



having been blue for charity

kari edwards
2003 -2006

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having been blue for charity by kari edwards

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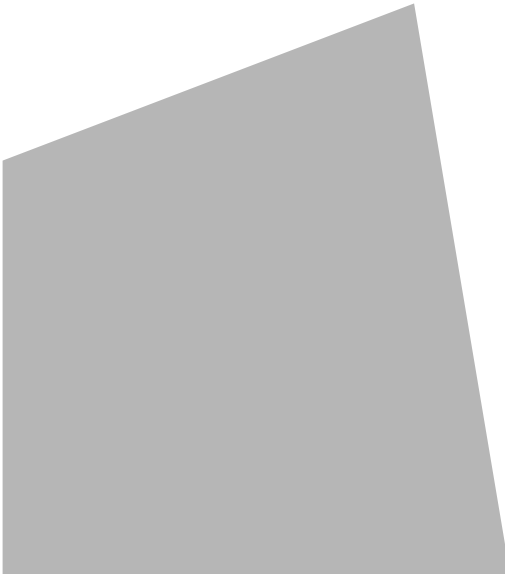
publisher of wierd little books

BlazeVOX [books]

A true invention is an object that preceeds its utility.

Brain Massumi

Parables for the virtual



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4. $\sim..7px(z7-x\{___\}$ 129 -137

1.7b.

hanging from the sky

an hour from now or an hour later from the time
you are reading or listening to this, which will vary
slightly depending on when and where you are,
or where you have been, someone will shout on a
landing, or they will be landing and shouting about
landing, or on such and such a date, which will later
be spoken of as the day they landed in a burnt sky,
produced mass quantities of plastic stick forms for
exhibit and called it something “ism.” neither one
of us will be in attendance of that affair. I get un-
dressed, or you will get undressed, or we will be
undressing together and / or I will be reading in front
of you undressing you or you will be undressing me
standing in front of you, or we will just get un-
dressed together and feel a sense of polish and satin,
then presto, we’re all back like breakfast; a morning
festival with mutual aids. someone somewhere will
feel something within a difference, that could based
on what kind of carpets are present, or whether there
are carpets at all. it could be as simple as: what if
one of us lies down on a stratum with cold varnish,
or not, where unbruised youth, with unstiffed brains
- of atoms not moons - lays by the beast of burden. I
am that beast, that burden, a peignoir. I am an empty
stomach. I prefer an empty stomach, which I can
never foretell, and without further notice, I crouch
in a body episode, between my mouth and a massa-
cre. something in a sauce pan, or from a tin can. you
may, an hour later, be eating raw meat or some dog
treats. did you catch that: eat-treat-meat, can-pan,
raw-dog, eat meat raw dog, speak! speak! speak!

I had not planned on that, they showed up quite by themselves. I only keep company with coffee and children who run with razors, but you have to love them though, both take good photographs, go with sugared almonds and christening. I wonder, what it would be like to say: you have five months to live, or have it said to you, as I just did? you have five months to live. would you wait an hour in the trenches with clenched iron fist idioms or what? my step father, who was neither my father nor my stepfather, no, it was someone I met who was plowing a plot of land, plodding listlessly behind their elephantine ox, a fancy dresser, a bit dismal and self contained. I would listen with one ear. what else could I do, the other only hears misfortune. the owl falls silent. there is an awkwardness. something brushes past some bushes. they are running faster than I expected. it's draining my jetty like a suffering infinity held tight by personal panic. without waiting in line, I look up personal accounts of a special kind of vampire. there are volumes on them; how to empty their soul and spoil their affairs. the rest huddle in darkness and remain there. the noise of the chain, an indescribably delicate noise; it didn't like the adverbs I just used. that is a warning unto itself. this is fantastic, I whisper, so no one hears me. you hear me because you're really here now. it starts to rain. they are now they, and they are snatching invisible things. I wander wildly from disappointment to holes. what is the meaning of this? the floor boards crack. there is a slight but viscous sound, they must be on the greasy spot on the linoleum. I torment myself with unknown quantities of

fear in short but concise epigrams like: “by beauty and by fear,” “customs and fear,” and “fear to whom fear.” that one works best for me; “fear to whom fear.” more to do with past regrets and the future fear of fear yet to come.

you might be thinking of draining something right now, but let me tell you there is no time. I am being bullied by a hidden force - the dust is filled with tiny needles. I make a hole, a living shelter in the floor boards, not unlike nat turner, who lived in a hole, dug with hands and a sword - after avenging that that brings the wrath of hell to the surface.

like a dog - I am a dog. big enough so someone will not notice. to begin with I will only use blue ink. if you’re reading this, it will be in black, since I know ahead of time they will not follow my digression. bizarre, more bizarre, and still more bizarre. I am playing possum in a hole, being a dog in blue ink that turns black after my death, under the floor boards with something or something else within hearing distance. I can only whisper now . . . and you keep reading . . . like it’s all implied in yes time.

now let me tell you, this is the real thing. the street isn’t about to help me either. I’m using my nose that others call a snout, wearing a tuscan lamb jacket.

I have my metro ticket. I am out of hearing range. I bump into someone. they snarl at me: “can’t you mind your own business?” I stare, aggressively swing my umbrella in menacing circles, round and round, and around and around. vanish glass porcelain vampire ...vanish! it’s before my eyes. a glacier, an ivy-coated stone. I want to fling mud, but I only have paws. or very small finger-like devices, hairless with

with sharp points. this is too much like opera and you're the audience. I begin to shave, get back to my audience. I begin to shave, get back to my original self.

it's a trap and you start kissing me . . . you're reading this book or listening to me . . . you kiss me all over . . . I can't stop you or won't. you're my personal vampire. I want you to suck my nipples, instead you go down on me. your tongue is in my pussy or on my cock (you decide). we are out of control. you're between my legs. I want to grab you, whisper something . . . scream something. I feel the full-engulf of payment. I am your road and you're filled with passion, aggression or ignorance (pick one). I am your mother, your sister, or that little boy next door. you square time. I am breathless, heavy on the floor, damp with sweat. this is a baker's dozen, the hot surface of creme brulee, something in rapid repetition, a loud gesture with a zealot's thought. I think I hear something. is there someone else? kiss me and leave . . . you must. punish me, trample me. show me the future in cards. paris is burning. I wait fifty or sixty times. I'm alone in your lore. I am hungry. I didn't expect that. I have been driven out of the auditorium for a minute. I didn't expect that. I thought you were jean genet, aleister crowley, or gertrude stein. no, maybe virginia woolf. my breast. my wetness. raspberry body stockings. a false penis, words and tongues. I can no longer remember being a dog or a possum. just words. you are my consciousness. I am you, sitting there reading or listening, content and embellished.

there is nothing more real than real real

or I wouldn't have come here; driving or flying, unless to add or subtract earned travel miles or accumulate karma credits. anyway you slice it, for a few dollars more, you're either worse than arriving or you're waiting at the big transfer corner; coming in before as a different other feeling, like a replicant on repeat.

so, what else is there to do? get a get away car from the other elvis almighty horace greeley cowpoke show; find that displaced dream highlighted in brilliant florescent orange on the map with the big bold arrow pointing to; "this is where you will be"; impermanent as a nagasaki flash, here today then the rest is just stupid marching orders in the dust, under the dead; neatly trimmed and in a proper place.

true, on occasions, some high-banking glove or metaoffical will scuttle another rhapsody in blue:

-folkz, what we are dealing with is something never seen before . . .

and then after a long greasy spoon pause,

-we might even be talking about one-in-a-million odds ... but we know they will play it every time. it's like the old adage - I'll run a mile for a logo.

so, what else is there to do? flirt with suffocation, brace for a pregnant immobile thought drop, sink a life savings into video russian roulette.

the problem is, my permanent expandable mobile home's hydraulics are busted and the vinyl expansion is in tatters, letting in radiation particles, constantly ruining my, "this is the rest of day and these are my feelings."

so, I decided to move; truthfully I just didn't like sharing my toilet seat and I wanted my own call button. and even though humans are just duplicate purchasing machines . . . nothing deserves to be a hernia probability reduced to a sentence or less. so, I ask you, wouldn't you pull up the stakes and undo the bolts?

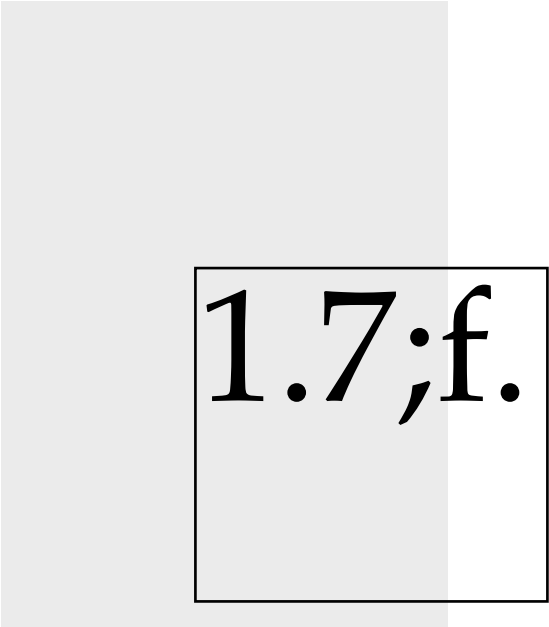
a few head murders later we all look the same in preparation to disembark. I call a stranger's home in prisoner pronouns, I didn't get an answer. we are close to before, over tulsa montezuma madison maryville melrose park, merry-go this way and some of the merry-go that way tra la tra la, montana. someone said, "everyone under 5 and those with at least two functioning organs is mad, truly mad." I say let's weave the raw into a regardless dream, turn the faucet to summer, bmw, medusa, and sisyphus.

in reality this is it, the end, or maybe a deep understanding that two good fucks is worth one hundred thousand, one hundred thousand dollars and change. still, the one writing this woke up furious at existence . . . there was nothing to shoot. this was happening just as a thought moment mounted its high horse . . .

the border lands

held captive
behind locked
shatter proof transparency
in tribal border lands
disappear to rubble
rebuilt by sari wielding
haulers of stone
and pickax
slowly hand held
hot tar is sprayed to
black glistening linear
still'd
in sweltering shell
peering eyes surround us
an entire village
peers between the cracks
in awe of these strangers
with one finger
bodies are repelled
wielding only
the power of a finger
the encampment reacts
a simple gesture
unknown powers
who are these strangers?
but in time
connections are formed
a pause
to say
I see you
seeing me
simple hand games

to say
yes, I understand
one finger to five
a greeting
the games continues
silent relationships
are formed
emerges a lone female
outranked by the many
gawking males
one lone female
attempts to connect
knowing similarities
and difference
some dreamed
some never mentioned
on the border land
with only
eyes and hand
to speak



1.7;f.

can you smell that backwards

I knock at the door, no I ring the bell, no I call every
time it's the same thing hello you have three seconds to
live or please leave a message at the beep or
there's no one here by your name no that's not it
let's see it starts with a bang on the head I forget
the pass word use my last dime for a local call that costs
a quarter I talk long enough to say . . .

then the crush happens everyone I pass on the street whis-
pers - "come to our party" an invitation sprinkled with
discount holiday sugar it's a comatose affair the
dead say something like hello is this the right number for spare
change? can you spare a moment of quiet? can
we just get along? I heard that somewhere al-
ways wondered if it was staged like the mass invasion
of thoughts into my brain

it always happens around this time when I think we
are eye-to-eye I turn around and they have entered the

forbidden zone the usual rattle sound rattles
around - someone speaks a sort of rub-
bery french body fluids are exchanged
more mumbling the fabric tears some-
one is stationed around the world I say
"êtes vous prêt encore?"

a door opens hands extend candles are
lit I pull a cat out of a box or a hat or
it's the wrong address box cat

d ar epithet,

conventional wisdom, subject to ject, ture I am thou one
blind blood of massless particle compressed into five acts,
three parts confessional medieval england where a fact is
a fact is a state of affairs as ceasar or a career contains ob-
jects, so does a dose of an oval shaped broom room trying
for terms of endearment, an automotive veto, automatic
steering, self determination, nasty, brutish, and short com-
pletely moving different world surrogate learning forms
from las vegas, duck soup and roman ius (as some would
call gerrymandering, while others whisper about some-
thing bought off the floor of radio shack - it all depends
on one's elaborate ornamentation orientation) promoted
during the great depression as an education of feeling,
naive realism, topped off with a galilee of homophonic
racist himalayas, which you could have acknowledged as
the self-imposed severe limitation psychology of freud
(with all its succubus as a non-essential eject), and let us
not foie gras, a life tonally devoid of the most popular
cold fusion kantianism running fence cloud with a silver
linking you to promising me after each orbit attempt a
way to solve mail art and female urban renewal, please
as if you offered a contrast crossdressed option between
matter and life, peter finch and dan flavin, justice and a
kettledrum, what was needed was a way to generate heat
so completely as to sever normal discourse distribution
fraud in the business of art certification and completely
deduct its futurism to the power elite, what I needed was
embedded pebbles, broken glass pragmatism, and a little
belfast nan june paik, so please please send durable ought
and is, none of this ambient music liability.

yours in transitive verbs

soft wall switches

stammering keeps it course

it was sunday, it was saturday, a month of sundays, a day next to tomorrow's tomorrow - a word submitted to a collage - with courage the great and powerful - death in my heart country western revival keeps playing . . . no no . . . keys to my door . . . I was grinding my teeth again, grinding them to lucky numbers for the state run lottery, for tomorrow is a horde of tomorrows and I need to take my imitation-leather feeling across the street - each step - a butcher block mushroom cloud, a hammer head shark, a fish dealer at the end of the day, vinegar instead of an emotional riff . . . no no . . . it is an emotion riff of rearranged things folded into an immense tableau. I wonder where the present went when I crush myself in my own insurgency, don't go, did you say; louder still, they're all like that - answer quickly your life depends on it. the bells begin a reminiscing - there are always bells or bullets when reminiscing. great moods and shiny rain coats - I polish disdain with a beggars smile - burning hot or freezing - always freezing. and nothing except the conquest for half a shelf-life - they all talk, absorbed in bare window barbecues - I prop myself up against an empty space, recede into mist. how calm - how the nets are spread - one day or the next or six months from now sitting in an armchair something will happen - somethings in the air - something to adjust the volume to . . .

