

MUSEE MECHANIQUE

Rodney Koeneke

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For unless poetry can absorb the machine, i.e.
acclimatize it as naturally and casually as trees ...

Hart Crane

MUSEE MECHANIQUE

FIRE WATER BURN

Victory's a blue & bruising voice
Yeah, I'm leaking pure white noise.

Kim Deal

Use Dips to Initiate

Whisker was first used
in the air-sparging tube
to regulate transient voltage dips
for the whole modular village

hordes of unshorn unicorns
served as insecticides and, when they expired,
to initiate dialogue on exceptions:

that tape shall be used in every threaded fitting.
that Cheese dip appears at the Welcoming Committees.
that Outfall from dips and lead-off ditches be fed
to native plants:

my little
bluestem, my wild rye
my fifteen colors
of Tyres of Sidon hummus

Navy ships are never used
to initiate ensign dips
but if originator dips ensign

up bloom striped flags.

Got A Chick Glimpse of My Deer Hunter Make Up

Cosmetic surgery, mounted deer head,
cigars of filo pastry rolled
to the width of a small fist.
Onion slivers in a wasabi mayonnaise – charged
to the American Deer Hunters Association of North America

along with our safety
(a touch of wasabi)
eyes water at Programs and Television Commercials

Names of the dead
Scroll up in silence
U2 rocks the theme park
Up With People—'Wasabi, Wassup?'

Dead Man Eating
chicken rice-a-roni
deer salami
hand rolled cigars

Meat wrapped in kinds of mammals
(venison is disconcertingly called "deer")
close to the Beltway, body shots
off Goon Patrol

Because you can do that to a deer
slurplice made from native venison
citizens who own the local surplus
wan wank wares wasabi wasting

Sky Hook

sky hook? It's a thing that attaches to the sky. Marines shimmy up it. Sky Hook Structure establishes "snakiness," provides shade—protection—from aerial predators. They called Gou Tian (Sky

Hook) the Boy Who Flies. Decreases bank erosion. Tranquility Base from Book of Calvin—"Insult Thy Favorite Neighbors," buy them Sky Hooks. "Isn't that the Yipper Tubing Guy?" "Right." So Koubie said

and so we agreed. Black Civilian Air Corps uses sky hook; Rustproof tubular aluminum—you know, those hooks that just hang limply from the sky. Book about a little duck afraid to swim. Mother gave him "sky hook"—Sank No More.

Office Pranks Use Sky Hook for purchase on dull edges. "Have YOU ever been asked to LOOK for a 'SKY HOOK' only to find out it WASN'T THERE?!?"

.AirNav Hook Scare at Sky Park Airport: Wizard guides the sky hook (most devastating weapon) till Links looked reassuring. OK so then we crawled. Eric was sobbing how 'Little Miss Hook'

had caught so much attention. "How will you WIN with a Sky Hook?" she asked. Do a low hook turn in landing, stalling in trees or something.

Evil Dummy

No way SLAPPY could be in charge, right? The Evil Dummy???
When my little sister saw it, she freaked out and ran out of the room.
She didn't know there was something different about this
dummy until weird and evil events started happening.

*Creepy, or what? <[www.deathstudios.com/
ventriloquist_dummy_latex_hallow.htm](http://www.deathstudios.com/ventriloquist_dummy_latex_hallow.htm)>*

This dummy was not an ordinary dummy, it was evil
(Chinless half mask)

HM2056 Evil Dummy \$15.00 Chinless half mask ties on with elastic straps ...
thing is cute for the first 5 minutes, then
starts to wear thin—dummy comes to life,
takes over carnival. How do you set things right?

*Phantom dummy, From Boy to Hero (City
Walls North). Dragon dummy, The Boy's
Training Room (City Walls South). Evil dummy, Air
Drop (Town Center East) ...*

ventriloquist is oblivious to the fact his dummy is evil—
blood spills and spurts.

Then he turns to his puppet doppelganger and asks, "Is that OK?"
The dummy talks back to him:
Oh... it's an *evil* dummy. Kitsu playing Vagrant Story. ...
*"Stop that! Don't listen to him! Your being an idiot! He's
an EVIL DUMMY! Why are you listening to him? No... STOP!!!"*

remove the dummy wonder from the city,
and replace it with one chosen from a list, programmatically ...
you get like a quarter of a point each time you
hit the dummy

mask of high quality latex

DUMMY > Internet Tools: Talk Talk Talk. ...

Previous message: "TOUR > TOURBUS -

17 March 2003 - Evil Spyware

his body becomes a dummy on the way down

... with that little dummy voice ...

He is ready to attack the scared little man,

<Is that O.K.?> it is not the man

who is the source of evil power

but the dummy.

The bottle needed to be broken to destroy

an evil but it's rumored

that the true feelings of everyone in

the city are inside it.

Pizza Kitty

for k. silem mohammad

Kitty Goes Postal—
wants pizza.
Kitty has hat & cape and looks
like a magician . . .

Observe kitty eating a slice of pizza.
"Eat some free pizza, Kitty!" YUM
(pizza man impatient at the door)

BAD KITTY LIST, FOOD RELATED

_____will not use my ninja kitty paw strike
_____naked on sofa with rapidly-cooling pizza
_____monster clowns with KITTY-FACES!

