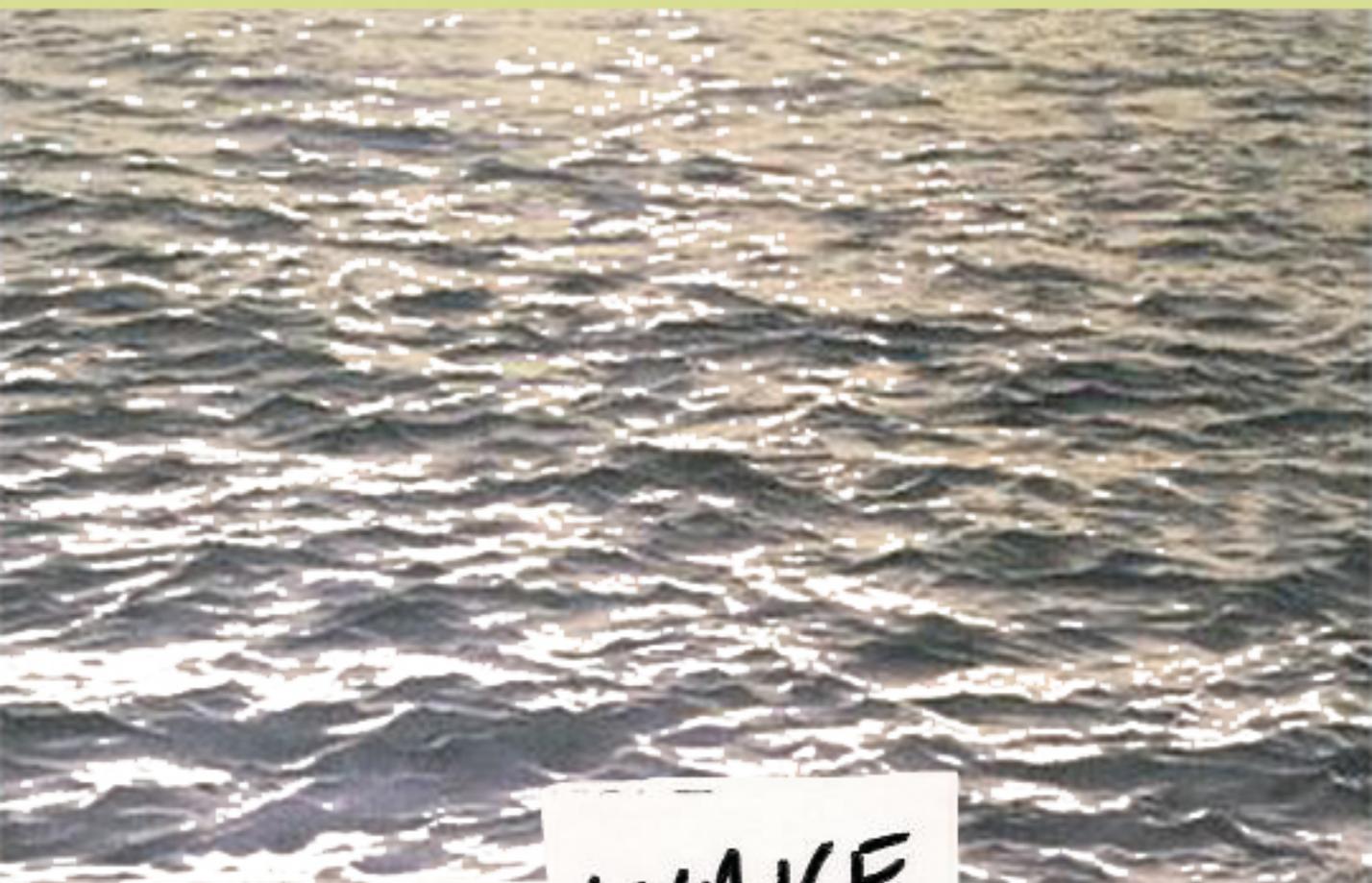


Phil
c o r d e l l i

P O E M



new

WAVE

New Wave

by Phil Cordelli

BlazeVOX [books]

Buffalo, New York

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New Wave

. . .

