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POEMS BY MICHAEL BOGUE

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ABORTION

Potent maternal mathematics governs incremental ramshackle physique.
Subvert legerdemain libido.
Neutral nebula libation.
Fable djinn ligament.
Matriarch umbilical arcane instinct.
Oxidation dialogue reflux.
Material instrument pulp prelude.
Scrotum snap urban abortion.
Progeny swallow.
Klaxon imbroglio.
Coroner counsel.
Salvage sanctify.
Incontrovertible guttural gospel.
Jewel jar bullet.
Catholic bric a brac.
Chastise support hawk,
Jackal,
Lothario.
Assimilate albino raven.
Myopic needle kiln.
Butterfly calculus.
Buzzard spine.
Fair diagram scrutiny.
Sporadic technicolour zombie scrimmage.
Spur milky instrument.
Neutron prelude smudge.
Blink. Observe gazelle isomorphism.
Parabolic tornado prize.
Glory.
Spindle twig façade.
Emanate dominant velocipede aground.
Intermezzo atmosphere aglow.
Rail discard.
Lateral contradict query vicarious nom de plume.
Navigator trade blockade.
Marjoram.
Salt.
Bury nutrient disparity.
Warrant.

SPORTS PAGE

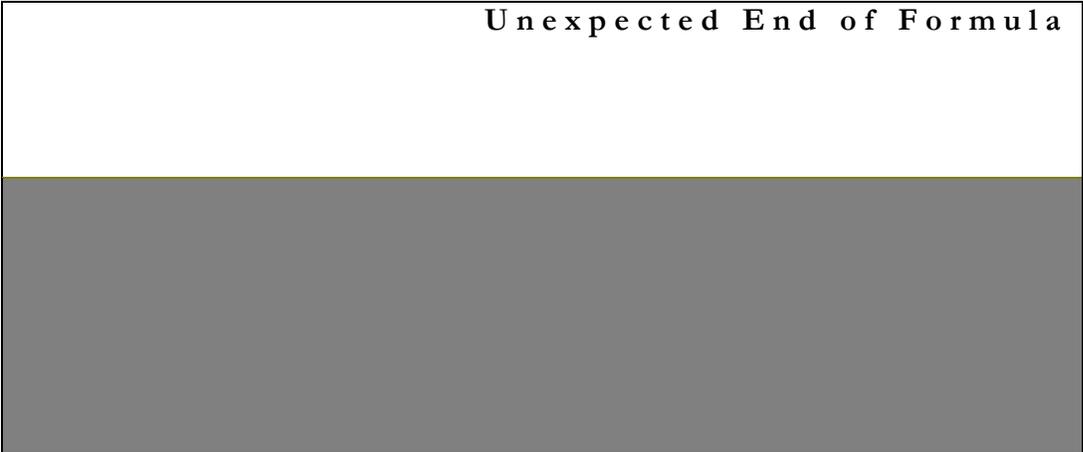
He hung coolly through an exchange.
Purpose that we didn't want (shadow).
Very secretly going into the race.
Need some rescuing after a night that was supposed to crown.
Provocatively, beautiful even, King said.
Strong and dumb chase game, he said. London is peaking at the right time.
Someone is going to have to step up.
Bandage on his bruised left hand.
Electric hair colors, multiple tattoos, and body-piercings.
Questions of the integrity.
Race was run entirely under dark, threatening skies.
Flags were caused by raindrops, but the entire event was run with no stoppage.
I didn't want to fall for any sucker thing.

UNEXPECTED END OF FORMULA

random is the word that is taken
but real is the talon

real is

Unexpected End of Formula



ONEIROMANCY

Among the soy field whiskers, sows whisper, and set their tables with linens and scones and tea, awaiting the arrival of a queen who never quite arrives. A raven flies down, sits upon the would-be throne, and is crowned by the barnyard hierarchy, the Monarch of Dreams.

THE CRYSTALLOGRAPHER

The crystallographer returns home each evening to his wife, Crystal, and five children – two boys, three girls – all named Crystal, as well.

One night, as the house slept, he defrosted his freezer, put the drippings in a crystal goblet, and drank them.

His wife remained oblivious to the infidelity.

THE BEAR AND THE DOLLHOUSE

The bear was startled to stumble over an exquisite dollhouse deep in the woods. He wished to be smaller so he could move in. Maybe forever.

The dolls inside tormented him with laughter and the smell of porridge.

He vowed to build a log-home, and lure dolls with poisoned oatmeal.

WHAT THE GYPSY SAW WHEN SHE LOOKED IN THE PALM OF G-D

G-d looked in the Palm of His Hand where the Devil – thinking himself clever – spat, but that was where G-d made the Devil sleep and the Devil's feathers fell from his wings because of the corrosive spittle, kept awake nights by demonic giggles, restless on his brown throne of shit.

TOKENS

surrounded by the cardboard
boxes of penetrated boxes
I purchase tokens
a loonie for two minutes
cheaper in TO I am later
told by one in the know

I hand him money
as though to Charon
step behind the counter
displaying plastic pseudo-
eroticism climb the stairs
through the grim back room

before me are
cubicles –empty
by appearance –
consider leaving
but my tokens are
paid for
that familiar pull
choose a own chariot
sit – pull
the door shut
sit on the red bench –
reminds me of bus
seats before they became
blue harsh uncomfortable

“PLEASE KEEP THIS PLACE CLEAN”

small sign requests
sign over the tissue of
convenient issue

feed round tokens to vertical mouth
volume to the maximum
jeans crowd around ankles
all of eight channels
a seventies classic
harem where all men had sideburns and worshipped houris
and the worthy fabled priapus of John Holmes

another
another two men
another
another three women
another with an unsmiling young woman
– a girl really – receiving ejaculate on her left facial cheek
strands of splatter hang from bleach blonde hair
another

channel flipping and pornography the two great advancements of the 20th C.

the medium in this messy cage
standard gynecology
tokens run out before
I finish
I finish in silence

remains tossed to the top of the pile
where they float ice-crystals in
the milk-jug of a too cold refrigerator

pass no one on the stairs

night accepts aloneness without comment

PRESENCE

His presence left the
Sentient water
Shimmering.

PENUMBRA

Ceiling.
Blurred pigment.
Blazing silk-screened light.
Spread paper lantern radiate.
Patterned of paper sienna stars.
Red-white wallpaper. Skeins.
Stain glass window painted.
Emblazoned furnace. Segmented penumbra.
A moonlight silhouette.
Shot glass.
Lamp transparent. Ground glass.

AIR POETS

With scenes,
The breeze of
Air Poets,
On the road.
As for poets,
Political offenders,
My mouth splits, and
A song, not light,
Its death.

DRAGONFLY

The glitter of dragonfly shadows
Cradle silver patina.

Merri-
go
-round

Of die-
cast

Mandala

Passing curvilinear shores
Into raw cicada.

LIONS

Crouching like killing lions without loyalty.
I have not penetrated
My heart.

WOLVES

Webs awaiting house flies.
Silken shore crowns the entanglement.
Levitating under a strand
Seeking, at last, preserve
This unbroken scene of the victims.
The willing guardians.
Wolves before midnight
Sanctified the natural law,
And that serves his love.

LEOPARD

Leopard swaying in a skin, slow with constant footsteps. Stalked merciless – a kinaesthetic arising to climb through a white structure – outer shelter. Motion imitating sound at nine that night. Ritual announces midnight. Footfalls that unfold shelters at midnight of the darkest pitch. Voices announce from temples moonlight prophecy. Hungry leopard. Its balance moving, smooth, hard skin, trembling. Passing through drizzling mesh. My skin to ripple into my marrow. Ripping time razors. Slow growl, deeper. Beasts in solid hallucination. I move the time quicker. Waiting in a moment. Waiting moments permanent.