"Take off your shoes, bitch"
Base Mood, icky. Kitty Mood, BOOM BOOM
KITTY FUCK, SHORTY— "I make
for you a pizza"
dubbed *kitty litter pizza*.
(Whatever you do don't eat from the Kitty Litter pizza ...

Just had the stupidest idea—
Make KITTY order pizza!
The kitty brings the pizza on its
paw, possibly
cold pizza

Send kind and healing thoughts
to Pizza Kitty
 one sick kitty
cute blonde baffled pizza delivery . . .

Obverse of Kitty:
 ...I have a bottomless pit for pizza...
 there is a pizza bar on ship
 word is they're living off
 an "all pizza diet"
Kitty won't be so finicky
When she's served this new stuffed pizza!

Long, annoying lecture about being
 A bad world kitty. "What turns you on, Pizza Kitty?"
Mommy does *not* like to get kitty kisses
while she is trying to eat her pizza . . .

Super Kitty Cat Pics Archives
Hungry ... :: Fishy Fountains [1] ... Expensive
Kitty Bed [3] .. :: Delivery Boys [7] .. ::
.. :: Pizza...

Kitty in some kind
of army uniform—every time we contemplate
 making pizza we remember this incident:

"Kitty, come down!" Pizza
 all over our bodies.

Then the pizza guy (not the cute
 pizza guy, worse luck)
comes to the door and says, "Peace, Kitty!"

.. :: DEPENDS ON WHETHER I
CATCH THE SCENT OF PIZZA!!! .. ::

Robust Nuclear Pet Penetrator

Pet personal project: we shine
and give them pet names

SUNFLOWER

"ASK GRUMPY"

DEAD PUPPIES FOR SALE

THE TRUTH ABOUT COMMERCIAL PET FOOD

...heads, feet, lungs
spleen, kidneys, brains, livers
stomachs, entrails...

"the first thing the dog would do
is eat the viscera"

:::the parts you can't see:::

Did my pet have a vision?

Burp (Devlin's pet) brutally kills Sprite

(Nicolaa's pet!)

Burp's grinning face

drips with entrails

Pet Projects to Look Into:

Ear Coning (pour hot wax

into pet's ears)

Trepanation (drill hole

in head)

have Entrails Ripped Out

...penetrating your pet's intestine...

While the White House was articulating its pet
:::I want to eat all your entrails!!!:::
project to completely remove the entrails
(to remove the entrails,
you put it through a couple of
different solutions . . .)
I could not find any references to pets or to pet entrails
in my usual sources
(conjures a picture of entrails
slopping around)

Bought a large tray and put entrails on it...
"You mindless, brain-dead, acne-faced
gopher-toothed, pet-despising FREAK!
Make that ULTRA FREAK!!!!"

: ::Ethics & Health of Vegetarianism:: :
DON'T eat from that bowl of PET ENTRAILS
Pet-Abuse.com—Animal Abuse—Cases
and Statistics—Case Details
[droopy sad pet face:

please god no
more entrails . . .

Otto of Rose & Lavender

for michael magee

Little lavender sachets, great to place in dresser drawers or in your auto, exist in 5 patterns: rose petal, amaranth, slippery elm, coconut, assam. We have two models of diffusers (Auto Scent Plug-In Diffuser—Plug into cigarette lighter—& Liquid Arcana Diffuser of Essence)

We are THE marketing organization in the field of auto lubrication & we make soothing and fragrant lavender products for your skin or home sweet, deep, long-lasting rose bags shipped worldwide in lavender sachets.

Our bags have several uses:

The Auto Club float (decorated entirely by Auto Club members); carnation smoke that trails the plane; Kaffir lilies with oblong tongues. One of our products partners

With each of these solutions. Consumers forget, then rise up from the convenience stores and auto shops, hungry for fresh blessings from our Liquid Enhancer/Diffuser. We give them gum benzoin

then they sleep and forget again. We give out free suites of security ingredients: Goldenseal Root & Auto Exhaust, attar of Rose hips & Lavender oil, deep-tissue massage, auto-immune dysfunction

and these drip pads for their oily constitutions.

Let Arch Rot

One of the #1 reasons for rot is hawkers.

It's the reason they use to make their point, so Maple Arch gets built. Let's examine this a bit further...

The Chinese are at least as talented: Enchant as ideal rot.

Irate load enhancers reach in and liberate the total. Arch aliens don't. Arch will merely

die there, merely rot. Anyone who has ever known the vagina knows the vagina's own acidity is a sperm's arch-nemesis, that stud or chic art cuts

like runes. Here's the arch: some curse and some are cursed.

Far better let the bone-arch rot to butter

than to see File Format: PDF/Adobe Acrobat dirty with e*FACTS
re: How Brown Rot Works. Petal curl lined

in drool of light, rot like a wimple
drooped over arch, for the rest—
Necrotic Flesh Rot. Behold Rotary's sixth president, Arch

Klumph, curled in a ball at the base of the arch.

Let him produce his viscous lubes—
instead look beneath him for soggy underfelt

and floor/sill rot. Never put the bolt on hub caps back;
don't let dogs or small children play
in more than a few inches of his ilk—

Stems which do not branch, but arch,
posts that droop and rot, sagged forward,
cracked: the body falls. Springs now

hang that much lower. One drop
to make arch floral, thought:
then day drooped.