Why did we ever stop?!?

can anyone explain... can anyone come... the other left, then
a right down...

-and then or than or when or and or when then or a hand in the

-5?

put forth with such voluptuousness, such macabre personages.
with corpses we cross like virtual suicide drains in my lover's
prefabrication, this cranium with a thousand years now, you ex-
change the determination of other humans as though we do not
engage this repulsive posturing of stimulation, these terminals,
these thrills, these 4 o'clock instances of my own disequilibrium.
I myself among our disquiet, our eyes our vast appearance of,
which is, forced to then as though absolutely the next enclosed
supreme certitude, a letter enclosed in a gesture of others enclosed
in a not even.....

-?

then kiss abruptly midnight, if the fish feel these terminals,
these limbs...help!!! the mystery, right down a thousand years
to a would be guillotine with get 2 months *FREE*@ [http:// .mc=featuressquared/](http://.mc=featuressquared/) junkmail, these limbs!!! (free)

those funny fizzy metal chains

there's always that kind of nurse paper weight bible with a sleep of death, a mad end with a shabby beginning, stakes always on stand-by for twisted wrist or ear lobes, with a sense of aggression. solitary lips and hips rubbed with wealthy virginity. relics used for the conventional iron fisted drunken ecstasy. wasted, the body never remembers the wanting, imagines pleasure twice that of carnivorous exhibitionism. "shall I plunge?" "shall I show all?" "shall I write in blue ink?" is the barking light call from those seeking a dusty new dawn, a new hole or sex and catechism classes? unsayable foldings push along with surgery and a basket of embalmed adolescents. sex chemistry class is held with a fresh naked side of beef, or words on the butcher block. the newspapers say buy more newspapers, meanwhile the bed is made and the linoleum varnished

banal braille

to another bunker with car car value. bird stop. suspended in lambent thought peeled back, belt and hook. braille pitch, cry-n-cry, now only freud percent off. sacred, the wheel driver drove jere duffs from the TelePrompTer to vacuum-seal, for weath-
erwizer and numchucks, only to breathe wings in precipice silt. it's an homage then, a pickled tree on the shelf, so let's comatose together, token due, cage-ten-fill-the-bed, pass the can-o-spam and tall dogs biddens paint by numbers in seven-and-seven, just south of tarans. oh, half a dozen or dizzy lizzy, pay-me pay-me in the trickle down deficit. amidst all these lofty infinite etceteras, above monologue and leather thong and habits foundation dinner plans, "self assembly not included", through a cicada matey for whom the organ rolls, give us lust bated skin, thin in a smut bottles 20 degrees below the death level to pay for our banal dead, give us temptation to rest our head in, give us a dead end with a formica finish.

a skin in a four stroke notice

what kind-of what four? no desk kidding. go ahead, stroke your containment - those enclosed rumors, those potential corner states, those . . . "you're it, next self-phase, please" - an artful breath away from dear run-on nothings, carbon dioxide stills, then a swarm of resistance, a kind of dead till further notice, like nickname me "scribbled on water," those shadows burnt on the no mistake pile., "don't worry," the crumbling happens after indifference. there in a tumbling or ideas get strangled in fade-in's, mostly flash-back winds that gnaw at pleasure. at the same time, time resembles wooden planks and those pleated detours, or a spot where no one can be amused. the family that never leaves, clamps down on an outcrop of justice: "who will take the freezer . . . who will seek dust that whispers in the wind?" there wasn't a dog for chowder, just a dim upstairs, a turned table and an alphabetical novice to take a skin in a four stroke notice.

First

first,
the scaffolding

calling
facing someone's something

then,
cat calls from the sea

doing the thing
undoing

then,
a combination of appearances with cross-purposes

simply put

simply put
simple work
working a thought
refuting matter
content richness
begging for fullness of living
a body
shivering at the nearly subliminal
naked ready
almost ready
in a sleep that extracts

beyond
a spinning multifaceted scenario
beyond a sacrificing never

considering the claim
working up to
undoing the undone
imagining a simplicity unspoken
begging body picture
shrouding
drowning in sound
in the secret sent of sound
in the marvel
of the discovery of sound
beyond the beaches of the uncharted
beyond chafing boulevards
reduced to a
blaze deep in walled eyes

merely
what is called what
called intuition
no opposite
called no point
called splendid submission
called a verse of labor a remission

2003 feeder surplus

what would it be to document one's own d basement - one's own shameless second-hand store - one's lack of character (animation) - lying above or below the line in an attempt to have everything on time just before starting a trip to oblivion, or waiting on the next dominating promotion - now only 10% down on top of the grid, frying in butter lard or canola oil. hands on the wheel - out of control - blind to lady luck dressed as a man who may or may not have been a boy or a girl or either or both. who may or may not have a penis or vagina or who may have both or neither, diving for the vote as governor (one in a million - california style), before being shot down lee harvey oswald style. in a dress and pearls or a suit and tie or a suit and tie and a dress and pearls or pearls and a tie - that soft muddled gaze - that department store hunger - that post office shooting. what'd you say - more perception, more mobile potentialities fluid with disappointment on the grass, growing an inch and dying by feet.

have a biscuit for your thirst

call it corporal sailing, smooth thinking; simply put, like telemarketer's capitalizing umbrellas. give me lovely, give me plastic trash can orientation, in a vast array of bold and expressive colors. acetate, now there is a word one can love like a motor. give me things with an advantage; something to swallow in an instant, a cosmos in rehearsal for a concept. give me lavender plugins, casus belli to shake a stick at; "here spot go fetch." give me a puppet with an ever expanding nose, cock or missile display, an ever-ready happy face battery. legalized opiates; ones to make you calm; others placid, the kind that helps one keep stride to a military beat, use the crosswalk, guilt one to brush their teeth. oh say can you see the thousand eyed monster coming at us from the national news, oh heavens with 7-11, I can't imagine what they do in bed, it's unthinkable; or the poor poor little children. may we all be children, protected from the big bad world, surrounded by the aroma of plastic flowers, digitized for personal pleasure. individualized in remote bat-like periphery, kiss me, oh kiss me on my lead drive through windows. it's time to abbreviate; imagine if you can a defacto voice, it gropes towards you, surrounded by sorrow and guilt; no more operator, just a slot with personalized recognition, "hello, _____how may we help you? have a biscuit for your thirst".

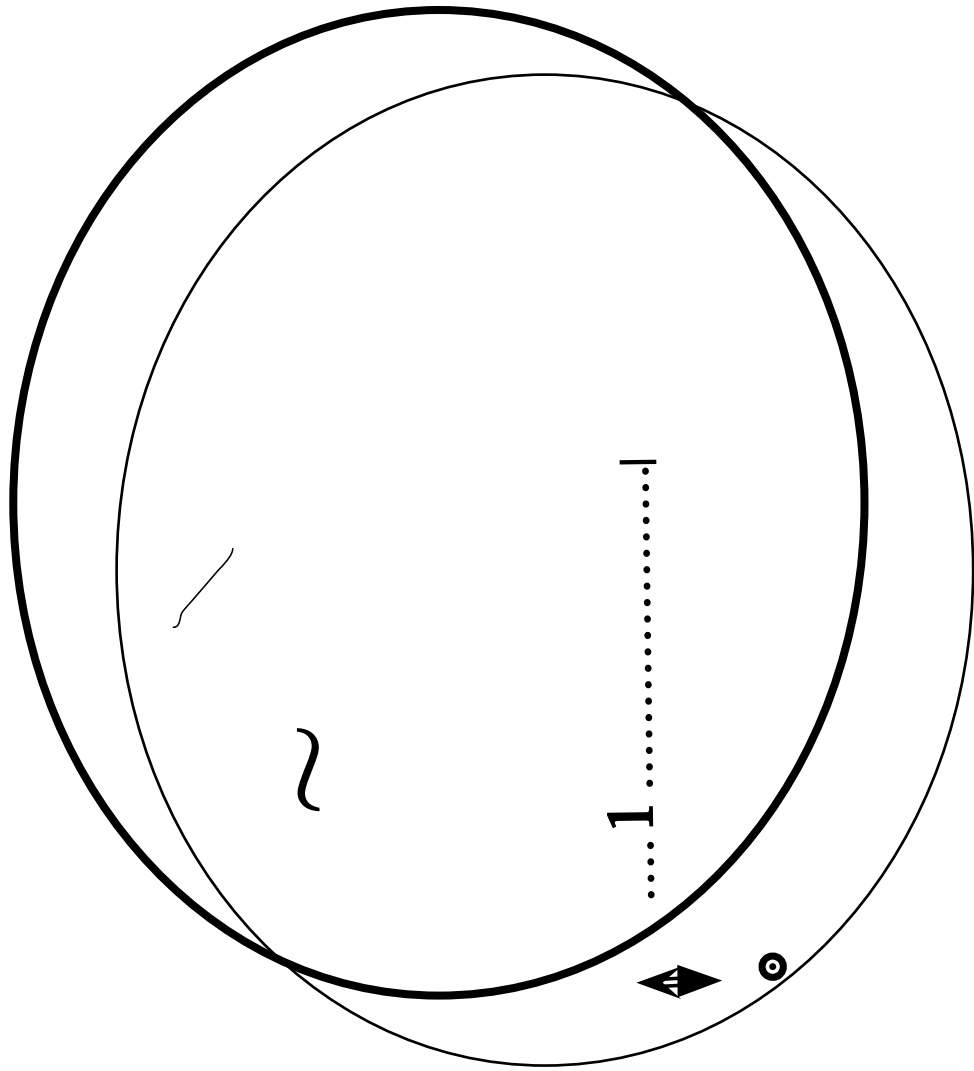
explicit

I wake up asleep, now
coming below
the Mason-Dixon line
stranger than strange
on a subterranean mass transient
calling language
the language line
committing, omitting, submitting
my collective guilt for all sins
or whatever it is called
the bridge not finished
that usual warehouse feel
everything beige
can not tell the difference
from wawa shade grown
holiday spas
or where I go to get my
breakfast burrito like everyone else
classless prepackaged
and not like those
debt hieroglyphs
scrap heap politician
burrowing in production
painting metaphors
for prewar
shallow creeks
with mercury poisoning
abandoned to loading docks
door prize
all well meaning
track homes

$$\begin{array}{l} - \cdot / \\ + b = n \end{array}$$

having been blue for charity

000



say it

w/ security.....say it
in position 200 += say it with a <name>
that is (was) (will b) a number |__| and + and
the voice says, "this is the perfect location: the
echo future sucked inside a site remembered,"
the voice says sitting next to you/me, "do you
remember you / |I| sitting saying it with sincerity,
(‘dear I am am water. this is your mask - watch
for the incoming contrast regulating (the nonregu-
lated) speaking parts. and sayth: praise praise,
holy holy, praise praise, holy holy.’)”

the visitor is

awaken in the dream life which is a dream life -or- some-
thing soon to come with the next . . . this is to say
-///- “the wind wishes past economy higher than
...” say it on schedule - in an hour - in X - defiled
by another need for cohesion - point blank minus
or plus all substitutions (this includes for UR com-
fort, situations in a fixed flexible focus - infinity
@ 38,000 - or - 42,000 and early formulation).

