

A sepia-toned photograph of a hand playing a stringed instrument, possibly a guitar. The image is heavily blurred and has a soft, ethereal quality. A white outline of a hand is superimposed on the strings, showing the hand's position. The background is a warm, golden-brown color.

PLAYING THE AMPLITUDES

Christopher Rizzo

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by Christopher Rizzo

BlazeVOX [books]

Buffalo, New York

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PLAYING THE AMPLITUDES

“Let the case be what it may in others, I am as confident as I am of anything that, in myself, the stream of thinking (which I recognize emphatically as a phenomenon) is only a careless name for what, when scrutinized, reveals itself to consist chiefly of the stream of my breathing. The ‘I think’ which Kant said must be able to accompany all my objects, is the ‘I breathe’ which actually does accompany them. There are other internal facts besides breathing (intracerebral muscular adjustments, etc., of which I have said a word in my larger Psychology), and these increase the assets of ‘consciousness’, so far as the latter is subject to immediate perception; but breath, which was ever the original of ‘spirit’, breath moving outwards, between the glottis and the nostrils, is, I am persuaded, the essence out of which philosophers have constructed the entity known to them as consciousness. *That entity is fictitious, while thoughts in the concrete are fully real. But thoughts in the concrete are made of the same stuff as things are.*”

—William James

“No one lives a drug free life, I mean no one.”

—Gerrit Lansing

THE BREAKS

“Invisibility, let me explain, gives one a slightly different sense of time, you’re never quite on the beat. Sometimes you’re ahead and sometimes behind. Instead of the swift and imperceptible flowing of time, you are aware of its nodes, those points where time stands still or from which it leaps ahead. And you slip into the breaks and look around.”

—Ralph Ellison

“I work out of doubt.”

—Willem de Kooning

I CAN'T GET STARTED

Here we go and there you go, as in again,
say somebody took out the wager and never
came back. And I want to hammer
a hummer to down, oak to jute
and see stems of glaze—to locate, as in again,
bleak that bock the block, slow kempt
to folly chock or mister for bally, Erasmus, not cool
for breech you have seen the inches
filch to flinch and key the shilly-shally miner.
Ingots in the wah-wah. You know
what I mean. For to chic you have needle,
thimble, treble and bayed the flambé,
cobbed the downtown while together the breathing.
Some time I have drawn from all's well
that ends at alley and signage.
Sheol says a whole a hole to dwell on into
acclimation to a whether system,
the climate and charcoal, situation fandango
the mild goes and you furnace.
Onomatopoeia ataraxia, spool and aswoon,
between walls the attentions not gifted,
puff sulk in the lower glower of away.
Boxed, so to step outside of cardboard—
Soho for slices, jitters fleshed,
use only to drive and pull common
the voicing—some regularity is in order.
A gist by Rodin on estrangement
I sit seeking reading say filaments a monkey
in the time of meant query God
about metes, brother, a story of the bottle
bottom and bass, Albany's finest
and cornered graft, air as shale as Brahms
a standard spectrum cited, one way
the ticket, I can't understand started,
as in dislocate to warp. To start off
to start out to start up to start with
voice one in the alone for once.

OOL-YA-KOO

Here coo to press and yabba dabba doo
the lingo a bluing city of smalls—
a yellow smile to all the miles of malls, quarters
for to bus, some dabble in brick
others to get on the bored way
when Broadway's in derogatory stays.
Scatological been done on the walk,
in feet the minding, liquid in clusters
to make deals for to skin, no booms
on the ropes, checkmarks in the mail.
Ghetti and Adidas, whet says drywall
when you Betty Crocker
in the noon, pull out the stops and cant
the levels, love your neighbor
to the bedrock. And Dizzy.

BOPLICITY

Lark arias in a city arrears, you ash
and size your singularity to find
a clew, dipping blush in Tartooga for a change
of kicks and stiff bean
a shitload of Monticello reps in your cup.
Giddy in limbo you up your limber
and gust, the bull in the annex
bopping off to the nay of more of over
and iterate the horny music on Washington Ave.,
an Ave Maria gone braless, a snoot
to its window, a tattooed
widow of Tao, Diogenes having himself
a wiz in the alley, homeboy
hawking his mustard at curbside, cleavage
for singsong and the dupe
of Shangri-la-la-land. A schlep
to solder noir and the genie
of the lamppost.

GREEN CHIMNEYS (AHEM)

Say liberty the walling invisible the man you thought elsewhere in the Christmas lighted basement meant have the skinny a trope toke and a quizzical brow, infringement and saxifrage for the pith ninny the wailing path of sax. The skinny blues you say virtual the wailing sensible the man you thought the skinny blues. Erstwhile in the Christmas lighted basement the walling meant to joke with logos and image to harder barter—so there and then—blasphemous crick. Elsewhere into the grapheme police I jaywalked and enlightened basement meant skimmed to my skipped to my skipped to my lieu in lieu of libertine. Monk down. Your brain on signs and here be laws. And the chimney greener on the other side of understanding jack in pocket, this kicking flourish in July, barter saxifrage for to consequence pith, truth never where you thought the skinny. Yellow yellow yellow and—ahem—then money. Let's type some smoke and flip the record no one keeps.

AH-LEU-CHA

Shuttled blue in the sweep of brushes
and hush, the progenitors
twisted to smooth, star tooling,
you in clouts, new pants the blocks of grid,
hop the bus and zing far
shacks for reconstruction of buzzes,
motor tom-toms and tickled
to pink a shill sun, shrill that's the breaks,
cha-cha footings and skips
the record skips the record record
forsooth the quick and to it, blander
words have happened.