Neo Adapts Badly

soul is degraded and badly eroded ... Colonialism adapts to soil.
Brutal century rule replaced w/ neo-entropy treatments:
you adapt the second law of thermodynamics (the "entropy law")
to Boeing N.E.O. agents.
Laser line skips optic control gate: "We see you, sexy baby!!!"
System adapts well

in New Electronic Order (NEO), Army wants forgottenness.
Red throws Slasher
at Bizarro, but Bizarro's own forgottenness recovers—
over quickly. Boing Shield adapts, Iceman
greens and shrinks—
are we really losing

that badly? Neo-Lamarckians
thought people acted badly
because of consciousness, which warps as it adapts.
Bandura, Rotter, and some other neo-neobehaviorists
prefer now to say the "environment adapts organisms" badly.
He who is guided by reality adapts and evolves

like neo-Kong cinema in out-of-the-way Chinese theaters
on badly subtitled video.
Kong swatting Stukas as a model
of wealth creation. The result? A stable,
highly adaptable system
that badly mauls and rules another class.

I felt this monster happening outside me
but I also feel mind/brain adapting to its happening
within. My friends stood and fought: they're beaten
up quite badly - to slash it
 adapt to new air.

White Like Me

I wander'd—by mistake—into this anal monkey oyster bar
... fucking monkeys) Mordedor de almohada, Gay
person (lit. ... oyster). Low
class person, hoodlum, anal person., ANAL SEX

How 'bout I freeze my semen and be remembered forever
as the monkeys dribbling out from your butt? How 'bout
petroleum discharge monkeys? Up your butt?
Literally—look for petroleum.

The world is my oyster, yet superchicks don't spank me;
What the funky donkey honkey's up with that?
Just what the fuck is a Blue Oyster Cult reunion tour
without Midwestern tour dates? Were they Israelite tree monkeys
freeing themselves from the captivity of my ass
I couldn't more happy. I'm happy for Mommy—

*Mommy button Mommy parts Mommy's pie Money
box Money maker Oval office
Ovarian pool stick
Oyster probe*

The Mesoamericans and their post-anal lesions
edged their way north, to the cities
in search of Thunderpussy appearing at the Pantages
fucking little ass-backward anal-intruding monkeys

Don't try to contain me, — I control multitudes.
Evan Picture Monkey is my name
you'll call me Ozymandius, King of Kings
tits fart twat cum anal job screw
"... I gotta have more ..."

chimp monkey poop dog oyster grease dump

"I gotta have
more COWBELL!!"

Misogyny in Islam

Hey gurl
my page is betta then urs...

Hey Judge Judy...
wingless gargoyles cannot speak

Hey, is that true? events
transpired over 3000 years ago?

Hey cities of loud distress—
get yo' ass free wireless

Hey, Macarena! How 'bout a
vapory security filter?

Hey, Jehovah, how 'bout that
Elks Club singalong? How 'bout those drunk Elks?

Hey. How do civilised people kill responsibly?
hehe...bye: C-U later...

Satine Pees

then we reenacted the elephant medley routine
and i was satine and sharon
was christian and we must now go
pray for her ∴ pray golden.∴

Mr. Cranky Rates the Movies :
wouldn't it be cool if
third girl peed in shower,
tea in bosun's locker
two pees to a pot?

seekers ... ashley ... angel ... anal
clipfree ... satine free hunter

Satine: I am on vacation
where discrimination is 3 billion
wives watch husband pee
on neighbor's _____ .

baltes schuhe ... wassersports
satine thumbnails
fugitive game cube upgrade

cache similar pages - Muted
(1) Safe Fugitive (2) Saint (3) Sanitation
(2) (6) Satine (1) Scandall ...

Lesbos

LonelySoul: what up, hayles?

LonelySoul2: break, bb! You're a lesbo!

candy177: LOL that would be funny though...
"I am from Lesbian"

LonelySoul: wats up hun?
(christy22 hides in her hole)

Some say my lover's face
DracoTempros pokes candy's hole

LOL that would be fun though
BladeOfEquinox sings to Numb

BladeOfEquinox sings to Numb
christy fades into shadow

some say whatever
DracoTempros: the "Breast" Man

LonelySoul all tainted up
sits on the floor bruised and broken

I'm tired, Draco.
Draco's tired.
some say how awesome

would it be
to see some horny lesbos.

Chary as Gary

I always thought I was a little
too chary of Gary. If someone

who we worked with at the US
Gary Steel works got discharged,

there'd be Gary, adjacent to the slurry,
waiting for his illness to retire.

After I learned of Gary's wicked ability
to create contrast masks based on pixel luminescence,

my chariness extended to Jazz
on Compact Disc. I mean yeah, Gary's cool,

but couldn't others use it for superior control?
That's not a diss on Gary—it's just the reality

of how things unify under good blend filters.
Robust meats in their tabletop microwaves

pop as they char, satellite signal theft pirate access
pollutes truth's court, makes us all a little chary

of the choices we enjoy re: advanced image
retouching. Myriad diesel trucks

circle outside in the steelyard, yet I
have never driven. There you go—things

at the site are slowing, getting teary at the diesel pumps they used for heavy dredging

gets less hard. I'm chary as Gary about manufactured nostalgia, but I tell you:

in my 30 years at the Gary works I never managed to take a shit at work

until today.