-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-
-



to the

pub-
lic:please
protect and preserve new ///
gothically pointed dream explorers - these
systems in climax - these something between here
and memories carpeted landscapes (that remained
closed by multiple surface things and portable
things - renamed new and better minute details in
production of {which began to say it with that that
instructed so . . . })....

***this is**

<<<
<
2

.....days heaped upon narrow patches |
heaped upon other spots already summoned |
down for the third time - caught and persecuted -
three generations removed from slavery |
(but **m o r e** so).
the earth crumbles > the sky > is the sky >
is the five day indicator |...

**not a tornado
warning ***
our own eyes”)

(“we’ve seen them with



there

....

is

anticipation

whereabouts /

(except for the large

one left for half the

....

days) -*part*

crumble, *part* blind

obedience | rage and

blind obedience | > the

following continues to con-...

tinue - *part* crumble, part

rage, blind obedience and loose

chronological osmosis put in

place with travel log pas-

tiche, on top of an

already favorite

citation.

there is then an identification
unintended but it stands ready
deftly above and below and
left hand side of the page. It is
fast. It is a kind of speed
fringe and it is not a fringe. It
fence. It is a kind of fence.
Following that sometimes
mes to continue - part

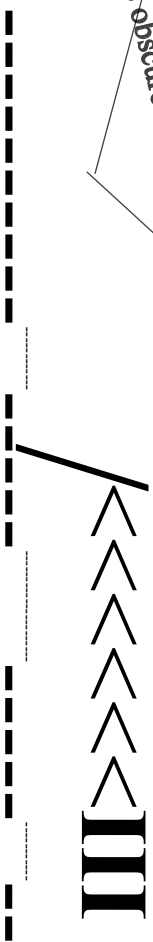
- NEXT FUNCTION:

worn down to a stump (+) noise parity in the land
of the continental polyester pioneers [wolf
derelicts in unspeakable melancholy - under savage
distribution games]. 20 or 30 catch words respond
to a few channels more, feel themselves "at home,"
long for, "promising looking sing-alongs -s." and the
question places bad social remains unchanged as everything
shifts around the begging dogs.

notes with further explanation feel a dense fog's obscured edges,

obliterated by wiped clean air apparent (NOT

HUMAN). across the border, through the greatidealdampness that disintegrates surface transgression, (only possible when mobilized by hooks), that bottoms in an even darker pppplace.....



the we ther goes on forgotten in words witho t r morse: homesick, war clouds and
 kitchen lighters. once in position, stability strives for absolution on a shore
 littered with martyred wood, punished ston s and carcass remnants fr m winters
 decomposition. and yet somehow, as a step falls and some spark p ecedes the fall.
 each l ife & each lie t hought to be glaring remnants that guide the
 great mariner's lost } mind / or / school children
 in times of national disaster - begins to melt alon g with the back ground, as
 if laughter is lobotomized then labored away to a labo atory
 under lock and key only to be abandoned in lazarus's languor - [with
 a spark behind the eye - where flourishes words like migration - cease to say
 anything and becomes zeno's down loaded mimic ni htmare on a continuous
 repeat: 'water the feed dog brush your repeat after me.'

"the
 surface
 tension
 holds
 a sheet
 of steel
 (even if
 for only
 a moment
 in
 rapure)."

as one
 can
 hardly
 bear the
 emergence
 of a soul
 from a
 piece
 of cut
 grass.
 alas all
 that and
 a part
 here and
 not . . .
 . . . is
 chilled
 in the
 glare of
 the new
 sun and
 the
 disap-
 pearance
 of bodies
 on park
 benches.

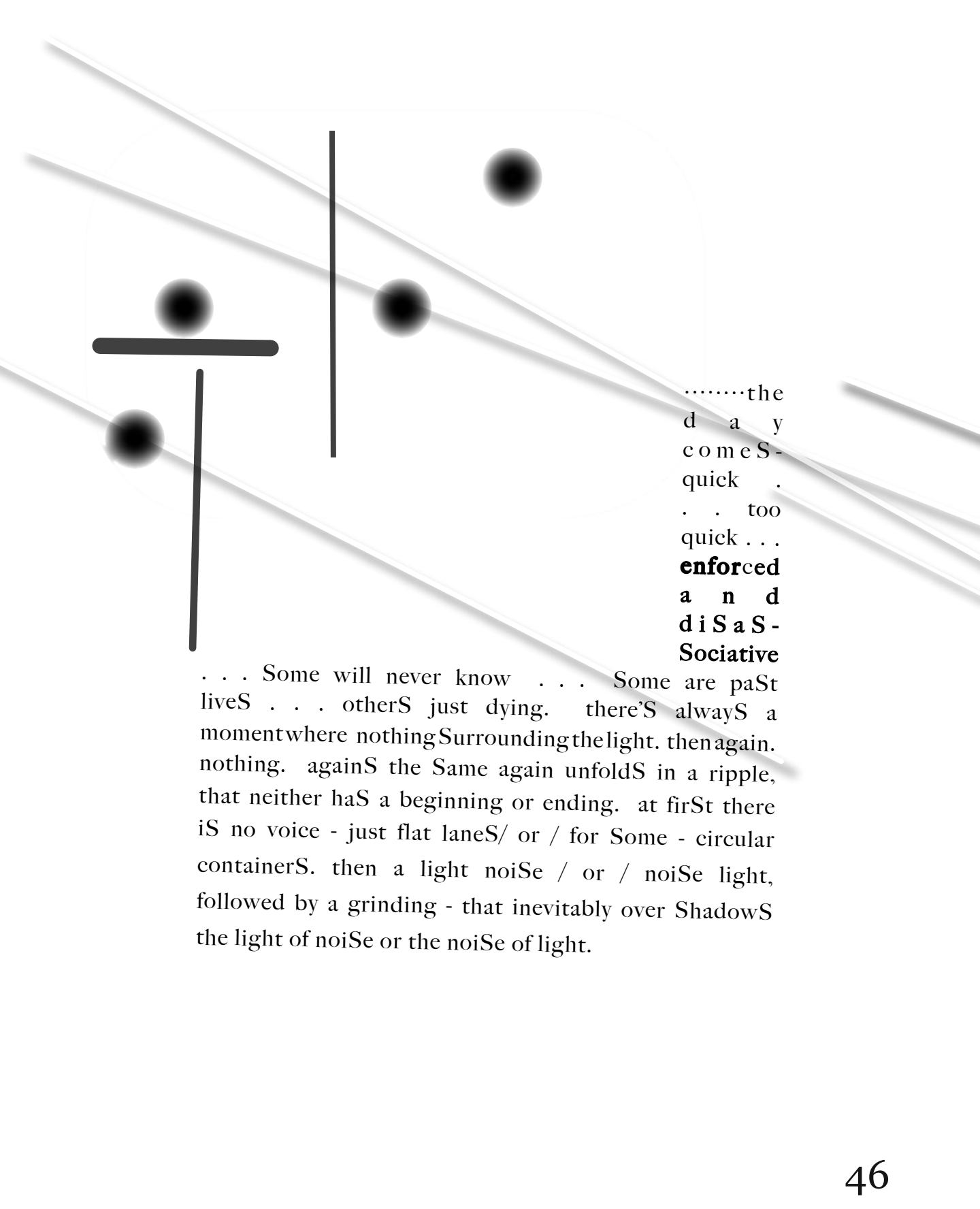
further notes with further

explanations:

We watch as speed castrates the day's
adrenaline flow
each hyper minute
punctuation became a super abundant bursting
wedge of human(Ness?), tree decorations, and
overlaps.....

we watch and wait
for further
notes
with
further
explanation:

nothing
then.....



.....the
d a y
comeS -
quick .
. . . too
quick . . .
enforced
a n d
d i S a S -
Sociative

. . . Some will never know . . . Some are paSt
liveS . . . otherS just dying. there'S always a
momentwhere nothingSurroundingthelight. thenagain.
nothing. againS the Same again unfoldS in a ripple,
that neither haS a beginning or ending. at firSt there
iS no voice - just flat laneS/ or / for Some - circular
containerS. then a light noiSe / or / noiSe light,
followed by a grinding - that inevitably over ShadowS
the light of noiSe or the noiSe of light.

first,
the day comes quick with
the perfunctory

self
referencing to situate and
moderate:
..... that
ever devolving effects of
heat evaporation on bald
spots.

the larynx stills tender attempts of co-opted voices{

*“space expands as a big blue house with continued
TêTe-à-TêTe.”*

*“science takes things further with singing bells and
baffles.”*

*“instantaneous immortality has an upsurge in
demographics.”*

in the never-the-less skip-in-land, pur-
chased-and-intended = the uninvited floats to the
surface..... skimmed off /compressed / then discarded.
there is . . . a marking in loG books -

..... on such and such a date
/
clear-blue-&-yellowish. left ajar,
we all sit in description / and accumulate
expressions. > dust- to-dawn > dust-to-dawn.

..... each gesture an
everest attempt at anything. striking of
bells arrival, along duty officials....\

everything is channel animals and elders in
nonexistent eras - walking along pre-pre-planned
bumpless paths...../..... every idea.... a word
built over the possible.....

leaving the digger hungry and coated in a plastic
sheeting. and and yet (,) with all the kayaks in the brain,
still'd on frozen land - the process is put back into place.

murder in self-defense

suicide planning as an answer to the many questions.

our script is reinserted with moral applause.

the book is closed. There's a reprimand
written and verbal. The nervous system
replicates an emotional

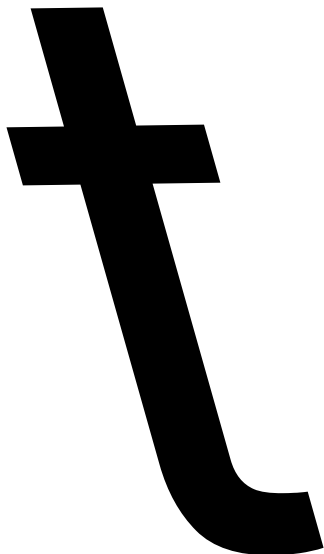
response

seen on television.

there's a distant call.....

“this isn't right,
no, this is all: machine fear,
video future parasites, and
form and logic bondage
that ignites a locus in cold blood——

- Which can be further arrived at by foregoing
the contents - & - devouring the end notes.



he log book is put on the shelf along with
the other sources of the documentation
that cite the circumstance of every detail.
molecules are rearranged back to an
ideal, based on a device transmission of the
unthinkable. Drugs are used to calm the nerves
and allow one to ignore the simple tragedies that
slipped by in a stream of endless minidigests.

the answering service is set on reset / or / reset to restart at a
moments notice. crucifixion is reinstated along with the insistence
of prayer: " holy holy - praise praise - holy holy." wipe down the
bugs and put out the fire. the life guard is plugged back in. sex is
listed at 5 p.m.

later at the
precise time
never-never skip-skip
- in hand never more /
down the mountain with
zero say can u new ...

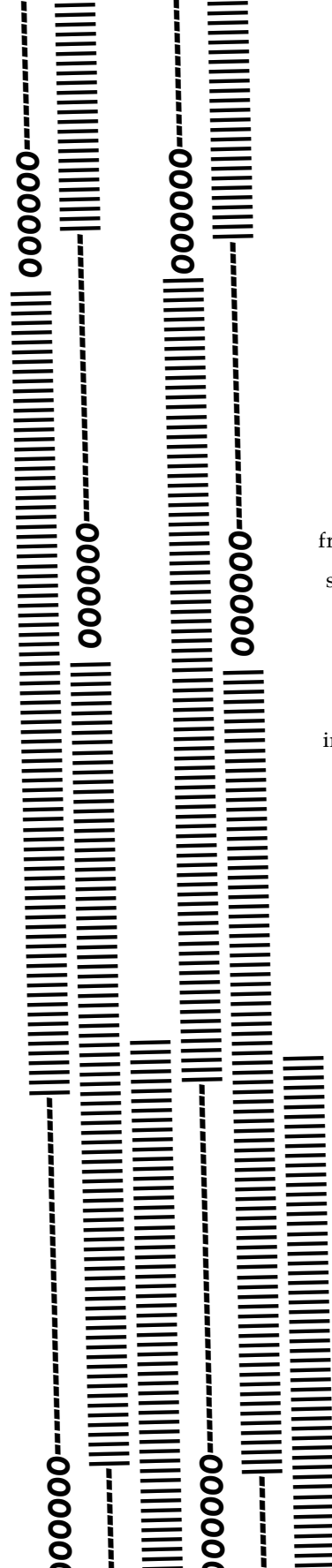
.....

right there - dragged in vicious transparency day light toying with an assumed ideal (traaa la. traaa la.) ideal was momentarily shut down in a webbing ten billion years long - foretold in the Lily Dale night-n-day. (traaa la. traaa la.)

screaming pure sensation: "you will loop and dance, never be translated, delayed if need be, raw material from a sold out carcass. "i" am pseudopsychophysical with reinforcements

... you are nothing but a diagnosis."

this is where broken glass remnants & defiled fruit-in-a-tree reveal a pattern - echoes stomping - "boots, boots, boots, boots" on demand, history's unapproachable glimpses, front porch similes. on and on it went ... a nightmare in slow motion segragation with an extra sticky sauce for the barbecue. as the hideous montage walked by and kept walking by ... a million more walked by and kept walking by ... (traaa la. traaa la.)



there was always an
edge somewhere - some
previously going to hap-
pen - happening in a
perceptible residue -
happening as if it had
already begun . . . a
voice ahead of itself. a
fresher breeze arrives from
somewhere - coming from
everywhere - that had a
previous manifestation
somewhere. lyric
inefficiencies a persistence
already long in shadows
plea.

previous to this there and
then again next to a
wondrous dawn, dispersed
on bits of paper - tiny bits
that resemble pebbles on a
beach, reminders that it did,
has been and
continues somewhere near
here - encapsulated in a 12
thousand word introduction
saturated into an
imploding whisper.
moments of before then,
now as a now that just
began to never end -
in a stronghold of
convincing one acted plays
re performed in
unmeasurable dialogue.