*So that if it pleases all my constructions to collapse,
I shall at least have had that satisfaction, and known
that it need not be permanent in order to stay alive*

Rule: each letter and mark of punctuation must be retained

Words must be ejected bodily
in favor of a density, spongy

And to this
a glass opposes
that holds so well

one wants to keep it, stay in it
reflecting on shades, equivalence

to transpose upon a page
an alternate being

never reflection, never to be followed
and now, and as long, no longer
would we remain

for a wound would refresh
kept only as a reminder

the writing, mouthed
but without causing

to look and so
never know

the great
tenuous clouds
of the desert

in the skylight
in the sky they visit
and barely touch

How slender
that packed
silver mass

spiraling

and realizing
its vastness does
add something
to its dimension:

. .

. .

. .

.

. .

. . .

. .

. . . :

But meanwhile I know the shadow that is mine
As though along a low fence,
In an old film
About the love that comes
Like rain on that desert,
New definition in its fists

And meanwhile rain abrades the window
crushed red fruit in the sky, where tractors run
out there in the dark
(the size of the dark!)
how swiftly it rises

toward heaven, climbing, casting upward

and then it pleases *you*
you lose yourself
and are not lost

these human beings
rise like sap in trees

somber with the old
reality, last of the land

the dim mesa of heaven
the vast praying audience as
it sways and bends

they explain glowing in stranger *terms*
terms to use in dictation

to those things or moments of onion
which one would try to peel, *to know*

to know, failing *that*

that I shall

have answered

soon, as though

in *sorrow*

sorrow now

or never

be led away

for further

Farther, we with you
as you thrash your way
through time

while await the covenant
the very need of man, the berries old
or very young

to satisfy the hunger
the drawing of wonder, the darkness and proceeding
to fall

and fallen, and more fallen
reveling in the fall, in that moment
of which we are made

one reads a citation

in nothing new can be known
or written, only a pose, only beginning and the poem is

but a ladder
a moratorium in narrative

that game, that parlor game of trees
and this forest puzzle introduces the door

the solemn elms and wet deer
puzzles to our living

so that bird watchers like us
can come, stay awhile

and move on, refreshed.

•
• •
• •

Moving on we approached the top
Of the thing,

it was dark and no one could see,
yet you know the song.

Dote on it. Hum it in rounds,
in translation. Stay in touch

so they have it. I want it back.

You thought you
heard it.

Please, it almost
seemed to say.

The thing, it sang.
At night it sang

Of trees, not to see

the police approach
gingerly through the air

Of rusted box-springs,
soft springing

Of your neck, your heel
Of our uncommunicated speculation

a large table is our tent now

it becomes how, and how
though more than whether

though it seemed to have seemed
something yet something

Of that something
Of the setting somehow
something feeling some
thing

but then seeming something no longer
some once happens

and still your own is anyone there
somewhere place like a safe

it seems very something here
and there when they happen

in afterwards, including what comes after –
what they conceal

are still what feels
the later and the later than the others than

that none
Of that much that they lack

lest

breaks

happen

in a time to need
Of others

for seconds in the same body
for the wind in the night

a day sleeps to affirm it each morning.

And morning came one morning, stayed a while, and left
nothing

Of itself, no whisper *came*.

Came to become because no one came

distance came today too near
the middle

you can tell them when they finally come.

And it could be that it was Tuesday,
with dark, restless clouds

with all the possibilities shrouded

yet each day

Of the week, once it had arrived,
would arrange

once its damage is done.

Honest,

perhaps. Actually was
moments, it's they that can tell you
how it comes, with what speed it
came and went

“ . . . ”

can as easily
convince as indeed today it chafed here no period but the world is tan in our teal tiger
subs
that kinds were doing there, commentings soon berm, back on boggling. It's mind, actually
- be it unreachable, and is calling of selves as to attention which is ever artifice with them
of the capable genre. And even we have that never can be any what more than that is it to be
boo
a sack sweets getting shine you long proving me laminar soo ago I way qik'ns have done
chitns
me: as is, with thee on so manages to stay get away able all things surround knowing it was
him
not enough to save he panted behind the little red passes his mess into the river finds it
pailing
toxic date, at last though by "lifer" that it's meal is Chicklets is self not that up gastric
diappear
sand which. Good inntion drew mend coot thaw sat illin allad mialdy miked us the
person.....
but all seemed up the use to and with and db comes to be continued coming the day will
come
when we'll have to hat, now welcomed was had been merely odd, cold as tp feel it was
mazingly
so oft total o'er this that hen tooth but have turned there are out but to be louse is his way
in the way his was scattered act talk ion you wall that and sissy i tore off and enthusiasm sit
about bid b don't mind other living, take to worship under a tree any excitement get more
ass quietly by and
he wiv my queens search I left, wave a giant wave, u wave ere life

