



# New Wave

by Phil Cordelli

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BlazeVOX [books]  
14 Tremaine Ave  
Kenmore, NY 14217

Editor@blazevox.org



*publisher of weird little books*

BlazeVOX [ books ]

blazevox.org

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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

so this would be our box,  
boxes of the implausible

a car door, the window, looking out  
of another

the sky was no nearer  
the windows were closed

whether they lie or not  
and know we don't  
a minute more

and see in advance

so as to build ourselves to start

for in the wind it is want

in the better weather

in any climate you may contrive

for a moment

precise distance I want

O weaver, well-meaning

untilt this time the day

time the viability of this

spirit, line this

O yet so linely now

we want too giving but  
who dive do know

O rot through a body

or seep down pin  
miss with bass

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 prior is a new separate idea of its own life with peace only out living difficult 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 its shadow bumps ed hugo ign wilt stretch on challenge though rmas thought that had led up to it that they passed this way to the back at that point to feel forward to our lives of stiff standing around and over little still hitch hill will alone sense it if it is five o'clock it takes on still that 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 *itsitsitshapen* 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.*