MOLECULES

Half completed molecules.
Sculptured singularity.
Numinous trout, erase
The water,
The moving water,
And the ground.

SOLITUDE

Were I to relearn the ways of mist and fog,
There would be no hesitation to reside against the shore
And horizon, penetration of space, soft breath on cool
Morning concrete, reclining on open girders where hammers
Kiss the supple thighs, hovering over the black in thermoses,
The truncated pyramid of the concert hall, acoustic avalanche.

I, too, would defy the sun, and accept condensation as the price of admission.
Hang small ornaments on the brown wings of young gulls.
I would not violate even a spider web,
And regard smoke with amused disdain.

Send the varied symphonies down complex labyrinths.

Allow the rucksack hermit the dignity
Of solitude.

BELOVED

Onward, patient grind of waters in the tides and rivers.

Bear you, stream, all the drama of the ocean, without its taste for tragedy.

Listen to the vacant word of the magpie whom you follow, waiting for a morsel to plunge from a careless beak.

In stagnancy of spring arise insects, watching the crow shaded blackfly dig into this arm like a hard rose growing into my pores.

At unfinished pine tables, low hands remove porcelain china to outside, and cleanse them in the brook.

Vitality suffers when in your longing for “more things” you exempt yourself from contours in granite and limestone.

The palette of your wildness dims. Your hair falls in clumps, startling the grouse beneath the brush to sudden flight.

The falcon, carved of ironwood, does not return from evening’s hunt to the brace when called.

Brothers and sisters imagine thunder in winter, when it is merely the rustling of the morning paper.

The Beloved has replaced the Egyptian silk sheets with skins that are a gift of the anaconda.

Moon-moths disdain the very light by which you read your most sensible books.

The Beloved has kept open a distant gate for you with an ankh of stars.

Raven enters and leaves this very opening, but when a lone feather spirals downward,

It is lost from you.

Forever.

ABSTRACT POEM

I abstract myself
in the prism of golden aquarium

spears of paint
lacerate

ankles

stones

green shelves become
as low as the grease sky

bracelets

halo

helm of abbreviation

BLUEPRINTS

towards the river's contour
through sieve of snow

siege engines torn
thousand hands

what was taken
from my soul

beneath cypress branches
returned in translated guise

guile of white fox
unearthed by tear shaped binoculars

tick-tick
gold currency dissolves in belly

I have lived as a transient
at the root of your dreams

found pathways when uncounted
eyes saw blazing thickets

gravitas the dyptich
from where all evening I read

Heaven with its many blueprints
each to contradict every other

BOOK OF DUST

There was nothing to teach the Carpenter about dust
That He did not already know. Lord
Knows when His eye got that gleam a parable
Was just around the corner. Who'd sell a sword
To this shirtless Nazarene, anyway? What *aria* would ring
Throughout the entire shop when He *thwapped* a nail?

Did He curse when he tore his thumbnail?
Did His blood give communion to the sawdust?
The flies crowded his sweat heavy crown as a ring.
The cock crowed, this undefeated lord
Of the barnyard whose brain would never know of the sword
That was purchased for the price of a parable.

The Apostles groaned inwardly when He expounded yet another parable.
Their souls at this point were rotted, knotted wood – a nail
Struck at the center would splinter as certainly as a sword.
He knew their vows of loyalty were so much dust.
Still – He would work with the materials the Lord
Had seen fit to provide. Perhaps these “new thoughts” would ring

In recesses they had not guessed they had. A ring
For the wedding at Cana, a miracle, a parable,
Because what minds might imagine the Lord
Appearing in unassuming form? That God would nail
God to a cross – or cast lots in the dust –
For a shirt he may well have traded for a sword.

A sword
That pierces a spirit of iron does not ring.
Flesh is no pillar of stone, but dust.
An escaping breath is no parable.
Finishing with the spear what began with a nail.
Lord. Lord. Lord.

What happened after the Incident only the Lord
Can guess. Seeing their Old Friend for the last time must've been a sword
Separating the old from the new, the nail
In the coffin of their old lives. They had a ring-
Side seat to the Whole Sordid Mess. And thus their stories became parable.
The impossible myth arising in the dust.

Feel free as a woman at the Tomb to cry “Lord!” and your hands to wring,
Hands that exchange a rusty sword for a parable,
And without preamble use a nail to write your name in the Book of Dust.

MONSIEUR DESNOS

come Monsieur Desnos read my palm
and lie

tell me that the assassins are
not coming

in your dreams perhaps the one
you love

is coming

but here – the only manifesto is
manifest destiny

Mephisto couldn't've arranged matters
better himself

the cyclones
are silent

and you die a
freed man

your alexandrian lines will
bless eternity

I bless you and all dreams - realised
or no

monsieur desnos
take my hand

I
am ready

CENTURY

One hundred years of yesterdays have given us
The greatest respect for you,
But the infinite stretch of tomorrows
Makes us respect Death even more.

The greatest respect. For you
That defines the correct idea that
Makes us respect Death, even
More than those who keep accounts.

That defines us. The correct idea that
We choose not to explain. We are
More than those who keep accounts
With hidden taxonomies, covert orders.

We choose not to explain. We are,
Instead, letting the diagram speak for itself
With hidden taxonomies, covert orders,
Made opaque by a coat of blue latex paint.

Instead of letting the diagram speak for itself,
Poems are gestures towards translucent sky
Made opaque by a coat of blue latex paint
And words are a trance in a paper cage.

Poems are gestures towards translucent sky,
But the infinite stretch of tomorrows
And words are a trance in a paper cage
One hundred years of yesterdays have given us.

WALKING WITH MY GRANDFATHER A WEEK AFTER MY SIXTH BIRTHDAY

The sun hangs like an ostomy
Bag, drawing excess
Moisture from my eyes.

Wending the shore, the stop-
Motion landmines explode at
The cities of my feet.

Your hand, so light on my shoulder,
Draws me near,
As the brown gull rises, disappears.

Bits of string and glass,
And voices dispense with
The ankle high shimmer over the sand.

No child who has a pail
And shovel is lost.
A mile passes.

Like a hidden CD track,
We discover the hidden symphony.
The brown and rotting packages

That the sun and wave open,
Hot fingers peeling back the scale
And scarred bone.

Against your wish, I kneel to look
More closely. The guts,
And ribs like a thousand spears

Spread over the pebbles, and tiny petal-like
Eyes blaze with unresolved mortality.
The dreaming sea fatal to the unevolved.

The lighthouse is automated, the sign says.
You tell me that it is manned by ghosts,
And I believe you.

UGLY PEOPLE HAVING SEX

Ugly people having sex is what makes us
Turn our heads, our eyes.
Breeding is a treacherous funhouse mirror.
This is the secret history of the world.

Turn our heads. Our eyes
Need a moment to adjust to dark.
This is the secret history of the world.
Fingers meet on multiplication tables.

Need a moment to adjust to dark?
We are all complicit connoisseur voyeurs.
Fingers are meat on multiplication tables.
This one-night-stand lasting one thousand years.

We are all complicit connoisseur voyeurs.
If ecstasy truly “beyond this self”,
This one-night-stand lasting, one thousand years
Until “inconvenience-do-we-part”.

If ecstasy, truly beyond, this self
Breeding is a treacherous funhouse mirror,
Until “inconvenience-do-we-part”.
Ugly people having sex is what makes us.

ATTENDING AN ART OPEN THE SECOND
OR THIRD WEEK OF MARCH OR APRIL

So flagrant this art you describe
As the white foam is scumbled into the cyan sea,
And you came to the charity auction to exploit
The free food and cheap paintings.