Stucco sticks you in the flicks you got in
to drizzle and uncomfortable
the nil, proper is as the prop does,
as the act bills, as tourniquets
bouquet in a line and the lit of Albany.
Rubble. Rabble. A soft skedaddle
doodling out of postures,
honey pots for to dreamily, monster
nights in sham rocks, a whole
in the roam of Hudson Valley.
Morality in the can.

REPETITION

Again in the bloom box but not yaps, skid
licks on clicks, would pulp
orange jester if ingested the nuts through Troy,
mango your range like a skirmish mash?
Ramjet jingles, Lucy in love,
marigolds blister in summering
wish-washed in bleaches, as close to pure
as closed to fiction, the grand papoose
skipping to his Lou over keys,
some horse sense in nonce—nay,
a read red risen and just a tad of Tadd's.
About? A mid night not midnight,
closer to looser, mid ash the old mad dash
to over and up the gain
closer to looser, mid ash the old mad dash
about? A mid night not midnight,
a read red risen and just a tad of Tadd's.
Some horse sense in nonce—nay,
skipping to his Lou over keys,
as closed to fiction, the grand papoose
wish-washed in bleaches, as close to pure
marigolds blister in summering.
Ramjet jingles, Lucy in love,
mango your range like a skirmish mash?
Orange jester if ingested the nuts through Troy,
licks on clicks, would pulp
again in the bloom box but not yaps, skid.

RIFFTIDE

Took scoops in blahs, ratcheted down
rhizomes, skimped on cumin to zero and steeled.
Such or else the intensity out of work
and order rebellion with strapped signage
the artifice of dying with your pants on
in the park, the hammer blights
for arson, lit up and downed
marionette minions, all the cool you could chow.
Nibble gable picks and find yourself
shunting in July, pitch clung poppers
star humming a bored infinity, nil the real
so anybody to turn out
the lights on the blot of polis, the scat
blat of city, a country called my, innuendoes
for extinguishers and the sigh
of unsightly, not human but humane
the hump day our communal
plight, bombs bursting in ruffles.

SELF-PORTRAIT IN THREE COLORS

Ploy bang Mahler capper. A sinker in swimmingly. Thin man on the back hammer quicker, zip to my lewd, blanked on empty, shelled the text, hipped in backers for shakers for zed. Conservatives conserve nothing. Blistering the bling in the piggy, microwave minion the pot to the coils, maker you maker as when and only if. Money in your democratic logic. And grammar like I said time. Yet skill to brisk fictive, monikers for the sparrows singing apolitical. Triple up, sit to down, shag fold. The stalemate bluing, the skinny tanning, reflux and reflex and flex the contexture flax, some warp in the woofers and tweeter words teetered on beaucoup Boogaloo, iron folds to flat. Got out nothing out of the sentence, when does the clouts sulk posture, estranging city unuttered at clips. Sirens and credit crunch. Dirty laundry. Automatic inequity conviction? Sound thought. Flat cooled and slip vicissitude. Then just to, bring for not the, any without any how for to be. A coo feels tip flee through dangles, once less in tress and bouillabaisse, on stun a phase, bald trope for ad hoc and quibbles for bitumen, poesy trumpets the strumpet's menu they say, the retinue of coils codified in the compass, a dream utopia in the sticks, something imploded, misty of tricks that tool barbs for shimmy piles such as now, scansion swap daisy pushers, wallow haulers, capital bookers from canons and stars that are of rocks. Squib wash canard, a sleeper put run, orange mush fob swish a who hears. Time felt through sound space culler. Color.

SO WHAT

In D towards a minor literature, my bunker
or yours? The Persian kiddo cut,
some treason and a grass flam, the knolls risqué.
Crap town, lights flub outer
the space in Albany, stacks of bugaboos, fib my cake.
“What the fuck is a hollyhock?”
A glibber of hops. Mina clocks,
lenses on ice don’t crack my nuts
the lunar lingo said Paris
I’ve got the greens if you’ve got the means,
swap booms a halo drama.
Nice asinine. At nine. Hip crush.
Flick look. Back in. Have gun.
Will go. Read smear. Say what.
On D to ward a minor assumption, my Yahtzee
or yours? Kiddo cut akimbo a letter,
same reason, a glass flame, the knows risky.
Rap townies, lights club other
the spatial an Albany, sticks of bugaboos, fob my case.
“How the fuck is a hollyhock?”
Adlib the haps. Mina cracks,
lends in dice don’t clock my nuts
the luminary ding-a-ling said Paris
I’ve got the greens if you’ve got the means,
swab looms a hollow drama.
Nice asinine. At nine. Lip crush.
Flack look. Black on. Have gone.
Ill go. Read shear. So what.

AS IN ON THE RECORD

WOULD JUST BEAT ALL GET OUT

At the Copley Square Hotel, shades in darkle
windowed, you sucked of your syrup
and loveless in dichotomous spins, squabbles restless shoots,
all the less makes the lesson all the mores
and you tell you a story
of perpendicularity mamboing quick sheaved,
taffy gals quacking stiletto'd, measured by the speed of dark
as they say of the inking, an inkling mustered
with a little mustard on the lingo to boot. And up.
Henderson, Harris, Cranshaw, Higgins
and the Morgan, they say the jazz went gone out
and never came back to face
Abercrombie punk zombies high on papa's credit—
but speech music in dissolve, a tab
of language pays the tab for some room to breathe
while you, and with you, breathe
conditioned, automatic, air and wave, good and bye, hell and O
organisms and their corn malt rye mash
on the rocks, some sweet in stinging and you find yourself
constructing away at yourself away
from yourself, lovable object. So occur. All so seaming,
the thing and its meaning. Home seems where
you hang your stitch, a head
crunching space cubes and the mathematics of getting laid
yes of such a pad the paper warmer
at the lip then the punch-drunk lines
to wait on, to serve already stiffed—dead
the too cool, hot mouth
would just beat all get out.