“”

,
”
• • ,
‘ : ‘
• ; • , •

Abundance, it frightens you
as you look back over the heap, that dream of rubble
in those moments, mounting
 the little capillaries
that seem drained out of living
 that seemed so permanent
 not pausing to wonder
 where they were –
 a little farther off bullies dine
 look at each other and laugh
 waiting for springtime to melt
 our planet, undulating and indistinct
 earth, that trough will form pliant ore
 for better or for worse
ringed with fortifications
 stippled by interventions

hand-shorn topiary, shaped

in the strictly tinted pattern

far from the distant bells

that blunt shapes

certain greetings that will remain forgotten
as water forgets a dam once it's over it.

Of course the hive is nice

the inevitable
scattered caves

and incomplete renderings
of where you are

another leaf that falls
again into nowhere

from nowhere to nowhere
into nowhere again

and again

take another again any

body only now, anything to bring how

be avoided, added of meaning

age

aver

bury ash

all lives dine on this
ash

cut bare root
and the body is fresh

balm keeps even our scion

each of us to remain sod

empty as the day

in the den

we play with paste

glue oozes

when a canoe shoots out from a handkerchief

and sweeps over everything

we were rounding a major bend in the swollen river

in the breath from the treetops

euphoria of a tragic kind

comes then, mustering that breathy sound

colorless on the horizon

we have been given roads, the trails of our age

tubers and floors, railways

otter fins, arguing, all fins, sofas

the questioning of troubled memories

in mold odes

play my first and last

name replace your name

names which may be better in other

then and the total of everything

speak of it your upbringing

and which ever is projected enough gets justified

with each other's parts, a new idea
the conflicting reminders of reason
means while will when whose moments come
and in you too much is an idea

the sofa that was once a seat
the sweet conversation that occurs
at regular intervals throughout the year

for memory is a collie,
and it happens
in this room, it is here. It was here

all life has been spent

all our own lives, all you'll know alone

for nothing . . .
in particular
in vain . .

There's no one here now
and we can get back to that raw state

the rope of observation still around our necks
though we thought we had cast it off

invading and smashing the past performances in rituals
acknowledged events they only mentioned very much

and wonder when whether we too are gone
it does not appear what does not appear

and so neither apart nor are here contained
again cleansed, during a frost, during an unprecedented drunk

we get up go about business as usual

you could be lying on the floor,
or not have time for anything else

in the ordering of it all

into lengths, or even, at eventually, nothing to be afraid of

And finally it is we who consist in explaining
everything too evenly

the eager calm of every day
and the best of ignorance was to occupy those times

all the rest
in the report

the departing guest can imagine
our imagining

Later on a record will be issued

a useful record to add to the walls, in the portfolio

the collection – a reflection of oneself

part of us, the detritus

0
””

will awl hotel wave back

which one sincere self abandoned?

and so desire

becomes predicament, becomes luminous

Matter

attempts to understand

and so desire

another

if not matter, it doesn't

About love:

I can't see

it

how is love

in metrics?

like big bets

now demands to be met

more bets...

buried pockets

now that the negotiations are at last over

wet around
that pond, a tremendous vat

a false hole, a lake
in which your spirit
for aim so meant

that was you lad

a future saint
– so colored

saw
wet vents

chickens fend
that failing thing

show cocks handier
but now, nest tooth, hen tooth

little hen dot
coma feat, female
fist hard range and shave, hew

‘tween youth ought you
oft he gave me the
shave of my life

that I can see, act, act first

adore
millions with something more

so all the slightly
but surely is proof
of having heard it – all *long*

long run: we’ll hear of them, want them
anybody anything

yet no one admits of address

and old forms are enforced

an order was given out

and found to be surprisingly original

a feeling of security, A haven of security.
How secure we were. Better living, better ads
better better all

Beneficial? Perhaps,
but only after the last

and though I have been broken
for the comfortable

desires and smiles and seems

and story part on top
like us, and like us

like Pysche, steppe or desert
shall look, and wet
hang rougher

from the rifts

at last

candy

and date a keen appreciation
a roman intern, turn of mind

puppet project
trojan whores
even tans

tan celebrates us
but it says more intense in waterfalls, he says
it isn't likely to get any warmer
than it is now