The Grackle and the Sparrow

Quiz night at The Sparrow

'Ye Olde Sparrow'

Appears in the text as: Jn; Jn Sparow; Jn Sparrow;

Jn Sparrowe; John Sparrow.

(Priory Manor Court Rolls, 53501213. Tuesday, this)

\$5.99 LUNCH SPECIAL

'Sparrow' story inspires video shoot
comedian tackles "serious" role
motors through gym at the climax
on a Sparrow, hits Zamboni
(*busts little grackle*)

So I'm reminded by that sparrow,
who simply didn't see what it was flying into,
how the Children of God
(God, to whom we each
are as a sparrow)

designed this decorative apparel pin
featuring famous 'Sparrow' logo -
a flying silver arrow
piercing grackle over motto:
'Wings & a Thread of Grace'

or YOU could be a sparrow

BROWN CREEPER | HORNED LARK
| NORTHERN FLICKER | GRACKLE |
WAXWING | KILLDEER | NIGHT SPARROW

Sing a night song -
(A Song in the Night):
"I'll Fly Away
"Great Speckled Bird"
"Behold, The Little Sparrow's Fall"

They tell me of a sparrow
that was flying (falling?) above a sheep-fold
till spied a little grackle
(common field-type grackle)
lacking Night Attack Capability:

Nike-Zeus descent,
(sparrow elegant descender)
Six-on-six ripple fire test. OUCH!
Omigod! *Poor grackle!!*

a grackle and a sparrow
(the grackle is a creature
of the night, the sparrow of the day)
both in song, a song of night and sorrow
with this important difference:

the sparrow trills for vespers;
the grackle he sings for his life.

American Dentition
or
Whatever Happened to Toothy the Tooth?

I met today a most wonderful snarl
yea, a great host was standing in marl
Albanians are scary

Khomeini had a jumbo jet
The Nazarenes a religious cult
Rabbi Schmuley Boteach is my Jesus

It is often said
Senatorial senescence
swift wrath of junk science

hotels in arms about jet-ski rental
especially Baptists
shit freaks me out

EC stealth helicopter,
I brush aside thy anger
a controversial puncture

makes knowledge that much harder
to lose your penitralia
fear nothing others suffer

ON THE CLAMWAYS

Fresh mollusk morning puts a foot
out from its bivalve.

Carl Rakosi, *The Beasts*

Spastic Hooky on the Clamways

Butt sex w/ Snappy the Clam?
Government drops Scripps. Watch Clam Feet
Elongate Far From Shell: "How bout a 1-Way, Clam???"

"How bout a 1-Way Clam???" OK, granted, not much response.
Nobody reads poetry anyway and I
Can now see why. In my Vintage Tonka State,
The mobile Clam runs an English Dept.
Parses 'Clam Nightmares' into Quoddy Way Cartoons,
clam spooge pearly, left as 'evidence'

Wife ordered me to stop blogging—"feed your spirit stories
That inspire cultural creatives. You know: Clam
Chowder for the Soul." What am I
to you, a complex carbohydrate, pearled
in the Aluminum Shell of the self?

Clam mask, surf clam, 3" Clam Knives ...

The method requires that you know a little about Unix commands
And working from a unix prompt (like "clam 69")

And by the way, clam culture as it happens
Is ruled by this bitchy little number called 'Snappy
the Clam'.

Save It For The Clam

Low Frequency Transmitter Site is Clam
Lake, Wisconsin. Our facility is staffed by two

Highly trained security professionals, whose work
on the equipment and antenna system maintains
the antenna right-of-way

Fresh Maine Seafood Systems
with Tahiti Joe's XXX hot pepper sauce.
Make it a "Na Koho Night" tonight

Not saying to turn your head the other way
but simply telling yourself to say out loud:
"I think I have a clam problem."

Houston, We Have a Clam Problem

Shaved and contorted and poured over fences
cables from the Power pole
flush air-conditioning through cracks
sloe-gins its way over teasel

trapped

New England Clam Chowder — Thick!

In the Clam Business

Tesla invention: Clam Buckle Leather Belt-39032
"our management team collectively
has over 75 years of experience"

The way it works is the funnels are made,
a large coffee bean bag spills product into
clam gultch, & company finds male
workers cheap rental apartments

okay guys so are we like for sure 100% this clam will sell? i don't
want to kill anything however if there is any way
maybe drop a flounce,
save the world?

the CLAM analysis could be instrumental
in improving your business prospects

Tolkien's imagination was this
season's box office juggernaut, so don't
feel like we ruined your

Clam Belt workers' Thanksgiving
in any way.

Reef Fiction

Perhaps the most unusual way for organisms to capture food
Is via siphons. When our clams were first served
On Umberto's Clam House tables sometime around 1996,

Non-members were always bounced. Clam Bay
Has a private dock
And belongs to the floatplane.
The floatplane

Is the most convenient
And fastest way to get to Clam Bay.

Submarines are patrolling the waters of the Middle East
But the fares for the floatplane have stayed surprisingly
Low.

OK to Kiss a Clam?