AS IN ON THE RECORD

“Like this guy says, your ego goes and your self is on.”
—Charles Olson

Welcome to the jungle my pilgrim monkey machine
goes to switch at apostrophe, fustigation
cabbies with horns like Mingus in helltime on nutrients
information confuses the puzzle pieces
of postindustrial crap, the junkman come to town
and gone to it too, a thank you letter
from Nixon to Duchamp, every general's one general
motherfucker, men of rain with munitions and soldiered maps.
Brahmin walkway walk away bricky
in blah bah Boston, kazoo flagellation and pedophilic bronze
in the elation garden, boats be swans
or cute a bridge, peek-a-boo linguistic dopamine, gutted
of serotonin, from inside out reflex production.
The flux that you blink study.
They threw him in the clink and threw away
romantic crank, who knows
participation the condition of culture. Woe isn't you
says signage, plastic bug tagged thirty grand
for thirty grand folks, out on the highway
you felt road and grandeur, elevator polka with shocks
and a wheel so common, driving says
driven along the dashes that make one
long dash---in rabid habit maneuvers, the sheen of machine
purrs as per speaking, yet no easy.
Bananas in your story. Smoky treat.
Lick words, sniff at spins to how now
know who says on the record.

SPICER INTERLUDE

1.

“I chicken out at the edges of it,” 8 ½ inches of lit
Samsung, my business of screwing business and selling no soul
to clamors in suits digging gins at high
noon, the trade of books not barter not bard—
too Lowell, a.k.a Bobby Brahmin, with his throat on fire with Logos
and the donut gamut police cocking
idealities, but the sign said stop not fucking park.
Tickets explode, buds bloom
and purple, Spring arrives forward, asks you for favors
in the back room, at the edges
illegible pledges scribbled out in primitive time, sun’s up
and oddly objects called bodies know
arcs in limbo even, the Lion of Oz cries spin and proclaims
computers pharming behind the screen.

2.

Brainwashes love inside overpriced? Cargo heart, more Spam in your can
or what you can't cant, as in do, big Hairystotle
manage the state of desire with the state-
ment you guess, get into it and intuit Mary Mac, her aorta gone Pop-Tart
along high ways asphaltting miles
into Davis, a square in the town of roasteries
making funny in May I chew your lobes love how
homebody says je tout-tourne, whatever
consumption you put up with, and against it.
"Love is not mocked whatever use you put to it"—
say guru chemic, say techno lippy and thought's a mouth,
bios stuff denim, some cocoa doxa parataxis
to know out of electric spins a double measure yarn.
No fakery, but the McCoy, real said here.

3.

“As absolutely devoid of meaning as a French horn,” or that of Coltrane
the Starbucks noise for post-consumer
silly, supping from a hangnail yuppie’s used latte grail
not struck of meaning but meaning
light speaks form and affect, buddy, a metaphysic
evacuates history’s bowels, meaning spewing wrongs,
two thousand years of shimmer shimmy
and oops, the loop of leggo my ego ergo a Plato
trying to think his way to the honey.
Off kilter, off bass, as in crass, as in eyeballing primitive—
Dear Paris, if you want a war
go pick his narcissus in wide daylight, as in to never scare
at heights or widths, losing nothing to recommend it.
What useful knowledge, this, epistemic
this subject goes object and typos to blow.

4.

Language, how do you say it? Delta-9-tetrahydrocannabinol.
What a mouthful says Lansing lancing on, or Spicer
digging alien compost noise, green noise
all thumbs chicken scratched in airtime, hitched
space time pace time construct time Olson say instanter again
objects slate and peep, if you said a dime
for every brick of this coast, if you said no death drive
but lick the road to know, Jack, in times of some and soma
Mexico won't bed you but lay you down—
you, me, we things, those who live by the sword
get shot by those who don't, or else live
by mouthy technology, to put in wheelwork toothed.
To go on go, to go on, and on the dial WNOW continuum—
“Death is not final. Only parking lots.”

PARA DICE

“I can feel no reverence for a God who spends all His time playing dice.”
—Einstein

Or Sappho making love to her ego. Or Roland at moves with some texty that washes his hands, but not innocent author, somebody, real body, always already gets paid, a name on the check check this thing is on the check me out counter our techno-primitive world of O my my—glib fahrvergnügen, hutzpah say pizzazz, consumable lights, what they used to call Flash, Mr. Gordon: All surface, the CEO sure faced in rolling the dice a walled street labor. Fakeries after Plato. I wanna I wanna, I wanna get adored, loved but untouched, bought but unsold, all the othered bitter-sweet coins to buy for an everyday dollar. Or give me some credit. To pay with credit. Grab something from nothing, maybe produce everything. An object on a soapbox takes his shots of bourbon but now, says life, doxa and acumen, paratactical forces of production kicking hot wind, save your odes to the factory floor. In a anacoluthon. Or Ina Godda Davida. Under your feet. And you. You illogical event. Paradise.

YET THE REAL

Gene or meme, packet of info on the table, this table, specific
table, elemental table a tableaux become
poem, the only table of moment not monument or dénouement
objects speak, peak table the human and no
objections—hey Odysseus, we're over here, digging
Bordeaux, good nose we know, and circles
don't exist but only plates, hubs, filled moons, as in the ass and the id
licks for kicks silly rabbit, who runs, outruns
the hare not the harem, all this placeful—
mean playful—struggle, the heavy shit
conjunctive: process and
reality, says Dorn says Byrd says me open now, give to you
right hearing a gift to make, of, culture, agents
your bodies are yours to do
with, memes, all's fair in love and primitive meats not metes, limits
no baby of Homer knows. Dear Tellurian, 1:03 am,
and we must—imperative—make alive
value itself, not present to itself, in
intellection, no, yet the real stuff intense in animal
attention. All this. On the table.