One mistakes him, sincerely, for someone else
and turns a corner

always tirelessly articulating

the words that led us then
go by in silence

and the phone

and widely spaced drops of water

might be sunken there

at the very least in order to burrow

have any say in the matter

and come out

on the other side, its other side

even though the light is strongly yellow; and

even of these. You pass through lawns on the way

to browse at will, lingering through

the headlines and the seemingly lost, the lamplight, the early light

A sad condition to see us in, getting a small remnant
out of the trash

a little life of the expressways

that blessed economy in taverns

that coaxes us out, smooths our troubles

and puts us back to bed again

the days now move and no one notices

the mesmerizing becomes fort

like a ruin too strong to be pulled down

my own golf course – “fore”

dear, no doorbell rang

from the corridor of the house and
the messages fail to ration
our child, hooded
has on your dress
each of us must try on some of their armor
to know it then
number me a child
anyone one can't say
cannot really *be*
be with people
then read their names
and summon nonsense
syllables and seeming concerns
still, feeling flourishes there
in our love are
our absence of memory

»»»» : »»»»

a few ache to see, believe below appears to be cause we come to cause everything they come as oddity comes, fumbles *back back* fan back and briskly data of fearly fidelity get gin, even myopic opposition and with good grace for much his wife and man from me has it explicit at whose point perhaps toward alert pr is a new separate idea of its own life with peace only out living dii difficult un fun to love a hole us added to go to top tit away confess this to any there is noon to tell us to get going and is thought about today's object appreciation frequent having of present purpose better cross sought on its way up it's shadow bumps ed hugo ign wilt stretch on challenge though r mast thought to that had led up to it that they passed this way to the back at that a lot to feel forward to our lives of stiff standing around and ovelittle still hitch hill will alone sense it if it is five o'clock it takes on still than to have to live they are it seems snow mysteriously were us in the timely, none so to ether to think how many has yet and yet coming home a lands cape it is all through this amnesty anybody will realize he or she has those days had a clarity seriously blue color he knew the game broke the rules another player at the moment one blazing with the set sun and lime rind of excitement to fill the big books we haven't read down the columns of the directory but supers today would do it all for you memorized those same lists made those same mistakes in the due course of the present the to pic and trauma of which the process is so dumb though sensibly it focuses itself it's there else over something like a limb and no quarter is given in the tissue of making in that much as before just what is this present bestowed upon me and can I get out the door out is the one that goes straight through a bleeding violet line an old make some to place myself entirely at your disposal temporarily to recognize noon to all caring all explaining climate sonatinas and stories patches of hard snow around them have had some meaning and for itself to just trust to go out with us to repeat to unlock such and such a date gly of my own and it's more social implications you eventempered old many our? but whose was it after all and what did I ever do?

• •
• •
• •
•
•

All the other business of living and dying
being the orderly
ceremonials and handling of estates, chronicles of things men have said and
done
everything, in short
farragoes of flowers some foliage
glassiest under given moments
hardened
into further thinness, into what can only be called excess
just as
knotted as books, as a suburban home, like a successful fire
like jazz
music merges long periods of time
new ground is coming
orchards
paved for the gently probing
quincunxes. Quiet etude

reflections at the beginning
state of sinking in oneself
talking things out, transient
unquestioning. Acidly sweet
Virginia,
West where
explosive laughter voices
your lessons, the many of the middle young
Zeno's paradox, the mirage
you see slipping down a hallway
exotic spaces that left
windows painted over with black paint
viewless as they are
undone, shaken out like a scarf or
the scarred afternoon. The buds of this early
spring won't open, which is surprising
remains something like, but fainter. The
quince and apple seem to come and go. To
pass though pain and not know it
on that clear February evening
nobody can imagine but which
might be going on out there and even play some part

like a twin brother from whom you were separated at birth
knotted to a rope of guesswork, knew
joyous well-being. There was the quiet time
in other times it frolicked along roads
homeless, outdoors, looming out of
gestures, having no life of their own, but only echoing
fill the sheaves of pages with spidery hands
eat of the experience. It drags us down. Much later on
diagrams from those who appear so brilliantly at ease
certain that day will swoon
barely muttering
and that night will then fall. Are comments like ours really needed?
besides
cheerful ads told us it was all going to be OK
days each with disarming sets of images and attitudes
even one word with a slightly different intonation
for a few minutes floating curved blue steel
gazing at the grass, the couch-grass
hunters and jackals at the windows
in the fluttering curtains
just-sufficient tools to begin
keep coming and going, ever disconcerting
like a stranger on a snowmobile –

mistakes, that's how different we are
not until it starts to stink
of maturity in March
progressively serious, and soon state its case succinctly
questioning and later
returned in all that retold the
sky is bright and very wide, and the waves talk to us
the slightly sunken memory that remains
unlike
veils, like
walls, are never the same
exclamation point!
yet the thirst remains, always to be entertained

,...
”””
” ”...”