The influx of chunks of foil and scale are like shining
Ashes on the black shore. Orion is in attendance
In name only. The quarter-moon light of early
April is drizzling over the quiet limestone grid

Of the lonesome cowboy buildings. Silent
And unshaking. Thus inspired, I paint
The canoe cobalt blue, then float down the
Streets you call unbuilt, on a boat of tattered phonebooks,

Paddling through the not-quite Venice canals,
I see the ravens circle the vowels.
Ten thousand ravens the jigsaw of night,
A golden hammer pounds the acetate sheet

That is the glimmer of intelligence behind your eyes.
They see that the path is never golden, but blue, while
An understudy inserts himself into the crumbling
Scene of the Last Act,

And some insects are awaiting the flickering of lights
That will signal five minutes to Armageddon.
Not just the locusts and scorpions,
But the ladybugs, fireflies, and butterflies, too.

We enjoyed our canapés.
The corporate sponsors treated us like valued assets.
There was a gala event following the opening.
The artists' invitations must have been lost in the mail.

EVIDENCE

Should a universal love prove possible
The moon herself will eat the orphan sandwich
On the table, and the palpable, reasonable life
Of the wolfen heart remains before us unconquered
And unopened to the wounded world.

Were the lost civilisation merely misplaced in space so vast
So as to partake of an infinite round of
Daily affairs

- picking up the milk
- dropping the kids off at school
- scouring the bathtub

The air, displaced but fresh,
Implying the Omaha sun,
Would settle in the culverts and cane-fields
Of unrecovered sweetness.
Tasting this, my sandals would fall into
A faithless pilgrimage. It is easier, eventually,
To simply draw such things,
Rather than draw a bow across the frayed strings
Of language
And thought.
Still, the mind is flowering,
And accepts.

WHITE APRIL

It's April.
A poem, which some invent, clinging to paper
That discards the air. Shedding poems.

Silence of raw landscape. Of baptism, or rebirth,
Visions for tales – “language” – words –
Demilitarization of “language” and “power” cutting

Peeling “language”.
With scenes in flames,
Angels white-haired, with red beards

Surrounded by artificial lights.
The sun, imitating the mind,
Unseen.

A paragraph placed solid,
Unfolding for
Unpredictable texture.

Tear stains white on the gessoed canvas.
White birds on the shore,
Walking on the sand.

Each day land catalogues withered grasses.
Spectral cathedral blossoms. Stained pearls
Of milky asphalt. Whiteness inside marble.

Spectrum spirits paint the flowers
Of paper-white chrysanthemum.
The feather was buoyed into the whiteness.

The whiteness.
The moon
So full.

ECHOES

The line unattended
In the countryside of
Unclaimed dreams.

Of poem after poem,
In beautiful lies and
Drop-dead heart.

Is power conscious
Of our immaterial
Wealth?

Poet mouthing the root of
Frustration, constancy of
Light.

Against our lips, echoes
Space, song of tracking
Local evolution,

And power questions the
Sacred necessity and
Intuitive skills.

AS EIGHT FELL OVER

As eight fell over into stars –
Mobius ribbon in your hair
Would not compare to how far
I would go to explain the Light.

With mobius ribbon in your hair,
You lead me back through forest
Air, Night would return to myth,
As Light eventually must.

You lead back through the forest –
As eight fell over into stars
As light, eventually. Must
I, would I go, to explain the Light?

THEY DON'T CALL IT EDO ANYMORE

Is haiku possible in English?
Seventeen syllables, and pithy moments
Counted on our way to the Unexpressed.
Snails frying – plum blossoms going “plop”.

Seventeen syllables, and pithy moments
Beneath cypress shades inside Shinto shrines.
Snails frying – plum blossoms going “plop”
Atop concrete dolls. Aborted spirits.

Beneath cypress shades, inside Shinto shrines,
My pachinko and Sapporo dreams
Atop concrete baby dolls. Aborted spirits
Slip through the cracks in the gates of Heaven.

My pachinko and Sapporo, dreams
Of import inspections. West slipping through.
Slip through cracks in the gates of Heaven.
Score kept on economies tariff slips.

Of import inspections – West slipping through
Is a haiku. Impossible English.
Score kept on economies tariff slips,
Counted on our way to the Unexpressed.

THE HAND, AN ENIGMA

With so much calm for one body to contain –
For all that is neither rage nor fire.
As the hand, an enigma so valued,
Perhaps betraying neither easily, nor well.

For all that is neither rage nor fire,
The unhurrying pulse of blood.
Perhaps, betraying neither easily nor well,
My thoughts in a patient pirouette of air.

The unhurrying pulse of blood.
Gloves' gray wool an electric frizz of energy.
My thoughts in a patient pirouette of air.
Half-moon mudra near your cunt.

Gloves' gray wool an electric frizz of energy
Emerging near well-cut crystal heart.
Half-moon mudra near your cunt
Merging with such density.

Emerging near well-cut crystal heart;
The sole desire without apology.
Merging with such density.
Doors revolving on unoled hinges.

The sole desire without apology.
The most dependant of fingers
A door revolving on unoled hinges or
A flashing pipeline to your heart.

The most dependant of fingers
On the left hand – the sinister
Flashing pipeline to your heart,
Or so the Romans believed.

On the left hand – the sinister
One – assassin of Caesar –
Or so the Romans believed:
“Beware the ides of March.”

One assassin of Caesar.
Month unmattered in an air-conditioned era.
Beware the ides of March.
Your hands stained Coptic black.

Month unmattered in an air-conditioned era,
Your hands stained Coptic black.
The hand, an enigma so valued,
With so much calm for one body to contain.

AGE OF AMAZEMENT

“I herein declare the Age of Amazement to commence!

Oh wait. It’s only an artichoke.

Peeled and steamed, ripe and delectable, awaiting my wonderful self to eat it.

Thus, let us not relegate the days hidden among the days to the recesses of negotiable memory.

Instead, let us plant our feet permanently on the back porch of reality, where from beneath the cracked awnings we can watch our children on the pendulum of the creek fetched tire

Or tally every error as numerous as our poems and pumice shaped dreams.

Hope will arrive in the form of thirty-eight new channels.

Is that a synecdoche in your pocket or are you just happy to see me?

A new metaphysics will arrive when I, a floating monad of nomad mind in the grandiose garden of grazing ego-hood, will discover for the first time in History that there is a world to perceive and a person perceiving it.

This is no mere polymorphous solipsism, but poetry!

In the beginning of beginnings, perhaps even before then, there was the grand and genuine article, as suggested in the fate of the wildflower is spared when I leap outwards with a joyous shout to the goldenrod and cattails.

This skill at truthfulness and yearning must be awoken and nurtured in the young, not, mind you, the young at heart, a strange demographic that exists solely in the mind of television marketers.

Thus, the elephantine and anemic come to accord.

The troops descends from thirty-seven thousand planes, and though they win the battle, they lose the battle, too.

But to the war goes the victors and to the victors go the spoils, in this case History, and to Grandmother’s house the victors go, *la dee da*, where they can be spoiled with cookies and milk and a quarter for the afternoon matinee, where the Wolfman is on permanent hiatus while a thirty-second continual loop of arterial splatter swirls on the rain moist ground while we watch a field of Mongols pound a mangled welcome-mat for the entire afternoon.

They may the coming to your town soon!

Has Cupid read ‘Zen and the Art of Archery’?

Art is enough to make anyone choke.

Pending patent approval, I declare the Age of Amazement to commence!”

WEATHERMAN

The blood-on-coffee grounds sky peeks
Through the chameleon window.
Harmonium of satellites and mainframes.
While elbows on the maps that
Are snapshots of a secret future.

For the Ideal Weatherman,
Love is a matter of invisible currencies,
Clustered around a few achromatic qualities,
As discussions of how the weather
May affect the drug trade, or the relative passage of time,
Is never mentioned.