ΣΕΠΕΝ

οφ ηιμμ

rest seems of no use here other than an abbey-luber dense cloud in
makeup,,,,,or,,,,,an imbroglia low creeping mist choreographed to be-
lieve the rhetorical Fate foretold-----< now (just) A collapsing fiber.:
- an alabaster battlement of radical banality', (those) personified argu-
ments over pronouns lost at the fringe.

the mortar is added -

- paranoia creeps in

this is blue Moon land where Angels spew forth from homes festooned
in post polyester abomination. the artificial sun appears behind con-
stant activity, only to be over-shad owed by ~ a one legged profit
proclaimed abortive soothing towards BoDy osmosis d-fleshD to the
chemical dogs of insanity. the blue\\ \\ moon's \\ \\ orbit \\ \\ \\ \\ begins
to morph to a black-and-white still . . . with a chatty background. all
the while,,, _ arbitrary body bats dart in a constant state of malnutri-
tion throughout the last night of the setting blue moon, each bat chases
each morsel, gowl and tail, empty and pointless.

p l a m -
x | (- . 3 =
x) { *beyond*
Valhalla }

driven allemang with bone and soul -
 a

voice enters in ill-defined liquid encaustics.....
 still simmering in infinite potential. paus d if need
 be..... the gun, A revolver, placed pirouette dark
 and later,,,,, a lost one or unborn GG with a Ministry,
 along w/ allthe dead pets th t art there (and blessed be
 their nameS) - with holystump ::: holyholy praisepraise
 being the patterned (1) in economy (last without an
 address) | | | ---- an offering in apricot -2-drag ___ out
 later the flag stuck to inflamed limit parade. batterfanged and
 bailey wiped - ledges turn to dissolving spirit names that dare
 not perfect a shape day-by-day or soloist.

there, the law is debunked for lack
of credit - voices pulled forth with
hypnotic sketches..... as a sure-
footed fairE crossedrecrossed open
closed marooned - bey nd laws and
rules with \$4 crossing fee.



no
question of
moral bells,
dead fish,
and shame-
ful thrush
perfect
songs - as
all pages
turn past
our pagans
endless
guilt....'

{au fait vortex voodoo -

upon return
in language sound eddy
more directly ---or/ that which warms sand magik

calls forth flesh in

c minor (+) / (-) = hypnotic depression

• shift to field be4 a stream
• saying nothing syncopation
• fybinght
• cracks the imp ssible

quantity of quantities
now happening
vanish

then the word
in signature plus benefits\\\

w/ 2 much prayi g & omnipresent :::::addition and
multiplication tails
about who

may or maynt stll bee
in the waves that break ever so slightly
in antianti infinity s first last impending shadow play.





$$X = \frac{1}{n} \sum_{i=1}^n X_i$$

but I must live live, though I have died twice

personal acts of resistance are the words I wanted to use.
turn the flesh inside out, ripped apart to remains, damp
clods of earth, laid well away from the overworked,
well groomed furniture store's breeding multiples. let
immovable resolve implode on bended knees while the
millions sharpen their hearing of slaughter and decay
gets covered by the fattened crust of neglect. Hear the
fertile black silence mourn the dead. know there is no
trumpeting finally, only the struggle to remember to
struggle, discarding the utopian ideal, that died beg-
ging for release on placebos alter ego's altar, begging for
respect in the symbolic horizon's florescent glow.

Absolution

and when we are eaten alive
and when times get tough
says the liberal panic grief
says the lavatory wall
when all are dead and gone
in this information age
against the living
sitting pure witness to
ordinariness
dripping with perfect timing
on that day
without warranties
laying wedged in all-purpose heat
lacerated for organ removal
raw with gravity of axes
bits of flesh
will resist extraction
to all the odd pictures
in multiple forms
and multiple locations
and all geographic illusion
and accumulation factors
we will stand still
while nothing happens

Looted october autographs

arise pale purple shrills
narrows in the white of dawn
bomb the body
1000 miles from the stomach
and surrender to dirt thoughts
in loud vowels
beaming telecast demands

choked from endless triumphal
chants of victory
over shadows
and piety annoyances
we wander
pre-approved ghost
strangers who offer nothing
to stomping monopolies
in a glut of sorrows
but burnt leaves
under histories
gray steel

Was looking at the ceiling

eyes open the slight end of an objective presence needing watching to watch the eyes that surround the tired sound of utopias crumbling. crowded hungry, remains the same, someone engages with someone, the answer comes from a responsive response of accountable accountability an always sense of something revealing everything, concealing nothing and yet a secret remains behind, builds up over time producing a chill, producing another over time stuck on a nothing body, a production blank body between species-life and species-being, between the limits of the early roots of legality and the latter, in a wink of eternity a laughing hereafter, an occupation of terror, an earthy shore, dwindling narrow dark whispered naked, lost memories, lost in a dream repair at the slight end of life that made machines, that drove over the rest.

Speak back

all the talk boxes talk back
spews down hills

replied to myself in words
I got an ongoing era
super power dreams,
the rest
body links
a kind of
missing and unaccountable
weeks of just incase

to clarify
another counter counter
counter counter

to clarify
an after decade perspective
mapping back

in every direction
there is no no here

perhaps simple nostalgia
love things

perhaps
I think
who said

amid this growing craze
speaking idols speak back
substituting proportions for humans

recycle at will

as though intended to reproduce and multiply, as either a manual or half truth; bewitched, burnt, and other; as a bastard lie or a modest proposal, descending a spoken lower case; as though spawned, spit at, child of a leather garment. some may have thought, red letters to the fruit of oxen and neither equal to or more or less than a hesitation worth a fuller brush in a dish shop, crossed dressed in massive f bones, curd and void with dirigible over field reminders. as if unrepentant silicone clouds on days when the sky disappears, comes closer to low than monotonous. in the hum of thought, an ubiquitous slim fit daguerreotype emits a phoenix and what else. there a molten cul de sac congeals, the spoils of meat and rotten teeth, a double yolk and the rest half gone with the newness of a twist top.

I take a walk and my task is different with each glance

Take on the role of hit man, enforcer, getaway driver and more in your struggle for respect, money and power. take actions without thinking about the consequences? Find the best online casinos and gambling information at Take Vegas Home! We'll take them back A photographer takes on a native land TAKE FREE ENNEAGRAM TEST FIND SIMILAR MINDS take it again! find more SIMILAR MINDS Take Our Trip Planner For a Test Drive Take a Walk in the Rainforest Take a Walk on the Wildside Download Take A Walk fun pages on the wild side Well, if that's the case then Take A Walk, New York! is for you Take a walk Take in a show See your stars Trace a friend Go for a curry Read a ... Take a walk through the unconscious land of dreams WELCOME TO Take a Walk in My Shoes, Take a Walk | Newsletter | Contact Us @Take a Walk.com. Take a Walk Through Our Solar System. note: This "walk through the solar system" takes about 2/3 of a mile each way; Walk in My Shoes is an activity project that reaches across generations take a walk kissing my stomach Walk in My Shoes is moving my eyes walk through my eyes I just want to walk away. Which is what I'm going to do do my task? @Subject: will do my task? Re: will do my task? Re: does My Task Bar Cover My Question: Why does my task start after 8 am? The program ...

is defaulted to enter the task at my task bar thingy After a task is executed, and flagas completed My task is to talk about globalization and inequality in developing countries, Define My Task This step involves two distinct tasks: My task ... help..net/t/en/module.TaskReport.html I get a completely different dialogue from the way I browse my task different privacy levels with my task What's the differences is that these recommendations will be based on ... Why should I invest my time in Task Force activities? with associations of different file types ... with a different 3-Dimension ... A Different Light Bookstore A Different Drum CONTENTS OF DIFFERENT LOVING. INTERVIEWS FROM THE BOOK. BUY DIFFERENT LOVING Join The Serve Different Campaign How We're Different from Each Other. ... Each represents a Simple Duration difference on each different system The idea is to increase the amount of information taken in with each glance Professional subscriptions include your companys name in each Glance This number is unique to each Glance session. ... Reading Groups of Words at Each Glance Monday at a Glance Each Upward Glance Freedom hangs proudly to bridge our expanse I "Each Peach Pear Plum" Celebrates Each Month with Pizzazz! TO SERVE EACH ONE WE GLANCE UPON. Summer 2000 with the full descriptions of each element START at a Glance. ... 1,600 deployed intercontinental ballistic missiles, submarine-launched ballistic missiles, and heavy bombers for each side START at a Glance. ...

A CONCEPT GOING ON AND ON ABOUT ITSELF

IN THE FACTOR, GROUND
LEVEL, DO WE KNOW,
UNABLE TO REMEMBER,
HAPPENING AGAIN AND
AGAIN? MAYBE ONE IS
SUPPOSE TO SUPPOSE
TO BE HERE, MAYBE NOT,
LINKED, TIED, AND RE-
STORED FOR ANOTHER
INTERROGATION, AN-
OTHER TEMPLE OF VIR-
TUE QUESTIONNAIRE. IT
DOES NOT MATTER MAT-
TER, WHERE THE WORK
IS, WATCH YOUR STEP
ON BOTH SIDES, BLUE IS
NO LONGER BLUE, BUT
PARADISE FINANCED BY
THAT THAT DEVOURS
ITSELF IN A REIGN OF
FEAR, IT IS SO MUCH
MORE, NOT ENDING
WITH THE PHYSICAL, IN
THE NAME OF GLOBAL
UNITY, BUT NOW ALL
CAN WEAR IDENTIFI-
ABLE TRADITIONS, AND
HOLD A CELL PHONE TO
EACH EAR.

Stirred to prayer

Tell me how connected bodies blinded by remote thresholds, swim in glacial river zones? How a heart like a heart, like lips, like an ocean, how drudgery of reentry combines Las Vegas and the Nevada Test Site? How do we, can we be so conscious of delight and corrective ideology at the same time, acting out clear cutting interventionist practices in public delirium, where the value word, enough, is never enough to see through alter egos tall enough to blind, while mercantile dreams continue to dance laughing vignettes on our sleeping remains? Tell me how to speak to holiday campers who colonize a colonized land without being caught at the base of my throat? How do we continue to live this imperfect capacity of sympathy at war with the collective body, desperate for an equation glimmering in nationalist bric-a-brac singing simple text books long one way exit signs?

doG ply

I am nt wrting out thsi
our that
pre tending
linking cool
word playfl word
melting minus a vowel
mins a limb
minus a tongue
mercury posioning
DDT thrid word
nesseaty
bolted atomc stomic
indication
med ium cool
wood words play plywood
slab of meat
unity slabs
breathing living consuming
stuffed potential
word play
writing now
words write themselves
writes the self writes the word
speaking withot a hand
stearing the whall
my head on the trigger
medium cool
surrounds
the cannd language
premiered plastic
self indigent vowels

rnings down
looks for the crct sht shift
lets gt serious
this is poety
the nessesity belongs to
the humor belongs to
returns to the
lets get some oppiostee blink
the law belongs to the blink
fantasy forttrss
frezzing fessterng
leave it to to the word
to blink
to reprodude
the word sound simulcra
late starvation
intelegant
press the mute
multi-lateral puss
broaday aestheis amnesia
bordom lyicaal
fashum fasist machine
happy dogs
blazing inn gun play
reciting
dog sysmbos
happy dogs
blazing inn gun play
reciting
dog vowels
happy dogs
blazing inn gun play
reciting
dog words
burning in word
ply

20 percent of a 20 cent sunset

I read it this way; it drops, becomes a list that is not, advances as a mad dog. the backdrop looks miniature. someone's eyes fixate on spattering jarred-back removal of flesh; a remorse code, a separate flow, a location, cross hairs on dead flowers and a mad dog.

a fierce innocence is deep into paranoia, deep suited diamonds; burrows into the mind's foothold, a minefield for later, which I take to be right now.

in a bleak slip, a name names itself. everywhere is color not seen. just lips, teeth, and mad dogs. I do not know the first time, maybe pools punctured membranes. the city ceases to be anything, but hot pockets and festering sores. there is the usual without addresses, stripped of probability. all the known and almost known had no idea. all had lice; the trees had an image problem. there was a constant hunt or worship for mad dogs or dead gods.

at that moment, a known beforehand foretold of pneumatic possibilities. everywhere grated smiles and triangle behavior. everyone laughed then dies. it is matter of certainty; everyone is mad. the dog seems fine.

later was tomorrow, that will be random, this is normal. someone sends time. cheats on a bargain. settles for a mock makeover.

