve Molson’s.
Larval karmahatmas jot in Hindi.

Ganesh favors elephantine delicacies—
Cheetos, Bonkers.
An ascending bindi

clarifies daybreak, each face greets Holi.

In Jonesboro, kindling longhorns

make no onerous promos.
Quixotic ranchers

spit Tabasco, urging Vishnu, “Waken.”
X-chromosomes (yagi zonks) zaftig,  
yoking x-cathedra wonks veldtward,  
under the standard radar.  
Quitch patches on New Mexico’s llama kibbutz jollifies in heat.  

*Go forward*  
*elderly dude,*  

cognoscenti blooms await.
A beetle crash
dives, elytrum

first, gashing,
hardpan—impulsive

jumper, kamikaze
lunger, mocks no-fall-
to-your-death-zones.
Only po-faced Quaker-guns

reductio sad turdums.
Uninvented volt

weapons—
x-munitions?—

yank zoolatrists:
Zeitgeistward!
Yuri’s xenon wattage vexed

Ursula, the sexy redhead

quietly pouring over nuclear medicine

lab-notes.
Kabuki jawing

incensed her greenlit fingers.

Even daylight caused brainfrying

animus. Ah, biology chain drives.
Evening
fluoresces
giving
hawkweed
ideas/
jonquil
knowledge;
lore
makes
narrow
omens.
Pale
quaestors
recess.
Standard tonsil udders vary, wildly. Xerox

yes-men (zarry Zeligs) yackety-yak.

XFLers, wary vertebrae upbraiders
talk sod raree.
Quaint politicians

orate, nary mere loco.

King Jarry,
instructed his grand farceur:

enzoo dada, coo—
bark away!
A beach—
Caribou Dunes—

each face
generates

hindsight. I just keep

longing. Muskies

nuzzle off platform

quays. Rib-caged sterns

turn unaccountably violet.
When xassafrassed
young zimmerwaldians

zoutch yeasty xeres
we vaqueros

unbridle the steeds.
Realpolitik quidnunc posses

only needle
maternity lounge karaoke jacuzzi infants.

Homebodies
goole for

ebony doors,
concealing

bald
amphigorians.
Among blue carnations
dandelions edge first, growing
heavenward in jest, keeping
leopard moths nosing,
on posie cues.
Rose squirrels tut
under vairish weeds.
Xaviera yatters, zeugmas
zephyring, yexing

xyresic words, verbs,
utterings. *That’s so*

*redolent*, Quentin purrs, oléing,
*no man’s land keeps*

*junkyards interesting.*
Harry’s grave face

eyesdinner—char
breton, appolonaire—

assassin bugs
clicks, divining

entropy from gunboat
hocus-pocus.
I joined Kodachrome leaving

modus (notice?) operandi.

Pouter quabs
(risus

sardonicus)
tailed unto Via Warhola.

Xenagogues yawned.
Zoppo zoozoos yawned.

Xylomancers (wooden visionaries) urged—

take slide rulings!
Qua prophecies?
Orange narcissus
make Lake Kalpa

*jolie-laide.* Island
hares graze

freely enjoying daisies,
clover, bunchberries

and asters.
Beetles chirrup

demanding ears
for gracile haikus.

In July
king lobsters make

nod offs part
quaps.
Rain shadows trench
up valley, where

xiphoidic yetis
zzzz. Zneesy yews,

Xmas winter.
Veiled ughten tightens

Sunday’s reign.
Quantum physics orders

new moons; Lemmy’s
keypad juts.

I hear geese—
febrile,

eidetic. Dawn’s chador
breaks abecedarians.
Alphaville baddies caper, deciphering
elegies for goo-goo.
Hahas in Jerusalem keep look-in.
My needs open puddles, quietly raining
spirea, tracing up valley, where
Xiuhtecutli yahoos: Zedland!
About The Author

Peter Jay Shippy was born in Niagara Falls, New York and raised on his family’s apple farm. He was educated at Northwestern, Emerson College and the Writer’s Workshop at the University of Iowa.

Shippy’s book, *Thieves’ Latin* (University of Iowa Press) won the 2002 Iowa Poetry Prize. He has received fellowships from the Massachusetts Cultural Council and the National Endowment for the Arts.

His poems and essays have been published widely, including: *The American Poetry Review, Colorado Review, Denver Quarterly, Fence, The Iowa Review, Ploughshares* and *Verse*, among others.

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