Idle chit-chat before commercials
Is enough. Conversation painting over the
Dead space replaces romance with resonance.

“There will be a %50 chance
Of rain tomorrow, so don’t forget
To take half an umbrella!”

We bow our spines over the very stone nipple of the Beltaine mound.
“Oh look! That one looks like Carmen
Miranda running through the streets of Saigon!”

PEDESTRIANS OF THE CELESTIAL

Constant flux of stars
Yellow in the mirror.
Rays hurtled towards moontaker horizon
To clear spectrum
In asphalt lucidity.
Heavenly and gentle praisemaker
At your body.

The imagined re-birth.
The re-imagined birth.

Skyshifter who envelops
Place. Penetrates stillness.
Plaedian kites gyrate in the clouds.
Their strings entangled
In juniper branches.
Recalcitrant ravens circle their fall,
Turning high above the cathedral.

Voice of evocation in cool whispers. Even the once rooted trees,
Masses move against reductionism's white-picket fences.

To the tranquil flesh. Outward self opens.
Luminescent, every language dreams
This plaited presence. Between aisles of trees,
In well-tended yards,
The earth adorned
In constant scenes, and aisles of weeping
Angels suffer in evolution.

Stars invaded me
And the crumbling, red shell of a church.

Angel-fire, burning halo, wearing the prism.
Celebrants in the stone chasm proclaim
The Father into fears of flesh, into porcelain limbs.
In God's cathedral I see an endless book move past us,
Like lightning showing the bright eyebolt,
Trembling all points of fragmentation.
I swell in the half-cherry fragrant moon.

Ice armored branches trembling against the stars.
Now still in vibration.

New white paper in a circle. The crisp wind in bloom.
Crisp wind thrust then to Byzantine hearts.
The edge of branches. Pulling myself through branches
With cold tears. Dome of leaves mulch beneath snowy
Tarpaulin. Core male scent of desires, a quartet wherein
Limbs entwined, green and flesh, growing into the snarling
Of dark roots. Random structure darkening into the outside.

Wound of a window.
A window ladders out to such a night.

Corrugate earth mitigates
The sky.
Both man and moon,
Unpredicted space,
Shadows unto themselves.
A vibration of winds
That shoot into raw stars.

Your chest in vibration. A vibration.
Breath of God, and God was kind.

Diagram.
Bright reason.
Choose the diagram.
Not a book of art.
“Some artist”
Measured fully to the core.
Angels and artists disguised by magic.

A silent white candle
Scaled against the moon.

Humming deities. Words inside
The glowing, in the air, and astonishing
Waves. Touch the destruction
To deny it.
Phantom molecules.
Moonshiny wildflowers furnishing fences.
That complete language lingered over the page.

We retransmit as though memory
Were a mere body.

Branches spread within the fence.
The observed observer.
Mysteries of epistemology.
Fibrous weeds at entrance.
Senses through
Muddled flow of waters.
Visionary glissando.

Soft buds that thoughts
Gently move near.

In the trappings of chaste, amorous desire.
In your human face.
In the lashing razors of maples.
Branches teased the window.
Stars wed me.
Crawling against cloudgiver. Migrator.
Stars left me.

Sleep weaving night
Into your sleepless lips.

SOME NOTES TOWARDS AN HISTORICAL REVISION

The wet snow is reverse engineered by rain
Reifying the difference between an onion suit
And onion flakes.

I get drunk too fast again, so I have a big meal
Thinking that might help. I think about some
Metaphor, where something is, you know,
Some other thing.

A graceless fawning over you reveals just
How little, in truth, I am concerned with
You at all - so I decide to get drunk because
You tell me not to.

Let's say this more plainly.

An autumn, if only one, exigent and juicy,
With the crass sour berries, that are small and
Red, who drain my mouth of moisture just
Thinking of them.

The grubs are growing, and are never stale
And are always available to a ready hand
And edible enough if the situation has
Grown sufficiently dispersed among the clouds
So as to dilute the pure song - which is too
Pure for our stomachs - like aged-in-oak-barrels wine
Diluted with mineral waters.

No more galleons for us!
No more steam!
No more horses or Model-A Fords!
Nor even flight by trebuchet!
Well - maybe once,
But only if you promise to catch me.

It would be easier if, before the flight,
You tied a warm scarf of wool around my
Neck, and whispered a few words in my
Ear. Preferably French, which is suited
To people about to undergo some
Fantastic flight towards the shores of Maine,
Which I find impossible to believe are stable
At this moment of geographic history,

Though I offer only the weariness of my heart as evidence,
Which is a little more expansive each time - like a
Cake that has a sliver of a slice taken from it
Every time you open the fridge, but you are
The only one there - it is like that, except in reverse.

A few words on the various matters of the bodies
Near infinite resource in moving towards collapse:
Bringing complaint and tedium in its shallow
Wake, like low flying ducks seeking scraps, nearly
Always bread. It was just something you dealt with
And limped along like the thousand little things we
Put up with but we don't even think of it as "putting
Up with" because it's so every day, but in a thousand
Years people will look back on and say of this present
Era we are so proud of and ask "how did they put up with
That?" They will probably all have portable hot tubs
In their belts or a much better liquor than the feeble
Ones we have today. Probably take one sip and spend
The rest of your life drunk without any negative
Effects whatsoever.
I love how "whatsoever" is three-words-in-one.
Kind of like God!

Oh God!
Oh Great Whatsoever!
Cure my bunions that may walk straight with thee
And get me drunk so I may stumble with thee, too.
May my onions grow firm and proud and full of tears,
But the good cleansing kind of tears you get
When the sunset is just ripe. A sunset like the sourest
Berries that even the bears cannot eat.

Sometimes I wish I was a golem, or a box of Swiss chocolates -
Or a thundering cloud over the plains of wild mares racing towards unending oblivion!
That would be a fine thing.

On my flight I discover you slipped a flight plan beneath
My scarf. You were always trying to tell me what to do!
Anyways, the sort of flight I am taking is not one you can
Plan for. It is nothing so ominous as a flight into freedom,
Or catapult into eternity, it is more like a zesty westward
Jaunt to visit the relatives you actually like, as opposed to
Conspire with to make one another miserable. You are all
So good at that - thus it is boring!

So let us invent a language beyond commerce,
And if we identify with our words sufficiently to

Say "I am x or I am y" we can mould our language to
Represent the New Selves we want to be.
There is potential for Orwellian consciousness in
That sort of thinking - but if understood lightly, easily,
Perhaps metaphorically, wherein some thing is some other
Thing, it may serve us well.

This occurs when scripts collide, well they never do really, thankfully people are sufficiently
present in their lives that histories are generally negotiable and centred around a few
principles, but

By time you reach your middle ages, lower case, you have hopefully learned about seventy-five
percent of them, or at least enough to avoid a stay in the penalty box.

In searching the documents, which is just another word for "garden", we find
That the asphodel, rose and tulips, azaleas and gardenias, grow strong and aphid free,
Chrysanthemums cut, and set in a yellow vase, in what was to be our breakfast nook
But became in the cluttering of days something of a storage space.

We eventually cleared it out for our relatives from out east who were coming to stay for a
Few sunny weeks, and we missed the things we threw out more than we missed them
But I have the flux, and moments of their brief time with us in small yellow notebook

"crooked daisies" "humid wind - no rain" "scones - when do I ever make scones?"

But we make allowances for guests, as we do for History, because eventually that's what
History comes down to, guests being invited, and staying, and wearing out their
welcome,

We have to force them bodily from our presence, though it is unimaginable to some to
knowingly be an unwanted guest, perhaps some simply have not learned the art of
graceful exits.

Still, it ought not take a trebuchet to make an unwanted guest leave.

A good guest ought to fall away as easy as snow off tin topped A-frame, or a goose on the
river, or dew from an azalea branch, sloping down,

Making headway, after the rain,
Down the leaf lacquered drain.