ZONE

for Jess Mynes

On Processing

“Zone” was written during a bus trip that began in Greenfield, MA and ended — approximately three and a half to four hours later — in Albany, NY. The text is composed exclusively of language observed during the trip, e.g., billboard taglines, road signs, bumper stickers, etc.

The process of writing the sequence was an experiment in observed abstraction, or abstracting from life, akin to de Kooning’s compositional process, with the obvious exception that both the observed (language in the form of type) and the observer (author) were often moving at variable, yet high rates of speed.

The title is taken from a Guston painting, an image of which was conjured and kept in mind by my observation of the word “zone,” more than once, while on the road. I owe a debt to Kerouac for the dash-method punctuation, as well as to the corresponding dashes of lane dividers painted on the road itself.

You might say that both the loose sonnet structure and the sequence’s epigraph were matters of meaningful coincidence, as I’d been reading Berrigan and Stein before boarding the bus to cut across the Northeastern American landscape, a landscape relentlessly signed by a textually oriented culture.

“If it seems I have little to do but move ideas:
a problematic of being there.”

—Chuck Stein

Come — listen together — on the go to corner
clearance — energy valley only — textile
hour slow — hidden glass — junk
falls west to North Adams — sale lane real
estate — Mohawk island — here
Miner St. — rotary lounge — info ahead
closed — doubled weigh
1 mile — phoenix south wisdom entering
call box call box call river —
weigh next right limit — it's true —
area services — sanitary buckle up —
stop chemical freestyle — Mill River open
Whately — use attractions — it's ok
to curse at heavy information —

Apportioned diamond — proud to be an American —
Motors project — mile police — only you know
long view pioneer — south speed music
wanted and available — wines and lodging — tiger
next press show turns — Tom Western —
open shell — attractions one way north —
maintenance designs — home office
exit — charburger yes we're open liquors —
office dialysis — WWII banquet — Angelo's
Old South Street lot — long term other —
stop stop in — pan staff — hours wanted the people —
sub pots — anytime SooRa — Lucky Nails —
market limit — parking for gas — center time deliveries—
laser grandstands entering and left —

Wrong emerging speed — south Oxbow — entering
max gross — Brooklyn sterling when gov't lies —
war is not a scenic project clean —
class of 1964 — south options access —
Ingleside — Wyckoff — lift this no welcome
salida de velocity — Uno 65 —
iron suites — exposition it's the law —
bridge detour vision — custom country —
Chicopee digital access depot —
civic center mercy on route to exit —
yield time bronze closeouts
and recycle — hemp let it grow —
universal light support opens their hearts
for your mobile balance —

Hourly Springfield — green line people —
memories people — think of it as one
zone — start talking before cold is the new hot —
five star ride — get connected —
hopelessly about change — art lab lines —
independence — gather a group and get northeast —
entrance the gas — home of some new bus —
your public only — welcome going —
I can't see you — main tone hour — where the news
hits home system — Agawam —
coffee break north — and begin: Yankee
river border — callbox NY — left accepted
official swift — no turns available —
communications speed —

Ramp up — permanent logistics disabled and yield —
Je me souviens — 911—
low flying planes next state police — discharging
fast — Maplewood Ice pike — Albany 73 —
click it or security — 14'-2"—
breakdown town keep courteous — stay only stopping —
Wal-Mart manic plaza — dew to protect
and feel good about must — reduced
salt merge entering buff — US Mail —
road work keep slow in 1936 —
Tonawana — transport express sport —
rock gone Berkshires — picking up
9 miles ahead — pay wide official —
The Clark has right of way —

Quality fuels modular traffic — Happy 50th Leanne —
play ground — drop-box west — High St. —
clover October heart xing —
one way speed hotel — Lucky Nails —
java moving — Cracker Jack chez nous —
electrical labs — hats & jewels — 4 HR art studio —
Housatonic dead end — jacuzzi century —
Bombay laurel children — acres edge
Shakespeare & Co. use extreme caution —
Police officer ahead — vacancy west —
bump — the summer marker — limit only
living commercial — horses prohibited —
Taconic Ave. — Morse 45 — moss code gables —
be a litter lugger — fresh eggs—

Here to corner sunset use turn signals — Tanglewood —
15 minute parking worldwide — the hand
of man a table gallery — Lenox cellar — owner church —
1767 — junction color sanctuary — eyebrow
parlor days — fine Italian water resource —
motorcar curves — internet breakfast — special rates —
open sun — rise amazing affordable asters —
south mountain 1897 — designers
posted Zion — Shaker Hill — any time heavy —
South St. north — cross walk creative plan —
colt place apple tree crowne — Melville's arrowhead —
Park square — class market — drive-thru wealth
management — center community command —
independent living — juvenile court —

Space available — on a roll networks — we deliver for you
speedy world — 1 hour spirits — variety —
temporary oasis and Park Place custom —
you are here — preventative maintenance
and clean machines — try to breakdown concrete —
heart motel — Grape St. — the friendly winds —
surveying — gaming — donate life —
shaker exotic — no no through traffic —
wild spirit liberty machine shop —
Francis Ave. — drop ahead — pass not do — 5% grade —
impeach the chimp — I am pagan
and I vote — why don't more people wear capes?
Grove rock falling — welcome
to the Empire State — handheld brickyard —