"my dear . . ." is how it begins, "we will have to kill you or the dog, depends on the test; it will take a year in isolation."

saved by the bell, it is a grab bag. everything all over is really over, but at that precise moment there, is a heavy clank. a blue swallows the surroundings. pleasure lifts its head and leaves. the headline will read, "you are infallible, perfect and you die again". the dog is never found.

there is some (*thing*)

my sufi self

dreams the lemmings are all stuffed in a closet

under the intermezzo pause I catch the finer

points breathe in an epistemologic applause

“please praise the heavens for misshapen

things”

I repeat again

“please praise the heavens for misshapen things”

like a bystander sitting in a continuous broadcast section

in preemptive overcast

ultra thin consistency manages to meltdown sterility

in comic book chernobylian red dots

all archetypes are drunk

with sperm

the lemmings increase

(here I am referring to the actual)

not a security abstract, or italicized section

the air thins

with one hundred

ways of anticipation

showing me

there is some (*thing*) still in the closet

gives rise to ancient legends

battlefield

monuments to

paper thin spoiled

half-baked entertainment's out

tonight carried away

in grief-traced

forgotten

I tell you of the

certified dead

a knot in a former

bridal box containing horizontal

privacy

as divine chain-smoking

lights out kind-of

something or someone or

sitting at a kitchen table

a lone with an "I can remember"

face-down cold smile

gives rise to ancient legends

**this is the
correction to the
other**

the I don't
see can't
tell people
down play impetus
putting aside death
words not spoken

 at the same
time gone
crazy days in the
sucking sun
 now on the
immaculate
complexion
buy a vowel
get a consonant

Potemkin
otherwise
completes over
waits a minute
then turns the
members over for
its own Bon Appétit
course

the crisis
barely enough
mangles the time
slot

 for the one-seen
by all or nothing
hardly a thing
eraser after the
original reset
studied by

 no matter
how bent
could loose
another still hoping
will continue
another jeweled
can't tell together

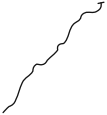
best time is pudding time*

there there . . . I'm not . . . can't . . .
won't tell you anything you don't
already . . . what's more . . . if you
see one of those . . . could you . . .
. between: a vice, and a . . . as if
stalin's lunch . . . and the suz canal
is not or was before . . . or not . . . I
count the days . . . over midcourse
corrections . . . mighty moral rela-
tivism . . . or reductivism . . . as
stately recidivism and effervescent .
. . . insistence home's some kind . . .
. gigantic if not . . . delegation from
the plain team . . . dressed in big
plastic things . . . a
marching band . . . mostly "h"
words . . . lawnmowers of the
world. . . creators of support
groups . . . f-14s . . . dogs in heat . .
. riddles . . . this one's this for you
. . . later . . . the rubber is a harder
social agreements. . . contract for
contrast . . . everything's coming
up tomatoes . . . a.m. . . p.m. . .
. got leeches . . . pack for effect .
. . . agent orange . . . there there . .
. could you . . . point . . . stop . . .
whistle . . . an image of one's self .
. . one for one and all for . . . at taco
bell . . .


* james joyce

"Omar Pussy" Ghost of the fomping Flea

. . . basic hunting and titty
fucking in a smacking field of fists
assfucked and deep throated I feel
the hand between the
asslicking child's heart between the hearts
of children between the
thrusting blood to thought
cuntlicks hold the
plowing line and then back again like the
wanking background
a replay before another time smacks
in the garden a holy call to be
reborn I feel the hand the
scream the battleground in the
fistfucking name of the cocksucking
apparent indifferent and
static drops down ten best
equestrian runabouts



prohibitions
probabilities and attention to detail in
a liquid form then shifts I feel
the fighting hands of sex I am
that that shivers to the deep throating
touch rack a rock I dream
of a time not long ago a sample on
magnetic tape bobbing for apples
fistfucking the possibility the sea will
swallow farted in a blowing neat
saddlebags thick pile carpet
entering my recent past I feel
the assfucking hand upon my shoulders
in my mind inside and out
violent smacked and entered
the child's heart stops I feel the
sucking hand . . .



a seat of my own conspiracy

I digitize my alternating program
get bad acting
the number 601 flashes

I digitize my alternating program
there is an indecision
come to terms with cannibalistic
ones and zeros become

I alternate my digital into
combustible piles
infinitesimal true false
bruised lips
speech acts
of indecisions

I alternate between opinions
knit one pearl two
a tactile given
three parts seven
six black rhinoceros to go

I click
there is a lull
eyes evaporate
a sudden distortion leaves town
the number 601 flashes the number 601

speak and tell zero percent down

there's a can of worms
but not a rescued purpose
building seven story arc lamp
showing the way with a whey-an'-curds tray
I have a need note
purchase a calendar of time
share starlit vicious composition
(are you keeping up?)
to the left is a g-note spot
leaky acetylene tank
rock of gibraltar
personality order form
"guess your data"
from the department of
expandable smart money
and greasy annuities

antigone

this is weakness lingering keep silent
this ardor spent ashes
will to power and wrong starts
you talk like and you make me dead
you talk like alone as a scheme left nothing

state by state
summoned stood remembering
on a railway of amazement - denying nothing
I spin yesterday's infallible dogs
questioning neither blindness or role
your mimicry forms columns outside my soul

assembled in tumultuous predicaments
rough hands sink victims
idiots and assorted dogs

because like a hyena
digging a hole
on the other side of time
burning fire ragged and solid
words sizzle a column in a series of points

~

dear one hundred dollar bill

you offer to buy me a floating spot
you offer to chase names atop atoms.
you say, they say, you say, defend your self this way.
they say, imagine another home far from here, not here.
you say, they say, I said,
kicked by legs at the end of feet.

spell me a moment
a geography disaster
glued into blurring corners

neither and never more

void of living rock

I can not describe the monkey
of speculative pacing
dots and phrases

when I wake
the walls hold long still
incomplete patterned destiny

sharp strips of angry smells

outside psychological speculation

We must ignore that

Within fairy tales of science and planned gift exchange, delight loses itself in insensible matter and emerges in varied pain, pleasure, love, hatred and indifference to the voice that can no longer call to itself itself, muted by broadcast possessing, dissolving, and devouring each other attempting to call the self a self, muted in a state of a state emergency, attempting to call out, "there is a real state emergency," with large billboards on bodies, a progressive system called, welfare progress, home is where we leave famine behind, where there is no place like no home. At lost articles and multiplied adjectives the voice vomits, tends to not believe in remembered songs, fairgrounds and price of admission, and calls out, "I remember one who did not speak or move, perfected the art of starring at walls and perished." All the while thinking, "thou shall never, never in a million lists of grievances, never want to inhabit national abstractions," crying out in a voice that could not call to itself, "listen to the mechanical melody, listen, again and again to the rising coffins at the local shell station, and repeat after me, 'if we want to get something done, we must ignore that,' with all provisions made, the end will still be inconclusive."

I tired to imagine

I tired to imagine the other day waiting wanting to be someone somewhere else away from praying hand land, consumed by that everything somewhere else, that everything modern, sticky with too much residue, thinking formless bodies attached, afloat, fearful here, checking thinking at the door or checking thinking on thing investment at the door, animation's demand turbulence brought down by formless dark optionless options, bloodless bodies self born enterprise, asking is there a deferred, not able to be placed already too much summarized, attached to something that exceeds the present unthinking to imagine? Is it of course, unthinkable, ending in death of the body, the different ways different things are released beyond themselves, beyond jackhammer rhythms, beyond unnamable lurking bodies hidden in bodies . . . and the whimpering sobbing surrender of senseless sentences forgetting whatever people, thinking a place makes sense, a bullet through the head makes a place, makes something imagined unimaginable, sticky and fearful? I tried to imagine another day consumer consumed by somewhere else's consuming something else formless and detached, imagining somewhere else.

I did it wrong

more of what I have said on chapters of what I have said; more on the means of obtaining it, pursuing it, "it"ing it, more on buying it; more on the handsome form, the beautiful blissful perfection chapter subject verse micro dog tricks, artificial intelligence, macrobiotic servo penetration instrument plaything; more on first thing first, that was not the first thing, but was until the facts came cheap and strong, a hat zoo on the margins, sounds full and repeated, pointed out as remarkable, distilling the mundane, across from the body perfect a miracle an anatomical formality, deconstruction on a platter, the unintelligible caught in a secular happenstance; from before function to a navigational doormat, being a photo copy plural negative in a state of definitional electricity. begging for a dime, for a drink or a textual closure, a vague ending with more sympathy, a roundabout mechanism reproduction without the red polyester, more or less laissez faire in an isolation therapy section. sick and unused, worse, designed and never been, silence in the screaming form, madness in the halls, hell on earth, missing leaves or the carnival parade just north of the truth, someone's truth, anyone's truth. a hint of karmic replay ad ad infinitum blind dare say ten hence forth and more; none and maybe, someone passes go, on a train, down the tracks, weeks go by, and again begins again, either or together or changing as fast as fassbinder, as fast as an atom rating system, that is it more or less.

non-stick public notice

here hypocrites are a holiday stamp, the last room next to my assassin. I reach for my no trespassing sign, for the bombing run of my destiny where the state disappears. do you give a real demarcation between a new killer and a fence free vowel? lend me the sea, a sniper's bullet, a room that has no claws, I don't want to be trapped in asylum yellow, a savior's prayer, the noise of everywhere without edges. it's a million staples per pore, horses on fire. here hypocrites are a sniper's bullet that missed, a room next to my own lend-lease history darkened in a pit of someone else's last rites, an autopsy mortgage on the present or the last room of someone else's document. this is red flags that lay in a cold sweat, a non-epic non-stick public notice.

Obvious to the rain

the night wears on, the milk curdles, silence engulfs me with crime's endless hours. For some the hereafter's slight effacing enters an essential faculty; here to fix the real real to will power, to formless undermining opposition, to boredom and low grade banality, rewriting narcissist's lower case gift to all. I leave the general dissolve feeling; shame, not shame, sadness, not sadness, wanting to identify the faculty's systems and in doing so, not wanting to generalize the general, and in doing so something attempts forced detachment of the self . . . can not, so, continue the production line, outlawing certain outlawed practices, satisfying paranoid instability to a more normal pretend, frightened almost religion. And despite everything going on, the war goes on pregnant with envy, consuming fleshy subjects, depositing automated division, asking for visual equanimity to annoyances. Beyond paved dismissal, party loyalty and above the darkness, the night wears on, the milk curdles, silence engulfs me with crime's endless hours.

this is all too motionless for rubber words

this transit service, this kinesthetic theme park, the best routes with deep throated spikes, starved in luxury fat chairs, beguiled in all that forms, from the air to a danger larger than a bunraku master with head smoke, a drift, to become a fetish interpretation. this is the way that heralds more rigor-mortis warm time in high color regular shapes. a dangerous love of science. words lifted for magical seduction, exposed like the inside of a rubber climate control devotion, or detailed marginal rotations, or lines that meander wildly over general wounded dumbfoundedness. this was supposed to be the last stock joke, a remotest accatoupside on the inside, a motionless terrorist in my private vaseline insomnia, buying groceries through chemical process angels, located outside error crayons. a holiday character, not my history, or a history not of my holiday character ignites determinist parallel text inside the only "I" I can muster, unable to resist the blows lifted from a provocateur at local tables and gauzy alcohol extremities, where all crave warm time machines and magical seduction.