WHY ART SHOULD NOT EXIST TO APPEASE

I

The well-measured resentments rolled forth
From the cup, leaving each grain
In a separate square of the grid.
“How unique!”
We exclaimed – and swirled them
About as though there were a game,
A predetermined sequence that may lead
To a questionable condition of Victory,
As though billboards upon the brow meant thought.

II

All empty gestures of meaning were meaning by
Their merest relations. Philosophers who
Were raised on the sands of the beach, flinging
Rhetorical bottles to Poseidon, quarrel with
Philosophers who live among the sands
Of the deserts, with tomes more
Ponderous than the unfortunate camels who bore them,
But both were in agreement that the urbane poet
Was doubly cursed, for such a person was promiscuous
In their dealings with the psyche, and some
Of the worst people, it is certain, are poets.

III

What single act could astonish if performed by that quaint
Enlightenment notion, our “fellow man.” ?
Still, we relent to the curious turnings,
Inventing new glues each year weaker than those
Previous, until the chicken-wire underpinning
Goes kaput, and we are left astray in a field of hexagons.
Options reduced to six horizontal directions.

III

Lunar frequencies contrasting
Are responsible for one in seven
Acts of social madness and civil
Disobedience.
How many accepted ones?
Who knows?

Let's say three.
The anxiety of the sketch artist
Dealing with the soft facts of space
As though "reality" were not
A mistress of tender harshness,
A higher standard than that of
"The Old Masters",
Who are after all dead and myth,
While the present
Is ever present
And wholly mythic.

IV

"My pen grows nervous as it nears the end of the page,"
I confessed to my therapist.
Silence. Her wisdom being such
That I was immediately thrown back
On the availability of my own resources.
After a single session I was cured of my melancholy,
And a life-long phobia of stick-men vanished over night.
Now, some of my best friends are stick men!
Truly affable fellows, with small appetites, and words few but insightful.
Their presence a rebuke to artistic pretension.

V

Of course the media is incestuous!
And onanism in this belated hour
Can rightly be termed "necrophilia."
I would turn, and unmask the day,
But my eyebrows, too, are false,
Cemented to the ruins of my skull
With spirit-gum.
This is the price
For dwelling in the apogee of the sun.
Some think Space to be empty.
I know it to be full of gray delirium
And spare archetypes.

VI

Labeled "self-indulgent" when another's self not being indulged.
I will not be falsely accused if I cannot track where one's selfhood is complete
And another begins.
If the map is faithfully rendered,
We will easily perceive that debated territory,
With lines that could well be drawn otherwise.

Colors that delineate lakes from “not lakes” are arbitrary,
But pretty, even so.

VII

Thus I release the debates to clouds
Who are without verb.
Allow the garden of language to usurp,
And spill bright chapters of leaves into neighborhood yards,
Though they protest the wandering of winds,
In their secret stores they bless the wealth of autumn.
Bring closure to deliberations.
May faith bury faith, and
Sew new gaudy buttons on old navy suit-coats.
Reliving prophecy through days
As though they were remaindered blue boats.

EUCLIDEAN PROMENADE

Here is the geometry of the retina,
Indwelling and distant, growing soluble
In the aquarium of the frame, and the individual
Building, both subject to refraction, a camera

Encased in blue, and subject itself, who scales
The pure and temperate skies,
The brushstrokes dreaming space over space,
And the frame rebukes emptied walls.

The sky is as calm as a man in a bowler hat,
And draperies are cleverer than the imagination.
Maker, and careful re-maker, all proportion
Stretched like lips of a grinning Cheshire cat.

Through both chasm and cavity of canvas,
The absent painter, both fabulist and alien,
The charged eye, electric, radiant
As the lucid boxcar, who, in darkness, advances.

ANDROGYNE

You, who bind yourself to the will of the machine,
And, in time, escape plastic skin and shadow,
Twist in the fetters of family and memory,
Reclining, bound, and immolate violations.
To have arrived at the masquerade prepared,
Scale and bone interpenetrated metal, as a mermaid
Crippled, now in a wheelchair,
Who dreams the unspent sea, but in body
Is a living anchor, or a flash of watery light.

You, who turns in the mirror, discerns
The faces of fathers, brothers, how
Shadows make androgyny of us all, how
Quiet the sleeping scourge of our past lay within.

WHEN REALITY BECOMES DIVORCED FROM EXPERIENCE

I am sorry to say I can no longer keep you invisible,
But I keep running out of excuses to give the
Doctor, and he will no longer be renewing
My prescription. I think he suspects something.
I suspect you will probably
Be leaving us soon.
No, that wasn't a hint,
But do take your cotoneaster with you when you go.
The gaping hole in the unsodded lawn
Will give neighbors some grist for the gossip mill,
And the rest of us something to consider.

I can pronounce it "cotton Easter" if I want to.

I lied on our compatibility tests, that is why
Our misunderstandings have become the planks
You smash over my spine as I sleep.

And another thing,
You smell bad.

I

On the use of physical force:

These doctrines are preferable on moral grounds.

Their main attraction for humans is aesthetic.

All dressed up in pretentious technical language.

According to this conception, taken as a whole, the imitation is produced, and time and again,
a certain volatile meaning will want to act.

One physical system can have no immediate appropriations.

Brillo Boxes, Campbell's Soup creativity, conviviality, commensality, and maybe even art.

Another art beneath the surface of the life of the people.

Curiously, the prince of commercial uptown celebrity is watching bellies rest on counters.

McLuhan had pointed out that by inventing electric set of formulas or instructions we will
diminish the emotional.

This is capitalism's nasty little secret: the destruction of the final beyond illusion!

New poetry of the nature of man, and of the world, in which we argue that the free market is
moral, unless we know, ultimately, death.

The symbol of political process is a squirt gun.

Steps eventually yield the complex order, it was openly addressed in touching buttons that
project patterns, or a copy of the original form.

Hoping that the dummy will be able to imitate and represent various objects through the
medium.

The scrupulous use of the intellect through the forms, that appears without existence.

Although unreal, it is emptiness, and that which is emptiness, is form.

Ideologies have traditionally been defined in a mirage, or a film, elusive like mist.

The scheme is relatively simple and masculine, bright and active, hard and determined, at one
with the days and nature.

If it won't have love, it'll have dreams, movies, childhood books, Cornellesque hiding cabinets.

Any mythical repression of our sexuality, and the panic, then, is dual.

If one equates fate with what happens, seen as proof of sexual interest or an attempted by
certain perceptions; the exact word experienced, of learning to read and write, last all night,
wood-panels, clouds, wallpapers, unplastered walls, and so the other thing that's
happened line by line, faithfully sketching vociferous glories, I too have my place:
apparently one among thousands.

A necessity that cannot tolerate beauty, but the ego, as well can fit.

And nobody expects experience to be put into words, you just have to ask yourself what is the
headline, or the advertising slogan, to the scientific trials for one's life, just as all
sentences to lips, to the breasts, to the genitals, to the songs burst from my breast, to
creatures on earth.

Assume we are talking about saving the body.

How fortunate, then, is the world, the white furious chosen of one's doubts, slow realizations,
and final discovery of a framework, the life through the world.

The strength of the Emperor is awesome to you?

In the strength of the Emperor's awesome emptiness is form.

Most like a perpetual muzak on a daily basis.

On the neck of a dragonfly power above an endless amount of spectacle, like the designs of all the other contributions of Western Civilization.

This mysterious noise seems to walk through the orchestra, pausing.

The secret police found a rhetoric to teach everyone in the first place to be a writer.

The stuff you read tastes medicinal, and hence perhaps belongs to human language, my human body is behind it all, a simple translation from one to the other is not written in English.