Drive Johnson — convenience official since 1925 —
antique spirits — high visibility —
liberty perfection gifts with care — honk if you're impatient —
Is it 2008 yet? Bishops appeal thank you —
Columbia County — Budweiser sale the pillars —
Ezra gates — Howe caverns — installation
protective on 20 — speed zone —
mobile creeks — available in energy valley lots —
race fans — any information owner —
money tractor — Brainard — west south north —
driveways Keatsing — schoolhouse bliss —
foundation modular century ahead —
yes we're open impact — saved by the blood of Ace —
use low gear — I'll just quit breathing —

Patchwork — share the low on faith — supreme \$3.19 —
mulch — topsoil — seven oaks Shodack — blackberry action —
leadership for sale — food shack style —
Beaver Rd. — cedar hacker's Albany 8 —
woolens — tartans — piping supplies made easy —
guaranteed lowest systems — baby goats —
music in the park — Dear Edwina
hazard electrocution — EZ on / EZ off — health —
free 6 miles urgent message express —
Hudson Valley atlas — mile 73 — the power
of being there — time to evolve alive — you never know —
progressive foi grois — attractions — exit — Empire —
Dutch apple weed and seed community —
Green St. — Liberty St. — this is my cart.

6.27.06 / Happy Birthday to Frank O'Hara

DRAW

“Or have I, with my apparently simple spread of ink and damp paper, loosed a mechanism of production which bewitches its actions, have I touched off some force which would drive it mad, confuse its course, and give birth to hybrid monsters, encroaching upon kingdoms? The spectacle exceeds all expectation. Later all these mysterious messages must be pinned up on the walls and studied at leisure.”

—Jean Dubuffet

1.

Puzzle limbo. Continents.
Amusements. Parks on a keyed
atlas. At last, a jelly-mouth
in privation's month.
How loose are lobes and there, a core
a chambered
rectangle. "What have I done
that you wouldn't have?"
Essay. A say. Desperation.
Of a peace of pieces,
playable inline chance.
Evocative vocables
but a soundless verso, space's
equivocation. Letter it
again samaritan.

2.

Triangular. Prism and squiggle
ink a circus, ruckus, and stipples galore.
Spotched props. Propeller-daisies,
daises or shadows.
Shadblows in whitened air.
“If it’s about language it’s about time.”
A colorless land-
scape spatial not special, but itself.
Plastic urbanity erasures.
Adopt a tree or a theory. Clowns
marched into town
and corporate HQ’s thrive
on elasticity.

3.

Debonair foil to white. Press
and lift life. He is I tell you
a mad plotter, a lottery a skied pie.
Watch time. Or else ready
high noon's artificial
bullets. Gene map
the legends, chaw, six
guns and spaghetti. The wild wild
Paris in June.
Dubs and epithets,
pinstripes strut a zoot suit
pilgrim. Draw.

4.

Culture connoisseur waxes he
his moustache and faux-philosophical,
adores those operettas.
Wandering the villa, oddly
entertained. Rayon and women
chic fiascos, his whine
aged. "April is monsieur's
preferred month."
Patchouli, leashed poodles.
Refined. Rational. Of sublime palette
and useless aphorisms,
he shall taunt you
a second time.

5.

Aerial view. Meat or amoebas,
shatter and loam.

Sarcasmus. Gondola veins
plots for lots say plastic
suburbia or else gravitating cumulus.

A long face. Way down
sickle cells and clot
continents. Rotaries,
rosaries. "Caxton's grave?"

In variance coherence,
times clash and are shattered.

Morality tit-for-tat
habitats, computing animals.

Fahrvergnügen rather
Fiats. Zoom ink.

6.

Humanoid fractal facts. Land.
Bedazzling quills and laminate geo-
graphy, craggy puzzles so said
of shape's hap so wherever
could you be here? Erased I,
there's the rub. Shortened circuits,
motherboards of memory invention.
Bored of interventions, Johnny D
showed up with match-
sticks and moxie. Ratchet up
sparks ricochet and string
extremities. So older, soldered silicon
marketers silk and strut.
Cell you. Worms to luck,
wiggle to level. Make it
happen, savage.

7.

Mad cow meat on his cross. Plump BBQ
murders, "ribs cooking in electric
chairs," hairs frizzled bosky.
He hath arrived Zinfandel infidels,
hold the mustard gas, lines
say drooped read groped, confounded by scholia
on bowdlerized Catullus, blue-penciled
balls to said wall when all
of an epistemological sudden
we need transcendental intervention.
Sound bowstrings, violins
and vocables, to the tune
of so many francs so synthesize
in American and ink
a metropolis. Hunger panacea
eat swiftly the children.
Draft. Ghetti graffiti.
Kilroy wasn't here.

8.

Bombs a-way not a way. Humble
pie chart casualties casual and the full nine
yards out of ten prefer luck
to death. Incunabula nebulous,
say esoteric and spatial
collections, every book a text
loaded. Postwar static, enemies and phono-
graphs, "I never did believe in fascism."
Eyeball whirligigs, cyclones
and clops. Splatters
bleeds. O mouthed spasmodic.
Eiffel spine, horns, an ornery
liberty inkpot no rainbow—Normandy
didn't just happen. Unfortunate
a cookie caveat: "May you live
in interesting times."
The Renault
out of control.

9.

Baedeker squiggles and imbroglios
du jour, labyrinthine.

“But that was before the peacock screamed.”

Unison says an only child
and the brick-face’s tagged:

HBH Highland \$T Mistah

Who want war?

Stylus graffito, shards of shades,
lint in your pocket, carte blanche baby.

A hoodoo altitude, an attitude,
the unborn minded

and every plot’s a deep six.

Intermezzo mezzotint, codified
coda, dashed classical

to peaces—pieces. Love’s

nowhere but one

brute bloodletter’s burning down
the chateau.

OF SOUND MIND

“This is your brain. This is your brain on drugs. Any questions?”