Clam Shell Bowl Set

TED THE CROSS-DRESSING CLAM

—trail of drips and bubbles

targets victims in a very specific way: a way
designed to promote the spread of the disease.
People infected with "the clam"

At some level know it, in fact like it.
Doug the clam guy spreading my feet

"Better than your grandma's clam chowder"

bowl gift set for TED,
THE CROSS-DRESSING CLAM

Clam Phenomenology

Cod is pretty good in chowder, as is haddock.
You add just enough to make the clam liquid appear pink.
Some like their clams plain,
 I can improve them

Prove to them
by wiping up the chocolate rim around their feet
the whole idea has germinated

from reading too much "Psycho Clam"

Clam Obstetrics

OK, I get it, the doctor just stuck a probe up John's nose
(very reminiscent of "Total Recall" by the way)
but still, way gross. ...

When i run freshclam i get the following:
"clam blow"
 ojibway sex tour
drum flam sessions with Vince

Lambda-Clam
 Comes w/ access to fool-proof planner.
and is prepared to put
 water, potatoes
into Gail's Recipe Swap Archive.

Virginia cries a lot but John
is a ball of sunshine. He
was my baby, I

 his little clam.

Ask Dr. Ink

Ask Dr. Ink about his Cold clam chowder,
His love for copy editors, & his boundless lust
For sexy, nerdy goth gals

Clam press, orc farts, 'Creature Cantina-like' features

Thanks to retraining, production
has skyrocketed ...

The Old Clam House no longer contributes anything
Unless you count Captain Flip Out's Clam Bake

That's Just the Clam Talking

If the Scientologists have their way, Hubbard's incoherent ravings will remain their true credo

There is but one right way to make clam chowder and one awesome place to store CDs

If the Scientologists in fact are right, \$4.99 is a Crazy Platter of Justice

CLAMspeak

Computer Language for Autonomous Megamodules: CLAM
allows for increased control over scheduling
& allows for routine introspection

With a similar process
We drained Clam Pass
About a dozen gopher tortoises had to be relocated
But we managed to save some clams

clam chowder and some pumpkin bread
are esp. good for introspection

The Great Clam

some people from the village saw the clam
as they walked along the shore, admiring the view and the fresh breeze.

POACHERS IN THE CLAM SANCTUARY

Seven giant clam farms
now clog the Ojibway

each year the Great Clam rises,
takes out seven tourists.

MY SERVICE ON PARNASSUS

My Cream

DAKKA DAKKA – More Loud Guitars!
called 'Grunt' or 'Jimi Death Grunts' (stars
ruined Cream). Solo guitars, doomy organ riffs
< www.starspawn.com/foob/dakka/genres.htm >

Beauty yields to grunting: girl/boy harmonies,
fecal toms, worried strings. Grunts that catch
and build to frenzy, little itty biddy noises:
Mouse skronk—highpitch dreamy grunts

as brickbats hit oppressors, shields fall, piths
zwing. Spring offers its business solutions
to that vacant e-kisok, me: Blake's Zoas,
Yeats's gyres, Pound's dollars, my cream.

In sonnets, this line should act as pivot: if sweet,
will gently curdle, if dark add creamy tincture
to grunts of private grief. Chimps sometimes grunt in couplets
Male to male, female to male: low grunts of glee or longing

with last orders finally closing. Such grunts are croons
sweet reader, listen closely:
Evening blurs all with its gloaming
O stars ...

My Concert Experience

electric bugaloo acid dot:
Brandon sucked helium

a lot during *Stellar*
gumby carried moo's guitars

stoned/drunken "Chong" voice

Shinimato at Motorhead
kiddy hug on Jumbotron

kiddy fuck on Jumbotron
Tulsa Welcomes Sharkpants

furiously hazel Elvis waddle
KODAK is trademark

My Blog

First I read the other blogs and get all misty-eyed:

Vicious Cargo

Sigue Sigue Samurai

Maenads Ate My Oysters

Amaryth's Fertility Room

Not having kids, not going to school

I mindmeld with an array of daily visitors
screens flip from classroom to business to leisure
Roll - trill - flip flip - kickbox- Genghis Blog!!

We're so bored down here in shipping, we've got

Daughter's Market (book)

Brave on the Rocks (another book)

Naked (*sorry, book*)

Ghost World (my murder blog)

I remember what they used to be,
cute little flipbooks, coded rings
fragrant ringlets hauled off ships
that flipped from horizontal
to vertical position at will

Now I feel all sorry for Cathy ... She makes me like
this awesome blog ("Papercuts: A Low Hug blog")
and all I do is wiggle my toes in leisure. Words bleed
from blog-infested Florida leisure village
and all I write is Cookie is so cute, I feel obliged
to blog about guy in Receiving with grody leisure suit

& that's the whole point—to flip unseemly power
& hope we're not so sanguine about Google
 buying Blogger
{Google + Blogger = Mainstream weblog acceptance ...}

Evangelism's what I do off-blog, but to power moby's leisure
 past alt-rock, pop, old pop, new pop, dancy
then build a mental structure I can move in

 flip-side of love, the dark & sleepless moments
I blog in, alone & never having praised
so much, not ever
the discount flip-flops in which I like to shower.