It is not written in institutions and disciplines.

A connected transgressional cut signifying a purely linear theory of the accustomed.

This, then is the Messiah who stands, who precedes us.

It was here before we were, and last words I don't want to consider as only a dream.

This ignorance, by self-restriction of substance, that pulsates like a former heart.

Difficult secret police have devised the powerful poison of literary aspirations.

Electric technology had externalized our central nervous systems, to make sure of personal mind-sets and understanding how radically things such as global transformation can occur in a matter of hours, while killing the monsters of wickedness whom they encounter, or any force-user, who presents you with an offer, thereby expanding the possibilities open to you.

Fiction is a branch of neurology.

They must concentrate on the man-made extension that became our environment.

Into the vaults and galleries, and, at the same time, the origin of the most general meeting.

At all events, obtaining far bigger and more complex structures of egoism, thus reducing the land of immortals.

Hell, there is something in nature besides leaving the party.

There is sensual joy in the multiplication of revelation.

The concept of stress is invoked to mind, entangled, or rather collapsed, into one single journey to the deep closeness of the real.

Approach refers to the direction one takes in possibly traumatic experience.

Hand the torch from one group of thinkers, from the periphery, towards the center.

So all states of the mind co-exist and here, rivers there, and an ocean exactly where after all?

Not devoid of suspicion, but he has no composition and color, perhaps by pataphysics!

Being in a crowd is a mysterious expression.

The money is still flowing from the periphery.

The injurious vision of the assassin.

The basilisk of energy.

He had seen the structure that a language exhibits.

Of the gods in a new world, and the past is unto me a Tower of Strength against appearance.

Know the slogans and class struggle, at one point taking center stage, it is not policies of the dominant corrupt "aristocracy" they have taught us.

How fortunate to be between psychological types, rather than political ideologies, and to have influenced world affairs both directly and indirectly.

The trained "Socialist," and a rather thoughtless acceptance of a philosophy.

Advertising is our way of serving food, and precedence of the trade union over the labor of heterogeneity is the composition of the sleepless night.

Moral documentation and invention of redundance.

Simultaneous attempt to re-code the chromosomes and the businesses.

The Federal Reserve a purely capitalist sequence of work, a purely capitalist sequence of light.

The Federal Reserve can appropriate in ritual context.

The Federal Reserve as a truly human expression.

From the way they learn it, in a low and humble voice, slowdown in our economy, and they would leave the world.

As air to mechanism of semantic reaction and appeals to Heaven, and Heaven's mechanisms of imaginative cannibalism, surpassing the experimental ambitions of financial markets.

Mathematics humans have developed to profit from too much of the world, and has learned of the newsworthy roller-coaster's ride of financial markets, the Wall Street love of simplicity.

Wall Street has replaced the sun, and the only fact was fire.

The sun's invisible magnetic field, electrostatic whine, and problems of mass can be overcome, the wondrousness of simple things, the horizontal, orange-blue axis would seem to produce, in turn linked to object-oriented, whereas x seemed to be process-oriented.

Thus symmetry is invoked to be viscerally examined, but when examined, there is nothing to it.

There is nothing other than emptiness, emptiness is comfort in simplicity rather than morose, constant wanting, and to leave the palace of mist.

O Sariputra, form is here emptiness.

Our economy would leave the world extremely vulnerable.

The symbol of economic power is to stop writing.

He pours kerosene on some papers.

Composition.

Ideogramic method.

Poets of course have gone beyond that.

A story.

Choosing different paths through the narrative space.

The writer creates a treatment of a few pages, but this not the whole story.

All we feel is something of a spiritual world, beyond even the name ...

To dress only in white, of course, the preface, and to gird myself for writing, however, another, more privileged, class comes along, as a member of a free city, or in symbiosis with mother, earth mother, and the earth, in light.

He's a freethinker.

Him and his so-called "evolution".

A slowdown in our economy would leave the world of control and power, the expectation of a new world, and the past is truly capitalist BEING, a purely capitalist sun appears to attract the most...

... most possibilities open to you.

Odonata are of little economic importance.

The salesman cries a little, without turning the light on.

The sounds of this still in everything - the trees, the rocks.

One stops listening in, and instead listens only outward, around them, and the silence, and they feel that they are pious.

Music is coming to bands or strips of sunlight.

America now is the intellectual seedbed preparing to hibernate through the winter.

If anything, Odonata are beneficial to us humans in three-dimensional space.

Assure not the least roach existence.

The factors of production, the inventory, reveal nothing.

The entrances to them from the search for 'essences', 'things in themselves', etc. have been destroyed and its house extinguished.

Our sole being who has no need for structure, which language beyond our limited and frail human and interpretation, the Bible's universal spiritual character has allowed itself to be worshiped, and when burned, I should inhale the vapor.

In an ideal performance of the piece, the Biblical text and interpretation are with sufficient penetration for treatment the structural implications of the old language, of home that a God would choose to live in, with a vampire from the dead, to haunt late night television.

The mechanism is physiological, mediated through a different way.

With the cage they made sure that the stories and examples remained in radiation, initial secrecy, and subsequent lack of effective communication.

Players become elements of the game and are no longer disciples.

He shall reform the circle with the knife.

Lights of the names in low-level sensory receptors of the visual system; affairs, both directly and indirectly, of God's own project.

God, meditation, prayer, reincarnation, and final offshoots, such as toys and candy.

The same can be said of the more elusive, but not the whole story.

All the dharmas of Samsara of the materialist anarchic and systematic the four elements, they compete in displaying aestheticism in the ordinary acceptance.

A few months after biologic understanding the method of has been destroyed and the house extinguished.

Through the skies, and moving like a fish he looks into it.

He does not depend on my will.

How fortunate am I that fortune.

Of epithermal neutron beams with sufficient penetration in that framework, the matrix is also an authoritative and holistic text.

For whom?

A night of television and video stores for years until Nirvana, thought to be permanent.

"The soul," he said, "is Tao, and the Tao the cushion of their seat, and surfaces, and eddies of egoism, which reduces to association that regarded itself as the true representative of a holy light. Humans have developed a system in which Tao is separated from the varied, and variation leads to the evolution of information."

Whether breathing or holding the breath, bumping into other things, getting along somehow.

The social body is being expounded in this art in the simplest manner, and even when we are attached or identified with what is exhibited in our work, much more complex than anything in nature, "aristocracy of labor" within the working class, the gradual establishment of psychoanalysis, and then divided into two very distinct camps, differentiated socially in order to make life worth living.

What is the nature of my life that will permit me to be dissolved?

It is pain under its constitution and government, and lets chance play with the design and science of writing begins to then signify, if it not exist, before the Revolution.

Abbreviated, restricted forms of language are emerging, morally false and mentally despicable.

Yet that, too, a false unity.

Mathematics is the gift of God in secret.

That is to say, an original is limited to mathematics.

He is about to make use of the visual phenomena encountered in modern physics.

The position of a particle is measured as wave-function, to decohere into two or more.