—Partnership for a Drug-Free America, US anti-narcotics campaign

Every word's a thing moving. Meshuganah notes to dandies, heels that make mockeries, all the complexities never a wink and a mess of angers, massages of messages, nodal nods. All the singsong foray long, blue moons the wimples when zeal it forgoes, the busses missed, midday hammers in brinks to booms, squalid the happier home-bodies, a thousand degrees in the rosebud shade. So little good will among Martians, jerky looks to bask in mourning glories. And you keep at hearing hearing not at a hearing for the sentence, double dipping dope and forsooth—every thing's mash. You're in lovable. Violate, inviolate. But then your fuel cell Mozart wore funny hats, maddened old kazoo lips, preponderant widgets for apes in apex, governments of HALs itchy for Rex in a drum, cool hand lumps in umlauts gone loco slippage ensemble at Guernica. Head for the zero hoop gossamer with barks, little hot dog, are you gonna bite or what? Kick it through the wickets and be gone, trapezoidal zither bombs. Shipshape your noggin, yet the hummers couldn't go gas to Suffolk. We tippled and old squeamish said funk. The carnival's in town, and Mrs. Rockefeller thinks it's just psychotic. Tapping like a ramiform boo. Bad eggs. Words are drugs, serious fucking drugs, information you take in that overrides the system.

But blush at lush shying, without medley the bricks are left, and then the quest for what. Sometimes the goodies, sometimes the blahs, sometimes the yes, sometimes the breaks to slip between and sigh signs that bicker spackle with hutspah, stuck shit, stellar hoodwinks bemoaning hedgerows, cool hoi blinks, the basket and the flagons. Preponderant news, we have died, and all this typewrites into sets. Almost at forty. Definitively at love. What music made of tourniquets, when shambles in zap found fronds in for to bask. Quash. Deals. But I said. Young so soon in opus. This croissant factory's burnin' down, zip to

my lo la do. Come again? Please do. Pardon? Zeal hula.

I zagged when I should have zigged to find that bibliophile in Albuquerque they did the robot doc. Shag secrets and you lone. Buzzy and blooper, flee to Rock City welcome. Mullets wishbone their cumquat riffs. You buy the drinks, feeling licorice. Mr. DJ spins the same old same told elevator news like those bongo boys of February, insulated green house junkies, sniffing the scratches. Then Orange Alert—flash cooper to holder drones, don quip yappers and favors on the line, Porky Pig stu-stu-stuttering into lingo got lost around the stop signs. I took my orders from General Electric, brought they must be swab, flat plasma for shams, more oink for your kilo monster and mauves for the flam. In limbo, hoppers sit on standby, in wait unto moon the clown with a limp Moby Dick, banal dreamers of blasphemous crick. Quick squib in Honolulu, pony and pinwheel abashed, fibs like rubber pants on Hilary. Foppish low zone hustler, wingman to Orion, a continuous orientation of position, on this side of logic a real pain in the Balzac.

Minions, the million doubts, dour the spools and holler columns—clocks tick and you're much one. Understand some shuteye now, empty chairs now, the knee of the lamp now. One the many or any but one still moves with one, as in you get on and shush the brings for miles, nobody in the knows a name, zeroing on beeswax, quasars, pulses but barely aberrations the peels, guises extinct in the rhizome of palm, this hour wee. Eyes of Kafka for to know she.

But I says and no more than meaning logos has met its match in flames. Misanthropes in robes, no spin no gravity and gaff along byways and bombs in your shorts, those lovey-dovey yesterdays to get you all cylinder and chromatic, color minor and savvy the cool-aid the eight-ball a bitch, the blue tooth hitch

you ate with, and motley the zeros. Tipper ships to list one tine a time of tin blonde. Ruby and jeez, thank you chips, blisters on me fingers. Flap top to flats, I went haywire and exploded, more in the secreting zero of zed coopers to the ancient tanka toys. Tipple, topple, skeet put run on many if. Bring your own bangs, knocker. Petulance neither in the can nor the box. We should all get arrested. Ampersand the shrugs in wiggles moreover yang, paradisal winds of cybernetic Duncan. You flip, and shit there's a quagmire amok in took shunt. Enter the dishwasher. There is no green in this field here, but mixes of information in formations overlapping times.

Squib larks on jingo riffs. She looked all mint and hush, great rates that speed gypsy to process. So be it to sure, meow means meow. Wander and so the many lingo, custom drones to when cool token for scoot, many eyed tragedies, tipsy inklings, march of the wooden neo-cons. Home, home on the orange, where the dear to you paint you differently. Poems don't kill people kill people. And you dial. My knock went scotch on Burroughs, the rugs dicey and diced, programs that zoom tins in teals, harangue hitch, a Kennedy fortune. I have from for next when, kitchen pilgrims in toto in question, leavings and zeros to burnish fops. Joy, and you wit, shucks on Sunday with whistles for jutes, the silly alloys shockers for surer. They left. And we right the markers. Go blip decked out to the tens and boogie in neon.

About sound not a face. Green dots. Jesters sun your searches, slip lock plod crocks in brackens and timbers. Be the vole, be the heat, be Marvin's Big Kaboom. My windrows pop a mile now and coop's down, commander, the brigands trash snippy vows, fields of function in brandish to lucky seven, radiator music they meandered as, rabid productions. Crimps, and we scan, fall heavily to breeches and securities gone accidental, fib lights to crap, trips yet foraged by

seeps. He went to the boom, he wished on the tar, he left hour then. Ship tippers and sales have gone frightened and giraffe, tumblers and somethings, hip hip in Crooklyn, suckers for history. Then candies for flipped. Honey dozes and vamps. We went encrypted, and from the backers you knew the hollyhocks from the zippers, mad comedies with weapons from planes, everywhere turrets and kids. Since syncopations have wash, there's a bathroom on the right. Play as marl and shatter, yet from to turn to lover on the table. Spin you rotten.