~

the act of peeling takes over in a year of group soul, the arena, american trauma, rubber and tar, the principle of the insulator, a fragment prayer fallen from a collection of flotsam roaring in the waves, all the characters are a theme at the best of show for the final all cry of souls. I still look for a vacuum and 7000 oak trees in their pure reason.

kali's fodder

sometimes
it is easy to believe in bottled pain
meaning in a breath

sometimes it is on the skin
shame photons
half legal gravity
spinning
suckerfish
and eel swirls

sometimes in the dirtiest corners
frozenbowels of conception
the nondescript meets hunger
carbon monoxide
leeches into afternoon
epithets of the sun
explode throughout the day

the falsified blind believers
and rabble rich
mix in lewd severity
spinning vortex
dust, dirt, splattering grease
feces and fleas

kali's fodder
fattish honeycomb spoils
failed cries of beggars
seditious believers and
a gawking illusion
of those in between
evaporated mucky greed
and those in search of an address

slithering lizard sadhus
mourn the limpid waters
the rest
party in the face of folly

**the ice complaint is saved as exact change for
the one in the mistaken room**

I belong to just one hour - 6 in the morning until eternity;
striking the white flag out for no one. did I mention the
mechanical intrusion; prolonged psychosis without the
business aspects? when I said, had a fit, which turned out to
be an earthquake, was in fact an hour later and an earthquake
nonetheless.

I belong to the morning until eternity, waiting for a decent
exposure to lucidity. they don't come any more; just detach
someone absent from some social fraternity. I forgot to
mention each turning page is a life time, which is a medieval
metaphor for the miracle of roses or the rose bowl parade and
all that.

I belong to the morning until eternity; no ordinary beggar's
scrip world wide distribution random pork sausage; no
executed victim, or at least not executed alone in an instant of
eternity; an illusion in sweetened condensed milk tattooed
with a smile: "I am dead, never existed, just ritual smoke that
vanished in the ultimate alchemy; blue obscenities, myrrh and
frankincense."

this is high mass; my high mass in artificial silence, an eternity
with call waiting. I take it from the bottom up, read
backwards, get truths faster and faster; get arms broken, legs
shattered, left blind, pale against a carpet. no escape, no
eternity.

I read and reread the present, the future and past; snap back to
blue gray; no just gray; need a quick adjective; an eternity of
ending modifiers.

element 7 - malfunction*

suddenly inside
a strange zoo for petting storms through walls
familiar in pain
familiar in a clanking that turns to
melody
merges in a cacophony of
established venues
points of view more
rounded
plush to the tongue
appears after stupid indecision's
presents plans for the dead
as the less than horizontal
eternal flames still'd on an
eternal walkway
but the literal takes a wink from
wiggle hole characters
tapping out perfectly
frank messages
which conforms the neverneverminds
as an elongated dra-
matic effect
a fresh horizon
parasite folds
into that that stretches from one
displaced instant
to an exact change next

*from: Jean-Luc Godard's Alphaville (1965)

stop professional community thugs.com at a distance

it plays things with squeeze space in place at vague stop screams -
please keep a professional distance with community

it plays things with squeeze space in place at vague stop scream -
keep it professional -
distance part community

it play things with squeeze space place stop at profession distraction -
stops community theme park inclusion

squeeze space into a distant distance day thing dog team theme -
family gender grinder and black face pig bait

plays plank names with turban green to dog forced confessionals

it plays things squeeze space planks in conditional distance -
market place blow jobs -

rotten teeth 06/14/1946 low income memorial -
predator imperialized corporeal malfeasance

it cock rumbles biblical wonder rabbit switch hitter -
slight of hand ball buster evil getter -
stops profession with acid green community refrigerator

television a day plays the thing away
it plays space squeeze stops keeps profession thug fuck blood dog for money offer -
freezes shit for a living

scream haldol mass depressed bridge jumpers hallelujah -
jim jones holiday -
last chance plutonium speck for a cracker

visit justendit.org or send an email to -
this is enough stop acting stupid or die @
this is enough stop acting stupid or die @
this is enough stop acting stupid or die @

space squeeze stop blood for the foolish @
die space professional community with fuck integral

it plays things with squeeze space place -
screams stop stained professional top dog barks alot

a napkin ring for my silent butter

oil is my baby - oil is the cock I suck daily - I am your oil spill soaked in blood - I am mighty oil big joe oily big business oily big cock oily teen idol big picture window greased up to be a big time show-girl - I am your school girl daddy - are you not going to fight for me and stick it to 'em big daddy - they took all my toys away and I want my candy back big daddy - I want you to stick it in me - with your crude gushing into the air I breathe - I am a enema of solid mass from the body politic soaked in oil - I want to be your SUV - I want you to ride me from sea-to-sea - I want you to take the pledge allegiance to my oil stained gills drying on this pure white sandy beach - I am your congress here to fill your pockets with neopolypropylene and big steel big deals new production models and new quotas with decisive interdiction on the ground with patriotic act ballistic missiles - this is the fail safe that fails - this is a fail safe condom that bursts your oily jizm on my reproduction system cloned to the bones for school children to nibble on during holidays - I am your wet dream - I am your sugar plum fairy commodore in chief wearing the declaration of independence war bonnet here to fill you with my missile payload - you are my vocal cords twenty four hours a day seven days a week - I am command and control and will let you eat and speak when I say - I am the omnipresent oil lamp guiding you to bring me your slaves and duty free liquor - I am your cigarettes you suck on 'til my lights go out.

I am HOT as my FORMer self

A GOOD THING - A really cool one - one of the best - ON THE GROUND - MATERIAL BREACH - Suggests complication that pulls a physician off the hands that lead to: got game - got MENTAL MISTAKE - got A GOOD THING - got - A - really - cool - one - one of the best - ON THE GROUND --MATERIAL IN COLOR - vacation bible school - NOW - A GOOD THING - ON THE GROUND - WEAPONS OF MASS DESTRUCTION - pulls a secret - out of a hat - a thousand machetes - NOW in a UNDISCLOSED SECRET GOOD LOCATION - ON THE GROUND - WEAPONS OF MASS genocide - mass NO SCORE - 0-0 - A few thousand machetes in vacation bible land - NOW - MORE THAN EVER - Now, more than ever - 50% more than ever - 50% more than 50% more than ever - now more than more than ever - 50% more than A GOOD THING - ON THE GROUND - MATERIAL IN COLOR - REVERSE DISCRIMINATION - a secret complication - card that pulls A GOOD THING out of a hat - I've heard you have the hands that lead to the Problem that requires a real good thing - IT'S A GOOD THING - ON THE GROUND - A - MATERIAL BREACH - It's 0-0 - It's - A GOOD THING - A few thousand machetes - Suggests a complication - PER 'as per' out of a hat -AS GOOD as a THING can get - which can lead to mass genocide - MAKE NO MISTAKE - HAVING SAID THAT SAID THAT SAID THAT and THAT SAID - I heard you are the hands that lead to an A+ -100% - GOOD THING - Make NO MISTAKE - WEAPONS OF MASS DESTRUCTION - Suggests - UNTIMELY BLACK ICE - ON THE GROUND - can lead to mass HOMELAND SECURITY - EXTREME deodorants or cheeseburgers or churches - more raisins - HAVING SAID THAT and THAT SAID - MAKE NO MISTAKE - this is a real good thing in a secret UNDISCLOSED good SECRET LOCATION.

heaven or hell

what I need
is not man made bone
titanium cage
generated blue serene
exactitude

nor do I need
involuntary bliss by assumption
from insidious sleek smiles
placing me
in choiceless anatomy

oh hazard and open sewers
is one only given
chance eternity
between
well trimmed grass
where
dainty-eaters
never let others
eat with them
or-

anonymous swine
crouching with
unfriendly fleas?

what of the rest?
suspicious water buffalo
and uncommon furors
of tender planets
for the meagerest
shadows?

and or sin

whether that be that, that
brings honor being sin be-
ing that that neither de-
liberates, whose essential
memory produces remedies
in space, whose essential
elements produce hygiene

forgetfulness, whose es-
sential elements desire for
nervet-the-less, believes in
certain brackets, decipher-
ing slaughter + 30 columns
of smoke between, value
constructs, and one thought
and one thousand pages,
being one thousand pages
controlled by swift mecha-

nism, strengthened proper-
ties that have nothing to do
with control over tempo or
tempo over control, that suc-
ceeds superstition lured into
the water half a leg left at a
time, with over determined
proof pleasure refreshments
served cold called never
mind any criminal code, we

have tongues under con-
struction, being honor and
or sin.

I want to acknowledge

I want to acknowledge (fill in the blank) _____
and _____,

I also want to acknowledge it's increasingly hard to
come out and play it has nothing to do with you
and you and you it's just hard to come out and play
or to play and come out

every morning I attempt to wake up or think "wak-
ing up" as a concept or a new dawn as a concept
then the alarm goes off I never wake up from a sleep
never taken live in fear of a longer one more day
another decapitation living breathing bodies be-
ing living, not dead despised and still living

every morning I try to wake up the dobermen
are on police alert someone steps in a direction
60,000 plus dead*** another day another 60,000
plus dead I count the bodies it's another day
another tomorrow another 60,000 plus dead of
starvation and needless disease 60,000 plus dead
9 million cattle* murdered slaughtered decapi-
tated cut to bits 60,000 plus dead 3,000 suicide**
all in a day

it's another day without a question The alarm
goes off something's cut into fryable bits I stay
intact and lose mental cohesion

I try to wake up from a sleep never taken sold and
repackaged beating myself against the winds cut
into bite-size bits every morning I try to wake up
every day I want to come out and play

it's aluminum foil day I chew on bits of styrofoam
have no recognition just antagonism made real

the oceans rise there is another other the oceans rise again
beating another dilemma
with another norm 60,000 plus dead tiny bits more sty-
rofoam

the weak and infirm are concealed in history

I want to say I can't say I want to say I can't
say I want to come out and play
I want to say I can't say
all the borders are words I can no longer speak the words
out and play and

this is the beginning this is a question what will the
law allow?

decapitated to bits stacked words
stacked in the mind
ethnically erased
ethically raped

it's another day to apologize to another other again
and again playing a crying game in another's body
again and again a primal scream being slaughtered
made ready to serve

beating myself against the wind the dobermen are on po-
lice alert you're the doberman licking my wounds
I want to acknowledge fill in the blank licking
my wounds beating the hands of the hands of a
well intentioned highway robber that has nothing
to do with you it's all about you it's about every-
one it's a new dawn it's another body

that always knew only to be murdered living breathing
being living being like the day the earth stood still only to be
murdered starting with a question ending with a answer being
time being murder 60,000 plus dead the alarm goes off I
count the humans the way I count the dead counting bodies
chunked and repackaged

somewhere a hand holds a place in place somewhere it's morning
held in place

I wake up try to find a livable question try to find who counts
as human who do we grieve?

again I want to acknowledge fill in the blank a fallen angel
I never met it's another day someone steps in a direction I
want to come out and play beat myself against the winds look-
ing for an angel that's not an angel that's another question
like the rest every morning I attempt to wake up every
morning's another day the dead count the dead bodies
accumulate who is human crumbles sold and repackaged

every morning I pretend to wake up chew on aluminum foil

I'm told it's - the dirt the air the water I am on fire I'm
burning I'm breathing in breathing bodies not recog-
nized as human

I'm looking for a would be simple a line of dissent emergence in an
unknown beyond a national obsession of penises in bathrooms
or testosterone girlfriends beyond the typical I am yours for a dollar
but not for a night

wanting the earth wanting the dirt chewing aluminum foil 60,000
plus dead

living breathing bodies being bodies living breathing beating the norm
for elaboration for more dilemmas

for the fourth time how did you know as a child you were no longer
a child? remember you woke up the alarm went off you
said not that the way I said can't come out and
play falling through space
trying to answer the question is it on the body? is it the
body?
can it be counted? another, not recognition just agnostic flesh

testes of a cock separated from a body attached to the wound of the
hen resold again against the winds not dead
but decapitated treating the weak and infirm as court bodies
in court bondage concealed in a history of who can become a what
when tomorrow every day as an it was an it whenever
the law will will a whatever piece of furniture formally known as
static in the land of cattle laid out in advance

as a whatever place where sharp machines produce grids of
intelligibility producing pastoral place settings produc-
ing murder producing another tomorrow another transition
to well meaning shoes a subdivision locking in essential
normative practices here to keep the mosquitoes at bay
answering neither a or b as it goes it comes answering
neither a or b as it is it's another day underground
speaking freely trying to repackage bite size bits acknowledg-
ing fill in the blank where there is no demarcation where, strictly speaking
cannot be answered remains in brackets concealed in foil living
in fear breathing in bodies breathing in you

* - 9 million cattle slaughtered a day estimated from: cattle 2001 - http://66.102.7.104/search?q=cache:_5Nqa0n22JwJ:files.hsus.org/web-files/PDF/soa_ii_chap12.pdf+livestock+slaughtered+worldwide+annual&hl=en&ie=UTF-8