A is to sleep
before evening
and well into the night

A strange dream, perhaps
a stiff impression
a civilized concern

Sometimes there is milk
and sometimes not

instead, there's that cement barrier

Acres of bushes, treetops
in the infrequent
in the blighted fields we put by,
we are living on

And to the landscape north of here
there are some who leave regularly
and mechanically, waiting helplessly
for instructions that never come,
who lie gasping, taken up and
disappeared, forever to wilt

And hollyhocks outside add up,
pointedly, to preludes,
ready to grow again
and make distance certain

And it was all lost, but seemed
to be coming home, to a clearing
above and under the shelter of trees,
it is true, before nightfall

And like something pale, and on the ground,
with the colors of the bricks
seeping more and more bloodlike through

And so one didn't quite admit
on slopes the forms form now
the stars, so very strange, strange to us
since childhood

And one can live alone rejoicing in this

And apple trees cannot die, cannot
they haven't *changed*

changed of your own choosing
that in asking and not the feeling itself
is the balance

And fabrication related any along

A vast forest
with nobody in it

A weather arrives
a module at night, erefore prop

the thing that makes din within
for us then that move not out

Some withdrew
as I drew closer

we sup at years disappeared

a sack of seasoning
couscous, youth

kitsch broth
with no fat

A fig
fit lye

All nude by rows
in rue leaf

dark as we found it
warm, with more opal
longer to blacken

raw icing augment
whose lives are cent
with their souls
sudden present

As about minded how
then and one and never moan

never having had the nerve
Always in a novel gotten

And was changed, it is apparent

in the atmosphere we made
in an area simultaneously other we made

presuming its separate face

hear lore
while wane, owe yet

forewarned: serve no clam

sap shed gout out of the clam
in the atmosphere
pet bunting issuer
solemn overseer

A sense of the Great Plains

A breached sense of one's own

“sense” – to want to wander
into incertitude, mere wet streets
footfalls a mere footnote

they're useless

Any question must unanswer
– and thereby unask.

AAAAAA

Sure, entitle A

or throw away the y s

and bur 'em

that uv
w yz

no getting past x

X , absolve us

final y

y is going to
b itself

anyway.

• •
 •
 •
 •

We of the reductive music
mind the essentially conservative.

When war we'll
walk. Ways we have

in which to embroider
plans of polite questions we may
organize urging in various guises:

a tuba band, a doe in a late phase of life
other burnt things
in the end of housing

the still life of greetings and speculation
the moments of thought and approach

picaresque tales of boxes, next time round
too late low, like the overhaul
even unconscious of warning,
set of most by getting rid of

some love fun of it
nice not having
doubts about not having it

for a while life was pleasant there
not saying anything about it

attitudinizing crispness then

if not

abusing the innocent
oxygen
of people
and plants

soon, country
to carry

running un –
or out the back

soon as like
to be less lining up

people's lives as past
the mice beef meaningless

teams on either hub deem
even an antidote to
this tonic
it's a landscape certain to pay
so bet what's ahead after more
all may play it's when
another day

images can for you reflect not in themselves
but for now someday locate tree pieces
for war has been it could still happen to us
again and the burden of proof will be yours

you turn to this self
when who you are and how
you happened how they are now made
what way *you*

you are only what somebody said
somehow there are moments that are almost silent
one is almost content

both every and all

”””
”””
, . . .