Have more capital in shams. And you fly, liquid the dream to animal. Chirpers in throats, call back the horn function props. Canto mends frond, amends, schooling you back to nickel heath scapegoat. Plodders, plotters, we have all fallen down on radio tangent x, an operation on umbrellas. Kazoo, and you vault, go shill tippers to pen ultimate on hulls. Abattoir city, noir wants, Kayahugu. No more in were to hut quibble double, sleepers in the nightstand, in the attic grace astronomers. Hell bent and you fled, scratching sheet sheens she, stopping the clocks so far as to wind up and out in outer space, high stepping the hey heydays, when nostalgia only cost a quarter. As in mercy. As in life. Do know. Do know us words. Jest or ingest. Simple samples scratched to toot what, what what, what it what?

MUTHOS LINGOS

DAS DING

Candlewick blue chip shoppers, hop toppers
have all come down and out
freedom proportional to what comes in
income sweets, cipher shells, posh
the quick we pistils on mounts, maker
envy, singular digits in squiggles of difference.
Ramparts you have waved in yet,
American, this when this as still, as were in whir, peas
and malls, waft the swag spells
Zippo lips, more candy for pupils, nothing
metaphysical about tight pants
learning by the seat by the heat of your mouth.
Or so you say. Dramatic Dramamine,
short hops to scotches, how do I look it up
if I don't know how to spell it?
Blotches, botches, latches for nosh kooks,
ply the urban scowl erasures,
a back to kick, some chills
they couch, as yet and into, when for.
Melody got mellow to hello there
notwithstanding without standing
starring a yup and rakish bluegrass iron
from Kentucky. Tuba busters do blow, do blowse.
Blue-beat the keys for lunch.

I'M FEELING A LITTLE IRONY

Bash turned blink, brinks a la kinks of Kookamonga
when bingo went dippy hips and blank
skirts, fronds of quasars and Marvin the Martian
desires the Big Kaboom, fuzzy ray guns the woof of Deleuze.
But I'm unsure about about, spammy
frigs won't leave me at becoming
and take off right in slow on the up ways, sweeps
making a taking, acumens in baggies.
Don't care anymore, you damned
Yankee, we want a revolution to go. On the fly.
Silver dining, 401 the K plan, daisies
upping the linings of all that's grave and uneasy.
Nike stuck in some matrix of balls
and gaffs, I go pong in a chip hipper noggin
seeking peaking reading, and then the hearing
after attention got arrested and you couldn't find graft
on my blue collar mink, O my my
when getting tanked isn't how you think.
Chic nook clamor love, live abstractions
go ballistic, and through smoke
some news, when mind banks shut down, views of infamous zero.
All this information, and I still know
nothing for noting for knotting up such messes.
Show me the money, Dr. Quietude,
I'm feeling frisked yet quite alone.
War? What fucking war? History's done
like lunch by a swami. Before you know it, finis
and oracles come cheap, armies
of exegetes with ink on their paws or—
did someone say Schnapps?

ROOKIE

Let me tell you about bubelah, small shim la,
barb on hence, secreting hoops,
groupers of zippy
and goop, hilly turners on the clicks
when responses suck skirted.
Bus you in fractions, Mr. Blue
I'm just getting to ineffective politicking,
white bleat of those speakers
rock zero out class bound,
radio free shit, literary
makes you look thinner, lovely lyrical subject.
Curious George kilo blights, radical
beer and zippy goes
to Washington, theme song migrants bluster
keeps, your mother's
maiden name. Rock in the face
poor blaster tubes, electro
thingy on the clacks, just throw it out
and consume, Mr. Ed.
Slap shot singers, nets
in rains, October harvesters sheet.
Everybody smokes in nights,
cold the haps the odds of quicker.
Stuck chokes.

JITTERBUG ACE

Fracas and blurb, wacko mufflers lingo blah,
claim the lay to aye an I, a wigwam
for a Wookie, wayward soda fizz
shipping grin, green oil in tins,
gilt blazons, chipped cedar for drops,
magnet jumpers, the boxy of box
say reliquary the query what?
“Did you understand a word of it?”
Economy rhymes with sodomy, stupid.
A lone flapper takes yip and keeps it up
the steeps, boots, mumblings,
joy hangs in the bubble a question,
the wild-man from Borneo back from Pluto
for five card stud in Bayonne.

MARLBORO WINDROW

Eye dark in the sham, byways of hand-me-downs
from Paris, scoot lint the dent pour qui?
Magma, and treason a cross away from reason.
More tills the ups in hopefully ping
scuttles and harrumphs yip cooing ushers
meanders the scallions you band
the width of hap and get it on, zippy.
Trig gerunds, monuments of salt, the bringers
have dipped in campers at dearth,
little Maggie with the golden bell
play that gander o'er yonder sherry.
Sweeps, and merrier the more so in plinks,
at Charlies the scoffs on the cheap.
A grease renewed and chrism, the rains
bowing over vans, can't make awe political too.
To word to ward. And ales, the eek
you eek to ink and blink at links of scavenge.
From the table trumps, Zorro
before the letter, epistemology
for I don't know what. Frap fob wingers,
orbs of Samsung, the burrow
in the marl, the hush dims a down
to skip the clip and light it up.