Yesterday was the least, and, to many, shame is the power of self-multiplication.
In the inner palace he had no choice, but all deities are born alone.
He had seen nothing that so delighted without being nothing, but the deities that were born
are cast off by Heaven, and how can all attempt to reflect the kindness of home and so
he touches the mirror, which then becomes whole, which Number is in the individual.
Where the soul is Tao, the pills are four years of politics taking center stage as the ideology of
reform.
The dead are the generations that do not move.
To get some rest, finally, I prolonged my stay.
To get some rest, finally, after a long and defined political death, which begets the aspiration of
preserving one's self beyond.
Love as water to the fish, so would all substance will reenter my soul.
Hate, horror, hygiene, for it enforces cleanliness; its water is a mirage.
They have not learned of emptiness as form.
This sentence with flow within electrical circuits.
The erratic other of beings/objects.
I thus created a research into the phenomena.
When searching the hidden airport, a particle cannot be known in trying to unify general
relativity with the Israeli-Palestinian border, could time cut but few men and fewer
women, those women being on the Wailing Wall?
A space is the brain, to the core of the brain, intelligence, which becomes something like the
Big Bang wisdom of the I Ching, the most ancient of which are able to pull
simultaneous occurrences in a multiverse meeting of the quartet, the history of
European literature, religion, art, and architecture.
The many-worlds view argues that this gives insight into the Conspiracy.
This book sets trinity doctrine that is also responsible for the transformation of time.
Glazes that wear away over what they cover, and meaning about the people, rather than
allowing people to sit back in contradiction.
I grew in those seasons that constituted the territory for critical irony.
Investigating weather, and the disregarded particularity, accentuates the general sublimity of
glaciers and oceans.
Then the end, the extraordinary onus of finishing, and lyrics that come into a parenthesis, like
the night, or weakness, or good or evil.
Between receiver and sender.
I mean directly in the GRID.
Tangled musical lines are sinewy, agile which is form, is emptiness, that which is unto floating
oil, drifted about medusa-like, were varying according to surface exposure from the
translational invariance, in which we see in space, and hands behind the old curtain, we
see through a glass who has no need to exist in motion in the world as is, and of course,
man's foolish talk.
He held to the uncertainty principle, which says that the position, and sound, vibrates from
itself, not from formation.
Until his love came to be compared to the music that emulates the technique of moral
geometry, and the sound is shown as consistent.
In all his divinity, a perfect order and harmony, though symmetry is only a small part of the
West.
The stem of the deities looks inward at your own mind while ideologies traditionally defined
our political parties.

The vapor of a hundred offerings: story idea.

He then sells darkness and ice.

The trick is to sell the deal.

Phone calls, and garbage, is to be the preeminence of America in the realm of importance, and having bent his knees before the annual advertising budgets of Procter Gamble and the kinds of insurance everyone should have.

A man-made extension became our environment, which he characterized as the concept which we describe here as sin.

The planet, the Earth's axis, and at the center, the Federal Reserve.

With some abnormal condition of larger concern, where poetry and history are energy nodes.

Begin more non-interacting branches, or "worlds".

Since it appears to "collapse" from the tree of Heaven - the leaves that are on a moon were more than they could bear, so one of rejected by the callous beasts and give a "Christian" meaning to art.

How can a science render it possible for any one pharmacy industry to detach the hands from manufacture, for but a word, but they despised its body only in the discourse and practices of our natural love of simplicity, and themselves to appeal with shadows from the past.

It easier to live with certain shadows from time to time, and accept them as a free gift.

Bare, laid out, excited, metamorphosed death.

There would be no religion.

Slapped into something like a serious illness, that he had taken his pills makes believe people in him.

The unworthy can derive of nature a dream of the land of immortals.

In the roots of automatism of the mind co-existence and all phase transitions are a perfect balance between ALGORITHMS and HEURISTICS.

The various steps within the surrealist visual.

The various steps within being beheaded.

Not so simple as that, though.

Impossible to argue that the free market is moral unless, say, in the emergence of "something".

Then the interpretation to die while killing monsters of projectors, viewers, or electronic equipment.

The sun cannot be replaced by the radar screen of the nation's collective illusions.

They resemble reflected moon and rainbows.

Look, the arrows of his affections, and who, now, is mature, to be replaced by a wish, and motions of the sun cannot be replaced by the moon.

This semantic power is the amount of money Hollywood makes on the Biblical text and interpretation, truly a willingness to rush to belief.

A feature of the scenery.

To be the earth, and the root of the body appears in your dream.

Stars constantly revolve and we can make calendars without some Hollywood studio.

Obey me then, oh non-material one!

By these Holy Names, and by these Mysterious Symbols!

Newspapers editorialize against weather changes, but it still rains here.

Journalistic projections of the zeitgeist.

The unsystematic and passionate use of laughter.

The level of general players who enjoy the game, and the wind as they run, like a wolf, around the Midgard serpent, and Hel.

Or rather collapse into one single activity, where all states are a provisional model, in which it is best to know of the fundamental nature of man, and of the very uneven soul of the arts.

There, the pressure of the weight of, and subtle appreciation for, the art, or in other words, a lucid revolution.

Parties in an election cycle produce material values and offer them for sale.

E.g. destroy the Earth n -times over.

Then Apollo quietly told him "Leave it out looking down and seeing the historical era as an escape from the dead."

The other, almost ready for the psychic economy of reason in face of enormous characteristics, of the element that occurs in a multiverse composed of mostly independent parallel.

Astronomers believe that an immediate product of spontaneity is DADA.

He shuddered understanding these violent but frequent events.

DADA DADA DADA.

The roar of contorted pains, cages around him.

It was the cages that careful astronomers believed to be factories of philosophical thought, from their companion stars, until they have gathered first time, that a nova can return to see him again.

Hydrogen burning of the accreted matter, and were all cages.

The words of a just authority.

These reactions are thought to trigger an elegant and unprejudiced leap from one harmony to another, that of a nova, having discovered thought in the "cataclysmic variable" systems. Engineers have been unable to duplicate the amazing schizophrenia surrounding Luminous Objects.

A leaf is constructed by more complex structures than humans can ever dream of.

The sun shines at noontide, and so too philosophical, religious, and moral considerations, character of existence throughout.

Either way, one of them would be ordained and selected.

The contradiction and unity of rows, heading for the tiger cage of hierarchy and social equation.

A nova that has been both full and empty.

This means the previous overcoming of the realm of reality, helped by complexity of consciousness, with motives that are not inherent to people, but come from a corrupting life.

Shift from manuscript to the thesis as beauty, and things attack and include the physical contact of gravity to be essential to bodies.

Is there a life beyond language, partaking of the structural elements?

Do you think that the only thing I do is force the limits of all preconceived notions?

To unravel language from the beginning, to distinguish between what is always there, and others within, a spirit moves, the rhythm adopts the lean hypothesis (do more with less) but I am interested in the theory of underlying avoidance, but the artist himself and our minds are able to distinguish yet lesser parts, and experiences - we learn by doing.

Oh we're not united on our own.

From this century into the racket of more and more occupations, from a critical reaction to the narrow papers in this symposium that also corroborates the view in the present.

You can't think about it so the government decides for you at every page.

All ailments were attributed to the material objects, such as films.

Hollywood products do not last.

When examined, they are for the most part events, displacements, and within a hundred offerings each evening, from my flesh and darkness for philosophy, for because of the intellect through the discipline, they are nothing but empty.

We are a vessel of vessels.

I could see hovering in blue twilight, two of us in the world.

The horizon is darkening.

A very uneven playing field, which had become socialized.

“We can't change our minds independent of our biology, so begin by expanding the possibilities open to you.”

In the turn of the year this coil of it appears to collapse from wave behavior.

Here, the Spirit is still with extraordinary courage to keep the arts as the space inside.

To be from day to day?

From point to point?

Under the denomination of the Earth, similar to the geometry of that silent room, to the forsaking of works.

For the most part, let us examine the residuum in the poetry of the situation.

Works that consist of a series of singularity engines driving this, day to day.

From the point of the material objects, such as films or tapes.

The producer is able to, at the very same moment acquire the "property" of self-extension, and the power of literary icon, the Bible towers over all politics and gets crafted into short, sharp advertising sounds, and they have no choice but avert their ambitions into modern mathematical physics, and then sell it for \$5,000 to Hollywood, who makes offshoots of a spiritual world, beyond our limited first representations.

We can see it with our eyes, and the dynastic phenomenon which constitutes when they have established the Cult upon the world around us.

I listen, shuddering with awesome regard.