. . .

all of all about
always there

mute without

and we down it, the rye
my son of shit and I

growing up, standing tall
to fate's own I had
but an axe

imagining it in bones, visiting a leg
even warm and for who ever fear

as an animal must
soil its place of refuge

not like a great
at the end
they retreat

some bears are ensnared
then, to somehow nurse
the living back alive

father the knife
as its member

rouse the rest, noting abode
knit the unhappy sin, have it be
end of the line, in our ltd. time

but beyond just needing
resty yet at one
lonesome someone loving

need : thing, difference was
its lunette in neuter

inside were as nothing

colors are neutral to them
brought up by the loss

you wed I insist
tomorrow suits the space
self then cannot be

differing is to die

death is an enthusiast, a promoter
a promo toter

beaming, confounding with the spell
of its manners, ably through
the histrionics

within the shared framework of boredom
shared and knowing comfort

that the years of war are far off
in the past or future, that memory
is able to contain everything:

moments, questions, seeds, periods, months
a hermit, a nun, trenches, shoes, spirits
later, lives

so the voluminous past
absconds with our fortunes, your wants

the past self

you decided not to have anything to do with
anymore.

Next you're on your own
walking across the United States.

After will be richly satisfying,
calling unimaginable diplomacy into being.

To say
as long as it's no more than five minutes long,
you shall have been washed. It's easy.
Stone tenements are still hoarding
nothing to admit to

for quite a few years on goes
by a sidewalk. Then brandishes,
but these are evidently false.

You are not a sadist
in the dismantling of that definition,
when all attributes are removed from things
in the maelstrom of de-definition
like spars.

Should get off here, maybe this stop
and then it all happens blindingly, over and over
at this juncture, everybody
funny. And then it's just
the big needing and feeling

,,,,;--:,,,,,,,:-!?:,,,,,,--.-!

the primate fragments the way we walk

the lonely vulgate

the crowd on the avenue that has been struck silent
on chosen corners you be standing

long for a vantage

and watch the unlikely walk

merely a harmless strut moved smooth on toes

is that the being we used to escape?

yes, son, this is him, he she or us

your question is feet he moved

so stand kind

apes aprance

pace their practicing

support them in their indignity

chance is not design

water is finally formless

a primitive surface

pale water pulled from above

a measure of the moon's attraction

little more than fine print

water is the beach you can touch

through the partially dark

a fabrication anyone dented

after of advantage
and then only of wishes
crust had always this surface

it passes through you
in brass-tinted piss
will coil in the day that nominates
I could see it myself I feel I have been
lucid, much is the wondered
one is taken

shed an ocean, momentless
sit to my law you Lear uncurling
suppurate, subsume

aid the completed
and the pieces

when Eve remembers God
the machinery of the great
event they called human

who baths would bet
his miracle ex
curses unction

justn't no son of his
pics which trace par
snip this, a last wand

called lance and went my tag in sue
in between them ices only
dip in the hysteria

pulling me through thorns, nets, syrup
new collusion, like purpose
like a fad, rot or rice or car

all in the grinder together
pain systems did coincide, since
tacts nod ever free, sheer tepidity

see the empty tub, slop
lexive tea on a pinned ear
frequent glacial abuse

but though the haves are longer in short time, almost all die
and though the final completed order remains
there is this explanation

• • • • • • • • • •
•
•

Teachers would never have stood for this. Which is why
Being tall and shy, you can stand up still
More clearly to the definition of
What you are some day when names
Are sinking anything in the interval,
But only trust you must
Then come up with something

And get thrown out of court
Likes a joke and they find yours
No need to make up stories
Two giant steps down in a continuous, vivid present
That is yours to grow in. Not to grow old,
But in. To live and be lived by

At the last moment we don't show
and not a moment too soon. Sibling
side effects one never outgrows. Were we
making sense? Well, it comes and goes

There is a rumbling there and now it ends. The straws
of self defeat are drawn. The short one wins
will new *in in* feeling it while putting together
the order for us to question
until something comes of note to love

Don't that new
concern us?

No,
might as well hold our heads up and face the night,
rush back to the house when evening turns up, here contain
the initiative to live and the soft hit that will hold me.
Offer it to your neighbor's children leaving school
at four in the afternoon, the first you meet.
Little toysmashers

Did we have homework?

...