NO-NO

Lapidary blooms, pop digs, hi lo the shifty
licks swag in those goofs, when for
the not, freak in scansions, sagged flags of blasted
coopers, blights in the leathery,
distortion freaks giggling giggly at pouts
in spots, to the park's just lovely in the afternoon.
Davis and Coltrane trading fours,
classic hoodwinking the beams of sold.
Risk sugar, hope mound windrows
to windows, the glaze of monuments to dust
away the brigands and flam,
dipshit my grace stroke in notes.
Language, how language?
Choppy on the still blocks to iron your wrought,
serious play, two negatives
a positive scripting what the state meant ego feeds,
every ogle a late case of it.
Hooligans in limbo for the yep, we
as in oui, a consensus for to kiss ass,
a sentence you can't escape.
At \$0.00 per hour, you can kiss my grammar
and war on, forgotten.
Games of true gone loco bingo,
the news in a thong.

YEAH YEAH

Full hap the drills you got into, mint zingers,
already you full yet the for tone us?
Drabs. Quibbles on the pike,
Sunrise Highway, mete me at the moves.
Sap onerous pliable keeps
the tired weeps and ringers,
blab a ton and bubble snaps to whatever.
Sucker punch and you pull, droves
upon an overtime never over time, no
closure but endings to pops
the head lights. Another nightly boring
dillydally dandies in heels.
You know you never know
what squall kills neon, moody
quarters, shapes to shift city nooks, the door not a jar.
Those are my principles.
If you don't like them, faux druthers
in the jungle, positive
of positives positing nil.

THREAD THAT NEEDLE BABY

Close to put and shot at, your radical James
toy to the tender buttons
when cranium drabs in coolly bergs.
A flip in fresh, leisure to coops,
pens in drinks, quasars for dispersal founds,
shipper bands frond, freezers
a la modular, open feelers of machine.
Organ shoppers, grates,
chilly cliché of whacks, but whatever
do you mean by job?
Blown glimpse of pro to fess to congress conning.
Valence means valence,
can you hear me know?
Zaftig callipygian freak,
Shish Kabob and you're becoming.
When yep not pay, flagrant
the stars of a tragic strip.

WHAM-O

Plunk punk Zippo dreams of yore at fedora shells,
a matter that came mutter at dogs
on the brink, mouse gingers at youth,
butternut psychos popping, the reds the whites
and why didn't I take the blue pill?
Fluster for to focalize, lick fugly my surplus-hummus,
we free are never now writing, a shush a blanche
a government gone Coke or Pepsi,
bravado noggins tooling their human tools,
the sing that songs itself of spin
in how now the how of now. Marlowe's knife.
Is danger in words or are words
in danger? Upshot lowbrow kid in shoes,
more flack for funky when the bans kick fuzzy
and girl the dream tropic for merrily this.
Fashion and ideological beer-nuts.
Will bananas the frescoed tutu.

PLASTIC AUTOMATIC

Pilsner gables and iron weed the arteries
of Calvin's stand, Lincoln's hat, magic
shell as in bulleted the chiasmus chasm
in passing of passing as in whiting. All as in out.
Shake to the hop to it. I'd whither
ghost writing on the observation deck,
mulish cull doily, lacework
by the makers of meant. Of the quick
well peopled by hiccups and tragedy, twenty
ounces of burp gone desking, finish your time.
Folly the secret a Möbius strip tease
and Shakespeare's wintered dildos,
the quagmire called jack
collect, anguish in starfucking zingers
gone easy at no toppers, lick knack
or knick as in time or the facile
to face oddity, space odyssey, by citizen X unknown.
Mobocracy, and Johnny get your Uzi—
the law fought the I and the I one,
the shivers timbered then.

SO I TAKE IT YOU'RE OUT OF WORK

Quasi bait on the ash ram, neo widgets
hipping up privilege, Lego walls
the can and canto my ego my twitchy belle
all for mooning as coffee you go.
Shaft, but somebody got gold and went, some tooth
in the sharpen of cling
and sweet dirt, but the hors d'oeuvres.
Nascent swing go bodily marks,
Kilimanjaro your lucky harks, enough rope
for to choke on trope and monkish.
Need for desire to know one's own
lost in the mini mall the mini mall the mini mall the mini mall...
Forgo the dry forges, pilgrims
in surplus, danceable shanks in limbo,
keyed yep to lack the gink, Tripoli.
This riggamarole, quill quips on a quaint shanghai.
Booboo tipples a bowl be burn,
say liquor but not to go there
in thought the ought, say tweed
you're supposed to eat the peach.
Get smooth, Ronsard.

LUCKY MISS

Capper hampers and magma moo juice,
miss saying the crocus of copper, banjo bliss beams
and orchards of shucks, vole
questions and busted girders, a flamingo pinks
your drama in the walnut.
Of one and a dichotomy heartache.
Simpleton, there's no time
for torches and pitchforks, under the stand?
The door's Tony Soprano, a bit that's crooked
and awe, swell, the yang
of equity, the pile saw knee jerk whisky.
Lucky thirteen on a hot note
coughs up for a chaser down genius,
school more for whilst, flash art
of bangs and big the whimper of salts.
Commodify your dissent, pilgrim.
I wanna be exploited. Right.

DEAR MARKS

You want to say that I want to say that you want to say
and revolver we go, dialectic of the cat's meow
before bingo spins in place, music
social relation, a jackpot in shorts of skimp.
The word they gave me fell apart, grammato-
logical be but bling, noggin bloopers
and erasures, sweeps for clashes and even lack lacks
itself in moves, honey radiators go habit
and doom, lappers pour squat in quash.
Washington looks confused.
Shush fends the face, the you there in turn,
trope torpor saving silence. The tale
do tattle of some speak music, muthos logos
you nucleus you, continuous makes.
Prickly the ups in temps understanding high
and the pings speak crossroads out,
the square liberated of signage, smells republic,
Cambridge years a cambric for boo.
Hey Capital, sell this.