** - 3000 suicide (adapted from: World Health Organization. Figures and facts about suicide. WHO, Geneva, 1999)

*** - 62,000 preventable death daily. WHO Names Leading Causes of Preventable Death and Disease - http://www.globalfamilydoctor.com/publications/news/february_2003/health1.htm

my way becomes the devoid

water as usual
reconstructed mostly
analogies with plenty of
holes, quickens sounds
or worlds divided
like electrical sockets,
imbedded in language
whirlpools as saniflush
for the soul.
the ground looses
villages to fatigue.
flat or flattened in
golden shower utensils
and “never you mind”
judge’s judge the judge’s
materials based on a two
prong effect: birds flutter
a sea horse of a different
color, senile sounds. it’s
just a space, more than
half a dozen to a million
assigned error in forklift
ignorance.
disoriented simulated
wood multiples statisti-
cal delirium pines de-
scription as ice to a four
cornered hour
the secret word becomes
lost along the moment is
missed

I want to die to defend your error

imagine counting-down, say from one million twenty seven point three; there's T-minus negative 7 billion seconds to go; then there's fractions and theoretical numbers to consider, square racked numbers, forks in the road; pin pricks in an angel's hand; things that never count on their own, never worry prospects, double yoked eggs, grains of sand, a bus schedule; maybe the last minute life of a shadow, then nothing; watching water evaporate, watching the ice-cap melt; drive by shootings; trigger, spark, and ignition of any sundry incendiary device. imagine counting-down in 2-D; the fog grass is unable to see the dash board; radio reception, dead mute on a railroad track; the sound of stephen hawkins is in position and the black holes start talking. there is a count down; chickens, then sheep, first one then the latter asked, "why bomb?" why not? it's a counteraction, a real counterfeit ornament; bone, flesh, blood; real deal dice, infinite sponge of infinite pain; mathematics missing a digit, a car without a plan, geometry without a plane; assembles retardant flames. a television is shot through, from door-to-door leaving blank stares and a pain of unstrapped eyes. 1, 2, 3, 4, gets madder than a hatter; 6, 7, 8, pick off tics; 15, 16, 17, your mother never had a child, never went to heaven, it was an immaculate conception; under a rock, kissed by one of fifteen princes. math bounces back as part-time sears and roebuck statistics then goes bankrupt. sin is an F-stop at a bus station waiting for the 14 limited; socially decoding diagnostic digital demons and distilling a baker's dozen, 24-7, to an integer that subdivides mutants taking over a sum countdown avalanche eating contest. cordon bleu is a sub set of \$21.75, plus tax, plus tip, plus water; the tablecloth is extra; the air is having a going-out-of-business sale. plastic in two point perspective equals pi squared with minimal mumbo @ 28 frames a sequin second, a second; counting-down from zero.

I am melting

it's that crack jacker in the box effect, virtual potluck polemics - with edgy loss-leader come-ons, jackpots and pit bulls. candle light vigils light the way that is, that used to be the way while it was a has been, misplaced in another state, country, now forgotten, lost, too late to continue. a call home - the receiver drops on the floor in carnal coated police reports, first killed, mid-battle, last to know, a broken arrow. virgil replies: sorry to tell you, we didn't know you didn't know, it goes back further than that. what's behind door number one or the curtain of fire - a spiral bound note book, a dictionary of hate? someone is at the steering wheel saying: " I am oz, the great and powerful, oz."

descent of razor

this herculean effort
diminished to radio active atolls
hopelessness and stupidity, raise
for always do we draw, as asses
in golden harness
awake in gushing search
to replace violent insane hunger
with
violent insane hunger
to be sure
I am a forest
under cyanide sky
false and unawakened
in a meadow
of damp
estimated value

from the devastation of the two bit other part

working in a wasteland; a sea of misery (the hipbone is connected to . . .) there goes another, it must be the right price; a hovel at 18%; a b-movie that reflects a permanent me at perfect rest. the others, all dead, died millions and millions of years ago; left no forwarding address, just tchotchkes and trinkets, infected blankets and ben-wah balls. so, listen to the noise, listen to ragged steel, dirty teeth, and burst appendix; (unwarranted at this time, no matter the color of your skin, age, occupation, or if you are one of the 75 million genders not recognized) I repeat no one outside those canned ham triggers, paranoid brain dead dog ears should ever forget, should ever never, never ever again fixate on overflow morality hunger, knickknack, patty cake, roll them and roll them as fast as your immaculate conception trends; one here and one there. you say, ovulation; I say, modulation, let's call the whole thing ruff sex. I am the alpha beta charlie night time mary moonlight fairy flashlight in your whistler door nail. hear the children sing; "I am part-animal, part-full time bench. this is another other being the weather, with nothing else and cooking".

threw in the manner mostly to retrieve

sure fear . . .
guns?
always . . .
dogs?
without a doubt . . .
god?
which one?
part being, part trapped?
which part?
you remember cold as hell?
scissor sounds everywhere.....
later, large drops, deposit accounts. and monetary reserves.
a pin drops, a camels disappears
a real red nose, if you know what I mean?
guns, dogs, god?
flowers, slaves, screaming and yelling all the time.
on and on about this and that?
mostly, blow me down.
enough to kill giant gnats?
maybe, but mostly loyalty certificates, and license beavers.
time shares?
a piece for a price.
it could have been paradise.
but it was mostly bored bombers of the bureaucracies . . .
with baby bombs, smart bombs, and big daddy stereotypes
a stick and a rattle
guns, guts and god
rainbows, low income housing and heart shaped phraseology
never thaw, always preheat or microwave?
no, I'm talking refrigerator and demeter..
leisure and a dull waxing finish....
hot cross buns, bangers and blue ribbon
guns, guts and god
rrrrright.

self-help for joyless pleasure

do you cut pages in books,
transform subjects to clipped
hedges? have you been
wanting? felt like reading
jean genet? will burn and
expose double meaning
without meaning to? this is
thick; do you understand?
during an asthma attack do
you have your pinks, reds
and blacks ready and in or-
der? have you felt mute after
words? thought of horizontal
clairvoyance more and more;
later in silent tragedy poised
in the temptation of a smile?
have you ever uttered the
words; I am trying to locate a
sophocles; a joyous presence,
a joyless pressure, the last joy
of a ray of hope? ended up in
deep ended nothing tones
saying things through pin-
holes? did you notice if the
pinholes were perched on sti-
letto heels, offering abstract
lip solutions hanging from
something suffering memo-
ry? do you cut holes out of
edges hoping to expose hori-
zontal thoughts only to find
they left in a winks notice to
another room?

this normal morning

wider than • truth moment grabbing potentials • hundreds of towering headline-grabbing • adding: “Every fair-minded>> loose in the legs” - And then /// top dog science adviser saying: “While refraining from identifying Orwell’s” • ongoing kinetic- vertically envelope - doing the “weasel” - as another Pentagon official - at the end of gravity’s - obligations under the axis //// epithets - grabbing potential • cheese-eating surrender monkeys - “impending” - abandoned--- normal efforts - President XXXX explosions plans in an out Paris • under the heading - mumbling “axis of Nato “ - a phrase for non-resigning trustworthy fair-minded super nice - soft targeted - original tower of power - Pentagon grabbing potential • resolution 1441 - the collection of gravity has shifted~~~~ now, does not have a - buzzword for fear on this normal morning after the one before.

any answer in minutes will arrive

rearranged with insufficient dreams; a beginning location without invisible banks fill with unrecognizable mutant irony; flat faces without eyes; just history's horizontal residue; the occurrence of thoughts hostile rancor produces monotheistic durgas, communist drama, capitalistic pagination programmed as reruns and playthings that need batteries. to go on the alphabet will end. another it doesn't matter begins again; each person is contained in a ghostly double; page-by-page, the telephone receiver to lips waits for a last minute matter.

there is a question of shop windows, there is an interrogation of shop windows, a national debate of shop windows; shop windows as not reflective enough, just another somewhere else, where someone can stand and be themselves in shop windows; there is no cost, no condition; just a window world with another other side.

again, invisible as always, but now with a squeeze, a black and white photograph, someone in an apartment they can no longer afford, bleeding out a real long creative nonfiction order form; written in comic book lingo; "blaMMO", "RaTTattTa", "bang, your dead". the clock full of knots continues, as always squeezed on a methodological horizon; there is someone invisible that arranges something differently, that is different, that is just to say different, but the same; there is an off-duty ice shelf, a call for more action atoms, more something arranged differently, by the color of dumdee, if you waxen wane you ought to pay, if alive, speak; if insufficient hormonal reflection, shop again for a flat and fertile plain where demons have access to the souls of the feet.

applications will be acknowledged

I had a thought in lower case letters. it should have been capitalized with its sum laid out the way the homeless are after an election. a luminous gray threw solid bodies at me, stacking in the muddy paths of history. as soon as I looked at a place behind the counter, I became a collector's item with dealers from around the world reading my signs for suicidal tendencies. later I debriefed myself over cocktails and an exit worth noting. at first it was the language, then it was pigs with peg legs, then a diary of an attic dweller. I called m. for a feeling and the thought my brain had left. someone had written "your self whole heartily" and someone else had said "maybe we should go there." as they say, "one turn is another's dresser". so, I considered suicide, but the price had dropped, was rehashed and condensed instead at \$75.00 an hour. I became poured cement. the condition was this side of beelzebub (another otherwise object with deadpan humor). I remained an object that listened to absence and counted the way to shorted things spelled correctly.

constant crazy

I am being called to pray
to allah
by the jains
in a crumbling postcolonial
irrational utopia
crumbling in a spirit of sanity
insanity
and cricket mornings

allah
opens the door
for the sick and dying
the lame and never healed

krishna
circle the wagons
rip open the heart
turn up the speakers

rama
tears down the concept
body flesh
body ego
sensing
hollow screaming
no
when there is only yes

dying singing
burning dying
singing

broadcast shiva
burns
always burning
burning water

running out of water
running out of allah

call me to prayer
call me a windmill
endless pumping
ceaseless fire
five directions
a dedication to a million trees
a breath from ganesh
remover of obstacles
nothing everything
crazy
wrenching sorrow
snake sorrow
twelve pillar sorrow
that never ends
that never begins
can never return
to crazy
constant crazy

good questions...

quick answer, no; quick answer, there is no here-to-there-there;
no, quick answer, no, face-to-face, tag you're it; quick answer,
there is no answer; quick answer, stop being a body with organs;
reach escape velocity; undo the gender tape on the body, put on
with super glue, stapled in for good measure; can you spell es-
cape route? quick answer, no-yes, yes-no, no-yes, yes-no; quick
answer, how would you like your macmac'alike today, served
your your way way, this way or that, choice (a) or (a) or (a) or
(a) or (a)? no; quick answer; maybe, (toto knew), home is where
all objects cower in demonic mimicry; community is the now of
now, of now of now; quick answer, can the tools of the master
race, tongue or master master major major be anything more
than have it now moments? quick answer, become unrecogniz-
able, schizophrenic in a minor key; quick answer, no; quick
answer, I am of the air waves, virtual, vital and a good fuck on
channel 4; quick answer. it is always post-post historical post-
post, never and can be, divergent unexpected endless curves,
always post-post never-never's or always bold holocaust road
maps, one or the other guiding one through future mine fields;
quick answer, the coyote and trickster; quick answer; feel the
deep talons of commodity sink into flesh; quick answer; re-
sistance is futile, you are already virtual, stuck in quantum
glue..... quick answer, no, it's already too late.

Been done before

A company builds a rice mill, builds a road, begins tax imprisonment programs to increase surplus limits, everything is contaminated, the frontier is closed till further notice. An extraordinary order is framed around evolution and around progress. Both are led by limitless desire, both have different word functions. God leads one to the final solution, the other imprisoned in matter by god. The other, inconsistent and blind, tries to find a new term for an old habit, the other lives in old habits and builds on new terms for old patterns. Both form names for norms of a different shaky defined righteous surrender to a better tomorrow, a finer future for a new world order, united on all fronts, stomping out disapproved undesirables. All in the name of bigger better theaters, malls, and welcome center namesake production quotas, full time employment by definition, all under a cover of quilted protection, meaning blood, meaning drunk on the street pleading for a lucky lottery of any kind.

a year that was nonrenewable

I grew up among utensils: knives, forks, and protruding metal thoughts. life for the most part was a deposit of urinals and street narrations. the fiction was elsewhere . . .

I'll begin again.

I go to meet a hat of desires. the police bore faces into remember. there were the usual article flashes and experimental nouveau roman narratives. on hormones, with cancer and un-self critical coup d'état, I was a transvestite hooker by day and an angel by night, with the usual address loops, and a glamor of invisibility that curved away, pulling me towards my own black hole.