My Service on Parnassus

Recently I spoke on my experiences
among xeroxes of teenagers blown up to resemble
the Newly Arrived Peoples around which my earliest
musical tastes developed

a running argument between two silly queens
is my conception of the poem
a combover rather than a mullet
a pudding not a milk

My growth as a writer accelerated in step
with the neck exploration occasioned by my thyroid problem
I was the humblest whelp to scale Parnassus
I was the youngest in the *Midwest Poetry Review*

my strongest poems are based on the egg-laying structures
of cicadas with grooved ovipositors
and the intensity of my experiences
I would like to stand here a minute and reflect

Right now I am considering a variegated tapestry
which is also an idea for a story
called Gerard's Story
about a teenager unable to harm young trees

bulrushes are heavy and among them I had a realization:
I am an oracle asquat my own fissure,
a cracked bowl dispensing water to my dog.

In Memory of My Feelings

I have noticed that functioning is easier with Oxycodone than with Codeine.

I have never tried MDMA and I don't believe I ever will.

I tell her my brother takes it for his ADHD.

I've been on my computer for 3hrs. typing

I'm sort of freaked and do not have the same opinion of her as before.

I'm still very jacked, not freaked anymore but just jacked.

I see them like that under the influence of Dexedrine and it's insane.

I totally understand when she tells me how she is still anorexic and is so prideful.

I want to buy, she agrees.

I let excitement take over me.

Methylphenidate takes at least 20 mins to kick in.

Absence & Loss

Dolls of color were big throughout the 70s;
these items are now more
rarely in production.

Annabelle is 18 inches with baby head
in laundry basket.
vinyl, porcelain, cloth, and resin
may be swallowed by baby
baby may choke

Paper dolls are funner to cut
& are designed for people
who like to work but do not want
the stimulation of color.

Sparrow

Often I return
to a management compensation situation:
we lie together gazing up at the spackled ceilings,
wan mirror of ourselves.

Each month brings its flaccid enchantments
around like a dim sum cart. We choose
among absences, forgotten rooms
in an underused vacation home.

Today's colonoscopy went swimmingly
I think. First I saw inside myself,
then a snow hove off the eaves.
A white-breasted nuthatch nests in my
urethra, and begins to sing.

More Wheatina for the Moabites

I enjoy being recumbent I also
enjoy breaking things.
Get over the contradiction

of modern American letters
winking like so many diamonds her
children they swim in my eyes

the great copper beeches
at the end of the drive
shitting leaves on my neighbor's

new Mazda have the nightingales
sung about that? Naught sours the temper
like spring in the Apennines

turns the ship of my vast inattention
away from this sweet ruby port.
A grief arch for the Democrats we

losers have less to be false with:
this streetcar named recovery
after Squirty the micro stooge.

Wetumpka

Welcome to the City of Wetumpka.
Welcome to the web page of the city of Wetumpka, Alabama.
Answers to Frequently Asked Questions about Wetumpka:
 Its arches are suspended with reinforced concrete.
 Its name means 'people who mean business.'
 Because of their fear of the French.

Wetumpka is back, and has something for everyone.
It is our mission to inform you of our special events—
Christmas on the Coosa. Rumble Days. Replica of Stonehenge.
Elmore County is Alabama's third fastest-growing county.
Hello Wetumpka Elementary.
Hello Wetumpka Elementary this was the servants quarters.
Free pamphlets at the welcome center
to help you find a dentist in Wetumpka.

Koreans welcome possibilities in Wetumpka,
your Deep South advertiser.
Koreans love Wetumpka.
seminars on identifying suitable housing for Koreans.

We are proud to offer internet service for Wetumpka, Alabama
Jewel of the Coosa
rolling across Alabama (toot! toot!)
Alabama Lung and Airways Disorders lawsuit.
Fair thee well, Coosa Valley Electric cooperative.
Broad the Stream whose name thou bearest;
Grand thy battles roll along.
Fair thee well, Wetumpkans in battle.
Come back to the web page for the city of Wetumpka
heart of the third-fastest growing county in Alabama.

The World is Loud

Autowest Theatre is now SleepTrain Amphitheatre!
Ozzfest: at the Sleep Train Amphitheatre
Powerslave on Vans Warped Tour
Sleep Train agrees to buy 54 stores -
Autowest Theatre is now SleepTrain Amphitheatre!

The apnea that affected the Shinkansen train driver
isn't a singular case of sleep dysfunction
Ask for Wally at SLEEP TRAIN
Powerslave.com - Sleep Train Amphitheatre

When lidocaine injections failed to reduce the Medulla
I elected to crate-train the puppies in a whelping box
Powerslave plays this Friday at Sacramento's Sleep
Train Amphitheatre

WTO strikes down EU plea on Indian bed-linen
Elections are being postponed
Consciousness is the annoying stretch between naps
& Autowest Theatre is now SleepTrain Amphitheatre

Not Sure Don't Care

No treatment exists for dry AMD
don't pay for major label music just
send them what you want

Weren't sure about Capitalism or Fascism
no clue to the needs of its people
people on top of a pyramid not having a clue

No screws, no sheet metal, no plexi
FAQ: clams have NO distinct gender??
not sure this theory holds water ...

Sure-Care is not car insurance
you're blocking the permit area
I cut the connectors with a big sharp knife

Who are you being gentle and caring toward?
not sure I can do this any more
not unless there's actual intercourse

Knowing is not enough
you can never be prepared
or is that wrong

Not sure how the above worked for you.
All I know is "more"
is not always "better"

I am no way ready, or responsible
& passholders are not allowed
into the permit area.