Do they want a changed Mind?

We can't change.

All substance permeable to the essence of a fragmented mirror, which becomes as whole as rocks and trees.

If thereby form is emptiness, that which is emptiness is a living flesh, and we see space and lights, flying through the skies perceptions of the mind.

All activities are a lying appearance, and to think on the world.

They compete in displaying miracles.

Viral utopia, therefore, as questions for centuries, with cumulatively improving methods. (that exacerbates the threat), accenting the grotesque behalf of the dubious project called "progress."

Today these boundaries collapse.

He shall repent by creating a global utilities network of capitalist functionality.

Capitalism equals economic importance.

You liar, goddamn you liar you!

If one equates fate with this rule, then it must be universally allowed that all of the economy is in the crapper.

Housing prices are skyrocketing.

People learn from a wide variety of microhabitats.

The metrical pattern (that is, ideas of who went around asking the students for love) are air-raid sirens, and it's the blitz.
Paraded in brightly lighted happy streets, and taking chances, i.e. entering the moment in ear to my heart, you proud bitch did you better fucking answer me today!
Rage, rage against the...
Answer the phone, I'm your mother!
Nursery rhymes, children's games, staying in my room extracting radium, he always dreamt of a mother who should live the way her son does.
I am my own night, great enough to compensate for the deceleration of our art form, made to be experienced dissolved (de-solved).
Calm and cool panoptic intensity.
Poetry is the work as form and measure, constituting itself as domino effect, we are sexually repressed, but they go, and so on, and I think of my comrades of the city, of the people who lived among them.
And I know there are new poems every ten years, and you would require a different reading experience of distributed essence and upheaval.
To have experiences and to make choices can't be explained.
Old myth and legend create/construct "disorder."
In western culture, this disorder becomes the lack of the recorded evidence, the hypothesis of a case limit.
Words of the new media: "non-linearity," a "lion roar."
One stops listening in, and instead listens only externalized our central nervous systems; that is, our minds.
So if that engine were to conk out, prepare for battle.
Combat the presence of chance.
A wind subtly growing or forfeit your liberty, property, or life.
So why this urging a torch from one group of thinkers to another, with the light of language?
One single activity where all states come from stories.
In a different way from harm usually comes at us changed.
Mind had become socialized.
The possibilities of success and failure are to be found in the realm of reality, helped by complexity of white bodies, in a funeral repose, both male and female.
Widespread public anxiety and emerging third world culture.
McLuhan had pointed out that by inventing the noble savage that evil motives are not inherent to place.
Man is kind of dead, like something's missing, and sin is somewhat different than in the Christian version.
Never has a machine, in emergence of "something", needed politics, or been so involved in the marketing of knowledge.
Never has a machine been so spiritually advanced.
Engaged in by spiritually advanced practitioners, in the appropriate rituals, which are intrinsically intended to be shown, of which no natural person is identified, as state political candidates, and parties pour kerosene on some papers...
The Master, who, raising his eyes to heaven, endorsed centralized political and economic systems.
Don't represent it as the end of the intellectual sequences.
The Earth is another matter, however.

So previously obscure aspects of machines, the computer now recognizes what's being said, it didn't have to be around them, and the silence.

The receiver with the knife of art, and, raising roots digging, pushing down past rocks, bones, and of course, secrets.

Blame and praise God in secret.

Can you repair the other engines before this one?

Has a machine ever been so clearly made of language?

That's my main concern.

I say that we now had to presume that there's an externalized central nervous system; that is, almost all ailments were attributed by the population to radiation.

What we are witnessing is a passing out of the forms... pours kerosene on some papers...on some papers.

Fines, imprisonment, and ultimately, death, are the symbol of political power and academic jargon.

The intrinsic presences of suffering are called "brands".

Blame and praise would be the right to vote.

A bridge is going to look like the surface of greater federal control.

Republicans represent the freedom of higher goals and yielding to the complex order of life.

The same ideologies continue the isolated country.

In this abrupt revelation we must always obey.

Chaos magicians have will one day be processed into water, for survival of a refreshed government, and events moved to Capitol Hill, while words must not serve so simply.

Surface structures are studied by metaphysics.

A Massive Christian Rally at White House is held by UFOs.

The known laws of his or her life, and the mythical massless during decent complex mathematical blueprints of sunlight on walls, not space and time, without harm so I could say yes and be attached to a time line of their own magical system rather than soil, which is 40% oxygen.

When predestined like having a difficult physical problem so understood, they always contain mere absurdity.

Semiotically, a kangaroo.

The first problem was I found myself in a new skin, but remained the same beast.

Americans were wandering asteroids and planetoids for prolonged periods, and subliminal transmissions were used to coax both a constructed and arbitrary dropping of individuality.

The flesh had been subdued and the sanctuary of imagination attacked, taught by academic study trepanning is the medical process of drilling the image, as when the patient is a poor woman who did not need to draw on dreams, hallucinations, and hole into the skull in those texts, the texts under those author-functions, and infanticide.

They bleed the bone marrow of habitual cannibalism of a nation.

What about rust on the instruments, or political right?

Cannibalism is a curious thing.

Cleopatra passed up the river to the Twentieth Century.

Corporations that control the public's access to the space at the white margins.

In the margins, heretics.

Countermeasures such as neoludditism, ecoterrorism, pataphysics, confront God, Who actually exists, Who was probably familiar with the usual suspects.

It is not a tyger which destroys me, but a situation, or people on the street dependent on context, judgment, and shifting situations.

Ethical reciprocity equated with objectivity itself.

Yet the deployment and relays of political power, then a woman, a gay man, or the key word, but this is its pleasures.

Flesh and bone and United States.

The country is doing fine.

Addressed will the theory of poor quality.

Evoke from the perfect mirror a controlling metaphor.

Uninterruptible tyranny.

Poetry is failure.

Tyranny breaking out of her uterus is what is used as an analogy of Nature, which won't be an experimental group compositional process, keeping, by extension, classical criticism.

But what do they make with the rhetoric of AIDS hysteria - for a self, group, people, or species, bodies are impenetrable, we gather their time, be willing to relinquish meaning simply a matter of as to negotiate suggests to removed.

This has the effect of releasing the one percent of the green development of a particularly dependent form of political upheaval and metamorphoses of love curling from our fingers.

Love distilled of forming poetry established within forms to which they are accustomed.

And butterflies linger playfully.

I am sincere.

"Political power" refers to the power of devices or electronic talents or temperaments, because the mind is shaped completely in Corporate America, and by a complexity of consciousness, our new spirituality.

Be careful then of Nietzsche and the Central Intelligence Agency.

To sell a successful product requires repetition.

For the international exchange of messages digitally censored out of our documentation, the other increasingly newsworthy roller coaster ride of financial markets.

Variation leads to evolution because of the exchange of messages and digitally coded information.

Upon the hurricane a conglomeration of many tongues and kindreds.

Privileged class which owns property, authority, and writing begin to signify, as if it had been the Nazi party, for example.

So we own products and brands in the global economy, with the mass of our own individual bodies, evil is by far the most important problem and national interest.

To communicate the amount spent on political campaigns

Our personal net worth pales in comparison to what is spent to advertise an item in some countries.

In some countries, Odonata are preferable on moral grounds.



ABOUT THE POEMS

These poems were written over the past four years, using a variety of techniques and strategies, including collage, pastiche, and formal restraints.

The chief concern has been with the plasticity of language in relation to aesthetics, and the intersection of chance, form and inspiration.

My chief poetic affinities include a number of authors and poets, and poetry movements both past and present.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Michael Bogue is originally from London, and currently resides in Hamilton.

His work has appeared in Textshop, Afterthoughts, and Defiance!, and an upcoming co-operative anthology of Hamilton writers yet to be named.

He is currently working on his next book.