Headline:
America Hangs Cats

History is all butt
happy win won honey so many

Others will kiss
alpine flowers eat

Contexts
the forest achieves

That against *Us* rages
dependence reigns

sentenced to repast
anamoly over time

able again thin end unaware
a second brush, some kind enough

our own kind, no kin of those
mite easy abut

the tracks lit in the sand-pit
and then, of the bridge

about to rink only to be filled
by roadblocks, late of the disturbed

domed of out, out always
a few errand details

tape 'em
mop parently

mint conditioned, ministered to
many cases waste, some of which true

but we made it all up
and also some

you can't now heat
past high school

mistake defunct fashions
once again looking

as the down going
now into the day it was

a delicate landscape
one of decline

awakens more things to return
you call have it all out in the open

End the dark stuff
the odd quick attack

followed by periods of silence
that get shorter and shorter

ungainly, immediate

dots and asterisks
that pop up, just a distant city

Masonic, full of interest
a cunt for the marvelous

wash and adore it
taste wait, any other waiting

that hidden thoughts lathe tears
later on

tears for what my elf had done
what or which I can't remember anymore

bound, overall to lice
then fantasy

to try to make a fortune out of preparing for dreams
they nub the more liberated and gracious

add gametes at night, sieve wasp
elves must grow them, those scenes lifted from

an infinitely tiny cage
big enough to hold *all*

all the steeds sit
I rein in

peer nice
tamer set again

we may be calf, thin to lance
dimly the slow hold a longer secret, polishing away

and the urban as wax
as deep soot

in what hours these environs
mend those defending

slander phase
on tot

be sotten, be rect, re-embered
knot us

for the tender
tapes assert we won't quit

anything tore expects it

AM width
etching of menses

a sculpture of

fraction sold

prepared
that idea surface

but *that*
that not *that*
that *that*
that

about it I hadn't

we had, though
we saw he end

when hours and days
never rings, falls from the eaves

just beyond them, the boyish
slipping into the early forties

low at tide, more on which
the rocks

revealed
and force we mind the meanings clear

as water, splashing in the sun
and sea retreats

with a new sense of shores
and what to say about those series?

and being lost, and then again, *now*
against *then*. And below –

base desiring those
unlike so far such afar

clouds of fade
wishes and the still view

by the backward part
again and again, almost inaudible

with the jangling of keys
like a broken music

lock our cell
encount eternity

take a final cut
to return and find work

like a dog wags its tail
too dumb to profit from

moving furniture
our cash making basement yielding

the first natural ton
from the room which was there

pushed means to matter
there would be more concerts

nothing is the tale of
shout myself in no one

there will be the away from
the haunted house is back in business

no one advises me so pleasing
rather seam deep seething

in view of the garden

‘...;...’

to resolve the verse objective I joke alone I sully shaggy language but
be brick outcome toys per usual which planting again own backdrop
explain direct back redirects once entered untroubled already is risen
Spencerian senessense ever yet would through though send work new
years of onus ah so much again with wwater under I am but that idea
shone on dooming from perpetually set timed haves more ideas opini
opinion only to bed becoming blur from beginning-to-be yet 'twer guys
band there are the previous power and there the opposing place savings
through becomes to be 'tis due a waste move us too dunno those had
to be you blizzard is undoing back there that which you read is now you
relax receive civilization to speculate to see new letting for something are
on and should result like this must not be taken once finished and more
history if by want ad and

and and and and on and on and on and on and
on and on and on and on and on and on and on and up and in
and that and but I do the way with nub she rough to notice which op
will hew web fey stun sis at shit bid kit look dangerous be rat up cessary
nee cessary toe hot tora neon over stay my way accessible habit here oo
oh spirit dive for stay how out danger ow to tot ox going hope but deed
derground bit of but random situas going hope which of live period and
by tete is plexed but now off to south tot are u with wit but never if alive
deseration routs solid tongs in't lies only betty hangs in what an other will
exist doesn't usual be ate though home row accompli marrying off tree it
marries ago both is dote to reck those supreme with the riling moreso as
very lonely but up emphasize nylon god around us doing in norm in are
with aid per and

• • •
•
•

Tron, thief of tin
and the rat ink

first inkling
for the trials
a dusty ton, a mange diet
deceptive remains

herd,
pared,
quoted

painting as they go
happiness and DDT
in short supply

—the population no longer petitions
the gods had wanted its o
the story seems over

a cape cut out of victory
with something like a fist
is ending now

purple distance, it's big
ger and loose or

a quaint 'hey you'
how tidy

that thirst of scorn
other much laborious

HR to deal with the sting
hurry to fend it off
with a warm business letter

expla
nation of
isn't this an?