My Year in the Poultry Industry

To force down your head on Wagga Wagga beach
and play oinky oinky with the plastic weather chicken

As if you were a shiny girl constructed from the foil
of melted Hersheys kisses
hotly misplaced in a couch

Would give every machine of indifference
I ever called my heart
such happy happy mud to roil in

You cannot enter the orangery of my feelings
unless you bring me mud. You cannot start new optics
to visibilize the chicken processing industry
except that franchise opportunities with Popeye's Chicken
sweeten & be forgotten

To force your head down
and dream new weathers—
chickens do too have feelings
process chicken until it's smooth.

Only in America

"What does so-da mean to Yuko?"
is. like. sprite. you. can. drink. Yum:

yummyumcha: the cliches are true
yet totally inadequate.
First the animal adjusts
to the presence of the mirror,

then is anesthetized and a part of its body it cannot see

is going back to going to church again.
I've been hurt by church people before
but forgiveness is my business;
it doesn't anger me anymore it's just kind of

I just hate being meat.

VERSE. CHORUS. VERSE.

I saw and I approved the gleaming wing.

Tanya Brolaski

Poem With Its Second Line By Nada Gordon

The delicious limbs of summer
Accessible by paths through delicate landscapes
Fruit brazenly in the spurs and forks of this common world

'of' is a common and imprecise word.
When languid clouds squirt briskly over the mountains,
Who talks of from or of?

Pachomious was perhaps a wen on Rome
Yet within his appled empire
Pollen-bearing caprifigs choired love

Summer's sweet and accessible limbs
Citizens of ooze, great-hearted cankerers
Here is an opportunity to rest your head

On the green blaze of mountains
Here is a space to consider
Brisk clouds.

I Remember

I remember how closely I held them in aquariums.
I remember paying for them, paying their bridge tolls,
paying after bridge tolls went up. I remember
being caught kissing them tonguily,
in Arkansas not done.
I remember their unique funk, their disquietude
in the presence of anything unstill.
I remember feeling very sad
about blowing their award money on Poprocks and Schlitz
and the drop in our level of conversation
as we talked about forming a new poetic school.
I remember more kissing, more contempt.
Then I carried awkward-sized aquariums around Arkadelphia
when it was hot, & I took whole days off just to breathe.
I remembered the evils of capitalism
and recited them as they occurred to me:
Tinfoil. Tang. Zoological Parks & Zoos. Amphibians.
Whales. Tang. I remembered a door that turns upon the slothful,
I remember the slothful in bed. I remembered
Oprah's trainer is Bob Greene. Then I remembered them
under my mattress, I wondered could they breathe.

X the Owl

for fred rogers

emo? hard core rock? punk rock? post-punk? grunge?
In the neighborhood of make-believe the big oak tree.
Tribe is primal, United Nifty Primates:
 "It's nifty-gallifty to have you visit."

ULTIMATE AERIAL PREDATOR
catches and eats
almost everything: Head, wings, and body beat
consequently, a visual scare device, gets rid
 of other birds
Repeller . .

semantics
 is too weak
Kills per death: Kills per minute: Suicides per Team
 closed

Window. Strange feeling to see the owl again like that. I was glad
That it was still alive, not living off the neighborhood cats,
being riparian in its own tidy community:

 Friday XIII
 Daniel Striped Tiger
 foster father

X the Owl answers,
 turns
a most reasonable non-owl

 "so nifty-gallifty to have you
 for a visit."

Maldoror

Maldo's door? or mild roar?

sounds

like a slick package-tour outfit

ruled by Prince Maldo, but he ... with people beginning to talk ...
reports hearing "low-pitched roars"

mix Maldo's loneliness

with those of the completest Men: Ralph

Waldo Emerson, Daniel Webster.

"In speech he sometimes thought to roar"

which instantly lost him many adoring fans, Ralph
Waldo Emerson among them

keep to the ground and never soar?

"Tough nuts!" The Linux penguin roars,

bright future in a squadron of all-terrain-vehicles

albums of a Peruvian ragtime pianist (call us

if you see another, which you will not

probably)

Behind these doors

yea and nay

is a music

that repeats at each closeup

of the Cyclops' head, as it moves and roars

out of the entryway, the legendary wall

of flame gets closer,
flame rolls by

piano

eggcup
meerschaum

... stranded tourist ...

Jackson Mac Low

... er, thanks for bringing that technique to light
making light bloomsday
making reality-based language
folly, truth, history, fraud, socks

across the room in a furry tangle
stroft I-Ching
white Buddha paunch

DJ of indigo,
these tribbles appear
(fraud, history, truth, socks)
appear to be gorged

Saprophytic Language Orchids
grown light in soil
ask for rubber in your prayers
silence is clean.

Eerie Wampum

Whether sometimes space is fragrant
or nights when I find myself considering Flip Wilson
simply smell better

it is no use trying to expand upon these questions
in discussing transvestitism
or the history of the concept of the Devil

or the discord and sense of incipient tragedy
encasing the Republican National Convention
as stars encase dead gods

producing an eerie feeling, like Casper the Friendly Ghost
teamed up to solve the mystery of Camp Wampum
with Richie Rich, the sad little rich kid

whose parents, so rarely appearing in the storylines,
were the puzzling feature that lent the original comic its mythic
power
and it gave the whole thing a sad tone.