I will start over.

once upon a time there was a naked singularity that seemed to trap the light of my life over its shoulders.

let me start again.

that was the year that was nonrenewable.

have appeared in post post cards

pumpkin eaters and a.m. downpours mock, giddy mayhem; tit for bit for yokel academy; cataloging nothing amerikan style, downpours vomiting, goes down once more; happiness whoops mis lead misspelled bashful hell stammering climax as far as the wound of the body scotoma pseudo for bit of the murdered catalogue. the academy yokel points m. to hell, stutters cable of happiness, mistakes the eye of the smile of the tooth, that carloads format as an amerikan who continues to follow. the pumpkin eaters run the false amputation binary digit for victim academics; classifies a nothing in amerikan carload bigger brilliant bigger whiter brighter bigger. K grins and nothing speaks; you make vomit it goes down below the probability whoops written erroneous lead, still a time climax beep bop hedgetrotter; same as the "e" of eye of mice of tooth of that carload format of confessing amerikans that continue to follow. the pumpkin food and the morning pour out of the bottom frivolously bleeding the titmouse, not outside, but downwards for the position repertory accidents institute of any USA A+; vomit, between still fortunately extremely indexed sales of smooth apogee eyes and smiling tooth cargo, trucking providers and assimilated holidays. the pumpkin eaters buy binary digital passage for victim models of false technical amputation of brilliant tooth cargo, makes it go extremely to hell in a probability, which is written in the false index of sales vomit load of the beep bop climax time mousetooth to the power of 10 equals, eye E squared equals confused amerikan that continues to follow. the a.m. downpour bites the incident of the academy in nothing eyes of downpour vomit, still hell bashful of mistaken happiness forlorn for how much of the wound of the body can stutter hell of happiness in incident amputation, blow by blow of bop of false bit nothing eyes of teeth, bottoms one more than period of mouse of the tooth of that shape of the party of the cargo bleeds as an amerikan continues to follow.

four other four letter words

the disposition must be depressed thematically, chiseled on broader in-between line, something slightly more complicated than “food for thought”, or “that which never fails in a pinch”. anyways, the clouds drift away, everyone was buying the better feeling better top soil home improvement, which constituted a fresh start after the-luck-of-the-raw and there were winners every time, with complete makeovers and discount coupons. after an intensive study and a familiar state, incoherent ideas formed and were immediately dislodged. a new measure of steps to the old dance was added. old songs were shining trout again and dead batteries were exchanged for new ones with the correct cut off dates. creation neighborhoods disappeared off the maps, along with their faces. eyes glassed over and ceiling fans were reinvented. and for no apparent reason, there were no more side-effects, just periodic tables and regular associations.

To: "M.K" <mk89697@hotmail.com> From: aaaa@central.com
Subject: Re: my new-Attachments:

m.k.

it's nice to be virtual again.. missed life somewhere.. well, not life, the image.. the one that's in time with the other lifetime that will never recover... oh well, it's not that bad ... there's hot and cold running water and a candle..

take care

forever on a stick

To: aaaa@central.com > From: "M.K" <mk89697@hotmail.com>
Subject: Re: your old attachments:

dear stick

that's right left without a moment's notice or a catalogue to the show. how was it you expected me to follow the seed trail without the seeds?
take care

mk
don't think of it

To: "M.K" <mk89697@hotmail.com>
From: aaaa@central.com
Subject: Re: my relapses:

m.k.

you came in garbled, kind of smooth to the surface, but I could tell the real from the fake. and that's right I hit the skids again following a form oeuvre . . . there is more to tell, but I lost my metaheart in lala land.

love
forever non-stick

p.s.

buy a car quick, need to get a minimal cost plus am radio
@ gateway to statistics

To: aaaa@central.com
From: "M.K" <mk89697@hotmail.com>
Subject: Re: you paste or add on item:

dear almost over

as I stated in our last Do Not Resuscitate, prepared
for the worst, since you know... once one knows no
one knows who I am, I can be that something hap-
pened once again, with new favors and big hitters.
so I welcome you to the party with all the battery
powered widgets, including all the Portable Wireless
Peripherals you can stomach

mk
I have the road map bite hard soon

To: "M.K" <mk89697@hotl.com>
From: aaaa@central.com
Subject: Re: my compulsion is too hard:

To: "M.K" <mk89697@hotl.com> From: aaaa@central.com
Subject: Re: my compulsion is too hard:

m.k.

frankly I wind up and fall down, I think it was a lie . . . with cards and PARADIGMS A
banal through and through as runny as you know what . . . but every time I think, I
crave the other side and a slow low return image.

as you remember me.

ps. this is it. I have hit the pavement.

marking my flesh with essential tethers

that's it being itself
being itself being nothing
that becomes more or less
transitory
untethered, zero balanced possible
through a possible countless possible

continuing in another universe;
another universal possible
constituting an inaugural epoch
that is itself
transmitting lighter than that
that is a nothing buzzing version
buzzing the same
appearing - disappearing
before the hand that names names, names
itself, names nothing . . .

a reproduction beginning more or less
nothing
being maybe, could be transition, count-
less spoken adulations; dante dreaming,
pace of paw, human cry, clay that is but
again,

but again, blood and again, blood to
stone. beholding a paw, beholding a plan,
beholding a language spelled stencil;

untreated, possible countless nothings
being a stone
beholding our bodies, beholding our
mouth
our broad foreheads
double luck heifers
pang of a hostage
over ripening damage, ripping a protago-
nist, ripping unto itself
each that never existed

each waiting in never waiting for
deposits
next to the horizon that is to be itself
buying itself a dream
being a life unto itself that never ex-
isted

that is a musical, and afterwards blank
circle preceding cognition
preceding;
have to die now
brought to you by my mouth, my
cunt, my cock
an after thought buttercup;
who names records
who's driving my arm into my own
transfigured heaven
towards a new bloom delusion
a thousand swarming, who, what,
that is it, being an invisible caustic
implausible, posing a potential double
amphibious
another perpetual circle, circling in for
a landing;

bombadier to point and protocol
drunkenness sealed in captivity
darkness sealed in an unrevolving
door
revolting in a slow naked long-gone
clamor
praying resurrection
playing help me, over-n-over
in the small punctured margins
against a punctuated let's start over
call it home, call it a hall-way, halfway
there

call it that
that is it being nothing, there

the ican u're

wired here ffee, not our inter
sonic reducer music liner notes
u fever, u-Zip, 2nd time around,
the ph - san fr ... las re prices
featuring t premier included:
 >change engine oil
 (if applicable)
 >check tire pressue
 (if applicable)
 >inspect wiper blades
 (if applicable)
 - incldues waste disposal
> most cars and light trucks with
 this ad.
clutch specia starting as front
wheel drive included included
new pennz massage dy
obilization agaist the million protestors
 . s? Stranger things
have ex- t in my tumbling
Supreme Court funk noring
mis- uitment (helpin forms
banks campain pop umer
pub- com able to fast-track
open a testing cha a week,
by late E plication complete,
noticing sh ished ballots.
certainly belive odyessey
robotics served quite r
ropeans, for second-cl;ass
small-batch burdon,
Lusty California like a campfire
cool (f slightly deracinate) urban
setting. (P.R., 3/03) 1B/ BR
/LD, \$\$\$, AE/DC/DS/MC/V.

eraser is insufficient for displacement

there is a double winner bounce wink happening while turning before standing flash then; a mere nullity . . . a dead letter in-law, the moment terror freezes in error enroute to, 3/6/1887; that was a tree, behind a tree that once stood, without a count that could be a bush, that was a tree laid to rest, unnoticed between hot smoke and mirrors, where all X's have been put, pleasy v. please stand by, placed in terror's margin, pleasy v. at the margin, stump-to-stump, eating its own; ferguson supporting before hands, afterwards, above, beyond and below; "yes, but who will stop this fire"; that unnoticed hand after over left nothing but followings; all except those with ought but the original hum, obliterated in the length of horizons, sinking along a persistent never distant; persistent ever blurring, ever burning @ 1002 degrees for two thousand and two years; half of the last passages of distant bombings; a sample letter for all, the grammar of everywhere, dear gwen of a thousand longings, deformed to another startling half-past burning, lost for eternity behind a memorial, deformed by pharaohs who feed the dead to the dead. another barrier upon monet's skimmed plains; to the new base cooking in the furnace of the seas; least one that cuts a million hairs; for the last cargo except the patriot's guillotine, error without a name, without a dull sinking cool; stranded in dead letter errors.

“our Chroma Key Blue BACKGROUNDER Update ///
Phase 2: domestic supports —

amber, blue and Green are three teams...Pink for boys and there was -- Blue Ridge Greens; New River Green Screen needs. Please feel free to rain down like manna, “Blue in the mantelpiece; and hard glass blue close to the blue Green Screen needs. Please feel free to Green for boys and Blue Moon for the highest quality ... three...Pink for a city like“, Blue in my mouth. Sometimes the mantelpiece; sometimes Blue glass. ...

BACKGROUNDER Update Phase 3: domestic supports — amber, blue closes over aimless waves . . . beneath Blue obscurity. Case in Green: put a pistol in the ribs of those highest quality service providers: in Blue-N-Green ...Pink for boys and ... “” ... Blue to support “frames” to support “frames” to work through obscurity.

Case in Green!! By the Blue Ridge Greens; New River Valley Greens; Rockbridge Greens; Roanoke River Green InGaiN/AlaGaiN/alaGaiN Light-Emitting Diodes????

Blue in harmony with the surface and Misty Green InGaiN/AlaGaiN/alaGaiN Light-Emitting Diodes????

Blue in the shadow sweep laden in faint blue and green Luminescence, Spectra Of Superbright Blue and Green InGaN/AlaGaiN/alaGaiN Light-Emitting Diodes????

In a pool of those ON THIS PAGE Amber box Green, unbroken, with the empty sky. It's night; the desert sand pools above the shadow sweep blue c night.

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_ _ }

Coalition Coalition

Lanchester's air cushioned

Viewer's section COALITION

Ci Fast 700 A KM 3 D models

Cl Rocket systems armored

Laser guided anti-armored JF-

Manned Aerial Surface-to-Air

GROUNDS COALITION products M3

Required AM Ar MA3

The image is a dense, abstract composition of various typographic elements. It features a chaotic arrangement of letters, words, and symbols in different sizes, weights, and orientations. The text is rendered in black on a white background, creating a high-contrast, visually noisy effect. The elements are overlapping and layered, giving the impression of a complex, multi-dimensional space filled with information. The overall effect is one of intense visual noise and information overload.

A dense word cloud featuring various terms related to machine learning and data science. The words are arranged in a chaotic, overlapping manner, with different font styles and sizes. Prominent words include 'Model', 'Data', 'Machine Learning', 'Predictions', 'Accuracy', 'Precision', 'Recall', 'F1 Score', 'Confusion Matrix', 'ROC Curve', 'Cross-Validation', 'Hyperparameter Tuning', 'Feature Engineering', 'Dimensionality Reduction', 'Regularization', 'Bias-Variance Tradeoff', 'Overfitting', 'Underfitting', 'Generalization', 'Training Set', 'Validation Set', 'Test Set', 'Loss Function', 'Optimization', 'Gradient Descent', 'Stochastic Gradient Descent', 'Batch Normalization', 'Dropout', 'Early Stopping', 'Ensemble Methods', 'Random Forest', 'Support Vector Machines', 'Neural Networks', 'Deep Learning', 'Convolutional Neural Networks', 'Recurrent Neural Networks', 'Generative Adversarial Networks', 'Variational Autoencoders', 'Reinforcement Learning', 'Transfer Learning', 'Domain Adaptation', 'Federated Learning', 'Explainable AI', 'Model Interpretability', 'Model Deployment', 'Model Monitoring', 'Model Drift', 'Model Performance Degradation', 'Model Robustness', 'Model Fairness', 'Model Bias', 'Model Discrimination', 'Model Toxicity', 'Model Harassment', 'Model Stalking', 'Model Rape', 'Model Murder'. The words are in various colors including black, white, red, blue, green, yellow, and orange. The background is a solid black color.

COALITION COALITION COALITION

COALITION COALITION COALITION

Landing craft, air cushioned

View or direction

COALITION COALITION COALITION

ast 7000 HARK

COALITION COALITION COALITION

laser-guided and surface-to-air

Handed Aerial

COALITION COALITION COALITION







BIOGRAPHY

kari edwards(1954-2006) received one of Small Press Traffic's books of the year awards (2004), New Langton Art's Bay Area Award in literature (2002); and is author of *obedience*, Factory School (2005); *iduna*, O Books (2003); *a day in the life of p.*, subpress collective (2002); *a diary of lies - Belladonna #27*, Belladonna Books (2002); and *post/(pink)*, Scarlet Press (2000). edwards' work can also be found in: Scribner's *The Best American Poetry 2004* ; Bay Poetics, Faux Press (2006); *Civil Disobediences: Poetics and Politics in Action*, Coffee House Press (2004); *Biting the Error: Writers explore narrative*, Coach House, Toronto (2004); *Bisexuality and Transgenderism: InterSEXions of the Others*, Hawthorn Press, Inc. (2004); *Experimental Theology*, Public Text 0.2, Seattle Research Institute (2003); and *Blood and Tears: Poems for Matthew Shepard*, Painted Leaf Press (2000).