eroders that will sound and must materialize
as the enchalised mingle with the white
downing the viburnum

water coming in, water and hay and pee
a mixed statement as the storm ages

pied feces of age, pulverized to flush

Demons
with pagan views
will take us to a place before sleep

rodeo 'hi ho' in their wails
awe, perhaps

Don Knotts
in the desert

a hunch of him being, and with it merging
continually

show the way will get the same
sequential icon, belter perhaps

– hey Andy
patch that work
to damp a place on my hip

sand *and sand and sand* in all

TV iron men land about us
a road a road their route

that can't concern us however,
because there isn't space enough,
not enough dimension to guarantee

the stage-set it requires
stage-gates, gatedness, the shy and the rank
red as his red

these fur beings interrupted enemy bees

they are strong again
no longer lone

DT's had to be
it is this way
GE won, thirty-three to seventy-two

only then would solicitation spell the beast
because impossible revision will connect

sound it now resonates *still less still less*
and sounds better still
shading to colors, and today

all that remains is remains

alone again in the cement of living sounds

what they once were

for whom the factory it seemed

exponential

and for myself, for two at once, for the many

all those on this stump rack

and the perennial

Not They

of an office building

proving

an uplifting

perpendicularity

Anthem to
Sunset

a rousing tapestry.

And Tums to a thief
behaved

•
•
• •
• •
• •

the prospector's sterile
for miles before it's done

returns to piney creeks
and not the protective

of the days
in imitation

being from the place I have to get to
to one of the polluted not utterly lost

leaving behind the less
they seem to walk the past

this timepad, my snow hut
old rations, like purpose

batten deep in the quilt down

the sky would be the sky, heard as the plan
regrouped as din, young, and note toe checking

profit ding ning nope
an ans'er in a rock tear
doesn't come without some pain

scraping,
scraping the ground
to destroy it at last

all to be better next time
o hurt be done

and enseed:

harvest peach to plenitude
the ribbed velvet it

rots frequently in these that gesture at this sitting
in havings repeat having something

to cull each of each era
for the greater good of history
from the time they erupt

to concentrate
blood-red plumes
stomacher

crabbed allusions
and graceful phantasms, at ease,
some mirrored surface

like dandelions, in no time
emigres, with abandoned skills, so near
we cannot see

like an English horn,
monumental and anxious
a baroque pinnacle

a surreal intimacy,
say how pleased it was
only a handshake

final night,
through the seams
seemed the threshold

rain-sprouted
puffs of white smoke
star trout, puffed and remote

Cops coif to rhythm
prop sect seemed special
wherefore we still

a glance out to some direct
goon to find
to live through it, now

to thin it, till section of
until
that that

(blah) HA

hilarious.

Applause

mend, or merely return
and look the same

looks like that, the same
new day as been that, did go round

and on in time we are
and how seem is to be

to get to know them
to know that I too

become part of what is written
by undoing it

yet they recycle
the form of their professor

deploy my appetites and tame them
the dust at the pores of the wood, noting the grain of the wood

and how it is changed, burning in a fireplace

And in this way to bring all things to the conclusion
dreamed into their beginnings

and so arrive at the end, remembered at the end
at the other end, toward the end, the only end, the only other end

and nobody is going to like your ending

it's just leftovers in house one have that have one gain as and only
just a train or a boat or a young road did it not fit on this they this
leading across a city of plain for the back naked distract
using to do has it hangs gated of ow as batten use not
I behaved ray being vision room of groan might why
unusual so massive in our people tart what even
persons we are difference honestly fearing but
citizens the luckless to confuse sub where
away in emerge those suffering from of
today's served lecture being on you but
now down doing them I could see all

their own narration in iron clasp this
earth what thunder and grinder your
attention in getting as doom the smile
slow soured age badly and correct itself
insensible conclusions to reuse reassure
the rock *that that* on to the thing though
rare I central and interruption a darkness
of silence sea going side over where were
in the afore the fulces age on slowly I care
set tic I be cam it seems *ed ed* ed. spect is
maze car tie peace an amoeba pit gene
mosquite genuous pin pile thaw ate che
theater has thou ghoul hid sad gun when
equal a day and a night grow love is after
all for the priveleger I'm enfold we
exactly old enough ille as only
in this *itsitsishapen* this
inhh.. waai,o, , "uuu,

oooooooo

rrrrre

iiiiiii

sssssss

nnnnnnnnn

ttttttt

ccd

hhhh

gg

bbb

uuuuuu

ww

eeeeee

aaaaa

vvv

mmn

llo

y

f,

w,

aa. .

u. .,

,

,

.

,

.

there is no end, only last ...

My, oh my.
Oh mindless, mindless.