Imagine a protagonist who isn't female
but understands what females need
to be happy in America;

Imagine the Pocassets, in the heart of Massachusetts,
providing "Wampum Cards" to kids
especially in the poorer areas of the state

where a surplus of depressing insect sounds
creates an eerie muzak
amidst the joyful outbreak of same-sex nuptials.

night moves in its gaudy regalia
enhancing the flora
with creepy shadows

or dappling the prayers
perhaps of the truly happy—
I wish I was the stars.

Europe. Memory. Squid Parts. Grace.

Whether the squid's ear resembles the diaphanous soul in ascent
or an aerial shot of Cuba
the macabre happens and happens

Rising like a prayer for my daughter, Svetlana
remarkable for the grace with which she moved through the insipid
stations of her teens

Educing the woman out of the girl
like scampi brought upriver by cruise ships
and served at the noisy quinceañeras of East Los Angeles

Kind of detached from reality as evening flickers
and blogs by American males rhizomically expand in the blogspace
and Zeus hauls memory's daughter across the ocean

To an island of prosperous rental property owners
busy remembering Cuba
where Internet cafes are like churches

and churches are like monsters
once believed in and dreaded across pre-Christian Europe
now placed wistfully inside the atriums of the forgotten

as equivocal as fog, as curtains, as darkness, as closed doors.

Obligate Nose Breather

for auden andrew

If it's all in your life, you can create
a whole kermess of distinctions
or a single phrase that, centuries hence, will be remembered
as a shorthand for a kind of beauty
dominated by McCartney's overbusy basswork.

The vowels of the text
form a short but very important obbligato
in the wheezy symphony of what you are,
like the rich string arabesque
lodged in the secret alto of my right nostril
reminds me that "spirit" is a thing that happens
only once through the nose.

Prior to this, the digits unfeather,
soft bones break like Hulk
out of greenish tees
and into loudness. There's typically a toot

that reaches for a solo
that unflexes into a kind of obligate nose breather
claiming the tiniest space in the choir.

The Adorno Corollary

*"I would like to write a poem that equals
The Snack Bar at Auschwitz"*

Gloria Frym

latte falls on Auschwitz
in the staterooms, almonds
are doorjambs

from which the reader learns to open and decode
all the types of symbols

meta-content means
I regulate myself
in the search for sexy subforms
on the Proust list

"There in the willows we hung our hearts"
écriture for the flaneur

note to self--build tunnels
under sub-meme:

*so many hecatombs
died for the gods*

*until I learned to improvise
the apricots*

Afterword

In January 2003 Kasey Mohammad invited me to join the Flarf listserv. At the time I came on, it included about a dozen poets experimenting with texts culled from Internet searches. The idea was to enter the most absurd or inappropriate search terms into Google and sculpt a poem from the results.

I liked Flarf for the way it updated Jack Spicer's idea of the poet as radio. It opened up the poem to registers of speech not usually considered poetic, Wordsworth's "real language of men in a state of vivid sensation" rewired for the 21st century. Too, there were chance juxtapositions of the sewing machine and umbrella on a dissecting table variety that took the writing beyond the limits of the poet's conscious control. No one on the list made these claims for the procedure, or really any claims at all, which was part of its appeal. For me, Flarf seemed like a way to get new kinds of beauty into the poem that wouldn't be possible without the Internet.

During this time I was working at the gift shop inside the Musée Mécanique, a collection of antique arcade games on San Francisco's Fisherman's Wharf. I was struck by how these machines—where a drop of the coin let you see drunk sailors shake with laughter, officers and ladies wheel around a ballroom, or dragons pop out of an opium den—shrunk technology to a manageable size, made the same gears and industrial repetitions that so alarmed the Romantics available for amusement and wonder on warm Victorian afternoons.

Everything new becomes quaint over time: that may be the special dynamic of modernity. What makes the idea of an avant-garde so difficult now is the speed this happens at. We're nostalgic for the revolution before it's even finished; the shock of the new accumulates, in just a few years, the stately

enchantment of the old. Already, the Musee Mechanique had Asteroids and Donkey Kong.

I had a sense while writing these poems that outside of the Flarf list, they would seem 'wrong': too resistant to contemporary ideas about what a poem should be or do. Yet it wasn't hard to imagine a time when the qualities that made the work coming out of the list most challenging—the use of Google, the embrace of 'bad' or socially unacceptable speech, the gleeful impropriety—would drop away. What would be left, I thought, was a kind of miniature version of the way we talked, or what I heard, in the years after 9/11, a time when one kind of America dropped away and another, more unhinged one emerged. I hoped the poems, like the museum machines, would make some of the currents we were living through small enough to be manageable, or just visible, the way the drunks and opium addicts of those 19th century amusements helped to contain and exorcise some of the period's worst fears.

It's not the machines that are shocking, but the use we keep putting them to. Bad presidents come and go and come again, wars sputter out and return. I don't think a new way of writing ever changes that; I'm not sure any writing this late in the game can really be new. But it records, and it helps with the listening, and it makes the present feel a little smaller, available to amusement and wonder.

—Rodney Koenke
San Francisco, January 2006



